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A report on a satisfying spiritual quest

Now I Am For the Churches

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Roger William Riis

SIX MONTHS AGO I scoffed at the churches. Then one day, on a sudden whim, I attended a service. Since then I have been going steadily, first out of curiosity to see what the much-attacked churches are up to, lately out of rising excitement. I have not "got religion"; I always had that. But I have found out that churches

today are dispensing something I need, and that church and religion go together.

One Sunday last May the newspaper offered me this: "Rotterdam is ablaze. Shooting is heard in every street." That was the morning I happened into a church, for the first time in 22 years. And what did the church offer me? A simple, reverent service, featured by a sermon on "Peter, The Rock," on the permanence and beauty of the church.

I found that I was acutely interested in hearing about anything that had permanence, beauty and unselfish endeavor. It fell on my spirit like water on a desert, and I went out stirred and grateful.

A week later I took my curiosity to another church and heard the minister, in a singularly lovely

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building, talk simply and beautifully on "The Ascending Life." Without a trace of sanctimonious heroics, he conversed informally about the insistent demand of life to rise, to grow, to improve itself. It was adult, it was spiritual; and to me, personally, it was helpful.

Since then, as business and vacation travel took me about the country, I have made it a point to attend and study churches — all kinds. I have tried to discover what makes the leading churches vital in their communities.

And I state with assurance that the critics of the churches today don't know what they are talking about. True, a minority of churches still offer a dull, repellent form of salvation, some in ugly buildings, some with painful music, some with humdrum ministers. But you don't have to go to those churches, nor need you condemn all churches because some fail.

It is obvious that the assailants of churches do not go to church. They don't know what the churches are doing these days. I suspect the critics rationalize what is really laziness into a superior intellectual attitude. At any rate, that is what I used to do.

Now I am for the churches because they have something for me, and something for civilization. Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, of Evanston, Ill., one of the clearest voices I have heard, says: "Let God be

thanked there is on earth an institution that has a high opinion of man, declaring that he is in some sense a son of God who has within himself divine possibilities; an institution that transcends race, nation and class; an institution which is loyally undertaking to embody the spirit of Christ, and in his name to relieve human suffering, promote human welfare and carry on a ministry of reconciliation among men."

I find myself unable any longer to answer that kind of platform with "I'd rather go into the woods and worship alone. Many of the clergy are dull men, concerned over trivial taboos. Anyway, Sunday is my day for loafing."

Time and again, I have found in church something which lifted my spirit. That, I now believe, was what I unconsciously sought. The churches' varied social activities mean nothing to me. But if countless others find social outlets in churches, so much the better. They get what they seek; so do I.

New York's beautiful Church of the Ascension has great wooden doors which open outward, but they are carved on the inside because they are never closed. Every year over 30,000 persons slip in at odd hours for a moment of quiet meditation. They get what they seek.

The remote hamlet of Jonesville, Va., has been holding an annual

four-day prayer meeting for over a century. The day I was there 2000 people were in attendance. Men, women, children, earnest and devout. Revival stuff? No. Simple, direct Christianity. Love-thy-neighbor stuff. Good stuff. These people come from hundreds of miles around; they get what they seek.

The Dominican Sisters at Corpus Christi Church in New York conducted a "project" in tolerance in their church school. Not an attack on intolerance, but a positive, laboratory experiment in tolerance. This demonstration by Catholic, Jewish and Protestant children raised a wild flurry of hope in my heart; if human beings can do this sort of thing, we'll get this world fixed right yet!

When you go to church you should actively seek something. You must not go like an empty bucket, waiting passively to be filled. When you go to a movie, you take at least a sympathetic, hopeful attitude. That's the least you should bring to a church. Sunday after Sunday, I have seen congregations of 1000 and 1500 people, apparently getting whatever values they sought. Church attendance, by the way, is bigger than skeptics think, and is showing marked increases.

Why is one church a power in its community, while others are not? The clergy themselves say the personality of the clergyman is the most important reason. Naturally,

many churches do not rise above the level of their communities. Churches are human institutions, clergymen are human beings; they are not all great spiritual leaders. But when they are — and they are often — they manage to make your relation with God an astonishingly practical, useful, alluring thing.

While church architecture, furnishings, and the quality of church music attract or repel worshipers, the clergyman stands out as the most influential factor. Most sermons are surprisingly good — and useful. Channing Pollock recently said that no one can deliver a "vital address" as often as a cleric must.* True, but why miss the many vital addresses he does deliver? Mr. Pollock said that sermons are remote from world affairs. Yet half those I have heard interpreted world affairs from the Christian viewpoint. A third of them were concerned exclusively with Gospel teachings.

Successful churches are those whose clergymen set forth uncompromising Christianity, sticking closest to Christ's difficult but challenging teaching. That is the great asset of the church. The more vigorously a church proclaims it, the more people respect and follow that church.

What I like most about going to church is that it turns one's attention, willy-nilly, to higher things

* "Why I Don't Go to Church," The Reader's Digest, October, '40, p. 73.

for at least a little while each week. Man *does not* live by bread alone; he requires some cultivation of the spirit. Even when I have wandered into a church where the minister was dull, the music bad, the interior ugly, I have been compelled by my very presence there to think about things loftier than my daily affairs. That, I know, has been good for me.

In a world haunted by violence, churches do their human best to represent the spirit. I am warmly grateful for that when I am in church. Significantly, the two nations which are officially anti-church are the nations of Communism and Nazism; the nations where the churches flourish are the democracies, where the spirit of man is free.

It may be that the democratic way will not overcome the totalitarian way until and unless the democracies somehow crusade under the banner of the church. How can we defeat the destructive dynamics of Nazism and Communism unless we employ the constructive dynamics of the spirit?

William Penn said, "Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants." The world today is his witness.

"To love God," says one minister, "is to believe, despite every

appearance to the contrary, that slavery, war and crippling poverty can be banished from the earth, and that conditions favorable to the highest development of the human spirit can be created."

That is extraordinarily practical Christianity. In fact, I cannot distinguish it from the democratic ideal in action. Believing that, I can no longer say that I would rather do my worshipping alone and that Sunday is my day for loafing.

It is an exciting spiritual adventure, this going to church. Try it. Pay no attention to denomination. Just out of the curiosity you owe your spiritual health, explore a little. You will almost surely find, in every community, one church that will give you what *you* want, even if you can't put that into words.

Whether or not we realize it, each of us has a personal spiritual quest. It is only ourselves we cheat if we ignore it. In this, of all ages, it is time we were about that quest. I find the churches a good place to pursue it. If they offered nothing but that, they should now be upheld by all men of intelligence and good will.

Fifty reprints of this article will be supplied, without charge, to any clergyman requesting them.

I AM NOT a politician and my other habits are good.
— Artemus Ward

Uncle Sam Arms Alaska

Condensed from Collier's

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ALASKA hums today with activity such as it has not seen since the gold rush. Bulldozers hack the frozen ground into huge landing fields. Blue smoke from burning stump piles mingles with the clouds of dust kicked up by mammoth trucks loaded with structural steel for ammunition sheds and hangars. Barracks rise against the background of snow-capped peaks.

What's all the excitement?

Between Alaska and Soviet Russia are only 56 miles of open water. Dominating the entire Bering Strait is the carefully guarded Russian base at East Cape. Below it is the Gulf of Anadyr, where a fully equipped naval and air base is less than 100 miles from our shores. A bit farther south are a dozen more air stations. On the Komandorskie Islands, 280 miles from our Aleutian chain, is a vital Soviet submarine base where German officers assist in training the crews. And off the tip of Kamchatka is a huge Japanese naval base on Paramoshiri Island, only 700 miles from U. S. territory.

Perhaps these Russian and Japanese bases are aimed at each other. Perhaps the Japan-Nazi pact holds no threat for our Pacific

Northwest. Perhaps there is no menace in the fact that the new Great Northern Sea Route and Stalin Air Route, whose commercial planes fly daily within 60 miles of the United States, makes Russia the most important military power at the top of the world.

But our Army and Navy are taking no chances. A joint Russo-Japanese attack on the U. S. through Alaska, while Hitler strikes from the Atlantic, would be no more impossible than all the other impossible things which have happened the past year.

You hear stories in Alaska these days. The story of a Russian air base on Big Diomed Island, separated by only a mile of open water from America's Little Diomed, was a result of hysteria, as you could see at a glance by flying as I did over the boulder-strewn island. "Why should Russia build a landing field out here," your pilot asks significantly, "when she's got a perfectly good air base on the mainland less than 50 miles away?"

Remember that much-discussed good-will flight from Tokyo to Washington, several years ago? When Japan requested permission to locate a few observation parties along the Aleutian chain, just to

thumb the plane on its way, Washington acquiesced. Little groups of Japanese arrived. To pass the time while waiting for the plane, they went fishing. They fished in odd places, the natives say, and used curious tackle consisting of a long line and a sounding lead.

Stories, rumor, hearsay. Of the German and Japanese walking parties that toured Alaska last summer. Of the workman on the new naval base at Kodiak who tried to organize a Bund during his spare hours. Of the well-liked little Japanese laundryman at Sitka who died recently and was buried, to the surprise of the authorities, in the official uniform of a commander of the Japanese navy.

Perhaps they are only rumors. Nevertheless, the threat is there. That is why \$50,000,000 — more than six times the original cost of the Territory — has been hurriedly appropriated for Alaskan defense. That is why, after half a century of Congressional neglect of Alaska, the Army and Navy are working 24 hours a day seven days a week to make up for lost time. "We are trying to buy days with dollars," military officials put it.

Even if an enemy did storm the half-billion-dollar defenses at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, he would still be 2500 miles from California. Southeastern Alaska, however, is only 700 miles from Seattle, little more than the distance from London to Berlin, three hours' easy bomber

flight. The whole Pacific Coast and even parts of the Middle West would be within range of long-distance bombers based in Alaska.

A small enemy force could hold Alaska against enormous odds. Her narrow fjords and hidden harbors, free from ice all year, afford ideal protection; and supplies could be brought in readily. Norway, with a similar coast line, was held by a handful of Nazis despite everything the British could throw against them — and in the event of trouble our Navy would be needed in a dozen other places.

"It's a whole lot easier to keep them from getting in," the Army says significantly, "than it would be later to get them out."

How to keep them out, then? Here is a vast country of over 600,000 square miles, fully a fifth the size of the whole United States; and yet up to now it has been guarded by a few Coast Guard boats which sail south every winter, and by a single garrison of some 300 men at Chilkoot Barracks. Thousands of square miles of Alaska are still uninhabited. Parachute troops could land anywhere undetected. In summer the interior is a network of lakes, offering innumerable landing places for pontoon planes. In winter caterpillar tractors could run at will over the frozen tundra. Along the whole thousand miles of Aleutian Islands are only three native villages. There are places in Alaska



where an enemy might set up a base and occupy it for months before his presence became known. Obviously the only way to defend a country like this is by a series of Navy air and submarine bases strategically located along the coast, and Army air bases in the interior, each with its own garrison, each independent of the others; trained pilots, broken to winter flying; and planes, planes, planes.

Building an air base in Alaska is a man-sized job. Problems crop up daily that would never occur in the States. Every last nail has to be shipped by boat from Seattle. Any change in plans, any error in shipment means a delay of weeks.

Mining engineers told the Army they could not move frozen dirt at 30 below. But the Army had to do it and so they did it.

Materials are arriving at the rate of 1000 tons a day for the great \$13,000,000 Anchorage Army base, a stronghold two miles square, surrounded by 40 square miles of government reserve. Its 10,000-foot concrete runways will accommodate the Army's biggest ships and when it is finished next year it will base the major portion of Alaska's permanent air corps. Three other Army bases have also been started.

A vast network of Civil Aeronautics Authority emergency fields are being scattered strategically

over the Territory. One, for example, at Point Barrow will guard against possible transpolar invasion from Europe, others on the Seward Peninsula near Nome will offset any Siberian threat. Every fair-sized settlement already has a commercial landing place of sorts — to accommodate planes carrying trappers, salesmen and merchandise. The CAA has embarked on a full-time program to improve and enlarge such fields. This will substantially enlarge the patrolling radius of planes based at the Army and Navy strongholds. The CAA is also developing scores of civilian pilots each year, trained to operate on wheels, floats and skis. In time of emergency they may form a vital Alaskan home guard.

The Navy's program for the defense of Alaska's 26,000 miles of coast line, much of it still uncharted, is starting virtually from scratch. Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians is the strategic crossroads between the Pacific and the Bering Sea. Yet it was not until late last summer that Congress appropriated funds for a base there. Planned as one of the Navy's three key bases in the north, Dutch Harbor, when completed several years hence, will be able to accommodate the entire North Pacific fleet.

More encouraging is progress at Kodiak, 500 miles east, where for three years the Navy has been con-

structing its biggest Alaskan submarine base. Judging from the nearly completed seaplane ramps, docks and hangars, this stronghold will soon become a Pearl Harbor of the north. Work progresses rapidly, too, at Sitka, guarding the famous Inside Passage — logical point of attack by water if Kodiak and Dutch Harbor are made impregnable.

The Army learned some things from the Finnish campaign, but Alaska flying has problems all its own. And the only way to solve them is by practical experience. The Fairbanks base will be the Air Corps' experimental flying station this winter; a complete cold-weather detachment has been sent there, a full year ahead of schedule. Here they will develop methods of warming engines in extreme weather, and thawing movable parts — even machine guns and metal bombsights often need special adjustment at 50 or 60 below. Here they will devise new types of Arctic flying clothes, to be made by natives in the Indian missions. They will have the advice of sourdough Alaskan pilots who have been outwitting Arctic weather ever since the late Ben Eielson flew his first Jenny over Fairbanks more than 20 years ago.

And while the Army pilots are learning to outwit Alaskan weather in the air, the newly arrived infantrymen are being taught to buck it on the ground. At the Anchorage

air base, under command of Brigadier General Simon Buckner, some 500 soldiers are facing their first winter in the north—drawing cowhands from Texas and gangling farmers from Carolina and Alabama, many of them seeing snow for the first time.

General Buckner is planning elaborate maneuvers on skis this winter in order to teach the men to bivouac in the mountains and live amid cold and snow. Veteran Alaskan skiers and noted mountain climbers are volunteering as instructors in this task. Old dog mushers from the Yukon are being

brought down to teach raw recruits how to handle dog teams.

From weather-beaten trappers and prospectors General Buckner is picking up odd bits of information about Alaskan winters; hints on how to camp out safely at 20 or 30 below, how to move in the cold, how to avoid frozen faces and hands.

These Army pilots fresh from Shreveport or March Field, these infantrymen from Texas or Alabama are fast learning the ways of the North. And by next spring they will be ready, should the need arise, to defend the Territory against any invasion in any weather.

The Most Unforgettable Character

I Ever Met . . . XVI

By JIM TULLY

MY SISTER resembled a gypsy. She was dark, her nose aquiline. Her eyes, large, sad and gray, had an expression of surprise, as if they had opened too suddenly upon a world for which she was not yet ready. Always they remained the eyes of a little girl with the wonder of faraway places in them, a little girl who watched others go on journeys she could not take herself.

"Virginia has Biddy's eyes," said our father. "You can drown yourself in 'em."

Biddy was our mother. Her real

name was Maria Bridget Lawler Tully. But most of that was for show. Everybody called her Biddy.

Our home was near St. Marys in western Ohio. My early years were very happy. Virginia scolded me but once. I put quail eggs under a hen that "wanted to set." The eggs literally blew open and the quail popped to the woods like bullets. Virginia looked at the forlorn fowl. "I'd be ashamed," she said. "It's not right to fool a hen."

When I was five, Virginia, who was 11, awakened me one midnight. It was raining hard enough

to crack the shingles on the roof of our cabin.

"Mother's dead," she said.

Virginia carried me down from the attic. The rest of the family had assembled. There were six of us children. Many uncles and aunts were there and all four grandparents. Biddy had been their favorite. They now told the world as much with the unrestraint of the Irish. Our small house echoed with our grief.

My father, a ditch digger with wide shoulders and a long red mustache, was utterly lost. His whimsical, turbulent, warm-hearted Biddy, she of the long auburn hair, was gone — dead in childbirth at 35. He alone among us all remained tearless and silent.

Virginia finally was the one who marshaled us out of the room.

As my clothes were not fit to be worn to my mother's funeral, I stood in the middle of the mud road and wept while the hearse took her

away. My sister remained with me. When I sobbed aloud, she said, "Why, Jim — you mustn't."

Not until long after did I realize that her loss was even greater than mine. She had constantly been with our mother, who impressed a strong, moody and beautiful personality upon her. Immediately Virginia assumed the burden Biddy had laid down. When it was decided to send three of us to an orphanage, she sobbed, "Why, you can't. My brothers are my children."

But the priest explained to her how Biddy had requested him to see that we learned to read and write. Tom, who was nine, made a pact with Virginia to look after me.

Virginia came for me when I was 11. She was then earning \$1.50 a week as a "hired girl." As she had not the money to pay my fare, I was hidden from the conductor by other passengers. Thus, early we became companions in misery.

For the next three years I worked at whatever wage possible, and became a sort of child vagabond when unable to pay my way. Virginia tried during all this time to bring the family together. She succeeded but once. Father's wanderings finally led him back home and all six children spent an evening with him before he moved on again.

Virginia warned us to be nice to him. "He's suffered enough," she said, "in losing our mother." From that day my father was no longer

JIM TULLY is a chunky, red-headed ex-hobo whose unique and powerful writing style has brought him world-wide fame. Much of his youth he spent on the road, with occasional brief interludes as a circus roustabout, prize fighter, tree surgeon, and reporter on the *Akron Press* and *Beacon Journal*. When, influenced by his sister, he settled down at last to write, stories about men "in the lower depths" poured from his pen. He has written many stories for magazines, and 28 books — the most recent, *Men I Remember* and *Ringside*, both published in 1940. He also writes dialogue for the movies, and is what he describes as "a teller of tales" for the radio.

a roving ditch digger and drunkard — he was the man my mother had loved.

My brother Tom left on a freight train the next day, headed for Mexico in search of gold. After his departure Virginia was very quiet. "I've lost one of my pet tigers," she said.

Another year dragged forlornly by. I became a road kid and tramped across the nation. Virginia went to Chicago with a tin trunk and a promo enlargement of Mother's photograph. She found dingy living quarters and got a job as waitress in a cheap restaurant. Her kindness was like sunlight.

No matter how far I wandered, Virginia remained the fixed point of my compass, as she did for the other members of our family. I wrote long letters to her and when I felt the need too keenly would tramp hundreds of miles to see her.

Two things worried her. I might get killed as a road kid — or, what seemed worse to her, become a criminal. I promised faithfully to do nothing that would involve me with the law.

As I had always written jingles, we were both early imbued with the hope that I would be a writer. How that was to be accomplished we did not consider. Poor as birds, we were as buoyant. She had so much pity for others, there was none left for herself. Sentimental, she stumbled through the drooping weeds of poverty without envy,

and covered the poignancy of reality with a haze of wonder and sad humor.

Her dingy Chicago flat became a rendezvous for beggars. They slept everywhere. She had six chairs which could be turned into beds. Small mattresses were taken out of closets and placed on the floor at night. All hours of the day and night the beggars were in the kitchen preparing meals. No matter how woebegone, all were optimistic. Having nothing, the stragglers were willing to share everything.

The many tips Virginia received as a waitress she saved each month toward the rent. Her knowledge of economics consisted in withholding from the grocer to pay the butcher, and reversing the procedure when necessary. She judged the value of all things by what the pawnbroker would give for them.

She early developed the habit of buying on the installment plan. Frequently she gave away the objects before her payments were completed. Once she saved for weeks to make the down payment on a tailored coat. A month or so later she gave it to an old woman who admired it.

"I got so tired of seeing her wear her old coat," she said.

She purchased, as usual on the installment plan, a bronze gypsy three feet tall. It had a green coat, a red hat which barely sat on its disheveled head, and in its hand a long rod with which it poked a red

electric-bulb fire. Virginia would turn out all the lights in her one small room which the mongrels of destiny did not share. Alone with the gypsy and its electric-bulb fire, she would sip black coffee and wonder about life.

Another object she prized highly was an oil painting for which she paid \$80. "Ten dollars down," she explained, "and only six-fifty a month." The picture, full of a brooding loneliness, was of sand dunes on the shore of Lake Michigan. "Don't scold, Jim," she pleaded. "It fits my moods."

When Tom died in Mexico, victim of an accident on a construction job, I brought Virginia the news. She was strongly attached to Tom. She buried him deep in her heart and prayed for the peace of his turbulent soul.

Her dreams were then entirely centered in me. If Tom could no longer get through the maze, I should.

"You can bet on me, Sis," I bragged, though I dared not look in the depths of the well.

Virginia had once known a woman who later achieved success as a short-story writer. My sister used her career as an object lesson for me. Some day I would show the world — she was sure of that. She did not know the long road I had to travel.

During the next years Virginia's eyes were sadder than usual. Her voice apparently full of hope belied

the hurt in her heart. When friends chided her about me, she would say, "Of course you wouldn't expect Jim to do ordinary work. He's an *individual*."

Once I brought home a road kid named Eddie Haney. Eddie, bitter against life and our poverty, said he would get what he wanted even if he had to take it. His manner alarmed Virginia. That night, after Eddie had gone to sleep, she said, "Things are not right we know, Jim. But being a burglar won't make them right."

I was on the border line. Her words brought me back. Eddie hatched a plan but I would not go with him. He was shot through the heart. The papers carried the story with his picture.

"The poor kid," Virginia said, "getting in the game at dark with two strikes already on him."

My wanderlust was a fever that burned deeply. I bitterly raved against the social system in which I could not fit. I would soon be 21.

"Jim," Virginia said, "don't make me ashamed. You've been a bum long enough. These poor devils around me — they can't help it. But you're different. You're strong. Get off of people's shoulders." She put her hand in mine. "You told me I could bet on you when Tom died. My money's still up, Jim — I'll never take it down."

Seeing me racked with confusion, she became more calm.

"I've got an idea, Jim. Stay here"

— start writing in earnest. That'll take your mind off the road."

I started to write a novel in long-hand. With difficulty Virginia tried to read it. Then saying, "It's the best excuse I ever had," she bought a typewriter on the installment plan. "Yes," she would say, "Jim is at work on a story."

We had in common a deep interest in people and early tried to probe the cause of human actions. Over black coffee in the red glow of the bronze gypsy fire we would spend hours crudely analyzing human motives. Why did Tom want to remain in Mexico? Why had Mother married our father? Why had Eddie met his bullet?

Her religion was simple. She was sure there was a God, that her mother was in heaven, and that the Church would eventually solve the woes of mankind. Her favorite character was Jesus Christ. "What a sweet man," she often said. "He really had the answer. I'll bet He found an excuse for Judas." She dismissed all things she could not understand with "God knows best."

I brought her books from the library — the novels of Balzac, Dostoievsky and Hardy. But each volume made her more harried and sad. She wept at the misery of Father Goriot and watched with Dostoievsky the candle die between the harlot and the assassin. She climbed the gallows with Tess, and shuddered when the trap was sprung. She liked Emerson, Walt

Whitman and Abraham Lincoln and talked of them as personal friends.

The first version of the novel was 100,000 words, single spaced and one long paragraph. Virginia waded valiantly through. With the urbanity of an Irish queen she at last said, "I just know you have a story, Jim."

Being more of a realist, I said, "But where is the damn thing?"

Never having been a critic before, she replied solemnly, "It's somewhere."

The months dragged into years. I became a pugilist, tree doctor and reporter. Fired from the second newspaper, I wanted to go back on the road.

"Why, Jim," Virginia said, "Dad didn't become a hobo because he lost a ditch contract." I continued on the book, often working 20 hours a day.

After I had been trying to write for 11 years, Virginia one day read a story by Rupert Hughes which touched her. "You ought to write to him, Jim. He'll understand. I can tell by that story."

I wrote Rupert Hughes a letter. With rare kindness he helped me get the manuscript in shape. It was accepted by a New York publisher.

My success transformed Virginia's life. "I'm somebody now — just think, my brother wrote a book." She hurried to our early home in Ohio and walked up and down Spring Street, proud and swift as of old.

The long years of struggle gave me the idea for another story. I would write about the tramps I knew as a boy. I talked it over with Virginia.

"That's right, Jim — stick to the poor whipped beggars of life."

I thanked her for the title, and went to work. The book *Beggars of Life* sent my name to far places. It was dramatized by Maxwell Anderson as *Outside Looking In*. Jimmy Cagney played the red-headed boy that was me.

When money became more plentiful, I gave Virginia her choice of going anywhere in the world. She chose Mexico, and made the long journey to Tom's grave. While battalions of clouds sailed above, she straightened the wooden cross and knelt for a long time, as one will whose heart lies buried in a strange and beautiful land.

While en route from Hollywood to New York with the manuscript of a play I had written with Frank Dazey — *Black Boy*, in which Paul Robeson later appeared — I stopped off in Chicago to see Virginia. The drama concerned a Negro pugilist who was stripped of everything by his white-skinned brothers, even to the illusion that his high-yellow girl was white. It upset Virginia completely.

"Why didn't you leave the poor fellow something?" she asked.

My explanation led to another of our long talks about people, at the

end of which I said to her, "Some day, Sis, I'll write about you."

Pleased with the idea, she walked lithely about the room and stopped near the bronze gypsy.

"What in the world would you say about me?" she asked. "Wait until I'm pushing the clouds. And then you had better be careful — and be nicer to me than you were to the poor Negro." She tried to look stern. "I'll be peeking from behind a star."

I left for New York. Stricken a few days after my departure, she allowed no word of her illness to come to me. "He has trouble enough with the play," she said.

The morning after the play was presented a telegram came. Virginia was dying. I left for Chicago.

Hearing my voice, she held out her wasted arms and said with an effort, "Hello, Jim, boy. I knew you'd come."

Her charges stood about, as helpless in the presence of death as in life.

"Why, Sis," I hesitated.

She tried to smile. For a minute her vast heart became strong. "Why, I'm all right — I'm not going to die now — my kid brother all famous and everything," she said.

No longer able to see her bronze gypsy, whose fire for her would soon be out forever, she had me place it near her bed.

The oil painting hung above her. She died that night.

Calling All Inventors

Condensed from The Rotarian

Stuart Chase

"I AM an old miner, past 70, sitting in his lonely cabin studying how he could do his bit. Have been thinking about the unsinkable ship. I have drawn rude diagram of a ship sawed in two. If I can give an idea that would help I would be awful glad. . . ."

THIS LETTER, and 110,000 others, came into the Naval Consulting Board at Washington in 1917-18. The job of the Board was to mobilize inventors for the war. Of the flood of ideas submitted, about 75 percent were obviously valueless. Sixteen percent were old stuff. Seven percent were brilliant but too costly. That left just two percent worthy of intensive consideration. But two percent of 110,000 is 2200 good ideas.

Among these 2200 practical inventions were some which helped win the war, others which since have been put to use. They included an improved airplane bomb sight, a rapid-fire rifle, a method of manufacturing gun tubes by hydraulic pressure, a sea sled carrying a full-size torpedo at 50 m.p.h.

Now we are again mobilizing American inventive genius. Wars

today are inventors' wars. Machines do most of the fighting. A modern battleship is the frozen thought of 10,000 technicians. If we can get all our idea men working for us, we need never fear the engines of an invader. The U. S. is full of inventors and tinkerers. Hence the National Inventors' Council in the Department of Commerce is giving careful consideration to every single suggestion for national defense. I have been watching the machinery hum. Already 12,000 suggestions have gone through the hopper, and some of them are in active use.

The National Inventors' Council was established to obviate such duplications of effort as went on in 1917 and after. Besides the Naval Consulting Board (continued as the Office of Inventions) there were "inventions sections" in the Ordnance Department, the Air Corps, the Signal Corps; and thousands of ideas were received by other government bureaus.

Last spring Lawrence Langner, a patent attorney of long experience, realized that if American inventors were to be mobilized along with air-

planes and guns one central sifting machine was necessary. He consulted leading government officials, inventors, scientists. The group formulated the idea of the National Inventors' Council. The President approved, and presently the Council began to function, with Mr. Langner as its unsalaried executive secretary.

Mr. Langner wants to stimulate the patriotism and the morale of American inventors, to give them an organization which they can trust, and where they will always be hospitably received. He looks forward to the time when, the crisis past, the Council will continue as a haven for inventors who have ideas to help their country. I was glad to hear Mr. Langner say this. Lethal inventions America must have now to warn off potential invaders, but later we shall need many new inventions to ride out the stormy transition years ahead and to help the world conserve life rather than destroy it.

The Council is already accumulating many inventions useful not only in war but in peace. I noted plastics, synthetics, road-building devices, concentrated foods, and an improved treatment for gangrene.

The Council is headed by Dr. Charles F. Kettering, president of General Motors Research Corporation and one of the foremost technologists in America. In charge of its 12 committees, covering everything from cannon to clothing, are

such men as Dr. William D. Coolidge of General Electric, Watson Davis of Science Service, Commissioner Conway P. Coe of the Patent Office, George Baekeland of the Bakelite Corporation, Dr. Orville Wright, Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen, Major General J. O. Mauborgne. Ideas that come in to the War Department and to the National Defense Council are cleared through the Inventors' Council. Presently the Navy will also send in its ideas. Thus all inventions will be cleared through one agency.

The Council functions, further, as a kind of inventors' procurement bureau for the armed forces. Suppose the Navy wants suggestions for strengthening deck armor against bombs. They have, of course, their own ideas, but are there others? Ask the Council. The Council at once consults its list of 2000 leading inventors, classified by their specialties, and gets in touch with perhaps 10 men in the United States who are especially qualified by their experience to tackle the problem. They go to work. Thus the Council acts as a spark to ignite inventive genius. This phase of its activities may prove even more important than its function as a clearinghouse for ideas from the public.

Let us see what happens when you send the Council an idea for, say, an amphibian tank. Your plan goes first to the evaluation and classification department. Here sit

mechanical, chemical and electrical engineers, who determine whether you've got something. "Amphibian tanks, hm-m; a tidy sketch, but that camshaft certainly won't work. . . . Hullo, here's something! Wonder if the Navy people are on to this?" So the examiner, after classifying your idea, marks it for further consideration.

From the examiners, your idea — if it has excited them — goes to one of the Council's 12 committees for further inspection. If they are excited, it goes right to the appropriate service. If everybody gets excited — and the boys are looking for excitement — you may find yourself somebody who is somebody in Washington.

Ideas are now coming in at the rate of 150 a day. With those from the Navy, the average will jump to 250. The examiners report that about four percent are worth passing on to the committees. The mail follows the news. When London suffered its first serious bombing, the ideas ran heavily to defense against bombs. When the R.A.F. began attacking German industrial areas, inventors shifted to offensive devices calculated to make air bombing more effective.

Naturally, ideas inspired overnight by headlines are not likely to be profound. But one inventor may go to his study for a drawing on which he has worked for years. And another may suddenly see a

new but simple solution, and outline it for elaboration by specialists. Invention is a craft in which miracles do occasionally happen.

A young man comes in with an idea for mobilizing yacht and boating clubs, not to fight but to report promptly any suspicious happenings along the coasts. The Council calls the Coast Guard. "Good, send him over. We've been working on a similar idea ourselves."

A number of inventors have offered proposals for a system of warning the whole population by radio. When the town siren sounds in a specified way, every household should stand by his radio for instructions. This is a kind of up-to-date Paul Revere system — "one if by land; two if by sea. . . ." It is a social invention, applicable in the emergencies of peace — fire, flood, hurricane — as well as in war.

Here is a Pennsylvania Dutchman who has presented, gratis, a most ingenious and practicable device for salvaging damaged shell cases. Here is an excellent idea for an aerial torpedo, guided by remote control. Here on the other hand is a suggestion for a copper cable attachment to an airplane. Send the plane up in a thunderstorm and the cable will deliver unlimited power to blast the enemy!

So it goes, at the Inventors' Council: the wise, the foolish, the dedicated, the greedy. But the great majority are dedicated — to

the proposition that the United States must be impregnable.

Many of our great corporations and universities have well-equipped research laboratories staffed with experts. Why, one may ask, isn't *this* the place to look for defense inventions? It is a good place, but it is not the only place. The individual inventor has an important role. The Council hopes to fortify and enlarge his role. Dr. Frank B. Jewett, head of the Bell Laboratories, says that of the three great telephone improvements in recent years two came from outside inventors.

When that brainstorm to save the nation hits you, remember these rules. First of all, write to the National Inventors' Council, Department of Commerce, Washington, for a copy of Bulletin No. 1, which gives important details. This will save time for both you and Uncle Sam.

If your proposal is technical and you are not technically trained, talk it over with an engineer. He can advise you about its practicability. To prevent ships from being torpedoed, people are constantly submitting lovely devices which weigh more than the ship.

Enclose careful sketches and give a full description. Don't hold anything back. You will be in the hands of fair and honest men. Don't send models. They do not make as much sense to an expert examiner as a good written de-

scription. Don't try to get a personal interview. You will get one fast enough if your suggestion is received with excitement at the proper point.

If you want to be paid for your idea, file a duplicate with the Patent Office. If your invention is adopted, you will be compensated by a board which has handled such cases honorably for many years. Of course, if you are interested solely in the financial return, perhaps it would be just as well to keep that earth-shaking idea to yourself. This is not a period in American history for people concerned with getting; it is a period for people concerned with giving. Well over half the ideas already received are donated without thought of compensation or even credit by inventive citizens who, like the old miner, just want to help. Two engineers, the Navy reports, are financing out of their own pockets the development of a very promising remote-control device. Uncle Sam will get it gratis.

I know in a general way another device being worked on with favorable progress. It will win no wars by itself. But some day it may greatly surprise an overconfident aggressor. The National Inventors' Council is equipped and waiting to receive, from the inventive genius of our people, other surprises for overconfident aggressors. Inventors of America, your country is calling you.

After-School Work for Softies

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Frances V. Rummell

THE American Youth Commission calls the school work camp movement one of "the most significant educational developments since the depression," and advocates the creation of such projects by schools everywhere. It hails the day when perhaps 3,000,000 youngsters will work voluntarily, after school hours, on community enterprises. We wouldn't need to worry then about spoiled youth!

Most school boys and girls today do not have enough work to do at home. A generation ago, the home was still bakery, cannery, laundry, tailor shop; and parents supplemented the three R's with training in practical work. Boys milked cows before school in the morning, carried in wood at night. They planted gardens in the spring, padded apple butter in the fall, and shoveled snow in winter. But urbanization and technology — with milk in bottles and automatic furnaces — have changed all that. How can the modern boy learn to work when there is no work to do?

Worse still, these changes delay the awakening of youth to the responsibilities of adult life. "Youth behaves like a bystander in society," says Dorothy Thompson, "instead of a junior partner and

How can the modern boy or girl learn to work when there is so little work to do? This article discusses an educational development of vast potentialities. High school students get work experience in service to society, after school hours or during summer vacations, by manual labor on community enterprises.

heir." We all know boys grown to voting age without having done one honest lick of work. This is not the fault of the boys. They still have their storming energy, their yearning for accomplishment. That these priceless traits are allowed to exhaust themselves in inane frittering is a grave fault of modern society.

The schools should give jobs to their pupils the entire school year, to develop a realistic attitude toward work and to foster a keener sense of adult responsibility. So reasoned Mr. D. R. Coombs, Principal of Salt Lake City's Jordan High School. One day in 1938, in his office overlooking the unsightly Jordan River, he found the answer. Why not have his pupils clean up and beautify the river's littered banks? The school's only campus, the banks for years had been a dumping spot.

Mr. Coombs sounded out his pupils. The job, he told them, would be tough. Were they game? They

were. Eagerly they got busy at the unsavory job of digging tons of rubbish from the riverbanks. Weeks later, the still-enthusiastic pupils petitioned for, and got, money for landscaping from the incredulous Board of Education.

By dividing into crews each with a separate project, all the boys and girls worked daily after school. One group cut through brambles and built a beautiful bridle path along the river; several crews rolled and sowed spacious lawns; others planted shrubbery and shade trees. Another appropriation has made a boathouse possible, and boys who like to build are drawing plans for work to start in the spring. Some day, waste pastures may even be a golf course.

After two years of man-sized work Jordan boys and girls have the satisfaction of knowing that their school campus is a show place of the city. Newspaper editors have extolled their contribution to the health and recreation of the community. Artists sketch along the Jordan; swimming parties and picnicks frequent it.

Other schools have other ways of teaching pupils to work. Boys in the Ladysmith, Wis., high school cleared, planted and perpetuated a forest started in 1936 when the senior class gave the school 40 acres as a memorial. The student body became so proud of its achievement that it bought 120 additional acres for planting.

Many parents realize the danger of their children growing up to be softies. A few solve the problem by sending their youngsters to summer work camps. Thus, last summer, 58 high school youngsters from New York City spent eight weeks in work camps — at a cost of \$125 each. These camps got down to brass tacks. Youngsters used to snappy clothes donned dungarees for a six-hour working day. Girls had to learn to cook, or the campers went hungry.

At the Pine Mountain, Ky., camp the youngsters helped the only doctor in 300 square miles fight hookworm and dysentery. Girls gave miners' wives vacations by caring for children. Boys tended dairy herds, hoed corn on the steep mountainsides, and built a dining hall for the Settlement School.

Boys and girls at the Andover, N. J., camp renovated an old farm to serve as a center for underprivileged children. They repaired buildings and fences, built a drainage system, raised and marketed 10 acres of vegetables, and cleared acres of overgrown farm land. At the Botsford, Conn., camp they built a playground and converted a wreck of a barn into recreation rooms and a theater for poor children from New York's East Side House. When the eight weeks were up, they went home saying, "I'm sure glad I didn't have to loaf all summer. . . . It was wonderful having something *real* to do."

These camps are known as Associated Junior Work Camps, established by the Progressive Education Association. The idea was originated in America by the Quakers, who last summer conducted 13 of them for young people of college age. At least three private schools also maintain work camps.

More important than the co-operative experience afforded youngsters in such school projects and work camps is their effect in removing the prejudice against working with one's hands. Most boys expect, somehow, to inherit white-collar jobs when they graduate from high school. Yet, to the average boy, industry today — work in factories — offers greater security, more chance for advancement.*

*"Industry Beckons Youth," *The Reader's Digest*, November, '40, p. 75.

Pre-Hitler Germany used the work camp as a means for leveling the impractical, romantic ambition of German youth to the occupational needs of the times. Germany needed manual workers to strengthen a weak nation, and her youth — like ours now — were spoiled. The fact that Germany did not put enough youth to work in time to ward off an epidemic of disillusionment explains in part the rise of Hitler. He rebuilt the morale of youth by giving them hard jobs and a realization of the importance of manual work!

If 3,000,000 American youngsters were getting their work experience in service to society, we wouldn't need to worry any more about spoiled youth who can't accept democratic responsibilities; they would *be* a real democracy.

Time for Love

*A*BOUT three o'clock one morning a tempestuous young man called up the girl he loves — a girl who an hour before had ordered him out of her apartment and out of her life — and pleaded with her to take him back. In the middle of his tears, reprimands and threats, the operator cut in with a request for five cents for another five minutes, plee-uz. "I love this girl, and she's driving me crazy, Operator," the young man said. "Deposit five cents, plee-uz," the operator said. "But I haven't *got* five cents and I love her," the young man said. There was a pause, and then the operator said, "I will allow you another five minutes."

— *The New Yorker*

Boy on a Raft

Condensed from Liberty

Eric Davis

THE RAFT WAS only six feet by three, and there were three of us on it. There was the engineer with his head split open, and myself, and Jack Keeley. . . .

Jack was a little boy from a poor worker's family in London, and he made me understand why it is that London can take it.

The life raft wasn't at all comfortable but it was better than a sinking ship, and if a vessel sinks in 30 minutes, as the *Benares* did, the opportunities for choice are restricted. The first one on the raft was the engineer, who was washed there by a wave. I came later, after the ship had sunk. Then we heard Jack's voice. After a little we located him perhaps 20 yards away and brought him aboard; he had been holding on to a little piece of wood; he had on two life jackets but very little clothing. And though he was so cold that his teeth were chattering he was very much alive.

On the night we sank a bitter wind blew from the north, there was a heavy sea, hailstorms, a fitful moon. All the paraphernalia of melodrama. What had happened, however, was not melodrama but

A British passenger on the refugee liner, *City of Benares*, which was torpedoed September 17, 600 miles from land, Mr. Davis is now on his way to an important post in the Orient.

stark brutality. The torpedo hit us at 10 p.m. On board there were 406 people, and 100 of them were children all snugly in bed. Twenty-four

hours later 161 had been saved, of whom only 19 were children. The rest were dead.

SHOULD YOU ever have to get someone onto a raft do not try to do it from the raft itself or you will capsize. To get Jack onto our raft I had to drop into the water and push him aboard. Then, while I was wondering how to get back myself without upsetting Jack and the engineer into the water, Jack made a memorable remark. With chattering teeth he crouched on all fours. "I say," he said. "I say . . ."

"Well?" I asked, thinking he might have a friend somewhere who ought to be picked up.

"I say," he said, "thank you very much."

The raft couldn't be called snug because not only did one wave in 50 break over the top (next day when there was nothing to do we counted them) but they also came slyly up through its open slats from beneath. Moreover, in the rough

sea one of us was always slipping off. Jack was a particular difficulty so, through the night, we lay on top of him. That had the advantage, too, of keeping the wind off him a little.

There was food on board, in a neat little cupboard; canned milk, ship's biscuits, a good-sized can of water — even a can opener. But did you ever try to open a can with one hand, sitting on a raft in mid-Atlantic with 20-foot waves patting you? To put anything down was to risk its being swept away. That is how we lost one of our four cans of milk.

Our only conversations took place after these "meals." There isn't much to talk about on a raft in the Atlantic. There is, in fact, only one subject — and that, one daren't discuss. Jack, however, had no inhibitions. After his breakfast of milk and biscuits, he asked questions which weren't easy to answer. "I say," he demanded, "which way are we going?"

"Well," I said, pointing, "we're probably going down that way. You see the wind will blow us along."

"Yes," he replied patiently, "but which *way*? Are we going to America or are we going back to England?"

Just as there isn't much to talk about, so there is little to do in such a sea. Every half hour or so we would have to adjust ourselves because one of us was constantly on

the point of slipping into the water. About midday, when it was warm, Jack and I tried to amuse ourselves by feeding biscuit crumbs to the gulls. Then Jack went to sleep and I sat looking at the horizon, thinking every smudge of cloud might be the smoke of a ship. But there was no ship. Nor any other raft. No longer even wreckage. That was a long and tedious day. But Jack never complained.

To keep warm we exercised our fingers and arms and feet and legs. We twisted and turned to delay the cramp. We rubbed Jack. The more we could do, the less time there was for thinking. But, as hope evaporated, a chill crept over us that not even the sun could dispel. We got careless about keeping tightly wedged together; just lay and shivered and thought and dreamed. . . .

The engineer must have fainted. It was all over so quickly that I cannot reconstruct it.

Jack pulled at me.

"Look at him," he cried, "look at him!"

Stiffly I twisted around to find the engineer slipping off the raft. Had he gone, I doubt we should have ever brought him back again. Inch by inch, however, we eased him back on, Jack struggling with me. We slapped him into wakefulness and then we devised a new system of lying on the raft which tied our arms and legs in knots.

This incident woke Jack up

completely. He chattered away about this and that, relapsing at last into imponderables.

"I say," he asked, "I say, how do you stop these things when you want to get off?"

How, indeed? And when?

There was a heavy storm coming up to meet the setting sun. No more gulls circled near us. The wind was freshening and the seas were even higher. There would be more hail. I decided that we could not afford another milk ration before dusk, as we were down to the last can. . . .

WHEN the warship saw us three miles off and "hooted," I ignored it. I had been hearing plenty of ships' "hooters," especially as the day grew on and dusk approached. I knew by now that it was only the slapping of the waves.

The engineer, however, sat up. And slowly I realized that if two people heard a noise, maybe —

It was eternity before we came up on a wave high enough to see her. And she had her stern to us! Like dogs tied up and left behind in an empty yard, we howled and shouted and yelled. Of course they couldn't hear us — we knew that.

We didn't know that they had already seen us and were cruising on to inspect some wreckage.

Suddenly the ship swung around and came toward us at full speed, the waves breaking straight over her. Instantly we were calm and

no longer cold. The ship edged up to us. A rope was thrown and missed. Another, that hit me in the face, we held on to.

Carefully, we eased Jack to his feet. He couldn't stand, but, as we rose almost to deck level, they caught him and hauled him aboard. Then suddenly the raft capsized and the engineer and I were bobbing about like corks. Getting onto a ship in mid-ocean is much more difficult than getting off it.

Inside the steaming engine room, a sailor pulled our clothes off, another appeared with hot milk for Jack and rum for me. The engineer was swept off to bed. Jack and I sat holding hands and grinning stupidly.

"Try a drop of this," I said, putting a little rum into what was left of his milk. He drank it down.

"I say," he said, "I say, thank you very much."

Jack still couldn't stop his teeth chattering. But he didn't cry. He didn't talk about home, or about his sister, who, we later learned, had gone down with the *Benares*. He didn't complain. The night before, he had saved his own life by his good sense. The following day, he saved the life of the engineer. He showed fortitude and endurance; he never once gave up hope. He returned cheerfully to a London which was being bombed day and night. Not bad — for a kid of 8. Jack Keeley, I am certainly pleased to have met you.

Brazil's American Dime Store

Condensed from Forbes

Carl Crow

LARGEST and most successful retail store in Rio de Janeiro is the Lojas Americanas. Head of the Rio store and of ten others in Brazil is James E. Marshall of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Marshall is a merchant prince in Brazil because Spanish signs are used in the Woolworth store in Ybor City, Florida. Which sounds wacky, for the language of Brazil is Portuguese. But that's the way it happened.

I like to tell about the Wilkes-Barre boy who has become the biggest retail merchant in South America because I am so tired of hearing that our businessmen are not adaptable enough to succeed in Latin America, where the people are proud and sensitive and sticklers for their own codes and traditions. Actually there are many businessmen from the States who have had the enterprise to spy

out special opportunities in South America and develop them to the advantage of all concerned. Such men are true good-will ambassadors, effectively refuting, in their daily contacts, Nazi propaganda against North American influence.

Jim Marshall was an energetic young employe of Woolworth's, who, after working in various stores, was sent to one in Ybor City. His customers there were largely the wives and daughters of Cuban cigar makers. Business was bilingual. It fascinated Jim. He decided he'd like to go to Spanish-speaking lands. He read up on the countries south of the Rio Grande and thought there might be a chance for a good dime store in Buenos Aires.

But some years intervened — years in which he went on learning the trade, in bigger and bigger Woolworth stores. In 1929, with some capital accumulated, he set out for the Argentine. On the ship, however, a Brazilian urged him to look at Rio before committing himself to Buenos Aires. Jim did, and liked what he saw.

He saw thousands of government clerks, army officers and office workers who did not earn very much money but earned it steadily.

CARL CROW's address is now "Somewhere in South America." He is learning at first hand how Latin Americans live, how they feel about the United States, and how the friendship between all Americans can be cemented. Mr. Crow is well known for his authoritative reports on affairs in the Far East, where he spent 25 years as a newspaper editor and businessman. He is the author of *400 Million Customers*, *I Speak for the Chinese*, and *Master Kung*, a biography of Confucius.

He saw that the shops with the best locations stocked goods that only the very wealthy could buy. The customers who make small purchases every day had been overlooked. The housewife with a dozen items on her shopping list might have to go to half a dozen untidy little stores and, incidentally, argue about the price of every article she wanted.

Jim's enthusiasm for Buenos Aires shifted to Rio. He decided, however, to make his initial venture on a small scale in a suburb. Then, if he made mistakes, they wouldn't attract so much attention.

Although the local American community was somewhat doubtful of his success, he found the Brazilians kindly and helpful, and intensely interested in this new enterprise. A Brazilian scholar helped him name his store. For some reason every merchant in Brazil had called his establishment a *casa*, but the Brazilian scholar argued that the Portuguese word *lojas* was really the right word for a store, though never so used in Brazil. To Jim the idea of giving his store a name that would set it apart appealed strongly.

His was the first *lojas* in all Brazil but now there are hundreds of them. In fact, whatever the word *lojas* may mean in the Portuguese dictionary it means in Brazil a store which sells dependable merchandise at a cheap fixed price.

Jim was determined that the sales force should be composed of girls. In Brazil as in other countries, it is the wife who does the shopping. Jim had seen the Brazilian salesman at work and knew that women would feel more at ease with salesgirls. But there were no shopgirls in Brazil. Brazilians had always believed that girls should lead a secluded existence.

However, a revolution was brewing just then in Rio. It was a quiet revolt of the girls who had been seeing Hollywood pictures and learning that there are other things in life besides sitting at home and waiting for some young fellow to come along and marry you. So, despite the hesitation of parents, Jim succeeded in getting a few girls to pioneer at his counters.

The first shop was opened with all due ceremony, including the customary blessing by a priest. At eight o'clock the salesgirls took their places. An hour went by without a solitary customer. Jim was beginning to think he had been a fool to quit his good job with Woolworth's. Finally a little girl, after pressing her nose against the windowpane for a long time, came into the *Lojas* and bought a ten-cent doll.

That was the beginning of a trickle of customers. It was a good thing it was just a trickle at first. The girls had no idea how to conduct themselves. Jim and his assistants had to apologize to indignant

customers, and explain to the girls that they shouldn't argue and talk back.

There were other troubles. Jim's stock included American toy elephants. The salesgirls didn't even want to touch them. They were unlucky! Why? Jim asked. Well, because their trunks were hanging down. If the trunks were up in the air, as though trumpeting, would that still be unlucky? No, that was a lucky omen. So Jim had the girls dismember the trunks and sew them on again sticking up. The elephants sold.

Jim has stocked raised-trunk toy elephants in all his shops ever since — just a reminder that his job is to sell what the Brazilian customer wants, rather than what the North American manufacturer produces.

After a little while there was no difficulty about getting all the salesgirls he needed. For both they and their parents learned that a job in the Lojas Americanas was a good deal more effective way of getting married than sitting on a balcony and waiting for a handsome young man with a guitar. No girl has ever been known to quit her job with Jim Marshall except to get married — but they all quit.

At the time the first *loja*s was opened the Brazilian milreis was worth about 12 cents. Jim hung out a sign which read: "Nothing over 2 milreis." This in spite of the fact that more than 75 percent of his goods were imported from home

and were dutiable. Then the milreis began to slip. Its present level is about five cents. With each drop it became more and more difficult to find imported goods to sell at two milreis.

In the original stock a few articles of Brazilian manufacture had been included. Not many, because ten years ago very few things were made in Brazil. Jim set out to find more. Some very good pottery was produced near Rio in designs that had been brought over from Portugal a long time ago. Jim cajoled the manufacturer into adopting new designs and gave him the largest orders he had ever received. He likewise hunted up manufacturers of glassware, porcelain, and kitchen utensils.

Jim's timing of this was just right. Public-minded citizens were anxious to see Brazil industrialized. It lacked both capital and trained technicians, but the little homey things Jim wanted did not require much capital or a high degree of technical skill. He found the small manufacturers eager to coöperate, and now there are dozens of factories which either came into existence or were placed on a solid financial basis solely because of his search for salable merchandise. Remembering his first customer — the little girl who was attracted by the cheap doll — Jim started encouraging the manufacture of dolls and all kinds of toys. Today Brazilian toys are for sale in the Argentine.

Marshall's modest contribution to the industrial development of Brazil has but slight effect on importations from the States, for most of the Brazil-made articles are of cheap varieties that American manufacturers do not produce. But German and Japanese manufacturers have already taken several socks on their respective chins and have a lot more coming to them. This kind of cheap unbranded merchandise is precisely what Germany and Japan depend on for a substantial part of their foreign trade.

By the end of his first year Jim had four stores in Rio and was opening one in São Paulo, 300 miles away. The reputation of *Lojas Americanas* had spread so that it took 50 policemen to keep order at the São Paulo opening.

The original sales force was a dozen girls; now there are more than 1000. As the stores grew in size and number Marshall brought

young bachelors from the States to help him. Anyone who has seen many Brazilian young ladies might anticipate there'd be weddings. It won't be long before Brazilian-American boys and girls will be traveling northward across the equator to go to school.

When Jim started, Americans who had lived in Brazil for years told him that the plan to display goods on unprotected open counters was suicidal. You would think Jim was a Brazilian patriot when he now shows you figures over a period of years proving that his losses from petty thefts by customers and employes amount to less than half of similar losses in the chain stores of the good old United States.

Jim Marshall has never gone to Buenos Aires. He still has a lot to do in Brazil. "There are 45,000,000 customers in this country," he told me, "and there are a lot of them that I am not selling anything to."

Ultimates in Economy

A WEST VIRGINIA man wrote the Rural Electrification Administration in Washington inquiring how to avoid burning his hands. Investigation revealed that although the man's home had been completely wired, he had only one light bulb, which he patiently screwed and unscrewed as he took it from room to room wherever it was needed.

— Neal O'Hara in *N.Y. Post*

THE DAILY PATRON of a Charleston, S. C., restaurant always has his coffee black. But he has an arrangement with the management whereby at the end of each month he gets a quart of cream free, to take home.

— Neal O'Hara in *N.Y. Post*

Q Swiss-born Anton Negri, ex-hotel man, gratefully renders a public service to his adopted country

Chicago's One-Man Cleanup Campaign

Condensed from National Municipal Review

William F. McDermott

IN THE MIDST of Chicago's graft and civic inefficiency, a lone citizen has engineered an amazing cleanup of three public institutions formerly considered fat political pickings — Cook County Jail, Cook County General Hospital, and Oak Forest, the county poorhouse. He has eliminated filth, bad food and thievery, improved the health and morale of 7500 inmates and patients — and has returned to the public half a million dollars in equipment or cash.

This unique trail blazer is Anton C. Negri, Swiss-born hotel executive and inventor. Long grateful to his adopted country for the opportunity it gave him, Negri wanted to render some public service in return. He got his chance when, five years ago, he heard Chicago's newly elected sheriff, John Toman, remark, "My worst problem is the jail. It's a mess. The food is awful."

Negri pricked up his ears. He had been assistant manager of the great Savoy Hotel in London, of New York's Waldorf Astoria, and finally manager of a Chicago hotel chain until 1930 when he began marketing an invention. He agreed to

spend a few days looking over the jail to see what suggestions he could make. The few days have stretched to five years.

Negri found Cook County Jail dirty and the food such a messy monotony of hash and beans that the prisoners were near revolt. He hired a dietitian to plan wholesome meals and supplant unpalatable food with fresh vegetables and meat. The rumbles of revolt died. Through cutting waste and graft Negri saved \$30,000 the first year.

Eventually he was able even to imbue the politically appointed jail employes with his spirit. The jail looked up in cleanliness and morale — and won a Class-A rating from federal prison authorities.

Negri had given a year and a half away from his business when citizens' complaints about Cook County Hospital swelled to a roar. A series of newspaper articles portrayed the 3300-bed hospital — the world's largest — as "Misery Harbor," a place filthy beyond description. Many drinking fountains and toilets were out of order; rags plugged broken windows; the ventilating system blew soot at the

patients; there was a chronic hot water shortage. Attendants were rude, and petty thievery thrived. The public surged through the hospital at will.

President Clayton F. Smith of the county commissioners said to Negri, "We'll give you blanket authority to do for the hospital what you've done for the jail." Negri accepted the challenge. The County Board voted \$25,000 for the cleanup, most of which Negri used to pay 11 expert investigators, gathered from hotel staffs he had once managed.

While plumbers and painters were cleaning and repairing, Negri installed budget and inventory control to double-check every item purchased and used. He cut off such leakages as the \$300 worth of drugs his men found hidden in the bakery, ready to be sneaked out and sold. Negri fired the culprit, and the man's political sponsor demanded that he be reinstated. "If you like publicity —" Negri began. The politician went away. When Negri ordered all laundry done at the hospital, politicians squawked again, because favored laundries lost the business, but this move saved \$20,000.

Negri bought 9000 new sheets and 2500 blankets, a new ambulance and a baby incubator, microscopes, wheel chairs and infra-red lamps, and established a complete new clinic. It seemed like a spending spree. Yet he paid for the

cleanup and the new equipment — which included \$29,000 for repairs on the main building and a \$25,000 X-ray machine — out of the hospital's regular budget.

Gratified by Negri's achievements, President Smith of the county commissioners asked him to tackle the poorhouse. Keeping the jail and hospital under his wing, Negri, who had turned down a \$25,000-a-year hotel job to continue his public service at a fraction of that salary, rolled up his sleeves again.

His investigation of Oak Forest, which has 3600 inmates and a \$1,500,000 annual budget, shocked him. Cobwebs and dirt were everywhere. The roof leaked. Sheets remained on beds a month or more without change; bedbugs ran rampant. Undergarments had become so scarce that male inmates often wore them a month without change; skin diseases were spreading. Linens simply melted away. Inmates sold the poorhouse farm's hogs at \$2 each, and 2000 chickens had vanished in one year. Politically appointed farm hands took vacations in summer, letting the crops go to weeds.

Negri assigned the chief cook to drive a truck, and in his place engaged the former chef of Chicago's exclusive Union League Club. This chef made the bread with milk instead of water, added desserts to the menu, and installed electrically heated carts to carry food steaming

to the tables and hospital wards. The doctors soon reported better health and a lower death rate among inmates. At the same time Negri saved \$65,000 in food costs in 12 months. The simple expedient of serving bread already sliced saved 325 loaves a day.

He had beds sandblasted and repainted, mattresses fumigated and rebuilt. Now every bed is disinfected weekly.

Elimination of fuel waste saved \$35,000 a year. Efficient operation of the farm jumped the annual value of produce from \$9000 to \$23,000, although rebellious employes, bitter at the loss of "summer vacations," mowed down whole fields of beets and carrots. In all, \$80,000 in cash was returned to the corporate fund in Negri's first year at Oak Forest.

One of Negri's ambitions was to give a home atmosphere to the institution. He put cheerful, colored bedspreads and curtains in the wards. He held mass meetings at which he and the inmates together made plans for beautifying the grounds and buildings. He is now planning a recreation building with an assembly hall for movies and entertainments, rooms for games and a library for the blind.

He has provided useful activities for inmates. Work is commended but not compulsory. In the tailor shop men and women, in seven months, made 3500 sheets, 2500 towels, 1500 pillow slips and 10,000 other items. The women darned 3500 pairs of socks. The blind weave baskets.

Today Oak Forest is not only spotless but gives the feeling that "someone cares." Negri does care. The friendliness of this slight, silver-haired businessman wins the trust of inmates and employes.

It has not been smooth sailing for citizen Negri. Politicians have tried to sabotage his efforts; often his orders were pigeonholed or countermanded. Only public backing has enabled him to go on with his work in behalf of the poor, sick and aged. Once when there were threats to stop him, 75 civic organizations in a mass meeting of protest said, "Hands off!" The politicians backed down.

Meanwhile Negri, who has now tackled the Juvenile Detention Home, has given Chicago and other cities a hint of what can be done on a large scale. His achievements are proof that if taxpayers demand it they can get as much honest value for their money as industry does.

A RECENT White House visitor found a page of a calendar pad on the floor. On it was written, in pencil: "Call Eleanor — Philadelphia? Los Angeles?"

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

So You're in Love?

A Talk to Youth on Sex

Condensed from *Your Life*

Paul Popenoe

A YOUNG stenographer wrote me recently that she has been going for a year with a young man whom she would like to marry. He has proposed to her, conditionally: "He says the most important thing in marriage is satisfactory sexual adjustment. He insists that we find out beforehand if we are so adapted to each other. If so, we'll get married. If not, we'll avert a tragedy. I wasn't brought up this way, but I want to do the scientific thing. What is your opinion?"

This common idea shows a complete misconception of what sexual adjustment in marriage really means.

IN 1930, when biologist Paul Popenoe became Director of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, he was already known as an authority on sex. He had been editor of *The Journal of Heredity*, director of vice control at U. S. Army training camps, executive secretary of the American Social Hygiene Association, author of numerous books on genetics and eugenics. His experience with the Institute has given him a deep insight into marital problems, and he is a popular lecturer and writer on the subject. Among his books are *Modern Marriage*, *The Conservation of the Family* and *Problems of Human Reproduction*.

It presupposes that sexual adjustment is something fatalistic; that it exists or it doesn't; and if it doesn't there is nothing you can do about it. This is merely part of the ultra-romantic view of marriage which assumes that two people may be "meant for each other" and that if they are, they will sail along in effortless bliss; if they aren't, the only thing to do is to get a divorce. This ignorant view is fostered by the widespread delusion that sexual adjustment depends on some physical condition.

Actually, sexual maladjustments are almost always psychological in origin. Those based on anatomical incompatibilities are practically unknown.

This experimental scheme also ignores the fact that sexual adjustment is *normally* not perfect at the outset of marriage. The husband often finds, on first trial, that he is impotent because of nervousness; in still more cases, the wife derives no satisfaction.

Making a study of 1000 educated married women, Katherine Bement Davis was told by 250 that they were repelled by the first sexual

• experience of married life. The Institute of Family Relations, in questioning hundreds of wives, discovered that only 51 percent found the first experience enjoyable; 44 percent "merely tolerated" it; the remainder were distressed.

Complete satisfaction may not be reached by the wife for some time. Of 658 women who reported on this point, a normal climax was attained as follows: first time, 25 percent; after days or weeks, 27 percent; after 1-11 months, 26 percent; after one year or more, 16 percent; never, 6 percent.

It is significant that there was no difference in the average marital happiness in the first three groups.

Normally, sexual adjustment improves steadily, under favorable psychological and social conditions. These conditions include feelings of confidence and trust, of permanence and security; they include freedom from fears.

Obviously, then, sexual adjustment is something to be attained, *not* predetermined. The conditions of attainment are not likely to be present in premarital experiments, which are unrealistic and encounter many obstacles:

Impossibly high standards. Often young people have read books on sex that set up fictitious ideals of perfection. When their experiments do not measure up, they are convinced they are "not made for each other."

Overanxiety because of the importance attached to the outcome. Anxiety is an enemy of sexual adjustment; when people are staking so much on the experiment, they are doubly likely to fail.

Unfavorable or unromantic surroundings. Haste. Necessity for secrecy or fear of discovery. Fear of premature pregnancy. Fear on the girl's part that the man will care for her less afterward. Fear that the man is merely taking advantage of her and has no intention of marrying; it is easy for him to allege that in his opinion they are not meant for each other.

With all these difficulties, it is not surprising that marriages are often prejudiced by ill-advised attempts to determine their prospects. The results are various:

A serious inferiority complex may be created. The man has staked his future on this experiment and finds that he is apparently abnormal — when actually there is nothing the matter with him.

Each is likely to blame the other for failure. The more the two are emotionally involved, the greater is this unconscious tendency. The result is that a desirable marriage may be abandoned. In that case, the individual has certainly not been helped to make a happy marriage later on.

What should people do to make sure they will have successful sexual adjustment in marriage?

They should possess normal emotional makeup and attitudes. They should possess knowledge and understanding. This calls for a realistic sex education — now becoming widely available through scientific sources — not one based on erotic fantasies turned out by

pathological novelists. They should have a psychology of permanence — a recognition on the part of each that this relationship is part of a lifelong sharing, without reservations. With such a foundation no one need worry about attaining satisfactory adjustment in marriage.

By Way of Explanation

ONE OF the Princeton neighbors of Albert Einstein has an eight-year-old daughter who visited the famed scientist every afternoon. After many weeks of these daily visits, the girl's mother finally went to see Dr. Einstein and apologized to him for her daughter's constant interruptions.

"Oh, not at all," Einstein assured her. "I enjoy her visits and we get along well."

"But what can you and a little eight-year-old girl have in common?"

"A great deal," Einstein explained. "I love the jelly beans she brings me — and she loves the way I do her arithmetic lessons."

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

JACK DEMPSEY was for a time one of the most unpopular champions that ever climbed into a ring. I remember the time and place when the switch occurred and the cult of Dempsey-worshippers was born.

It was some time between one and two o'clock in the morning of September 4, 1926, when Dempsey returned to a Philadelphia hotel room minus the heavyweight championship of the world. Gene Tunney had battered him almost beyond recognition.

Seconds, hangers-on, reporters, crowded into the room behind him. A lovely woman came to him with tenderness and took him into her arms for a moment. Lightly she touched his face. One side was completely shapeless, red, blue, purple in color, weltd and bruised, the eyes barely visible between ridges of swollen flesh. "What happened, Ginsberg?" she said. Ginsberg was Estelle Taylor's pet name for her husband.

Dempsey grinned out of the good corner of his mouth, held her off for a second, and then said: "Honey, I forgot to duck." From that moment on, everybody loved him.

— Paul Gallico, *Farewell to Sport* (Knopf)

Our New Merchant Navy

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Don Wharton

FISHING BOATS off Tampa last July 23 were tossed about uncomfortably by the bow wave of the long, sleek ship which tore past at a speed the fishermen noted as altogether incredible in a freighter. What was the hurry? None, apparently, for halfway to the horizon she stopped abruptly. Then full speed astern. Rushing ahead once more, she swerved hard to starboard without checking speed. She swung on the other tack as wildly; she steamed in circles. Then off she went, out of sight.

She was the *Sea Witch*, Tampa-built namesake of a great clipper, going through the torture of her trials. She came back to port boasting proudly of 18½ knots top speed as compared with 12 knots for most American freighters. This at an extraordinarily low fuel consumption. Aboard, she has supports for gun emplacements, gear for paravanes to protect against mines, and many other defense features. She cost \$3,000,000. She is one of 54 new ships delivered to our merchant marine in the past year and a half, all fast, efficient and quickly convertible into naval auxiliaries. Twenty-one more have been launched, and 104 are in various stages of building.

In 1917, three months after entering the war, we could assemble only seven troop and six cargo ships in condition for transport service. This time we are better off — thanks to a building program launched in 1938 and to men who far-sightedly pushed it ahead of schedule. The U. S. Maritime Commission's program calls for 50 ships a year for 10 years. Already 179 ships are built or building, and already the Navy has taken 23 of them — several before they ever made a voyage. Since April 1939, we have launched roughly a Commission ship a week.

This building program is based on the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, which provides outright subsidies (instead of the old subterfuge of mail contracts at extravagant rates) for merchant ships in peacetime so as to aid the Navy in wartime. To include the features the Navy demands and to build with American labor sometimes add 50 percent to the cost of a ship. Congress puts up the money, the Maritime Commission uses it to pay the difference between American costs and foreign costs, both in building and operating, and the Navy has the privilege of buying the ships when needed.

Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Commission since early in 1938, knew that the Navy's strength in combat vessels was offset by weakness in ammunition ships, submarine and plane tenders, transports, cargo ships and hospital ships. When shipping lines were hesitant about building even with the Commission paying the extra costs, Admiral Land pushed ahead anyway. He had no buyers in sight but the Act said build ships and build ships he did. As it turns out every ship the Navy hasn't requisitioned has been purchased or chartered by a private shipping line.

Seeing war ahead, the Commission secured gentleman's agreements with the shipyards not to jump prices and then in 41 days after Hitler marched, let 67 contracts, ordering ships in 1939 not due to be ordered until late 1940.

This program has rejuvenated a merchant marine dying of old age. Among all the other American vessels in foreign trade there are only 46 ships under 20 years of age, only 24 less than 10 years old. The program has prevented the collapse of American shipbuilding. It has created five new shipyards — at Tampa and Beaumont on the Gulf, at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Tacoma on the West Coast — and from Bath, Maine, around to Seattle it caused old yards to reopen, still others to enlarge. There are 70,000 workers in

our private shipyards against 39,000 when Admiral Land went into action.

Our seagoing merchant fleet is today roughly a million tons smaller than in 1937 — many old ships have been sold, mostly to Britain — but it is a faster, younger, more useful fleet and we have 1,500,000 tons of merchant-ships under construction.

The Commission has accomplished wonders in standardizing ship design and the new ships are the last word. Welding has been carried much further than in other countries, which might be decisive if war demanded still further speedup — for welders can be trained more quickly than ship riveters.

Likewise, these ships are the safest in the world. In something like two years, eight ship fires — including the *Morro Castle* and *Mohawk* disasters — cost scores of lives and some \$22,500,000 worth of shipping. The Senate ordered an investigation. Technical experts, testing materials, started fires day after day aboard the old *Nantasket*, a freighter anchored in the James River. They built staterooms on her, with everything real, down to sheets and blankets on the beds and clothes in suitcases and trunks. Some fires were started with cigarettes. The progress of the flames was carefully clocked, the damage minutely studied, escaping fumes not.

Result — the new ships are safe

from fires even if personnel or mechanical devices fail. Everything in any one cabin can burn to cinders without the fire spreading. Holds have ingenious fire-detecting devices and automatic extinguishing equipment. Hulls are compartmented to make them harder to sink.

In 1938, too, the Commission began training personnel for the merchant marine. Already 5000 men, including some officers at sea for 15 years and at least one seaman in his seventies, have been schooled in precision seamanship. Gun crews have been trained so as to lighten the load war would place on Navy personnel. An F.B.I. investigation last summer revealed that a high percentage of radio operators on our merchant ships were Communists, or Nazi sympathizers. By March, 250 full-fledged operators free of questionable allegiances will be graduated from Commission schools.

The Navy needed tankers fast enough to keep up with the fleet, but had no money to build them. The oil companies had funds but 12 knots was enough speed for them. The Maritime Commission made a deal whereby Standard Oil ordered 12 high-speed tankers and the Commission paid the extra cost — half to three quarters of a million dollars per tanker. By the time they were built the Navy had funds to buy them. But for this the Navy would now be trying to

build them in overcrowded shipyards. The 12 tankers are the largest and fastest ever built. Combined, they carry enough oil for our 12 battleships, six aircraft carriers, and 18 heavy cruisers on a 25,000-mile cruise. They make 18 and sometimes 19 knots loaded.

Eleven more tankers are being built with extra speed financed by the Commission. Oil companies found that on some runs the extra speed spelled economy, and several have now raised their tanker speeds almost up to Navy levels. The Texas Company has laid down six fast tankers without asking the Maritime Commission for a dime. Its *Ohio* recently made the 1882-mile Texas-Jersey run in 4½ days, averaging more than 17 knots.

In all ships built or subsidized by the Commission, speed comes first. The Navy doesn't want the battle fleet to have to slow down for its auxiliaries. The *Donald McKay*, the first dry cargo vessel built in the United States in 18 years, made a record run from New York to Buenos Aires. The *Challenge* left New York on the India run about a month after a freighter built at Hog Island during the World War. After calling at precisely the same ports, and picking up 1000 tons more cargo, the *Challenge* came back into New York harbor within 15 minutes of the Hog Islander. And the *Challenge* had used less oil!

Several Commission ships, in fact, have set world's records for economy of operation. Commission-financed freighters of the American Export Line carry 2000 tons more cargo at 70 percent higher speed than the line's old ships — at a cost of only 10 percent more oil. Older freighters took 24 hours for the New York-Boston run; the new ones leave New York at three o'clock in the afternoon and are docked in Boston by eight o'clock the next morning — in effect a day saved.

As on naval vessels, generators, pumps and so on are all in duplicate in Commission ships. Safety devices and communication systems are all carried further than commercially necessary. The *America*, largest passenger liner ever built in an American yard, can be converted into a troopship in half the time other liners might take. The cargo ships have extra large hatches and booms which can lift 30 tons — important for handling artillery and tanks. Some of the ships have extra refrigerated space so they can carry enough food when they operate as troop transports. All

cargo-handling gear is electrically operated with the result that the Commission ships possess an unplanned defense feature — defense against the Gauss magnetic mine developed by the Germans. This mine was unknown when the ships were designed but it turned out that the antidote is to neutralize the magnetic pull of the ship that otherwise would explode the mine. Ships to be "de-Gaussed" are wired so that their generators can charge the great hull while the ship navigates mined waters. This requires tremendous electrical generating capacity — precisely what these ships have.

Paravanes can be installed on the *America* in a week, rather than 45 days. The *Shooting Star* is being turned into an ammunition ship in 61 days — in contrast to eight months required to convert the old *President Grant*.

Out of better ships we are getting a better merchant marine; out of speedier conversions, better naval auxiliaries — which means more sea power and in a crisis may mean getting there first with the most men.

It's all in your point of view

A VISITING Englishman, after staring at Broadway's electric signs and listening to an impassioned account of the number of light bulbs and miles of wiring, remarked: "Quite, quite, old chap — but isn't the whole thing rather conspicuous?" — Stewart Robertson in *The Family Circle*

❏ A short story of a lucky find and what it did to a timid young man

The Thousand-Dollar Bill

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Manuel Komroff

FAIRVIEW is a clean, orderly little town, but it was fast asleep until last week. Now it's buzzing with activity — all because young Henry Armstrong found a thousand-dollar bill.

When Henry picked it up he was walking to the office. His step was hesitant, for business had been slow with the French & Jones Insurance Company, and during the past month several men had been laid off. Henry felt his position was none too secure.

When the catalogue of modern diseases of man is tabulated I am sure they will find a corrosion of the mind caused by uncertainty. Uncertainty brings on fear and loss of confidence in yourself and in your

relation to others. It is an acid that eats into the core of a man's nature and changes him into something he should not be. It had done that to Henry. He was timid, retiring, and afraid of his shadow.

But now, with the \$1000 bill in his pocket, he straightened up; his stride became aggressive. Reaching the office, he sailed in as though the place belonged to him. When he found the boss hadn't come in, he ordered, "You tell Mr. French I'll be back shortly. I want to talk to him."

He then walked briskly to the office of the *Fairview Chronicle*, where he wrote out an advertisement saying he'd found the bill: "Owner please communicate with Henry Armstrong." The cost of the ad was \$1.60 but Henry didn't have that much change and asked for credit. The clerk had to consult the owner and editor, Mr. Young, about that.

"He found a thousand-dollar bill? I'll talk to him," said Mr. Young.

He went out and spoke to Henry. "Look here, young fellow, if you'll give us the facts we'll write a news

MANUEL KOMROFF, a fine storyteller and a master at descriptive detail, won fame in 1929 with the mammoth historical novel *Coronet*, which had 1,000,000 readers. A man of varied talents in the literary field, Mr. Komroff has been an art critic, a movie reviewer, an editorial writer, and the editor of *The Modern Library*. Now, at 50, he is a member of the council of the Author's League of America and a contributor to leading magazines. His most recent books are *Waterloo*, *The March of the Hundred* and *The Magic Bow*.

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(Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan, September, '35)

item about this and you won't have to advertise at all. Was the money in a billfold?"

"No," said Henry, "there was nothing by which it could be identified. I'll show you the bill, Mr. Young."

"I don't want to see it," said the editor quickly. "There's no way to identify it except by the serial number, and I'd advise you not to show it because anyone could make a mental note of the number and send a person to claim ownership. Where did you find it?"

"On Main Street. It might have blown out of a passing car."

"What will you do with the money if it's not claimed?"

"I'm going to marry Miss Dolly Summers. We've waited a long time, but now we can go ahead."

"That makes a good story," said Mr. Young. "Were you born in Fairview?"

"Yes, but I don't want to spend my life here."

"What's wrong with Fairview?"

"Well, it's an old man's town. It's run by a council of fogies who think everything they do is just all right. We younger people feel differently. None of us is going to stay here if we can get out and try a more enterprising place."

"What do you mean by 'enterprising'?"

"Why, the *Chronicle* itself is not enterprising. If I told you that you ought not to run your newspaper trucks on the streets without hav-

ing them insured, you'd say I was only trying to sell you something, and draw into your shell in the typical Fairview way. But you *are* wrong to run those trucks without having them fully covered."

"How do you know our trucks carry no insurance?"

"Because our office — the French & Jones Company — has been trying to sell you, and your answer has always been that you know how to avoid trouble."

"Is that so, young man?" said the editor.

"I knew you wouldn't like what I said, Mr. Young, but you asked for it." And with that Henry walked out.

It occurred to him that he should break the news to Dolly, so he ran in and told the whole story so fast that she could not understand what it was all about and could only exclaim, "What's got into you, Henry? I never saw you like this before!"

"You don't know anything yet, honey," answered Henry. "When I get back to the office I'm going to talk to Mr. French. It's time he knew what's what and I'm going to tell him."

"Henry! You'll lose your job!"

"My job isn't worth losing. See you later, Dolly."

When Henry got to his office he strode in to the boss's sanctum.

"Mr. French," he said, "I came to tell you that I am no longer working for you. This morning I found a

thousand-dollar bill, and I'm going to look around and see if there isn't something else I'd rather do. I can't stand the uncertainty here and I'd like to explain why fellows like me feel as they do — if you care to hear it."

"Go on, Armstrong," Mr. French said. "It would amuse me to hear what a thousand-dollar bill can say."

"All of us here live from week to week wondering who'll be next to be let out. This insecurity causes fear and timidity that is bad for your business, in plain dollars and cents. Your staff is jittery and our clients sense it. You yourself go around fuming about expenses. But overhead wouldn't worry you if we had more business, and we'd have more business if everyone here wasn't feeling so insecure."

"That's my story, Mr. French. Pardon me for speaking so plainly. I want to thank you for everything and hope you'll bear me no grudge."

"Sit down a minute, Henry," said the boss.

Just then the telephone rang. It was the editor of the *Chronicle* asking for Henry. "Mr. Armstrong," he said, "I want to quote you in an editorial I'm writing on the subject 'Fairview, An Old Man's Town.' Are you free for lunch?"

"Yes, thanks. I'll meet you at 12:30." The editor said something more and Henry replied, "Yes. Mr. French will be glad to send you liability quotations."

He put down the phone and turned to Mr. French: "When I went to put in an ad about finding the thousand-dollar bill I told Mr. Young what I thought about their trucks not being insured. He'd like you to send him the figures on full liability."

"How about your taking them to him this noon?"

"Understand, Mr. French, I'm not working for you, but I'll be glad to do that."

Mr. French said, "Henry, if you'll go ahead with the confidence you've displayed this morning, I'll give you a contract for three years with full commission on all business coming to the firm through you, a \$25 raise now, and another raise each year."

Henry thought for a moment, then said, "Thank you, Mr. French. I accept."

The next day's front page carried the story of the \$1000 bill with a box saying: "What is wrong with Fairview? An open attack that demands an answer! See editorial on page 5."

That night the town council held a meeting, at which Henry was invited to speak on what the young people of Fairview expected. Monday's paper carried an account of what Henry said, and an editorial commending that body for having appointed him a councilman to fill a vacancy.

All this publicity meant more business for Henry and for French

& Jones. People Henry hadn't seen in a year or two wanted to make appointments. Things went buzzing along in great shape.

But on Friday, a week after Henry had found the \$1000 bill, he and Dolly were making out a list of furnishings to buy for the house they planned to live in, and Henry pulled the bill out of his wallet. "Well, I guess we'll have to use our lucky bill," he said. "It would have been nice to keep it." Then, for the first time, he looked at the bill closely.

"Look here, Dolly," he said. "There's something funny! Those aren't real silk threads in the paper — they're just printed red streaks." He took out a dollar bill and compared it carefully with the \$1000 note. There was no doubt: the bill Henry had found was counterfeit.

Henry sat and looked at it. After a while he smiled. "The joke's on us," he said. "We might as well tear up the list of furnishings for the house. It's a good thing we

didn't try to cash the bill, Dolly — we'd have been the laugh of the town."

"Well, Henry," said Dolly, "I'm glad the bill is a counterfeit. Now nobody will claim it, and we can frame it and keep it for luck. What difference does it make whether it's real or not? This bit of paper made you believe in yourself, started you off to a real future. You've had a raise; you've done more business for your firm than anyone ever did in one week; you've had thousands of dollars' worth of publicity; you've got a seat on the council — the youngest member in Fairview's history. And besides, it's waked up the whole town. Don't you see? The bill has accomplished its purpose just as well as if it had been genuine."

Henry sat silent, staring hard at the floor. Finally he said, "Dolly, you're absolutely right. Let's go ahead with the list of furnishings. And — don't forget to include a frame for our thousand-dollar bill!"



Stung by a Spelling Bee

AN eccentric chap named TURNER recently began signing his name PHTHOLOGYRRH. Pressed for an explanation, he justified his bizarre orthography as follows:

<i>phth</i> , as in <i>phthisic</i> , is pronounced	T
<i>olo</i> , as in <i>colonel</i> , is pronounced	UR
<i>gn</i> , as in <i>gnat</i> , is pronounced	N
<i>yrrb</i> , as in <i>myrrb</i> , is pronounced	*ER

Isn't it a wonderful language?

— Kablegram

Pro) and Newspapers and the Recent Election Con)

Since the Presidential election, our newspapers have been under hot attack. In 1932, 1936, 1940, an increasing majority of them stood on the losing side. Last October less than 23 percent supported Mr. Roosevelt, whereas his popular vote in November was over 54 percent.

To Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, that means "a progressively perilous decline in the political prestige of the press."

A democracy needs vigorous newspapers as indispensable sources of fact and comment on public affairs. So this month Mr. Pro and Mr. Con consider whether the above indictment is justified, debating:

"In the light of the recent election, are American newspaper owners ignoring their public responsibilities?"

MR. PRO SAYS YES:

IMAGINE the howl that would have gone up if four out of five radio stations, including most of the important networks, had officially endorsed Mr. Roosevelt and concentrated commentators and news-broadcasters on Democratic party propaganda. Newspapers would have been the first to denounce such behavior as prostituting radio's public function to partisan political ends.

"Yet the press did precisely that — not only by stumping for Mr. Willkie on editorial pages, but by printing far more news about the Republican than about the Democratic campaign. Few papers made such an effort at balance as the pro-Roosevelt New York Daily

News, which carried a signed pro-Willkie article on the same page as a signed pro-Roosevelt article of the same length.

"That means the press is woefully out of touch with its customers. No wonder almost 50 daily papers fail each year because their usefulness to their communities has ended. No wonder the public relies on the radio more and more for spot news, for the radio is bound by rigid policy to present impartial bulletins and give equal standing to all purchasers of time for arguing controversial matters. When you get your news from newspapers you are subject to influence by an editorial policy which not infrequently distorts the presentation of news to favor the opinions of the paper's owners.

"Through irresponsible partisanship, the press neglects its proper job: to give readers the entire picture of issues, arguments, facts and personalities that are the raw material of democracy's social and political decisions.

"The men who control our newspapers know that to be free and vigorous a democratic press *must* be privately owned. But many of them ignore the complementary fact that private ownership implies the grave responsibility of impartially presenting *all* important news and opinion.

"A proper sense of public responsibility would have prevented that appalling situation last fall, when only 11 important papers outside the South opposed Willkie. A survey shows that five large pro-Willkie papers (*New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, *Rochester Times-Union*) in two days gave Republican material six times as much space as Democratic material. True, all papers carried Roosevelt speeches in full. But day in and day out Republican press stuff ran riot through the rest of the columns.

"Hence in order to get its war and sport news, the public was forced to buy what, in many cases, amounted to Willkie propaganda sheets.

"In times past, such a situation would be an open invitation to a bright newspaperman to start a paper. But nowadays it takes a

million dollars to launch a new paper in a community of 100,000 people. That is why 1200 American cities are now either one-paper or one-publisher towns.

"Newspaper owners have and should have the constitutional right to print what they please. But if they give unmodified partisanship the right of way they are betraying the people who buy their papers and make possible the circulation that brings advertising revenue.

"Such betrayal is not conscious. Most fair-minded observers agree that pressure from advertisers is on the downgrade; there is far less direct buying of newspaper influence than there used to be. But the policy making of the nation's press has been concentrated in the hands of men who are wealthy, conservative, socially unimaginative, and who color their papers accordingly. It isn't a conspiracy. It just happened that way. The only cure is for publishers themselves to wake up to their responsibilities.

"The alternative, as public and politicians get more impatient, may be poison for both press and nation. 'Some of the suggestions that bubble up (in Washington) make a newspaperman shudder,' writes I. F. Stone in *The Nation*. 'A Pure-Food-and-Drug Act for newspapers, administered by a kind of Pontius Pilate commission to decide what is truth; nonpartisan boards in each community to ad-

wise editors; a law to forbid the transportation of falsehoods in interstate commerce; even talk of a government newspaper as a kind of yardstick in the field of the press.'

"Any such interference with the press would be dangerous to its traditional and indispensable freedom. But the American people value the freedom of the press, not as a cloak for selfish newspaper publishers, but because it enables the press to give democracy's interests the broadest possible service. If publishers keep on narrowing the scope of that service, as they did in the 1940 campaign, they will end up by ruining what Herbert Bayard Swope has called 'the most important institution in the world.'"

MR. CON SAYS NO:

"THIS OUTCRY about newspapers is due partly to resentment among the victors against the papers' independent role in the last campaign; partly to the desire of certain types of mind to bend everyone into line with their own beliefs; partly to rank misconception of what the press is for.

"Skip the first two. Nobody need take too seriously the impulse of politicians — Secretary Ickes, National Chairman Flynn, etc. — to scold anybody who refuses to agree with them. Partisanship always acts that way. Nor need anybody be surprised that some people re-

gard a free-wheeling, outspoken press as a public menace whenever it uses its freedom to oppose things these critics believe right. Fanaticism always acts that way.

"But to maintain that the press shirked its job because it disagreed with the election returns is to blame newspapers for missing a boat they were never intended to sail on. The primary function of the press is to tell people what goes on — to keep readers posted on foreign and domestic facts, the backgrounds of those facts and the opinions they give rise to. Regardless of who was official candidate of the editorial page, the press did just that and did it well in the 1940 campaign.

"No doubt many a voter leaning toward Mr. Roosevelt did have to read a pro-Willkie paper for lack of any other in his town. But his pro-Willkie paper gave full accounts of everything Mr. Roosevelt said and most of what he did. And plenty of times these 'propaganda sheets' let war news crowd both candidates out of top position on the front page, even though it was universally admitted that the hotter the public interest in the war, the better Mr. Roosevelt's chances. Newspaper publishers know that first-page news commands three or four times the reader interest that editorials do. Nothing better shows the integrity of newspapers everywhere than the printing of news which was in direct conflict with their own political beliefs.

"No law compelled those papers to do this, although many of their present critics would like such a law. The only compulsion came from the workmanlike newspaper tradition of giving big news big coverage.

"*The New Republic*, anything but a Tory organ, acknowledged this fundamental fairness by saying that the publishers have been 'victims of their own integrity; they have opposed Mr. Roosevelt editorially, but their news columns have printed his speeches and those of his associates, and enough of the New Deal record to permit the public to make up its own mind.' Which is precisely the service the press owes the public. The New York *Post*, ardently pro-Roosevelt, testified in a post-election editorial that 'even the most rabid opposition papers are fair enough to print the essential arguments on both sides.'

"The fact is that impartiality in news handling is inherent in the economics of journalism. As Arthur Krock of the New York *Times* has said, 'The papers that have fallen by the wayside were as often those which colored their news as those which were incompetently managed. The large news-gathering enterprises which have succeeded the small organs of personal journalism have, in most instances, discovered that existence depends on the honest presentation of the news. The standards of publica-

tions have, I think, improved much more rapidly than political ones.'

"He adds, 'The reader is the unit of a newspaper's survival. To take an editorial position twice successively which a popular majority disapproves is a proof of independence. And independence is the manifest of freedom. The press which tries merely to please a majority of its readers by its editorial position—that is the shackled press.'

"The sight of anti-New Deal publishers editorially announcing and backing their own opinions irks Mr. Ickes. It did not irk the reader-voter, who seems to have sounder instincts about the press. For instance, New York City, which gave Mr. Roosevelt a 650,000 majority, had several newspapers backing each candidate. If it is true that readers think their papers should go along with majority opinion, New Yorkers would have switched from pro-Willkie to pro-Roosevelt papers during the campaign. They did no such thing. With the campaign entering its final phase, the circulation of the *Post* was slightly lower than on the same date in 1939. The pro-Roosevelt *Daily News* was only 3.6 percent higher, whereas the strongly pro-Willkie *World-Telegram* was 5.3 percent higher and the arch-Republican *Herald Tribune* was up 2.9 percent.

"These figures make it clear that the average newspaper reader may

go right on buying a paper he likes but disagrees with editorially, even if he has ample chance to buy a paper he does agree with. That leaves the Ickes school of criticism protesting solicitously on behalf of a victim who evidently doesn't feel injured.

"The modern newspaper often does things that old-time partisan publishers would have thought quixotic: cheerfully maintaining news staffs most of whom are on the other side of the political fence; featuring syndicated columns directly opposed to the paper's policies. Many a pro-Willkie paper gave its readers the excellent Democratic propaganda contained in the writings of Dorothy Thompson and Eleanor Roosevelt. Nothing compelled them to do so, except perhaps — an unthinkable theory among hotter critics — an instinct for fairly presenting both sides.

"You and I take such things for granted, but foreigners find them startling. A Swedish diplomat in Washington recently commented with astonishment on the fair-minded coverage of Democratic news in pro-Willkie papers — a degree of fullness and fairness, he said, unknown even in progressive prewar Scandinavia.

"The principle that press policy should follow election returns was riddled on the American Forum of

the Air by Editor John W. Owens of the *Baltimore Sun*. If that were the duty of the press, he pointed out, Kansas City papers should meekly have fallen in line with the corrupt Pendergast political machine which was voted into office again and again. The old *New York World* should have quit fighting Tammany after every election Tammany won. Instead of exposing the victorious Long machine, Louisiana papers should have supported it. For that matter, Democratic papers throughout the nation should have swung to support the Republican party when, in 1920, 1924, 1928, Republican tickets swept the country. The New Deal's three-victory record, now used as a stick to beat the newspaper dog, is no more impressive.

"The fact is that just as a democracy cannot survive without an active opposition party, so we must have an opposition press, ready to challenge rather than slavishly follow every swing of popular feeling.

"When Mr. Roosevelt could count on every speech he made hitting the front pages; when so many papers printed the views of columnists opposed to their own editorials; when Roosevelt readers, given a free choice, went right on buying pro-Willkie papers — it looks as if the American press still knows its job better than its amateur critics."

Costa Rica, Land of True Democracy

Condensed from Current History and Forum

John Gunther

World traveler and correspondent, author of
"Inside Europe," "Inside Asia"

A VISIT to the little republic of Costa Rica has revealed it to me as one of the world's most delightful countries and one of the purest democracies left on earth: a nation without an army, where the President is paid \$268 a month; a sober country, industrious and honest, with all its politics aboveboard — "a country without secrets."

Costa Rica — "rich coast" — is the southernmost Central American republic above Panama; its 600,000 people live in an area smaller than West Virginia. It is sharply, picturesquely mountainous, and both coasts lift steeply to the central plateau, where the capital, San José, perches at 3800 feet.

Like four other Central American republics — Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador — Costa Rica won freedom from Spain in 1821. For more than a century after that the history of Central America was turbulent, to say the least — except in Costa Rica. That country, miraculously, became an oasis of propriety and tranquillity. It has had few revolutions, and most of those bloodless.

Free and orderly elections occur every four years. Every citizen must, by law, vote. The President may not succeed himself. He is responsible to a congress, which may — and frequently does — override his authority. There are two political parties, which do not differ much, and they generally take turns in power. The press is free — and vigorous. Civil liberties are respected. Political prisoners are unknown.

There are reasons for this internal peace: The Spaniards who conquered Costa Rica, coming mostly from northern Spain, were not conquistadores, but farmers, settlers, family men. The Costa Rican Indians were particularly hostile and the Spaniards killed them off quickly. Today there are hardly 500 pure Indians in Costa Rica. Hence Costa Rica has almost no mixed-race problem.

Furthermore, Costa Rica is not army-ridden. There is no Minister of War. Generals do not become politicians, because there are no important generals. The standing army consists of 82 officers, 242 enlisted men, and 220 musicians.

Officers are appointed by the President and usually surrender their commissions when the administration changes. Everything in the country is on a modest scale. An army captain gets \$31 a month, a provincial governor \$73, a supreme court justice \$165, and a congressman \$82.50, plus a little more when congress is in session.

The third factor making for order and democracy is the inherent good temper of the Costa Rican people. "Of course," a Costa Rican friend told me, "we did have trouble in 1918. Frederico Tinoco was President. Not a good man. The people were discontented. Two thousand school children, with their teachers, marched in protest to the President's house. The President's brother turned the fire hose on them, but some youngsters crawled through the gate and cut the hose with machetes. Everyone laughed. The tension eased. We went home to bed. The next day Tinoco resigned."

The comparatively high literacy and the attention paid by the government to education are an important factor in Costa Rica's democracy. The country is proud of the fact that it has more school-houses than police stations — 659 schools, served by 2654 teachers. Every Costa Rican child must go to school. And the schools are free.

Costa Rica, too, has the highest percentage of individual landowners of any Latin-American country — 89,389 persons holding 198,629 pieces

of property. There are comparatively few big estates, with their attendant feudal social conditions. Revolution is not likely where 80 percent of the land is held by small farmers.

Everyone is roughly of the same middle class. Marriages between the leading families have produced hundreds of cousins and in-laws who have been acquainted since childhood. If they happen to become politicians in opposing camps they play according to well-defined and honorable rules. The very climate of Costa Rica, with mild summer days and brisk cool nights the year round, stimulates ordered living. Its citizens are neither exhausted by the altitudes existing in much of Mexico and Guatemala, nor debilitated by the moist tropical heat of Nicaragua and Panama.

The President of Costa Rica, Dr. Rafael Angel Calderón Guardia, is a young man, born in 1900; he is a physician who specialized in cancer research. His father, Dr. Rafael Calderón Muñoz (also a physician), is Costa Rican consul general in San Francisco and first *designado* (vice-president).

I visited the simple frame house in San José which is the presidential mansion, to present a letter of introduction from Sumner Welles, our Under Secretary of State. In the house I noted signs saying that as the President was ill he begged to be excused from audiences. This is typical. The President must see

almost everybody, personally, all the time. His reception rooms are normally crowded with bare-footed peasants, workmen bearing petitions, clerks with grievances, and others demanding his personal attention.

It is traditional that the President comport himself like any other citizen. He goes about the streets without a bodyguard; he may be seen with his elbows on his front-yard fence, chatting to a neighbor; if he goes to the movies, he buys a ticket like anyone else; if he takes a journey, he stands in line at the railway station; he is no more, no less, than any of his compatriots.

On this occasion, I saw the President briefly and talked with his brother, who is his Minister of Interior. When I asked how the United States could help Costa Rica, he replied, "Economically. Buy our coffee. Give us loans. Help us to develop our resources. You need manganese, for instance. We have manganese. But we need assistance in producing it."

The country lives 60 percent on coffee. Until the war Great Britain and Germany took the bulk of it; now Costa Rica is suffering gravely.

The United States — which through purchases of gold, bananas, cacao and coffee has always been Costa Rica's best customer — is buying 200,000 sacks of coffee this year in an attempt to ameliorate the crisis. But this is only half Costa Rica's export coffee crop.

Last September our Export-Import Bank lent Costa Rica \$4,600,000 for extending the Pan-American Highway from San José to the Panama frontier. This will take four years; thousands of Costa Ricans will get work.

Costa Rica is of great strategic importance because of its proximity to the Panama Canal. German influence was for a time considerable in Costa Rica, about 20 percent of the coffee land being owned by Germans, and the preceding government inclined to be somewhat pro-German. This influence is now diminishing. The Calderón Guardia government is strongly pro-American and is taking strong steps to check Nazi propaganda and fifth-columnism. In every way, Costa Rica is striving to protect the liberties it cherishes — and it has proved that it knows how to make democracy work.

THE TROUBLE with present-day education is that it covers the ground without cultivating anything in it.
— Dr. E. N. Ferris

"The Butcher Wagon"

Condensed from The American Mercury

An Interne's Story

As told to Rackham Holt

AS I ENTERED the tenement room, a dozen hysterical Italians screamed, "She's-a goin' to die, Doctor! She's-a goin' to die!" "She" was a child in convulsions, choked by a ball of food lodged in her windpipe. There was no time to fish in my bag for an instrument so I snatched a shoe-horn from the bureau to keep her from biting off my fingers and pried her mouth open. Just then I noticed the father was half out of the window. I yelled to one of his daughters to haul him in. Then I smelled gas; the mother, moaning that she did not want to live, had stuck her head in the oven.

I hustled the girl to the ambulance. Pete, the driver, slammed his foot on the gas while his hand worked the bell. We lurched over cobbles, screamed around corners and wove between the posts of the elevated. Suddenly the child shuddered, and up came the bolus; the rough ride had done the trick.

I like to remember that fast driving once helped somebody, because it scares me every time. I usually lie down on our way to a call; it's safer, I think, in case of

crash. But risks to driver and interne are less important to us than saving minutes. We have right of way over everything but fire engines and the U. S. Mail, and the mail trucks never stand on the letter of their rights when they hear our gong. Taxis have a practiced agility in dodging and our collisions are usually with delivery wagons or private cars.

We newly graduated physicians compete eagerly for the chance thus to risk our necks for microscopic pay. We are the young men in white you see in the careening ambulances in your home town. It so happens I am one of 250 young M.D.'s serving my internship at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, where we all, even the 20 women among us, have to take turns "riding the bus," or, as the street kids call it, "the butcher wagon." Our experience is the same as that of internes anywhere; it is merely intensified in the biggest hospital in the world's biggest city.

Baby calls, for instance. One winter night I got a call to a taxi parked by the Chrysler Building. A woman who had waited too long

had clambered into it as a last-minute refuge. The crowd of bystanders was intensely interested. I had only the taxi's dim interior light to work by, in cramped quarters and bitter cold. When I took off my coat to wrap the baby, a man in the curious crowd outside exclaimed, "You suttinly done a beautiful piece-a-work there, Doc!" and a tabloid photographer bounded up shouting, "Hold that just a second, Doc!"

I was glad the performance had taken place in the taxi. If you "get stuck on the bus" you have to, according to time-honored custom, stand a barrel of beer for your colleagues.

You have to be more than just a doctor. I remember a call to the apartment of a young girl. The baby arrived before me; a neighbor had officiated. There was little for me to do, as a physician. I held out the infant. "Mother, here's your baby." "No," the girl moaned, turning her face to the wall. I pieced out the story. She had come to the city and found a job — also the baby's father, who had run out on her. She had made no preparations; there wasn't even a diaper in the room. That girl was capable of infanticide at that moment, so I took both to the hospital.

Occasionally patients who should be hospitalized refuse to go. More numerous are patients who demand care when they don't need it. Certain "crocks" (chronics) habitu-

ally gain admittance just before Thanksgiving and Christmas, because, as one old lady told me, "Bellevue sets such a nice table."

Practically no distinction is made between the duties of men and women internes. A girl may, for instance, have to go at night into one of the condemned warehouses down by the river where bleary-eyed down-and-outers take refuge, but if she keeps a cool head she usually can sidestep trouble.

We take all cases of senility, drunks and attempted suicides to the Psychopathic Ward. Ninety out of 100 suicide attempts are fakes. The young man who gets himself all slicked up, slashes his wrist with a piece of glass and then calls the hospital does not want to die — he wants to impress his girl.

Sick calls in the middle of the night always seem to come from the fifth floor. It is impossible to manage a stretcher down many steep tenement stairs; we have to carry the patient in a chair. Once a 300-pound woman living on the top floor fractured her hip. Her leg was so enormous I could not get it into a splint. No stretcher would hold her, so we took off a door to lay her on. It took three men to lift her, but even they couldn't get the door around the corners of the narrow stair. I had to call the Police Emergency Squad, which tore down the banisters with saws and axes. The wreckage they left was awe-inspiring. *

We are thankful when an accident occurs indoors, away from the well-meant ministrations of bystanders. If it is storming, the natural impulse is to carry an injured person out of the weather. Actually, brief exposure is far less serious than moving the injured person; movement may push a broken bone through the flesh or create other additional injury.

Returning from a call one sleety dawn, I heard a crash. A woman had been hit by a taxi. We screeched to a stop and I ran back, but willing hands were already trying to lift her. She was moaning, "Oh, my back!" If I had not stopped them they would have jackknifed her and severed the spinal cord.

In Harlem, internes have often been blackjacked in tenement halls and the hypodermic syringe in their bags stolen, for any drug addict who owns a needle is king in his circle. Therefore in that district a cop usually rides with the ambulance driver.

Cops are handy to have around, but so are Bellevue drivers. They know what kind of neighborhood every block is and the quickest way to get there. Some of them have been at the wheel 20 years. They can give tips to new internes and splint a leg with the best of them. Above all, they help in a fight.

One night when I answered a call in a malodorous neighborhood the superintendent of the building told me he had just served dispossess

papers on a man, but thought he was sick. The man's room was a mess. Empty bottles were strewn about and a drunk was sitting at a table. On a cot in the corner was another man. In one hand across his chest were the papers. I went over to him.

The superintendent asked, "What's the matter with him, Doc?"

"He's dead," I answered.

The drunk at the table lifted his head. "So that's why he wouldn't speak to me for the last two days!"

Coöperation between the hospital and police is close. Most calls come through the precinct house, but the bus dispatcher must notify the station of every call which does not. The ambulance surgeon has the rank of police lieutenant, so that he can order patrolmen to help him.

A city ambulance rushes to every three-alarm fire. An explosion or similar disaster brings 20 experienced internes and as many nurses to the scene.

Bellevue, founded in 1658 when New Amsterdam was a village, was the first hospital in America. It was also the first in the world to inaugurate ambulance service. A staff member, Dr. Edward B. Dalton, had won fame in the Civil War for his efficiency in transporting thousands of wounded to field hospitals; why not, he proposed in 1869, similarly transport emergency patients to city hospitals?

By using a "drop" harness, the

first horse ambulances could start off on a call in 30 seconds, but took five to eight minutes to cover a mile in the crowded parts of the city. Their equipment consisted only of bandages, tourniquets, brandy and persulphate of iron — then believed to be an antiseptic.

Bellevue ambulances now answer 45,000 calls a year. That's an average of 125 a day, but activity varies. There are almost twice as many calls in winter as in summer.

Such incidents as I have told here are the highlights that break our routine. Much of the time, the ambulance surgeon is simply a personal but free physician to the poor. He likes people, he likes to practice his profession. His job is to treat the sick, and he willingly attends such undramatic cases as

cut fingers which might become infected, stomach aches which might turn out to be appendicitis, coughs which might develop into pneumonia. When he chose his profession he thought of himself as the Great Healer. Maybe he never quite loses that picture.

But sometimes he gets completely deflated. The interne, dead on his feet after almost 24 hours on ambulance duty, climbs wearily up four flights of stairs at 6:30 in the morning. He enters a tenement kitchen, through whose door comes a child's screams. "Is this the patient?" he asks, looking at the red-faced howling five-year-old.

"See, Sammy!" exclaims Mamma triumphantly. "I *told* you I'd send for the Doctor if you wouldn't eat your cereal!"

What Price Glory?

THE WIFE of the poet Louis Untermeyer delights in telling this about her talented spouse: "We went to a costume party one night. Louis was looking his silliest in a paper hat, tooting a horn for nobody's particular benefit, when a young college girl walked up to him, looked him up and down and turned on her heel with: "Huh! And you're Required Reading!"

—Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

FREDERICK STOCK, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, was playing golf and not doing too well. In annoyance, he turned to his caddie and asked, "Can you tell me what's the matter?"

The caddie's diagnosis was immediate: "Mister, you ain't got rhythm!"

—*N. Y. Times*

Animals Are Human, Zoo . . .



THE LOVE-MAKING of a Johnny Penguin follows a rigid pattern. When he proposes to the damsel of his heart, he selects a pebble and lays it at her feet with pride and affection. If she picks it up, they are engaged. If she doesn't care for him, she leaves the stone untouched. Then he picks it up again, walks away, and eventually offers it to another. One day an old Johnny in the sub-Antarctic waddled up to Dr. Robert Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History and gravely laid at his feet the shiny top of a condensed milk can. The curator picked it up, bowed deeply to the penguin, and they parted with mutual expressions of esteem.

— Roy Chapman Andrews, *This Amazing Planet* (Putnam)



ONE MORNING, following my setter through a sea-marsh, I saw him dash ahead after an old raccoon. The raccoon entered a small pond, with the setter swimming in hot pursuit. About halfway across the pond the raccoon came to a submerged log. On this he rested for a second; then, turning cautiously around he calmly faced his pursuer. When his enemy came within reach the raccoon gently reached out his tiny black hands, adjusted them nicely on the head of the dog, and then pushed the dog's head under the water, holding him firmly there!

The dog's tail and hind feet waved wildly in the air. Finally he got away and came up on shore, choking, very much amazed, and terribly embarrassed.


— Archibald Rutledge, *Wild Life of the South* (Stokes)



ALITTLE CHIMPANZEE in the St. Louis Zoo was losing one of his baby teeth. It was loose, but apparently painful and the chimp was afraid to pull it out. His comrades showed a childlike concern over his predicament. Several of them tried to pull the tooth, but couldn't get a good hold. Finally an attendant gave one of them a pair of pliers. After a few experiments he knew


how to use them, and believe it or not he succeeded in pulling the tooth. The whole group examined that tooth; blaming it for their companion's discomfort, they shrieked their accusations, bit it, and even jumped on it! The trainer had a hard time getting it away from them.

— *The St. Louis Zoo*

 AT DAWN one summer morning I was walking through a field when I saw what looked like a big black serpent with a white stripe down its back: it was a family of skunks, the mother marching ahead, with five small skunks in perfect file behind her. I was not the only observer. Barely five feet from them crouched one of my cats.

The column of skunks seemed entirely unaware of his existence, but a moment later when the cat made a slight movement toward them the mother skunk uttered a barely perceptible sound — a word of command. Instantly each skunk wheeled, aimed and fired with deadly accuracy. The cat, blinded, leaped a full four feet in the air and tore from the scene. The skunks, like well-disciplined soldiers, reformed in single file and resumed their plodding march.

— Jack Murray in *The Country Home Magazine*

 WITH her half-grown baby walking beside her, a mother elephant was dragging a heavy timber in an Indian shipyard. Two chains, fastened to her collar, were hooked into the ends of the log. At a slight incline the mother had to exert her entire strength on the log and, while she was leaning forward, the youngster suddenly yanked one of the hooks out of the log, throwing his mother forward on her head. The little fellow made straight for the woods nearby, as hard as he could pound. Getting herself together quickly, the mother took after him, her trunk upraised. She caught up with him, and the men in the yard heard his squeals as her trunk descended on him again and again. Finally the two of them reappeared, the little elephant walking dejectedly at his mother's heels, holding to her tail.

— Samuel A. Derieux in *The American Magazine*

England Must Win, or Else—

*Three Approaches to Our Basic Problem,
as Seen by Famous Political Commentators*

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

— I —

The Surest U. S. Defense Step

By Mark Sullivan

OUR PREPAREDNESS for war increases. What is the nature of this war we prepare against?

We do not fear, except in a remote sense, German invasion of our soil. Our danger, as it is seen by many thoughtful and competent persons, is the destruction of our American system without invasion. At the risk of trying to simplify too greatly, this is how it would come about:

Germany conquers Britain. Germany then controls the sea and has a position of dominance over most of the world, excepting us. Germany then imposes the totalitarian system on the world, by arms, threat of arms, or economic pressure.

She begins, in most countries, by Nazifying industry and commerce. She makes all the commerce and industry of all the world into one unit, centering in Germany, directed from Berlin. She says to one country, "You shall raise and ex-

port wheat." To another, "You shall make textiles." To a third, "You shall make automobiles."

Certain key industries she would keep for herself. She would keep the armament and the major airplane industries as a matter of course. She would keep the shipbuilding industry, or so manage it in other countries as to enable her to have the strongest navy and mercantile fleet in the world. Quite likely she would prevent other countries from building ships beyond a certain size or number.

All this, all the separate centers of production throughout the Nazi-dominated world, all the routes of trade, Hitler would weave into one web. It is as if all the world were one great factory, operated from Berlin.

We fear that after Hitler has done this to all the world, except us, we could not stay out. We fear that we too would be obliged to adopt the totalitarian system for industry and commerce, and that,

if we did so, we should have to adopt it in the other respects. We should become a totalitarian country, totalitarian form of society, totalitarian form of government.

This is, in substance, the view upon which we as a nation are act-

ing. Against every form of danger that Germany is to us, our best defense is to help Britain. If Britain survives, Germany cannot attack us directly. If Britain survives, Germany cannot impose her system on the world.

— II —

Can There Be a Peace of Negotiation?

By Dorothy Thompson

FROM BERLIN come suggestions that peace can be achieved, that Hitler is prepared to take Great Britain into junior partnership. These rumors, plus reports from England of serious damage from bombs and heavy shipping losses, undoubtedly awaken in this country a hope that the war can be stopped and things restored in a halfway tolerable manner.

Influential groups in the American business world are unquestionably counting on a possible defeat of Britain by spring. These, and others, show stubborn resistance to any radical increase of aid for Britain. Colonel Lindbergh is spokesman for a group who are positive of the collapse of Britain at no distant date, and a "New Order in Europe" with which we, then, must cooperate. We must make no alliance now with Britain, they say; we must prepare to make one with the New Order under Hitler.

Such ideas are part and parcel of a diplomatic offensive perfected by Hitler long ago and waged by him with extraordinary success from 1936 to 1939. They are part of his technique for achieving "bloodless victory."

From the very beginning, he held forth the repeated hope that just one more gain would satisfy the Third Reich and that war would occur only because of the lack of reason on the part of his opponents. And this is still true: The world can have one sort of peace tomorrow — if it is prepared to live on Hitler's terms.

It will not, of course, have real peace. It will have the indefinite continuation of a reign of terror, in which political groups are exterminated; racial groups are organized into a hierarchical structure with Germans on top and lesser peoples beneath; all existing forms of culture and of law are obliterated; and

the so-called German Revolution is substituted for the war itself.

There is not the slightest doubt that Hitler would more than welcome a negotiated peace, with Britain taken into junior partnership. Junior partnership is the status enjoyed by Italy. It means collaboration in carrying out further the world program designed in Berlin. Italy is the caboose of a streamlined train hurtling through the world, and she cannot uncouple herself if she would. Her military and economic position is so weak in contrast to that of Germany that she is a prisoner, not a partner, of her alliance. And Great Britain would be in the same position.

The negotiated "peace" proposed by Germany would deprive the United States of the only friend and ally we have in the world. The Churchill government would fall — Hitler would not make peace with Churchill — and be followed by a pro-Nazi government.

This government would not make peace in the world. It would further pursue the war. And then the United States of America would be in the most hideous danger imaginable. For then Japan would enter as actively into the Axis partnership as Italy entered it with the defeat of France.

If the defeatist attitude in the United States is already serious, what would it be with Britain in "partnership" with the Axis? Then,

indeed, the careful preparations made in the United States for years by the fascist powers would bear fruit! Then we would hear from the Bundists and all their allies. We had better remember that Hitler's own "solution" for the United States is that, at the right moment, we should tear ourselves to pieces and out of history in an internal revolution!

The only possible hope for us to avoid the worst catastrophe in our history is to abandon wishful thinking and realize that we must not allow Britain to lose the war. The only possibility of our avoiding war is to muster in Britain's aid that unity, strength, coördination of resources and production of arms of which we would be capable if we *were* at war.

If we are to allow "neutrality" to stand in the way of our taking the political, diplomatic, propagandistic, military, and industrial steps necessary to the preservation of the nation, then it would be better to abandon it. But it would be far shrewder not to do so. For it is still possible to win the war without entering it.

And there must be no peace except one which leaves Britain and America, together, in a *more* powerful world position than the Axis. This is the only alternative to complete capitulation to, and integration in, a world run on Axis terms, and on their terms alone.

—III—

War or Measures Short of War

By Walter Lippmann

A SOBER and candid estimate of the situation must, it seems to me, lead to the conclusion that the issue in the months immediately before us is not whether as a matter of business or sentimental philanthropy or partial self-defense we shall sell or lend or give a little more or a little less assistance to Great Britain. The issue is not whether a little less assistance will "keep us out" of war or a little more assistance will "involve" us in the present war. The issue is whether before it is too late we can and will take the necessary measures to prevent the present war — a war in which we are not called upon to fight — from developing into a new and greater war in which we shall have to fight.

This is the real issue. But it is not being made plain to the people because the responsible and informed men who understand the situation are still silenced by the fairly large number of sincere but uninformed men who have never at any time in the last few years understood this war. At a time when only positive measures clearly and resolutely undertaken, and backed by the utmost unified effort, can protect this nation against involvement in an immense war, the Administration and

the Congress and the nation are paralyzed by the deadly error that if we help Great Britain a little she may win, but that if we do not help her enough and she falls, then there will be peace, an unpleasant peace no doubt but nevertheless a peace.

This is a dangerous illusion. For the certain truth is that the collapse of Britain, or even its defeat in one of the great theaters of the war, would be like the breaking of a dam which has been holding back a raging flood. The torrent of war would burst out upon all the oceans and into all the continents.

Though this is now a very serious war in northern Europe, in the eastern Mediterranean, and in China, it is still for Americans a localized war. The dam which restricts the war, and thereby enables us to arm without fighting, is a great fortified line — fortified by British warships and airplanes, British and allied land forces, the Chinese armies, the British, Dutch and American power in the Pacific. This line runs around the world from the British Isles to Gibraltar to Suez to Singapore to Hawaii to Panama. It prevents the Germans and Italians from getting into Africa, Asia, or any part of this hemisphere, and it holds back the Japanese.

If the Axis can isolate the British Isles by blockade and bombardment, the British cannot hope to hold Gibraltar, Suez, any part of northern Africa or the Middle East, or any position in the Far East. The road to South America will be wide open; and the road to the Indies and Australia. For with the forces we have, the best we could hope to do would be to hold Hawaii and Panama, and that would be a desperate task because we would face a hostile, victorious and immensely powerful alliance in both oceans.

Even if the British Isles holds fast, a break-through in the Mediterranean will at once extend the war dangerously into Africa, the South Atlantic, South America and all over the Pacific. For the British would then have to bring back all their forces from all over the world to resist a concentrated assault on the British Isles, and we should have to bring all our forces back for the immediate defense of Hawaii, Panama and Canada.

If there are no forces left to oppose the Japanese in the Pacific or the Germans and Italians in Africa and the South Atlantic, is it conceivable that, with the richest empire ever opened to a conqueror before them, they will not seize the opportunity? They have been fighting desperately to conquer relatively barren and already overcrowded territories — and yet there are men who tell us that if Asia, Africa and South America were at

their mercy, they would turn their backs upon these unbelievably great prizes of empire and amuse themselves constructing a “united Europe.”

During the campaigns of 1941 it will be determined whether the war can be kept localized by the resistance of the British and their allies, the Chinese and ourselves, or whether the dam is to break. The outcome will be determined not only by the power and valor of the British and Chinese, but by the lucidity and courage we are able to muster in the next few weeks and months. In the very immediate future we shall make the bed that we shall have to lie in for the very long future.

Our problem is how to use all the resources we possess to make certain that the lines hold fast through 1941; only thus can we be sure of the time needed to develop the armaments which will insure an Allied victory and our own security — they are the same thing — beginning in 1942. When there is no longer a firm buffer between ourselves and the three aggressors, then our defense will be by actual and total war.

It is only by taking promptly and resolutely all the measures which confine the war within the grip of British sea power, and therefore hold it off at a distance where no one can fight us, that we shall have done our whole duty in protecting the American people from war.

Fear Over Hollywood

Condensed from Stage

J. P. McEvoy

WHAT'S WRONG with the movies? Adolph Zukor is credited with the most profound analysis to date. Said Adolph, gravely, at a meeting of Paramount directors: "When the money stopped coming in, I knew there was something wrong."

There is indeed something wrong. But try to put your finger on it. Practically everything you will hear about the movie industry is wrong. There are too many pictures; there aren't enough pictures. Double bills are unpopular; the public demands double bills. The star system is ruining the business; the most successful company is built on the star system. Movies cannot survive block booking; they cannot survive without it. Censorship is killing the movies. The movies are killing censorship. And the movies are killing the movies.

The only point of general agreement is that somewhere something is sour. But where?

Ironically enough, Adolph Zukor himself started the disastrous chain of events which led to block booking, B pictures, and double features when, after cornering the star market, he set out to buy, build, or control all the theaters. Naturally, the other companies started to out-

buy or outbuild Adolph. Result: Paramount at its peak owned or controlled 1600 theaters; Fox 1000, Warners 600; Loew and RKO 200 apiece. Result: Enough pictures, good, bad, or indifferent, had to be made to supply all these theaters. Result: The necessity of making more than 600 feature-length pictures a year. And there aren't that many good actors and directors or good stories. How many good plays are there a year? Half a dozen. Good novels? Fifty? Generous.

Saddled by a production curse grown out of real estate greed, Hollywood never could have enough of any ingredient to supply it, except raw film. That comes in by the carload, is run through the studio sausage mills, flavored with synthetic comedy, drama, love and hooey, chopped into convenient lengths, and shipped to some 17,000 theaters for the edification of some umpty-million customers a week.

How many is umpty? The Hays office says in 1930 an average of 80,000,000 movie tickets were sold each week. Where did the Hays office get its figures? From the U. S. Department of Commerce. Where did the Department of Commerce get them? From the Hays office. The average is now

said to be down to 65,000,000 a week, but nobody knows. However, though no two authorities agree on the quantity of customers or cash, they all agree it ain't what it used to be, if it ever was.

As for what is to blame, some point to broadcasting, quoting *Fortune's* survey that 79 percent would give up movies rather than radio, and clinch it with the fact of a 20-percent increase in listeners last year. Others blame night sports, good roads, double features. Goldwyn quotes a Gallup Poll of three to one against double features. Three who? Three little boys, who would sit through six Westerns; or three mothers, who want them in bed early?

Nobody in Hollywood wants double features. Theater owners unanimously oppose them. Women's clubs, parents, teachers, decry them. Your neighbor hates them. So do you.

Then who likes them? The juvenile public that wants two-lollipops-for-the-price-of-one. And ages 13 to 21 go to movies more than once a week, while people over that age, who form the bulk of the population and are best able to afford movies, support them the least.

The answer to why is the solution of the cinema's headache. Fewer pictures is part of the answer, with talent not spread so thin. The B picture, deliberately inferior, has been taken off the production schedules of most Holly-

wood studios. Only an industry with a fabulous capacity for absorbing waste could have sold a product which it advertised as inferior. Fewer pictures will mean better pictures — *and not enough pictures to supply double bills*. Better pictures and no double bills may help win back the attendance of adults.

A device that made B pictures profitable, and contributed to double billing, was the block system of selling the studio's entire yearly output in advance, sight-unseen. The exhibitor had to buy all or none, the bad with the good. True, he had cancellation privileges on 10 or 20 percent; but he was stuck with the rest, and often he was forced to double bill in order to get some of his money back. After a bitter fight the studios have capitulated to the government and the majority have agreed that not more than five pictures can be sold as a block, and these only after the exhibitor has seen what he is buying. Eventually this should give the double bill its *coup de grâce*.

Then there is the foreign market, or there it was. Thirty to 40 percent of the gross receipts of Hollywood pictures came from overseas, the majority of them from the British Empire. All this is now "kapoot" in every language, including the Scandinavian. Can the industry go on paying huge salaries and bonuses with the domestic market going and the foreign market gone? It

cannot. Hence the Great Fear in Hollywood. You have to go back ten or eleven years, when Sound came in, to find its counterpart. From the silver screen the voice of Al Jolson hollered "Mammy" and the walls of every Hollywood studio came tumbling down, burying millions in equipment and crushing out a galaxy of silent stars. But eventually Sound built up the industry to new peaks.

Today there is no such promise. The public has raced through the nursery and played with all the toys — sound, technicolor, super-size screens, opera stars, symphony orchestras, the greatest artists from drama, concert, dance and radio. It has seen all the great plays, the great novels, with six, eight and ten stars in a single picture. With their public unsatisfied and yelling for more, theaters have added vaudeville acts, organ recitals, free refrigerators, stoves and automobiles. More, more, yelled the public, and the theaters doubled the bill, tripled it, added cartoons and shorts and newsreels and dishes, silverware, trips to California, Screeno, Beano, Bingo and Bunko.

More and more people went to the theater less and less — and the Great Fear grew. "What else can we give you?" moaned Hollywood to the movie public. The public didn't know and couldn't tell. How could the public know that what it wanted — instead of two or three sterile formula pictures, garnished

with kitchenware — was a magical masterpiece called *Snow White*? But as soon as the public saw it, it knew, and rushed to the box offices in numbers unknown since *The Birth of a Nation*.

"But," said Hollywood, "*Snow White* is a freak. No regular picture with live stars could gross that much. It's impossible, and we can prove it." After they had proved it to everybody's satisfaction, out came *Gone With the Wind*, which within a few months grossed three times as much as *Snow White* and is expected to top \$20,000,000.

Hollywood took heart. "Now we know what the public wants," they said. "The public wants long pictures at high prices." So they all have started to make pictures longer and boost prices higher. Do you wonder what's wrong with Hollywood?

It took three years and almost \$4,000,000 to make *Gone With the Wind*. Before that a thousand-page novel had to be written and sold to more than a million readers. How could an industry that tries to make 600 pictures a year, or a studio that schedules one full-length picture a week, hope to roll out *Gone-With-the-Winds* on a belt-line assembly?

No; the cure is a drastic reduction of excess theaters and surplus pictures. There is plenty of first-rate talent in Hollywood to make a limited number of good pictures. There is sufficient extraordinary

talent to make a few extra-good pictures.

But even this talent cannot function at its best until it is freed from a censorship which puts a premium on the innocuous. Adult talent cannot make adult pictures under a juvenile code. There is no more reason why all pictures should be made for children than that all books, all art and music be under censorship which boils everything down to an insipid infantile mush. A free screen is as necessary to vital pictures as a free press is to vital literature. To each and every minority pressure group hell bent on saving the movies from sin and succeeding only too well in sapping them of substance, Hollywood should cry out, in the words of the distressed maiden, "Unhand me, villain!"

Then there is the basic bewilderment as to whether the organized confusion known as picture making is an Art or an Industry. If asked, "Why don't you strive for higher artistic standards," the Big Boys reply, "This is a business." If you

point out that every other business of comparable size and importance supports research and can supply complete and accurate manufacturing and marketing statistics, you are brushed off with, "Making Pictures is an Art." By artful dodging between these two poles they hope to evade all legitimate criticism for business inefficiency and artistic ineptitude.

Whether they admit it or not, Hollywood is a mill town and the making of pictures is a business. But the vital statistics of its fiscal affairs are incomplete, inaccurate and incoherent. The Carnegie Foundation, financing an independent survey, after three years of intensive research, is still struggling to find out where the vast receipts of the industry come from, how much they amount to, and who gets what.

So long as the movie factories, artistically referred to as studios, grind out fantasies by formula, guided by facts that are mostly fantasy, the fear that hangs over Hollywood will continue.

A Mirror Up to Nature

ANIMALS reflect their surroundings: their faces grow refined or stupid according to the people with whom they live. A domestic animal will become good or bad, frank or sly, sensitive or stupid, not only according to what its master teaches it, but according to what its master is.

— Romain Rolland, *Jean-Christophe* (Henry Holt)

Q A balance sheet of our national efficiency
as leading scientists see it

Science — Defender of Democracy

Condensed from *The New Republic*

Bruce Bliven

CAN A DEMOCRACY defend itself with the efficiency found in the totalitarian states? We have heard much of how Hitler has mobilized the brains and ingenuity of his laboratory experts in fulfillment of his ambition. No such universal mobilization has taken place in England or the United States. Is it possible that by this mass effort Hitler may have put his scientific research far ahead of ours?

"No," is the answer given by leading American research scientists. Momentarily, the marshaling of scientific brains may aid the Nazi war machine. But in the following 10 or 20 years they expect

BRUCE BLIVEN, editor and president of *The New Republic*, recently traveled over much of the United States to interview the leading experts in modern scientific research. Under the pledge that they would not be quoted by name, these men — Nobel Prize winners, heads of departments in great universities, research directors for big corporations — talked freely about their general philosophy, the broad tendency of their thought. Mr. Bliven contributes frequently to *The New Republic* and other magazines, and is a popular lecturer on current movements in American economics and politics.

Germany to lag far behind in the race for technological supremacy. As one American Nobel Prize winner says: "Germany's scientific clock is running down. Momentum may keep it going for a few years but with steadily diminishing power."

In Germany, pure research has been almost entirely abandoned. Every laboratory worker is keyed up to specific efforts on behalf of the state. But many great scientific discoveries have come about when a research worker was looking for something else, or for nothing at all — just satisfying his own curiosity. The whole vast coal-tar industry, for example, was made possible because a chemist tried to invent synthetic quinine.

In the great Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, I saw recently a set of filing trays containing numerous cards, each card noting an important recent development in chemistry. There was a tray for each country. The number of cards for the United States was many times larger than that for Germany. Even assuming that part of the work done in Germany is so secret it doesn't get into the Reich's own

scientific journals — an unlikely assumption — America is far in advance.

Said one of America's greatest astronomers, who is also famous for the breadth and depth of his interest in other aspects of science: "Search the records of history and you will find that most of the great discoveries have been made by young men, often between 18 and 24. In Germany, nearly every man in that age group is in a government laboratory, the army, a work camp or somewhere else under circumstances that give him no chance to follow his own independent lines of inquiry."

Hitler has also hurt his country by recklessly dismissing or exiling men of science. Many were wholly or partly Jewish or had wives who were. Others, entirely "Aryan," left voluntarily because they did not like Hitler. Any country has done itself immeasurable harm when it drives out such men as Albert Einstein; James Franck, Nobel Prize winner in atomic research; Wilhelm Frei, the great dermatologist; Richard Goldschmidt, noted biologist; and scores of other distinguished scientists. No nation ever had an exportable surplus of brains.

In one field little thought of in connection with national defense, science is playing an enormously important role. The health of the nation is a crucial matter in determining what we shall be able to do

in our armed forces and behind the lines in the factories. In general, American health is far better than in 1917. Notable strides have been made in conquering certain diseases, including the venereal infections in which medical science has lost much of its interest because it considers the problem solved. Sulfanilamide and its derivatives have enormously reduced the menace of pneumonia, streptococcus infections, and other ills. A recent vaccine developed by the Rockefeller Foundation holds out the hope of immunity against most types of influenza. These are incalculable contributions to our ability to defend our freedom.

Our internal economy is an important cog in national defense. Looking at its recent course, one question comes immediately to mind: Has science run away with us, producing technological unemployment? To this the scientists replied with a vigorous "No." They hold that, with intelligent planning, the total number of jobs need not be reduced when new machines are put to work.

When the machine replaces a large number of men, the result is usually a tremendous decrease in the production cost per unit. The company can pass the saving on to its customers in the form of smaller prices, or it can keep prices where they were and make larger profits. If the saving is passed along, on the "Ford principle," business is ex-

panded, general prosperity is aided and thus, indirectly, jobs are created for the displaced workers. If the money is piled up in larger profits, the total volume of business is not likely to be increased, the circulation of goods and money is not speeded up, and additional jobs are not created. What the experts call "sticky prices" — in this case, prices that do not come down as fast as they should — gum up the wheels of industry.

There are two kinds of inventions, they point out, with a different effect, in some cases, on unemployment. Revolutionary new ideas like the telephone, the automobile or television may create whole new industries. Others improve existing processes or products, and often cause deep distress over wide areas. In steel, the "continuous automatic strip mill" has resulted in an enormous reduction in labor needed. A witness testifying before the Temporary National Economic Committee not long ago said that with the mill 126 men can do the work previously performed by 4512. In a short time, more than 38,000 workers were dismissed because of this fact. In one Pennsylvania town, these dismissals placed 64 percent of the whole population on relief.

On the other hand, the horse-and-buggy business used to employ about 1,000,000 men 40 years ago. The automobile destroyed the greater part of those jobs, but by

1937 it was giving work to 6,000,000 men, plus another million in the oil industry. This story, many scientists believe, is typical. Whatever increases the power of a group of workers to produce wealth ought to add to the riches available for our whole society.

The scientists believe that technological unemployment should not be left for the individual worker to solve. The prime responsibility lies with the employer using the new method. He should retain as many of his workers as he conscientiously can. He should pay dismissal compensation to tide over those let out. Where necessary, federal, state and local government units must try to find work for these displaced employes, and train them for it. The scientists recognize that the morale and trained abilities of our citizens are precious national assets, not to be tossed lightly aside.

Said a man who is commonly regarded as the outstanding inventive genius of the automobile industry: "The trouble is not that we have too much technology but that we have too little. Unemployment in America should be a challenge to our inventors. If workers are idle, it is because we have not invented or improved enough things for them to make."

The salvation of the automobile industry, according to this expert, has been the custom of new yearly models. While this has been done partly to stimulate sales, it has

been a blessing from a technical point of view. The industry has been forced to keep on the alert in developing new devices, to set a far swifter pace in technological progress than it would have done without this spur.

"If I were in the furniture industry, I should turn it upside down. Furniture manufacturers seek to make most of their output look like something old. Where would the automobile business be if we tried to make our cars look like those of 1910?

"If you have intellectual curiosity, research can begin profitably almost anywhere. Rub your hands together; you produce heat. Why? The answer is friction. But what is

friction, and why does it produce heat? An automobile company ten years ago put a scientist to work on this question. He hasn't yet found the answer; but he has found out so much else that today the company can put bearings into a vehicle and run them hundreds of thousands of miles without even looking at them again.

"American industry needs to perform a hundred times as much research of this kind as it is undertaking at present. Only a tiny fraction of our business firms are doing an adequate research job. We are far too complacent, too easygoing. As a nation we need more intellectual curiosity, a greater driving urge to make things better."

So That's How It Started! — XXI —

THE CITY of Coventry, England, is memorialized by the historical character Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia and Lord of Coventry in the 11th century. Clad only in her long tresses, Lady Godiva rode through the town on a white horse after her husband had promised that if she would do so he would repeal certain oppressive taxes. Only one person, known ever afterwards as "Peeping Tom," looked through the windows, which had been ordered barred, and he, legend says, was struck blind. His name has been used ever since.

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

"TELL IT to the Marines" is not American slang as many people think, but British of honorable and ancient lineage. Its first written use was in Pepys' Diary, wherein the 17th-century author reports that a Colonel of the Marines told King Charles II a wild tale of having seen flying fish. "Henceforth," the monarch remarked, "whenever we cast doubt upon a tale that lacketh likelihood, we will tell it to the Marines."

— Burton Stevenson's *Home Book of Quotations* (Dodd, Mead)

Aboard a U.S. Destroyer, Bound for Britain

Condensed from Life

William L. White

THE Canadian coast grows fainter and fainter through the porthole of the wardroom. We are aboard an American destroyer bound for some port in England. Not even the British Admiralty knows our exact destination. London will decide that when we are a few days off the British coast, according to the prevalence of submarines and dive bombers. Our orders are to proceed to a penciled dot on the vast chart of the tossing Atlantic and await instructions.

I share the captain's cabin. The scale of comfort for officers on a destroyer approximates that for inmates of the Kansas State Penitentiary. They have tiny cabins with two-decker bunks, a washstand and a single cold-water faucet. The wardroom is a steel box running across the ship about 20 ft. by

10 ft. with a dining table and chairs securely fastened down against rough weather.

The officers agree these destroyers are much more comfortable than British boats. "Now take that radiator," Guns (the gunnery officer) says. "You'd never find that on His Majesty's ships. Got to crawl in your bunk to get warm. We do have electric heaters, sometimes. But no bloody good. Remember Narvik, Number One?"

"Do I rather!" says the first officer. "We'd come down off the bridge and fairly sit on the bloody things, but they wouldn't take the chill off our bottoms. You Americans do your crews rather well too. Bunks — and real mattresses. Always hammocks in the British navy, ever since Drake's time."

"Do the men like our bunks?"

"Why, I can't say that they do. You see, you're never seasick in a hammock — it swings free of the roll of the ship. And the men complain that sleeping on these mattresses is like trying to sleep on a ruddy lump of jelly — have to hold on with their teeth. Bloody good little ships, though — fast — just what we need. Can't really thank you people enough, you know."

The signalman comes up to the

WHEN THE 50 American destroyers were traded to Britain, William L. White secured a berth on one of the first to cross the Atlantic, taking this means of returning to a Europe and a war he well knew. In 1939, he left the *Emporia Gazette*, which he owns jointly with his father, William Allen White, to cover the Russo-Finnish war for 40 American newspapers. He has spent most of his time in Europe ever since, writing and broadcasting his war-zone experiences.

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(Life, December 2, '40)

captain with a message: "Submarine reported 600 miles away."

The captain steps to the chart and makes a neat little penciled dot, writes "U-boat" and the date. Two sailors on watch step up and look at the dot which is two days, more or less, ahead of us.

Later I notice that Guns, naturally neat, is slopping around with shoelaces untied. Guns is 40; half his years have been spent in His Majesty's Navy; if anyone knows about torpedoes, it will be Guns. So I ask.

"It's all in getting used to it," says Guns. "I never wear sea boots like the other chaps on this ship, apt to drag you down in the water. In the submarine service in a tight spot we chaps left our shoelaces untied. You can kick them off quick. Don't know that it does any real good. Makes a chap feel better.

"Worst of all is the cold. We pulled one chap out of the Skagerrak. Been in only 15 minutes. I gave him artificial respiration for half an hour but it did no good," Guns said sadly. "I could feel him die in my arms."

After a pause I say: "I expect things are pretty grim in a submarine wardroom — not as cheerful as here."

Guns shakes his head. "Fellows laugh and joke. Count the bumps from depth charges. Bet whether the next one will get you."

"But doesn't it sometimes get pretty tense?"

I have been tactless, and Guns looks mildly annoyed. "Chaps look at it another way. You figure that if one of 'em's got your number" — here he nodded gravely — "you'll get it no matter what you do. But if it hasn't, why, you never will. Chaps figure it that way. If they didn't —" here he seemed unable to say any more.

THIS EVENING we should arrive at our secret destination. From there we may be told to skirt the south of Ireland, or go in through the North Channel.

"Nasty spot that," explains the first lieutenant, shaking his head. "Lots of little islands there to hide U-boats waiting to slink out and take a crack at shipping. Sometimes Jerry sends out a squadron of Heinkels for variety. Got to sweat your eyeballs in the North Channel."

The signalman comes in from the bridge, rain dripping from him. The captain reads the message.

"Ship just torpedoed 300 miles back," he says gravely. "Jerry was a day late if he was looking for us."

After a silence we go on with lunch. The ship is wallowing wildly in 40° rolls. Only one plate plus a fork or spoon is set before each man — he couldn't hold on to more. Big seas splatter over the bridge and there is a terrific din as toothbrushes, ash trays and fountain pens clatter back and forth over cabin floors. Living in a destroyer

is like keeping house in a concrete mixer, yet this does not interrupt the immemorial British custom of tea, even though we have to wave the cups back and forth like tennis rackets to keep them from spilling.

TODAY we should sight land. This morning we picked up a warning that an air raid is on ahead of us over the Irish Sea. Up on deck sunlight blazes over great rolling combers which smash our starboard beam. Presently a convoy looms up ahead on its way to the Western world — a couple of plump liners plus a handful of dirty bobbing freighters with British warships shepherding them. Slowly it dwindles out of sight astern.

The signalman comes running with a message: "Ship 50 miles astern giving distress signals. Being attacked by enemy aircraft. Message broke off in the middle."

"Does that mean she's sinking?" I ask.

"Likely," says the captain.

"Think they'll turn us around, sir?" asks the first lieutenant.

"Probably not," says the captain. "Our oil tanks aren't too full. Might need the reserve for a brush with a U-boat up ahead."

Fifteen minutes later: "Aircraft off the port bow, sir!" the lookout calls. There it is — a speck — a rising black fly — a crow — growing bigger.

The cry, "Action stations!" rings through the ship. "We may have a

little fun, you know," the first lieutenant says, looking at the approaching plane. "No, sorry, think she's ours. Probably out to look for the sinking ship — chase Jerry away if he's still there." The big bomber swings over us, our gun crews following him carefully. He makes his recognition signal to make sure we don't open fire, then fades off into the horizon.

"Look down there!" The first officer points to a floating oar.

"Probably from a lifeboat. You know it's damned lucky we're getting these ships of yours. This sea lane is crammed full of a bloody muck of wrecks, simply because we don't have enough warships to escort 'em."

"Ships astern, sir," calls the lookout. Two or three hulls are on the horizon. A few minutes later he calls again. "Ships astern gaining, sir." The lookout is clearly nervous. The hulls are much larger now. "Don't mind them," first lieutenant says impatiently. "If they'd been enemy they'd have opened fire long ago."

In ten minutes we recognize them as the fat liners we passed earlier. Now they are making full speed back for safety. But, after overtaking us, the convoy obviously gets a signal that all is clear. It turns and again steams westward.

I go down to the wardroom for lunch. When I come back up the captain is scanning the horizon with binoculars.

"Hm," he says, "object ahead there." Our captain is very matter-of-fact. "Might be a barrel," he continues.

"Hm," he says again, as the object is momentarily lifted into the sunlight on a big wave. As another wave lifts it he calls: "Oh, First, alter course, will you? Think that's a raft out there — rather thought I saw a signal from it."

The ship's wake boils out in a mighty curve. The captain continues to peer through his glasses. "Hm," he says, "five people on it. At least one of 'em's alive."

In a few minutes you can count them with the naked eye. Their raft is a huge orange doughnut, within which five men are squatting, one waving a paddle. Shortly they are close abeam; with engines off, we drift slowly toward them. One fellow paddles frantically until the raft bumps the ship's flank. A ship's ladder goes overside. The water-soaked horizon-blue under the orange life jackets tells us they are R.A.F. fliers.

One of the aviators rises unsteadily, grapples weakly at a rope, and topples into the sea. A sailor dives overboard, comes up behind the man whose loose-rolling head is just above water. The sailor ties the rope under his arms and pushes him to the ladder, and three sailors pull his sea-chilled body to our deck. The others with help are able to mount the wooden rungs and are half led, half carried down

to the cozy warmth of the ward-room.

Lying limp, they are too weak even to raise their arms as we strip off the wet uniforms. Their water-soaked flesh feels dead, the texture of cold boiled oysters. Slowly then they mumble out the story. Their big bomber on patrol came down yesterday. They had just 60 seconds to toss their inflatable life raft in the sea and climb on before the plane sank. All night they slapped each other to keep awake, which meant keeping alive. An hour after dawn they sighted a ship, screamed and waved frantically. She came within a hundred yards but passed without seeing them.

No, they don't want food. Just a drink of water and then sleep. So, rubbing them down with hot towels, we roll them into blankets.

Meanwhile, the signalmen have been busy. Our flotilla leader orders us full speed ahead to the nearest British port. Men who have been 22 hours in the bitter North Atlantic need hospital care. So, showing our heels and a long plume of black smoke to the other destroyers, we abandon zigzagging and, heedless of submarines, forge straight ahead. At dusk we sight the coast line and presently are nosing our way into port. There are muffled harbor lights. There are outlines of Air Force ambulances waiting for the fliers. Thus the first job of the former American destroyers is done before ever they reach England.

“Hi, Doc!”

Condensed from *Factory Management and Maintenance*

Webb Waldron

“WHEN I came here,” said “Doc” Dobbins, as we strode into the castings department, “they were blasting the castings with sand. We had several cases of silicosis. One day I asked: ‘Why not blast those castings with fine steel shot?’ They tried it, and it worked. Now we have no dust, and no throat irritations.”

Pausing beside a machine cutting up bundles of thick corrugated paper, Dobbins explained that the job was formerly done with a sharp-toothed saw that tore through the paper, filling the air with fine dust — both a throat irritant and an explosion hazard. “I suggested a saw with rippled teeth like a bread knife,” said Dobbins. “We got one made, and look — it cuts through that paper like cheese! No more dust, no more explosion hazard.”

A vat full of dark poisonous-looking liquid was next. “Bad fumes here,” remarked Dobbins. “But a man can’t get poisoned.” He held a handkerchief in front of a flue just above the surface of the liquid. It was almost dragged from his hand by suction. “See how that suction

carries the fumes off? In some plants, they seem to think a ventilation hood up at the ceiling will protect the workers. It doesn’t.”

This is Servel, Inc., refrigerator makers, Evansville, Ind., and here in the person of Thomas Dobbins, M.D., is the modern industrial doctor at work. Servel is an excellent place to study industrial medicine, because in this plant, covering 47 acres, with 5000 employes, are found almost all of the hazards incident to industry.

As we proceeded through the plant, Dobbins pointed to figures chalked on a blackboard: *Department 42 — no lost-time accident for 1191 days*. “Every department has its record chalked up every day,” he said. “There’s an active rivalry for the best record. The other day a young lad came in with the end of his finger cut off. ‘I’m not worrying about the finger, Doc,’ he said. ‘What gripes me, I’ve spoiled the record of my department.’”

Here, as in many progressive plants, prizes are offered to employes for suggestions for improving the product, simplifying work, or promoting health and safety.

Often a workman sees a hazard that neither the works manager, nor the foreman, nor I have noticed," said Dobbins.

He excused himself, took a man aside a few minutes, rejoined me. "Sometimes," he said, "when we see a bad condition that can easily be fixed, as I did there, we merely tell the foreman, instead of reporting it to the head office. That saves the foreman from getting called down for not having seen the thing himself."

Whenever a new machine or process is planned, Dobbins knows about it in the blueprint stage. If he and his staff consider it hazardous, possibly some substitute can be devised. If not, adequate safeguards must be made.

In some plants, the medical and safety departments are separate. At Servel, they are combined in one man — Dobbins — because Servel holds that safety and health are essentially the same thing.

At the pleasant, well-equipped hospital, I studied the employes coming in for treatment. Here, again, I was discovering the technique and the spirit of industrial medicine. Mostly these were minor hurts — a cut finger, a sliver, a speck in the eye — not lost-time accidents at all. But little hurts may become big ones. So the employe is encouraged, yes, ordered, to drop his work and get over to the hospital for the slightest injury.

One young fellow hurried in with

a wrist hurt in a baseball game the night before. This, of course, comes under the mutual aid, the employes' organization that takes care of non-occupational accidents and illness. But the mutual aid at Servel, as in most progressive plants, is tied in closely with the plant medical services. Dobbins knows all about every mutual aid case, helps on many. If somebody comes in Monday morning with a bad case of sunburn or poison ivy, he gets quick treatment in the plant hospital. If a man appears, after a hard night out, needing an aspirin or a bromo-seltzer, he gets it. "There's certain fellows, when they poke their heads in the door, we know what bottle to reach for," said Dobbins. And why not? The job of the plant hospital is to keep people at work.

Periodical physical examinations, bringing the employes into close association with the doctor, reveal still another aspect of industrial medicine. For instance, Dobbins, noting a man's nervous state, discovered that he was ridden by the idea that his foreman was down on him. The idea was entirely imaginary. Later Dobbins spoke to the foreman. "Pat Tom on the back now and then." The foreman did. Tom forgot his obsession and his work improved.

The old-fashioned plant doctor was looked on askance by both employes and medical profession. Often he was a broken-down medico who had failed in private practice. His

chief concern was to stand in well with the management by doing employes out of just claims when injured. The modern industrial doctor has the respect of his profession. He is essentially the personal physician to each individual employe. And by being that, he renders his maximum service to management.

Not every medical man is qualified for the job. To medical competence must be added a knowledge of the manufacturing processes of his plant, executive ability and imagination. Philip Drinker, Professor of Industrial Hygiene at Harvard, says that the medical student who in his vacations has worked in a mine, factory, or lumber camp has an invaluable background for an industrial career because he has the worker's point of view. Above all he must be a man who likes mixing with all kinds of people, and whom all kinds of people like. The medical director of one company which has 80 doctors spread over a large number of plants told me that when he visits one of his plants with its doctor and hears the workers sing out, "Hi, Doc!" he knows his subordinate is doing a good job.

The Servel Medical and Safety Department was organized, with Dobbins in charge, in 1935. In that year there were 94 lost-time accidents. Three men were killed. In 1939, there were only four lost-time accidents, none serious. So far in 1940, there has been only one lost-time accident. Last year the Na-

tional Safety Council reported Servel to have the best no-injury record among metal furniture manufacturers.

Premiums on compensation insurance are rated on the accident record of the plant. By cutting down accidents, Servel in the past five years has saved in premiums more than enough to pay for the entire health and safety plan.

The plan, too, is responsible for a sharp reduction in labor turnover. One reason obviously is that minor injuries and illnesses are usually caught at the start. Employes talk out their imaginary illnesses and brooding resentments with the doctor, and do not quit the job for no reason. The plant gains a reputation as a safe, healthy place to work; people who want permanent jobs gravitate there and stick.

Such is the achievement of industrial medicine at a modern plant. To managers who claim they can't afford a full-fledged medical plan, the answer from this evidence would seem to be that they can't afford not to have one.

Surveys show that as plants go down in size, medical services in general diminish toward the bare legal requirements of first aid. This is serious. Over 62 percent of workers in the U. S. are in plants of less than 500 workers each; 30 percent are in plants of less than 100 each.

Yet the rewards for even the simplest preventive work are often striking and immediate. An Ohio

plant with 115 men put in a dispensary at a cost of \$600. Supplies and medical service with a part-time doctor came to \$1660 a year. There was an immediate saving in absenteeism of \$3420, and labor turnover was cut 25 percent.

Most small plants use a doctor on call. This isn't real medical care. Such a man is not interested in prevention work or in creating steady enthusiasm for a health and safety record. The National Association of Manufacturers has organized a Committee on Healthful Working Conditions, with Dr. Victor G. Heiser as medical consultant, to work especially on this problem of helping the small plant get medical care for its workers. And in 34 states, medical societies have estab-

lished committees on industrial health to stimulate the medical profession to an interest in such industrial work.

One solution is proving to be very successful. Groups of small plants get together and engage a doctor who knows industrial hygiene and devotes all his time to their work. In Philadelphia, a packing plant, a bakery, a chewing-gum factory, and a lithograph company, with a total of 1700 workers, employ one doctor who has regular daily hours at each plant. Likewise, in Binghamton, N. Y., a film factory, a shoe factory, and a chain of bakeries employ one doctor. As I made the rounds with these earnest young medical men, the workmen at every plant sang out, "Hi, Doc!"

Definitions

Babies: Little rivets in the bonds of matrimony.

— Arthur Gordon

Confirmed bachelor: One who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage was the one that produced him.

— Harlan Miller

Farmer: A handy man with a sense of humor. — E. B. White

Glamour: When the value of the package exceeds that of the contents.

— Dr. Paul B. Popenoe

Housewarming: The last call for wedding presents.

— June Provinces

Lorgnette: French name for a dirty look you can hold in your hand.

— Radio broadcast

Platonic love: The gun you didn't know was loaded.

Who are "Jehovah's witnesses," who have been beaten by American mobs for refusing to salute the flag?

Peddlers of Paradise

Condensed from The American Magazine

Jerome Beatty

AMERICANS have been hearing of late about that hardy band of religious zealots known as "Jehovah's witnesses." In many parts of the country they have been jailed, or attacked by mobs and stoned out of town. Led by 70-year-old Judge Joseph F. Rutherford, their militant and mysterious prophet, the witnesses have been denounced as fifth columnists, fascists, saboteurs. They stolidly refuse to salute the American or any other flag. They campaign against military training. Shouting, "Religion is a racket," they attack bitterly the beliefs of Protestants, Jews and Catholics.

Such bellicose tactics have brought the witnesses into the limelight throughout the world. Germany has interned 6000 witnesses who wouldn't "*heil*," and the first conscientious objector executed by the Nazis was a witness. In Canada, where the organization has been outlawed, a magistrate recently sentenced two witnesses to six months in prison, and recommended that they be interned for the duration. Great Britain, however, exempts them from war duty.

In the United States a mob of 300 men besieged a meeting of 50 witnesses in Mooresville, Ind., shouting, "Salute the flag or you won't leave the hall." The mob blocked the exit until morning, when police rescued the terrified witnesses. More than 2000 men set fire to the witnesses' Kingdom Hall in Kennebunk, Maine, dragged members from their beds and beat them in an effort to instill patriotism. Similar violence has occurred in other widely scattered parts of the country.

Seeking to find what is behind this strange organization, I attended many of their meetings and studied their publications. I find no justification for the accusation that they are Nazi propagandists. They abhor all earthly governments and respect only the "Theocratic Government of Jehovah."

Rank-and-file members sincerely believe that Rutherford is leading them toward an exclusive heaven-on-earth. The practices causing public demonstrations against them spring from a blind faith in their leader rather than from subversive conspiracy. They refuse to salute the flag because, to the judge, a flag

Is a graven image, and the Bible says, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto any graven images."

The judge insists that Jehovah's witnesses have existed for 5000 years and cites Biblical mention of them. More conservative accounts record that the society was founded by Pastor Charles T. Russell of Pittsburgh about 1876 as the International Bible Students Association. In 1910 Russell predicted that Christ would return in 1914 and end the rule of imperfect men. Witnesses have twisted his prophecy and say he foresaw the World War.

Taking charge upon Russell's death in 1916, Rutherford declared Christ had come as predicted, but that he was invisible; that what Russell really meant was that in 1914 the Kingdom of God would *begin* to assume control of the world. In 1920 Rutherford predicted that Abraham, Isaac and other prophets would return in five years. Now he gives no dates but says that Judgment Day is coming "very soon." To house the returning prophets, the organization has built a magnificent \$75,000 Spanish home in San Diego, California. The judge has landscaped the grounds with date and palm trees, "so," he says, "these princes of the universe will feel at home." Meanwhile, the judge and his wife occupy the mansion.

There are about 45,000 active witnesses in the United States. They have some 200,000 followers here and probably 1,000,000 more through-

out the world, including thousands of natives in South Africa. They have baptismal ceremonies but, they say, no membership roll. One becomes a witness simply by agreeing to do the will of God, as interpreted by Judge Rutherford.

The judge avoids personal publicity and appears publicly only when trying a case before the Supreme Court or addressing conventions of witnesses. He is six feet tall, paunchy, devoted to wing collars and black bow ties. His organization gives out no facts except his age, that he is married and has a son. The mystery which surrounds his private life helps make his followers think he is not quite of this world.

It is known that Rutherford, the son of a farmer, practiced law in Boonville, Missouri. His opponents say he adopted his title after serving as a temporary judge for four days in a county circuit court. He joined Pastor Russell's legal staff in 1909. His success before the U. S. Supreme Court indicates that he is a good lawyer. He is a first-class organizer and an appealing orator, and he has succeeded in developing one of America's biggest and strangest businesses.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., the witnesses own a seven-story apartment house and an eight-story printing plant, together worth more than \$1,000,000. The 150 witnesses who work in the publishing house for \$10 a month live and eat free in the apartment

building, where they must rise at 6:30 a.m. and retire at 10:30 p.m. The printing plant can produce 20,000 bound books and 150,000 booklets daily. An assembly plant has turned out 40,000 portable phonographs and equipment for 1000 sound cars now used to spread the word. A busy shipping room sends out publications in 80 languages.

By 1927 Rutherford had stopped selling Russell's books and thereafter made no mention of the founder, whom he once described as "the greatest man since the Apostle Paul." All the literature was Judge Rutherford's and he changed the name from "International Bible Students" to "Jehovah's witnesses." Some of his 15 books have passed the 2,500,000 mark. Door-to-door canvassers, who are called "publishers," distribute 11,000,000 booklets and 1,500,000 books a year — five cents for a pamphlet, 25 cents for a book, and \$1 for a subscription to *The Watchtower*. They also sell Bibles and calendars. Witnesses claim they have distributed to date at least 300,000,000 books and pamphlets. They sell about 150,000 phonograph records of Judge Rutherford's lectures a year, for 70 cents each.

The society owns radio station WBBR in Brooklyn, where its orchestra and singers entertain between recorded lectures by Judge Rutherford. Once he had a nationwide hookup of 53 stations at a reputed cost of \$50,000 per week, but his attacks on religion brought

so many complaints that the stations cut him off.

In Port Chester, N. Y., I attended a salesmen's weekly pep meeting on the second floor of a shabby building. I was welcomed by the "advertising servant" who has charge of literature. In secular life he is a postman. Wall charts showed how far behind were the Port Chester publishers on their quotas. The lesson sheet urged witnesses to "make this the biggest booklet month yet." The leader ended by insisting that they'd all have to work harder "to put aside all obstacles that are in the way of complete devotion to Jehovah." The witnesses nodded, and the sales meeting ended with a prayer.

Rutherford makes public no financial report. He says that all income is used to spread the word. The society's legal expenses for defense of witnesses are large, members say. All attempts to hinder them have been successfully fought. With two notable exceptions: The Supreme Court recently decreed that schools may expel children who refuse to salute the flag, and in 1918 Rutherford and six associates were sentenced to Atlanta Penitentiary for obstructing recruiting.

Witnesses' regular Sunday-night services are devoted to a study of Rutherford's writings. The leader reads a question, witnesses recite the answer.

"What do the demons do?" the servant (leader) asks.

An old lady in a shapeless dress raises her hand: "They use religion to debauch the human race."

"Very good."

Given new importance by such praise, the old lady sits up, bright-eyed and proud.

"What will become of the haughty know-it-alls?"

A shabby man of about 55 triumphantly shouts, "They will be destroyed at Armageddon! The meek shall inherit the earth!" He throws back his shoulders self-confidently.

At these meetings I saw laborers with worn faces, middle-aged women with sagging cheeks and earnest eyes, and a few young people, poorly dressed. Most of the witnesses were obviously longing for contentment, rest, security. Some are defeated and helpless, ask desperately for no more than enough to satisfy their hunger, shoes with no holes in them, a roof that doesn't leak. Hating all political leaders, the witnesses find in Rutherford a lift

that helps them bear their misery.

Instead of letting them stay home and rest, grim old Judge Rutherford exhorts them along the endless march "to the battlefield of Armageddon." A cornerstone of the organization is his slogan, "Millions now living will never die." Witnesses assured me that soon Christ will establish Jehovah's Kingdom on earth after the Battle of Armageddon, when all but Jehovah's witnesses will be destroyed by fire, pestilence, flood and sword. The witnesses who have died will join King David and the other princes in returning to earth in the flesh. But police who arrest the witnesses, mobs who attack them, men and women who refuse to buy Rutherford's literature — all these "goats" will be destroyed. The "sheep" shall inherit the earth and have the happiness, the warm clothing, good food and comfortable homes that the witnesses so desperately long for.

Are You an Army Pilot?

THE newest entertainment fad for home parties is the U. S. Army Air Force balance test for aviators. First, place a candlestick on the floor with a paper of matches a foot to the right of it. Then, 18 inches back of the candlestick, place a heavy glass tumbler upside down. If you can stand on the tumbler on one foot while you bend down, pick up the matches and light the candle, without losing your balance, you may have a chance to become a pilot. — *Capper's Weekly*

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN.

EYELASHES that could sweep the
cobwebs from any man's heart.
(Mabel Bandy)

MY HEART was going like a wood-
pecker at my side. (Rachel Field)

A ROOSTER crowing in a long elastic
stretch. (Pierre van Paassen)

A FRECKLED BOY with air-cooled
teeth. (John Taintor Foote)

BILLIARD-BALD. (*Time*) . . . A
drownpour.

SMELLS, some soft and low, others
like a cornet solo. (H. C. V. Morton)

THOSE ragged vagabonds, the
clouds. (Don Blanding)

THE RIVER looked like a battlefield,
water and wind meeting angrily in a
thousand small hand-to-hand con-
tests. (Jan Struther)

THE UNEVENNESS of married cou-
ples. Like those phonograph records
with a superb tune on one side and
a negligible fill-in on the other which
you have to take whether you want it
or not. (Jan Struther)

HER plentieth birthday. (Franklin P.
Adams) . . . No more initiative than
a shadow. (Lloyd C. Douglas) . . . No
more tact than a mirror. (H. B. Edwards)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a
payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional pay-
ment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be
acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

HE ADJUSTED his face as though it
were a necktie. (John Pen)

WHEN YOU ask her a question, it's
like taking your finger out of a dike.
(Frank Case)

TO FIND OUT a girl's faults, praise
her to her girl friends. (Benjamin Franklin)

A SPEAKER who does not strike oil
in ten minutes should stop boring.
(Louis Nizer)

SHE CAME to the party, picked up
her husband, and carried him off like
a satchel. (Kenneth Horan)

THEY HAVE nothing in common ex-
cept that they both are. (Stephen Carr)

HIS LIFE is an open book and he
likes to read out of it. (Edward Mather)

A HEART with revolving doors,
admitting a new love as the old exits.
(Mrs. D. Newton Taylor)

HAPPINESS is like a kiss: you must
share it to have it. (Olivio Santoro)

SAMUEL GOLDWYN: I want a film
that begins with an earthquake and
works up to a climax.

NO TWO PEOPLE are alike and both
of them are glad of it. (Olin Miller)

THE BROWNS arrived home, brag
and baggage. (Marcia C. Power)

❏ A community blood-giving enterprise
that saves both time and lives

Blood Brothers

Condensed from *This Week Magazine*

Milton MacKaye

A WOMAN in our little Connecticut village was taken to a New Haven hospital for a serious operation. Soon we heard she would have to have blood transfusions. A call went out for donors. Twenty-two friends appeared at the hospital next morning. They remained there most of the day while the blood of each volunteer was typed. In the end 19 were sent home: because of the mysterious chess-board of cellular structure, their blood was not compatible with that of the patient.

To Leslie Norton, one of those turned away, the whole process seemed singularly inefficient. Wasn't there, he wondered, some way of discovering in advance whose blood was suitable for transfusion?

He talked it over with the Rev. E. Wallace Mast, our vigorous young pastor, who knew a good deal about transfusions. When the poor of his parish could not afford to pay professional donors, it was frequently Mast's job to round up volunteers. He knew about their loss of valuable hours at the hospital when the patient's need for blood was immediate; and furthermore he believed he had the answer

to Leslie Norton's question. Out of their conversations came a unique community enterprise — the Madison Blood Donors Club.

The club is made up of 60 men and women who will give their blood at any time to any resident of Madison without remuneration. The local post of the American Legion, of which Norton was commander, has been a moving force in the project, but the club members come from every walk of life: Henry Butler is a chauffeur, Edward Reynolds is a high school teacher, Herbert Whedon is a bank cashier. Eighteen-year-old schoolboys as well as middle-aged Legionnaires are included in the membership.

Throughout the country many Legion posts, fire and police departments have men on call for transfusions, but the Madison club is unique in that it belongs to the whole community. Dr. Donald T. Hughson and his wife, who is also a physician, typed the blood of every member of the club. A New Haven hospital donated the \$30-ounce serum necessary for the typing tests. Each member carries at all times a linen card which tells his blood grouping under all three ac-

credited systems in use in American hospitals. A local nurse prepared sets of card files recording the donors' addresses and blood types. So now, by a ring of the telephone, blood donors of the proper type can be summoned immediately. The inefficiencies of grab-bag volunteering are eliminated.

A year ago when a Madison donor was called to a New Haven hospital he gave his blood directly to the patient. Now, since ways have been found to extend the time blood may be preserved, he simply "pays" to a blood bank the amount of blood used in the transfusion. The Madison club has an "account" at all the New Haven hospitals. Any needy citizen of our town may draw upon it.

One main purpose of the club is to aid those who cannot afford to pay a professional donor (the current price in our locality is \$50 for

500 cc. of blood). But often those who have the transfusions want to pay as much as they can. This money goes into the "general fund." If a member of the club is sent to a hospital in New Haven, his expenses are paid from this fund; if he loses a day's work, he is reimbursed from it. Thus a financial penalty for public service is mitigated.

Donors' clubs are not difficult to organize, but leadership and an integrated community effort are necessary. It took Wally Mast's persistence, in face of red tape and rebuffs, to enlist the coöperation of New Haven hospitals. It took a permanent organization like the Legion to carry through the project after the first enthusiasm had died down. But the enterprise is successful chiefly because everyone bears his share of the load. And what Madison has done other towns can do.

*To be vanquished and yet not surrender,
that is victory.—Joseph Pilsudski*

RECENTLY King Christian of Denmark noticed a Nazi flag flying over an official building and remarked to a German officer that this was contrary to the treaty between Denmark and Germany. The officer replied that the flag was flown according to instructions from Berlin.

"The flag must be removed before 12 o'clock; otherwise I will send a soldier to do it," the monarch declared. At five minutes to twelve the flag was still flying. The King announced he was sending a soldier to take it down.

"The soldier will be shot," the Nazi officer warned him.

"I am the soldier," the King replied calmly.

The Nazi flag was lowered.

—Overseas News Agency

- Q "If we have tears to shed for the hungry we'd better shed
• them first in our own back yard; we'd better use our crop
• surpluses to strengthen America rather than build up a Nazi
Europe strong enough to attack us."

Farm Surpluses for National Defense?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Milo Perkins

THE PAST DECADE was a tough one for farmers who depended upon export markets. Every nation — including our own — was trying frantically to sell all it could abroad and buy as little as possible from other nations. Tariffs were raised; food was produced in some countries under government subsidy at twice the cost of growing it elsewhere; imports and exports were licensed; foreign exchange blocked.

Despite all these restrictions, the American farmer managed to hold on to a foreign market that averaged \$800,000,000 a year. Even so,

IN 1934 Milo Perkins was running a cotton-bagging business in Houston, Texas. One day he ripped off a hot letter to Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, denouncing administrative red tape in the AAA. Mr. Wallace suggested in reply that Mr. Perkins come to Washington and help cut it. Mr. Perkins accepted the invitation and shortly became Assistant to the Secretary. Later, as head of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, he invented the markedly successful food stamp plan whereby families on relief can use the nation's excess foods (*The Reader's Digest*, April, '40, p. 73). He is now Surplus Marketing Administrator and the country's leading expert on food supplies.

world trade in farm products dwindled and our surpluses mounted.

Then came the war. Nazi conquests and the closing of the Mediterranean cut us off entirely from the Continent. England, saving dollar exchange for industrial goods and buying food within her Empire, substantially reduced food purchases from us. And the 1940 harvest came on. Only our varied governmental programs masked the true situation and prevented an utter collapse of farm prices.

Normally we export 45 percent of our prunes and 30 percent of our raisins, but not a pound can get through to the Hitler-dominated countries now. Twelve percent of our apples and 45 percent of our winter pears used to be exported, chiefly to Britain and the Continent. Also oranges and canned peaches, walnuts and pecans. They won't be eating such products this year.

Corn Belt farmers have 300,000,000 pounds of surplus lard in storage. Europe is eating whale oil instead. We have 400,000,000 bushels of surplus wheat. But Canada

has 500,000,000 bushels to sell — enough for all the importing nations of the world even in peacetime — and most British bread this winter will be made from it. Last cotton year we exported 6,500,000 bales. Foreign sales this year will run under 2,000,000. We had 8,000,000 bales of surplus before the 1940 crop was picked. About 14,000,000 Americans are dependent on cotton and if we stopped producing it for foreign markets more persons would be thrown out of work than are now on WPA rolls.

In the years ahead serious troubles face U. S. farmers who have been producing for overseas markets. The only cure is to get more of the land now in export crops into crops for domestic consumption. This is a long-time job, but it means solid security for the long pull.

We met our 1940 harvest emergency and maintained farm prices by commodity loans of several hundred million dollars, heavy government purchases of surplus commodities, and programs for expanding domestic consumption. Our next job is to find customers for all the food and cotton now in storage.

This might be done, in a measure, by feeding and clothing destitute Europe. But before we decide to try to send these goods through the British blockade we need to do some straight and rather uncomfortable thinking. We should remember, for instance, that thousands of half-starved German boys

were brought back to health in kindly Dutch and Scandinavian homes after the last war; 20 years later these boys returned to conquer the very countries that had given them life when they were helpless children.

Hitler can't be trusted. Some starvation in Europe now, horrible as it is, may be necessary to break Hitler's stranglehold on free men and prevent a thousand years of Nazi slavery.

If Hitler wins he will need the New World's food and raw materials to make his military conquest stick. What he will use for money no one knows, but Nazi agents here have already suggested that we put up five billion dollars so that we'll be able to "sell" our goods.

Naturally we shall not be asked to make loans to Germany. We'll be asked to provide billions to rehabilitate France, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and Poland, which, we will be assured, are not ruled by puppet governments. Our hearts will tell us that we ought to do all we can to aid these suffering peoples.

We did something of that sort after the World War, but that was before any totalitarian threat to our own institutions appeared. Most of our loans weren't repaid and we finally tired of giving away surpluses by letting foreigners "buy" them with our own money. The stocks which thereupon piled up did much to bring on the 1929 crash. That's going to be pointed

out to us if we balk at playing Santa to the Nazis.

What would Hitler do if we refused to be suckers? The German pattern of conquest is known; we don't have to guess about it.

Hitler would threaten us with economic collapse if we didn't trade with him on his terms. Our cotton farmers and automobile manufacturers, tobacco farmers and oil companies would be told that they faced ruin in foreign markets, unless our government "coöperated" in the extension of credits. Corporations with foreign investments would be easy prey for this propaganda. The Nazis would make some heavy purchases from other nations just to prove their point. Countries in South America would be played off against us.

To give in to such threats is *economic appeasement*. It always comes first; political and military domination comes afterward. It's part of the Nazi "divide and conquer" technique. It bewilders a free and individualistic people. This strategy has succeeded elsewhere and will be tried on us if the Nazis triumph. We must build up our country so that it's strong enough to defend itself, rather than build up a Europe strong enough to attack us.

If Hitler is victorious, the United States can follow the road of economic appeasement, or we can make internal adjustments which will enable us to use most of our surpluses at home. The latter course will not

mean abandoning commerce with a Nazi-controlled Europe; some trade, on our terms, would make sense, but we must be good enough businessmen to make a profit out of it. Our very democracy hinges upon getting ourselves in a position to tell Hitler that we regard trade outside this hemisphere as so much velvet, and are not dependent upon it.

It's going to take more than guns to defend our country. It will take a healthy people. A few months ago an Army recruiting officer in a large city wrote me that in a test period three fourths of the applicants had to be rejected for health reasons. More than half of the rejects were underweight, probably from malnutrition. As a measure of national defense, our first use of farm surpluses should be to nourish our underfed. Later, if the Nazi grip on human liberty is broken, we can help feed the world. It's physically possible, and we can find ways to make it fiscally possible.

If we have tears to shed for the hungry we'd better shed them first in our own back yard. A recent government study revealed that two thirds of our people — 80,000,000 persons — live on an average cash income of \$69 per month for a whole family. That's the story of under-consumption in one sentence. Some 20,000,000 persons receiving public assistance spend an average of five cents a meal. But when a man leaves relief for a job at about

\$100 a month the average is 10 to 12 cents.

From even this minimum dietary point of view it becomes apparent that the term "food surpluses" is simply a polite name for a shocking amount of under-consumption. If all families having less than \$100 a month ate as much as those getting that amount, our national food bill would be increased nearly two billion dollars a year. To meet the demand, we'd have to produce *more* dairy products, poultry and meats, and *more* of most of the fruits and vegetables. We should need to add an area the size of Iowa to the land now in cultivation. We ought to raise more of these foods on part of the land now in cotton, wheat and tobacco.

The nation has ways to use surpluses at home that it never had before. During this school year, for example, some six million youngsters will get free lunches, made in whole or part from vitamin-rich surplus foods. Five million people are using food stamps. In a few larger cities an experimental program is under way to furnish low-income families with milk at five cents a quart. Plans are drawn for a penny-a-glass-milk program in schools in low-income areas. If they are completed, fluid milk consumption can be increased by 500,000,000 quarts a year. The Cotton Stamp Plan is growing. Many of our less fortunate farm families will be making their own mattresses this year.

This program will use nearly half a million bales of surplus cotton and 50,000,000 yards of cotton ticking. One of the ironies of the rural South has been a lack of cotton mattresses in the very cabins where those who raise cotton live.

Funds for this work are limited and less than half our neediest families are being reached. But a start has been made toward giving the underprivileged a chance to use our surpluses, pending the time they can get work and buy more of them. Full employment, of course, is the real answer to our farm problem.

Lack of a much greater volume of capital investment has been the chief cause of continuing unemployment. It can be cured by businesslike action if government and industry will tackle the problem together. It should be done before we become too dependent upon armaments as a substitute. It isn't a matter of taking a liberal or a conservative approach. It's a matter of knowing that this is a new and utterly different kind of world and that some of the old automatic mechanisms won't work.

For centuries the world lived in an age of scarcity. Now for the first time there is plenty to go around. The years ahead will not permit us to hoard goods in the face of want. A civilization that is commodity-rich but consumption-poor cannot survive. The world of tomorrow must use its surpluses.

There isn't any easy magic by

which we can instantly wipe out this nightmare of under-consumption. There's a job of pioneering ahead of America. Our surpluses can lead us into economic appease-

ment if Hitler wins, or they can be used to build up the health and well-being of our country now. The choice is up to us. Everything we treasure is at stake.

American Newsreel

SIGN on a car with Kansas license plates seen at the American Legion Convention in Boston: "Please drive carefully: we have lived through drought, dust storms, prohibition and the New Deal, and we want to see what happens next."

— *The Atlantic Monthly*

THE Students Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on house-party dates, titled "What Every Young Lady Should No."

— *Columbia Jester*

THE APEX of optimism, as reflected in a Dallas *News* want ad: "Please give me \$10,000 or any part thereof. Make checks payable to cash. Send to Box 18-W, News. Thank you."

WANTED to buy a large bed with a romantic past and history. Our 8-foot square John Gilbert Honeymoon Bed, used exclusively for Honeymooners, is unable to take care of the demand. Give full information on merits and distinction of bed as well as price in first letter. Leo Heyn, Summit Hotel on Mount Summit, Uniontown, Pa.

— *Hollywood Citizen News*

THE "God Bless America" automobile horn is proving a money-maker for its manufacturers. The horn is operated by a push button and plays the full title of *God Bless America*. Other titles available include *In My Merry Oldsmobile*, *Merrily We Roll Along*, *Hunting Call*, *Highways Are Happy Ways*, and *Happy Days Are Here Again*. Installation is easy because the horn fits all cars and trucks. The item is approved by traffic authorities.

— *Billboard*

THE Baptist Church in Sunland, Calif., during revival meetings was picketed by a man made up as the devil and carrying this sign: "Evangelist Anderson's program unfair. This institution entices my servants away. Local No. 666, Union of Amalgamated Beelzebubs." Record crowds passed the picket line to attend the meetings.

— AP

My Part in a Literary Mystery

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

John Erskine

Novelist; Professor of English, Columbia University

HOW IS it that two or more writers, strangers to one another, may be working on the same idea at the same time? It is a phenomenon which has never been explained. It is not plagiarism. The literary thief is rare, and this is something quite different.

I once was compelled to consider this mystery, for three successive years. When I brought out my first novel, in 1925, I assumed that no one else would be writing about Helen of Troy. More than one friend warned me to leave alone a subject which could have little interest for the reading public. Shortly before my book appeared, however, Edward Lucas White published *Helen*, a very good novel indeed, using parts of the legend which did not interest me, but coming uncomfortably close to my general purpose. My book, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, came out in the late autumn. The following May I received a letter from a woman in England who told me that ever since my book appeared her son had been embarrassed by the congratulations of his friends, who knew he was working on a novel about Helen of Troy. His name was John Erskine.

That Helen novel was, so far as I

know, never published. It may have been better than mine, but what could the author do, since we both wear the same name?

In the autumn of 1926 I brought out my second novel, *Galahad*. A month before it appeared I was introduced to Will Bradley, and learned that he had a new book, scheduled for the following January.

"What's it about?" I asked.

"Galahad."

"So's mine."

"It's not really about Galahad," said he, startled. "It's about Launcelot."

"So is mine."

"Not really about Launcelot — about Elaine!"

"So is mine."

He turned whitish. "It's not about Elaine of Astolat — it's about the other Elaine."

"So is mine."

His book appeared in due course, a charming story called *Launcelot and the Ladies*. He had begun it years earlier, had laid it aside, had taken it up again about the time that I was working on my book, but being then strangers we had no communication whatsoever, nor could either of us have guessed what the other was doing.

The next season I brought out *Adam and Eve*. By this time I had become a little superstitious, and though by skipping all the way from Galahad to our first parents I

might have expected to get out of the current, I wasn't altogether surprised to find that within three months six novels appeared, including my own, all on the Eden theme.

Lisbon—Escape Hatch of Europe

Condensed from *The Living Age*

Eric Severeid

EVENING was darkening as I looked down from the London-Portugal flying boat and saw the scrambled necklace of twinkling lights about Lisbon's superb harbor. I was homeward bound to America, and I caught my breath at this sight of the lamps of peace after 14 months in war and darkness.

The steward nudged me and pointed. "Friend there — enemy there."

A small cluster of lights hung in

ERIC SEVAREID went to Europe five years ago to study political science, remained to report and broadcast the history he saw in the making. He became United Press night editor in Paris, city editor of the *Paris Herald*, and a Columbia Broadcasting System news commentator. CBS listeners heard him from Paris, Vichy and London until his return last November. Still only 30, Mr. Severeid is now covering special events in the Americas for CBS.

the sky to starboard — the Atlantic Clipper from New York, poised above the last free port in Europe. To the right of the Clipper moved the dark blob of a landplane seeking earth.

"Plane from Berlin," the steward explained. "Just started an air line to Lisbon two days ago. Forty young Aryan 'tourists' were passengers on the first trip."

When I entered the Palace Hotel in Estoril, the resort oasis 15 miles down the beach from Lisbon, I realized that luck had tossed me into the espionage center of World War II. Low-toned conversations go endlessly on in the bar and in the long, dim lobbies. Germans, Italians, Britons and Spaniards sit in great overstuffed chairs while they gather reports of their spies, and watch each other. Among them, probably, the fate of Portugal will

be decided. The mild, honest Portuguese have little to say about it.

Portugal is dry and poor. She has 7,000,000 people, yet she is only the size of Maine, and a third of her land is uncultivated. If her professor-dictator, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, can steer Portugal away from war, he can go on with his ambitious effort to wipe out illiteracy, which blights half the population. He can build more of his excellent clinics, clean the leprous slums and perhaps even better the national diet.

He knows it is not his army (one division of troops without artillery) nor his navy (six destroyers) which keep Portugal free today.

Franco's declining prestige would skyrocket if he would take over Portugal. But Franco knows that Hitler cannot feed starving Spain. England is subsidizing shipments of Portuguese food across the border in the faith that Spain will not bite the hand that feeds it. Hitler knows that the Portuguese empire in Africa, Asia and the Atlantic, a richer prize than the country itself, would fall into the hands of the British navy if the Axis seized Portugal.

Portugal owes her freedom to many things: to her position on the map, at the crossways of the Atlantic and Mediterranean trade routes; to the fact that Lisbon is the last direct point of contact with the United States for all belligerents. But perhaps the strongest reason is the fact that the spies of both

sides find a free Portugal useful. The Lisbon air line, for example, is the only way Nazi-Fascist agents can get in and out of England.

Portugal has been tied to England's money and wine markets since 1703. Great Britain controls virtually all Portuguese imports and exports. The people are pro-British. But this is a dictatorship, and Salazar, with an eye on the war machine which could so easily roll over him, leans Axis-ward.

The Axis is busy and looks efficient. The German Minister is the cultured Baron Honneger, who can match Dictator Salazar's own professorial intellect. They get on well. England's ruddy Ambassador, Sir Walter Selby, walks four miles before breakfast, but athletics bore the dictator.

There is no real British fifth column in Portugal — "that wouldn't be cricket." On the other hand, many of Portugal's secret police were trained by Himmler in Berlin. The friends they made there come to see them.

Biefurn, sinister assistant to Himmler, arrived at Estoril while I was there. We learned his identity from wise old Joseph Bech, Luxembourg's leading statesman. He'd seen Biefurn on the streets of Luxembourg the week before Hitler's army overran the defenseless Grand Duchy.

Biefurn was talking in a lobby corner with a dark, heavy, dynamic German whom America should

know about. His name is Friedrich Sieburg, and he is the man who perfected modern fifth-column tactics. America may expect him when his work in Europe is done.

In Belgium Sieburg, a man of great personal charm, convinced the wealthy that Hitler would never touch their land. In Paris, he laid the groundwork among the "200 families" for the notorious Otto Abetz who followed. He wrote a book to flatter the French, called: *Dieu, est-il français?* (Is God French?). He has now written an equally flattering book about Portugal's once glorious empire and present culture. Hardly an influential Portuguese has escaped his suave attentions.

He made one break. When at a banquet he proposed a glowing toast to the Führer, one tough old Lisbon journalist abruptly sat down. Sieburg turned scarlet, and burst out in German, "You are too small to be defiant!" He meant Portugal itself. Next day he sent profuse apologies. So far, Lisbon's press is carefully neutral.

As Biefurn and Sieburg conferred in the lobby, these men strolled a few feet away: Bech, once Premier of Luxembourg; Pierlot, last Premier of Belgium; Camille Chautemps, once Premier of France; aged Paderewski, first President of Poland. Each man had seen his nation undermined by Sieburg's fifth column, seized by the Nazi army, ruled by Biefurn's Gestapo.

That very day a man had come in to reserve a suite for their latest victim — deposed King Carol of Rumania.

Fascinated, I watched from my corner. Sieburg coolly glanced up as each man passed. The refugee statesmen did not turn their heads, nor speak to one another. I ached to introduce Biefurn to the burly, sprawling Russian asleep in the opposite chair — Dr. Lazovert, who helped kill Rasputin and drove his body to the river.

One morning at nine, the German passenger plane roared alarmingly low over the Palace Hotel. I asked a waiter why the pilot should go off his course to do this. "We think it's to get us used to the Swastika," he said. "The first time he did it, the visa line at your consulate grew much longer."

Twenty thousand German, French and Belgian refugees mill around in Portugal, waiting for American visas. The Portuguese, to their everlasting credit, treat them kindly, often take destitute mothers and children into their homes.

But the refugees are nervous and depressed. They watch with longing as the American Export boat slips from harbor, and the Clipper wings toward the west. They are trapped. There is no "green frontier," as they call any border they can sneak across. Only the ocean. There is but one key to unlock this massive door of escape — the American visa.

They talk of nothing but immigration, quota numbers, our young vice-consuls — all-powerful gods to them. They are sick of each other. Men who shared bunks in concentration camps avoid one another in Lisbon's jangling streets. The poor refugees droop over sidewalk café tables, munching cold Portuguese beans with their beer. Daily the same routine: the general delivery window to ask for a letter; the American consulate; the newsstand to speculate on Hitler's next move; back to the corner café, then listlessly to bed.

Some have given up, drifted back into the barren hill towns and "gone native." Others read of our draft law, and get a bright idea. They have fled war consistently so far; now they offer to "volunteer in the American Army." This is a humorless joke to our harassed diplomatic staff, which spends exhausting hours checking the papers of the endless line of refugees.

Rich refugees from Biarritz scurry with little black bags from bank to bank, buying and selling money. At night they crowd the roulette tables at the Estoril casino. They edge over to an American consul and strike up conversation. They have bribed their way across many borders, and cannot believe that

money doesn't talk with American officials, too.

One night in a corner of the gaming room, I recognized first a pair of ill-fitting trousers, then the German Socialist to whom I had given them before he escaped from an Alpine concentration camp with Lion Feuchtwanger, the famous author.

He had been a mild little man, a teacher and writer, when Hitler came to power. He had since fought in Spain for his ideals, had climbed the Pyrenees carrying a sick refugee child in his arms. He was hard now, and quite without fear.

We left the smoky room, and sat on the rocks where the surf pounded.

He, too, awaited his visa. He was on Thomas Mann's list of 120 refugee writers considered worth a special effort to save. He was tranquil. He never read the papers any more. If the Nazis came — all right. They would never get him, he said.

I felt I must tell him whom I had seen in the Palace Hotel.

He turned, and in the darkness I could see the flashing whites of his eyes.

"Sieburg here?" he said. "That means the kiss of death. Tomorrow I will make some acquaintances among the Portuguese fishermen who have boats in the harbor."

*F*OR EVERY WOMAN who makes a fool out of a man
there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.

¶ A scrap-heap Aladdin rubs some rusty iron
into a glittering suspension bridge

Enterprise and Old Iron

Condensed from *The Christian Science Monitor*

John Patric

ON A fertile plateau above the raging Snake River near Jackson, Wyo., Ora Grisamer owned a ranch. Until last year, he and his neighbors were virtually marooned there. Their only way across the turbulent Snake, 300 feet wide, was riskily by skiff or along a swaying footbridge sagging from a half-inch cable.

And now Ora Grisamer's tractor had broken down. There was no way to get it to a repair shop, now that the old scow once used as a ferry had been washed away. But Grisamer heard that a strange fellow named McCrary — a wizard mechanic — was camping in the canyon across the river. People said that Charles McCrary could make or repair anything — out of junk; that he had gathered around him the queerest caravan of old

iron ever assembled west of the Missouri.

Grisamer hunted him up. In a clearing, he found the McCrary caravan, a bizarre collection of gadgetry on wheels, a traveling Valhalla of noble junk. There was a mammoth but decrepit coal truck loaded with a donkey-engine, tools belonging to all trades and professions, and a mountainous assortment of cogs, ratchets, springs and unclassified gear that McCrary had collected in his wanderings. Nearby was the family jalopy and small trailer where the family ate and slept. The family included Mrs. McCrary, four children, and a white goat. Strangest of all was a home-made contraption that McCrary proudly called his "drag-line" rig — another old truck bearing a sort of power shovel whose bucket hung from pulleys at the end of a derrick.

Yes, McCrary would be glad to earn a few dollars by repairing Grisamer's tractor. The two men carried McCrary's tools over the narrow catwalk of the footbridge. "A wagon bridge would be worth \$1000 to me and my neighbors,"

JOHN PATRIC, formerly a staff writer for *The National Geographic Magazine*, is now a roving free-lance reporter. Intensely interested in the way ordinary men meet their human problems, he travels constantly, digging up unusual stories in out-of-the-way places. While getting material for this article, he took scores of photographs which corroborate its details.

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said Grisamer, "but there's no use talking about it. Government engineers say that it would cost at least \$10,000 to swing any kind of a bridge across this river."

McCrary said nothing. But while he worked on the tractor, he did a little figuring in the back of his mind. Finally he said, "I'll build you a bridge for \$1250. And I'll guarantee it to hold three tons."

It sounded good to Grisamer. A bridge would make his farm more valuable. He knew his neighbors would chip in too. So that night in a simple contract McCrary agreed for \$1250 to build — of secondhand steel and old cables — a suspension bridge eight feet wide, with railings, across the Snake. Grisamer agreed to advance \$400 when construction began, and the remaining \$850 when he could drive a three-ton load over the completed bridge.

McCrary walked home to his trailer camp, tingling with confidence. All his life he'd been making his own way, despite hard times, with never a penny from charity or relief. When his little repair shop in Missouri had burned in 1933, he had started West with his family. He made a living by reconditioning junked cars and selling them; by clearing fields and building roads with his drag-line rig — made from junk. Why shouldn't he build a bridge from junk?

McCrary's only cash was the \$6 he had charged Grisamer for re-

pairing the tractor. But he did have his drag-line excavator. Its 900-pound bucket, made of old bridge girders cunningly welded together, would scoop up half a ton of gravel at a single bite. The rest of the machine consisted of such things as scrambled bits of gas pipe, a bicycle chain, a hay-rake seat, a locomotive coupling, and parts from automobiles and farm machines that McCrary had found on junk heaps. With this contraption he was going to dig the foundations of his bridge.

McCrary knew nothing of engineering; but he had a picture postcard of the Golden Gate Bridge: that would serve him in lieu of blueprints.

One morning he leveled off a shelf on the Jackson side, and set up his beloved drag-line rig. He climbed to the old hay-rake seat, started the engine, and dropped the bucket for the first load of dirt. Days later, two deep holes yawned darkly. McCrary could dig his pits no deeper; the bottom was solid rock.

To find steel for the huge supporting towers of his bridge would have stymied a less ingenious fellow. But McCrary remembered a twisted heap of bridge ruins washed out in a flood of the Gros Ventre River. The mangled bridge still lay buried in the swirling river. Wading out to his armpits, he cut off four girders with his acetylene torch. Then he dragged them on a rude

trailer to the bank of the Snake River and laid them in approximate position near the holes he had dug.

Now for the cables! McCrary set out in his old truck for the oil fields, a trip of several hundred miles. He knew that the long cables used in well drilling are discarded when they develop kinks. Oil men gave McCrary all the discarded cable he could haul away. Soon, at the bridge site, he had eight flawless pieces of cable, each about 400 feet long. He was ready to begin actual construction of the Jackson end of the bridge.

Erecting the steel uprights was a grueling job that required patience and precision. Aided only by his 13-year-old boy, Buster, and two jobless wayfarers, hired at 40 cents an hour, McCrary picked up a pair of bridge towers with his drag-line rig, now transformed into a derrick, and lowered them into the hole already dug. With the \$400 advanced by Grisamer, he bought cement and poured tons of concrete, reinforced by scrap iron, around the bases of the towers. Behind the towers he sunk a 10-foot section of steel I-beam, and buried it in concrete under 100 tons of rock and earth. This was the shoreward anchorage for eight cables which were to be festooned across the river.

The quartet now began the task of stringing the eight suspension cables across the river. First they pulled a light cable to Grisamer's

side and with that, tugging like demons, they dragged each of the heavy bridge cables through the foaming waters of the Snake.

Then McCrary devised a sort of cable car that ran along the cables on pulleys, with the drag-line rig supplying motor power. On this cable car, tools, cement and cement mixer went across. But next came the herculean job of transporting the 7000-pound tower to the farthest side of the river! Would the cable car support it?

The cables sagged perilously under the burden. McCrary's face was gray with strain. But the cables held fast; the tower reached the other side. Then the four bridge builders tipped it into holes already blasted for it.

But now McCrary had ominous visitors — two U. S. Forest Rangers. "You should have gotten a permit before you started this work," they said. McCrary hurried to Grisamer. "Have we got to stop work?" he asked.

"Not unless you want to, Mac," the farmer replied, "and I don't figure you will when you hear what they're saying uptown. They're saying 'Grisamer's hired a boy, a couple of tramps and a dumb mechanic who never saw a suspension bridge in his life, to build him one with stuff from the town dump.'"

"I'll show 'em!" said McCrary.

A few days later, as the concrete tower bases were slowly hardening, the county engineer came up to

McCrary: "You fellows are undertaking something pretty serious here," he said. "May I see your blueprints?"

"Ain't got any."

"But man, you must have something!"

From his pocket McCrary pulled his postcard of the San Francisco bridge. "I'm making it something like that," he said. "But" --- apologetically --- "not so big, of course." The engineer shook his head and turned to gaze at McCrary's bridge admiringly. "I don't see how you did it. But there she stands."

After a careful inspection, the engineer passed judgment. "McCrary, if you'll make a few minor changes, I'll O.K. your bridge for a three-ton limit."

McCrary thanked the engineer and went back to work. Six more cables were strung and anchored in concrete. A solid plank floor was laid. Stout wooden handrails were fitted along the sides. County commissioners, impressed by the job, agreed to pay the lumber bill, thus saving McCrary \$200. Whereupon, he promptly raised the wages of his two helpers from 40 to 50 cents an hour, with back pay from the beginning. Charlie McCrary wasn't in the bridge-building game for the purpose of getting rich!

At the opening of the bridge, just two months from the day McCrary

started building it, no government official cut any ribbons. But there was a ceremony just the same, with a touch of sadness about it; Ora Grisamer, who had waited half his life for a bridge, died just before it was finished. But his tractor, driven by his daughter, headed the procession. Then came the two helpers and the McCrarys in the family jalopy, with the white goat bringing up the rear. The bridge was as steady as a cathedral under the tramping of the little cavalcade.

This story has an epilogue.

I visited Jackson last summer and found McCrary living in a real house, with his trailer rented to campers. Financially, things were a little easier with him; he owned two building lots, a bankbook --- and a new baby. I saw him slip a dollar into the collection plate the day he took me to church with his family. The drag-line rig was earning good money. It had moved houses, dug basements for new homes and stores. Already it was a Jackson legend, a fragment of the greater legend that is America.

I last saw Charlie McCrary sitting in the old hay-rake seat, digging a water-main ditch. As he swung his bucket to and fro, I saw him as a living symbol of American ingenuity and self-reliance.

Jack of All Trades—The Electric Eye

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Harland Manchester

ONLY a few years ago the American people got their first close-up of a curious device that would open doors automatically. They saw two metal posts five feet apart, each with a small, round window from which streamed a horizontal beam of light. When your body severed this light beam, the door swung silently open, to close slowly after you.

This was one of the simplest tasks which the "electric eye" has been taught to perform. The beam of light from an ordinary light bulb fell upon a photoelectric cell. This sensitive cell, which looks like a small lamp bulb, translated the interruptions of the beam into fluctuations of electrical energy, and this started a small electric motor which opened the door.

Geared to a multitude of uses, the electric eye has brought about some of the most important technological developments of the age. The phototube, as it is often called, gave the movies their voice. Upon it rests all progress in television. It has been taught to simulate seeing, hearing, talking, feeling, smelling. It steers ships, catches burglars, sorts fruit, detects smoke, nabs speeders, counts pills and matches colors with instantaneous swiftness

and infallibility. In factories it inspects finished goods, rejecting faulty products — with an accuracy of measurement of a hundred-thousandth of an inch.

Installed in elevator floors, the electric eye insures precise "leveling off" at landings. Light from a small bulb set at each floor level falls upon the phototube, whose current actuates the braking mechanism at the correct moment. Another eye keeps the elevator door from closing on last-second entrants. Similar installations can open and close garage doors automatically.

Before spending millions for a new road, state highway departments use the new tool to get accurate data on local traffic conditions. Eyes installed beside a highway count automobiles and record their speed. Speed is computed by the time which elapses between the breaking of a first and second beam. Ask the device to count cars going one way and forget the others, and it will do so.

Scores of traffic uses are being tested experimentally to reduce accidents. One practical device has been patented which will automatically dim the headlights of approaching cars at night. Your lights act upon a phototube in the

cowl of the oncoming automobile, and a mechanism turns on its dimmer; the other driver's headlights do the same for you.

Set to respond to a certain degree of daylight, electric eyes have been installed in many schools, factories, offices and streets for the automatic control of artificial lighting. A busy teacher may not notice that the sky is overcast and that children's noses are getting closer and closer to their books. The vigilant eye on the wall, however, turns on the schoolroom lights when daylight fails, and turns them off when they are no longer needed. The device is also used by airports, whose landing lights must be turned on when daylight is inadequate.

When storms darken the sky, utility companies must be prepared for the added light current load. Here an electric eye, mounted on the powerhouse roof, warns plant engineers well in advance of the rush.

One of the eye's most sensational roles is that of night watchman. For this purpose, "black" or infrared light is used. The human eye cannot see it, but the electric eye reacts to its invisible rays. Black light from an inconspicuous source near the baseboard of a room hits a phototube on the opposite side. When this beam is intercepted an alarm goes off. With mirrors you can crisscross the entire room with invisible rays so that no intruder, even if he crawls on his belly, can

avoid detection. A further refinement is a concealed camera with a noise-making device and flash bulb. The burglar hears the noise and looks at the camera just in time to be photographed. The eye has also been installed to watch over sleepwalkers and mental patients. A light beam is broken if the patient leaves his bed, and an alarm is sounded in the room of a nurse or member of the family.

Except for the present cost of the equipment, it would be easy to install electric eyes for various domestic uses -- to turn your porch light on automatically when a caller approaches your door, for instance. But for most purposes, the new device is economical only in large-scale work. In sheet steel plants, it measures the long, moving strip for cutting, and rhythmically orders the big shears to do their work. When an automatic process machine becomes clogged, the eye stops the machine and prevents expensive breakages. In giant stamping machines the eye protects the operator. If his hand blocks the little pencil of light, the jaws are suspended until the hand is safely withdrawn.

No other mechanical contrivance can count as fast as the electric eye. Consider, for instance, a 40-inch width of cloth several miles long zipping along between rollers. Sometimes one side starts creeping up on the other. If the "skew" is not corrected immediately, damaged ma-

terial results. Put a phototube over each edge of the cloth, and it will count the crosswise threads as they speed by, even at 10,000 threads a second. If the totals of the two counts begin to vary, the eye signals a mechanism which straightens the cloth instantly.

The fact that the electric eye will discriminate between color vibrations as well as between light and shade has made it invaluable for standardizing paints, inks and dyes. In a simpler application, it will separate the brown eggs preferred by Bostonians from the white ones popular in New York; or inspect oranges and throw out the green ones. Brewers, makers of soft drinks and oil refiners put the beam through a pipe where liquid is continuously flowing. A change in color, indicating a change in quality, is reported at once. Installed in a factory chimney, the eye measures the density of the smoke and reports it to the engine room, where the fuel supply is regulated. As a smoke detector in warehouses and ships it prevents fire losses.

It is stated that in counting and sorting operations alone the eye could replace several million workers, a possibility with social and economic implications not to be ignored. A big warehouse which used to employ a large force of girls to sort beans by hand now depends entirely upon the eye, which never misses a speckled bean or a pebble. A light beam over a scale bar where

packages are filled automatically will stop the flow of material when the proper weight is reached. When packaged goods move down a conveyor belt, the beam can weed out imperfect cartons.

The basic principle of this marvelous device was discovered accidentally in 1887 by the physicist Heinrich Hertz in his experiments with wireless. While passing electric current across a spark gap, he found that ultraviolet light, coming from a piece of burning magnesium wire and falling upon the spark gap, increased the discharge.

What he stumbled upon was the fact that when light, of any sort, falls upon metals, it upsets the electrical balance of their atoms and releases electrons which, since they are negatively charged, are attracted by a positive conductor. Later scientists built these principles into the photoelectric cell. Simply described, it is a glass bulb, partially lined with potassium, which is very sensitive to light. A wire connects this lining with a battery, and another wire from the battery connects with an upright terminal in the middle of the bulb. Put this bulb in the dark and nothing happens. But turn a flashlight on the bulb and the electrons jump madly from the potassium to the positive terminal in the middle. Connect a meter to one of the wires and you will see that a tiny current is flowing — and the stronger your light, the stronger the current.

Until 1924, however, the current that could be produced was only about one ten-billionth of what it takes to run an ordinary household bulb. At that time Dr. Herbert Eugene Ives, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, found that this anemic current could be multiplied a few million times by merging the photoelectric cell with Lee deForest's amplifying vacuum tube. The result was the first commercial application of the photoelectric cell — sending photographs over telephone wires.

The picture to be transmitted was wrapped around a cylinder, which revolved in a lightproof metal case. A carriage bearing the electric eye and a thin pencil of light slowly traveled over the cylinder, like the needle of an old-fashioned phonograph record. The eye scanned the narrow, illuminated band of the photograph, and its sensitive electronic current varied in strength with the lights and shades of the picture. In the receiving machine, a reverse process acted upon a photographic film, causing exposure coinciding with the variations in

current, and building up, line by line, a reproduction of the original picture.

It was the electric eye also that brought in the "sound track" talking picture film, supplanting the bulky records used in the first talkies.

The future of photoelectric devices apparently depends only on man's imagination. For instance, there is a hydroelectric substation in the Southwest over which the electric eye has complete charge. A specially made graph shows the varying load of electricity normally needed throughout the day. Following this graph, the electric eye methodically releases the amount of water needed to generate current from hour to hour. And a machine has been reported which will scan a drawing photoelectrically, translate its lines into the movements of cutting tools, and eject the finished part.

We can be sure that robots of similar significance are on the way. Led forth from the atomic cave of mysteries and harnessed to human affairs, the photoelectric cell will open doors now undreamed of.

Illustrative Anecdotes—40—

FOR THOSE who would have America withhold aid from England Aubrey Harwell offers the story of the Irishman held up by the bandit with demands for his money or his life. "Take me life," said the Irishman, "I'm savin' me money for me old age."

— John Temple Graves in Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*

Proud of their tradition, the Marines are streamlining their fighting forces, preparing for anything

The Marines Have the Situation in Hand

Condensed from Time

ONE FALL DAY in 1800, Commandant William Ward Burrows of the U. S. Marine Corps sat at his desk at the Washington headquarters camp located not far from where the new national Capitol was a-building. Over rough paper his quill began to scratch:

Lt. Henry Caldwell

Sir: Yesterday the Secretary told me that one of the Lieutenants of the Navy had struck you. . . . Without you wipe away this Insult to the Marine Corps you cannot expect to join our officers. . . . On board the *Ganges* about 12 Mos. ago, Lt. Gale was struck by an Officer of the Navy. Gale got no satisfaction on the cruise but the moment he arrived he call'd the Lieut. out and shot him; afterwards Politeness was restored.

The Marine Corps was then 25 years old. Last November, it celebrated its 165th birthday.

The Corps' present Commandant is crop-headed, broad-chinned Major General Thomas Holcomb, veteran of more than 40 years' service. In his day, as in Burrows', the Marines still insist on restoring Politeness. Burrows' command was only a few hundred men armed with muzzle-loading muskets. Holcomb's musters close to 40,000, recently expanded from 17,000; this includes

a small, well-integrated army (the Fleet Marine Force) equipped with tanks, airplanes and artillery.

The Marines still have a fanatic pride in their Corps. As in 1800, they cling jealously to fancy dress uniforms of blue, scarlet and gold. They raise their soldiers in the spit-and-polish tradition. A pressing table and a board for polishing buttons are as much a part of Marine equipment as rifles and bayonets. In the early days they wore high leather stocks that kept their heads up, and sailors nicknamed them "leathernecks."

Marines have never forgotten that their crack riflemen in the tops of the *Bon Homme Richard* helped John Paul Jones to glory against Britain's *Serapis* in 1779. Today the Marine Corps is the keenest rifle-shooting outfit in the world. On the walls of General Holcomb's office hang 15 first-place trophies won by Corps teams in 31 national matches.

The Corps has no trouble recruiting men, even though enlistments are for four years, and it is still choosy about applicants, rejecting about 80 percent. At training stations at Parris Island, S. C., and San Diego, Cal., young recruits

are put in charge of hardmouthed noncommissioned officers, to be taught how to look, think and fight like Marines. On every side the young Marine is impressed with the conviction that a Marine is better than any other fighting man. He learns Corps history from lectures by officers and from yarns of fighting in remote places across the seven seas. He learns Corps tradition from the campaign ribbons on oldtimers' blouses, from battle streamers on the regimental flags, in the Corps' motto, "Semper Fidelis." He is first repelled, then fascinated by the shout of a sweating Marine sergeant to his bleeding, hesitant platoon at Château-Thierry: "Come on, you — — —, do you want to live forever?" When a detachment shoves off for foreign service, oldtimers who have been left out pack their duffle and carry it down to the dock, hoping someone may have to drop out at the last minute.

Even Marine Corps humor is traditional. Once the Corps adopts a quip or a limerick, its form is rarely changed, hangs on through generations. A favorite story centers around the Commandant's private quarters in Washington. There Commandants have lived in unbroken succession since the house was built in 1805. Colonel Archibald Henderson, fifth Commandant, who lived there 39 years, forgot it was government property and solemnly willed it to his son.

In such an atmosphere the Corps becomes, to a likely recruit, a sort of religion. For, more than any other U. S. fighting man, the Marine is a professional. Much of the Corps' fighting has been done while the nation was at peace. Without the spur of wartime patriotism and public applause, Marines have gone thirsty and lousy, won medals, died. Since 1775 the Corps has served from Sumatra (against pirates in 1832) to Ethiopia (1903); from the Falkland Islands off South America's southern tip (1831) to the Bering Sea (1891). Marines fought under hell-and-brimstone American sea captains in the Revolution, marched under Washington at Trenton. They stood fast alongside Navy seamen at Bladensburg under Commodore Joshua Barney, great-great-grandfather of General Holcomb, when the militia broke and left Washington open to British raiders. They stormed into Mexico City with Army infantry commanded by a young lieutenant named U. S. Grant. There a Marine officer scribbled the first verse of the Corps' song: "From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli."

Marines went to Japan with Perry in 1854, they fought with Farragut at New Orleans, and were scrapping until the ship went down when the new Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* sank the old windjammer *Cumberland*. The report of Private Bill Anthony to his captain on the

Maine in Havana harbor is a Marine classic: "Sir, I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

Marines were in action with Dewey at Manila Bay. They fought against the Boxers at Tientsin and Peking, against Moros in the Philippines, and "intervened" again and again in Central America and the Caribbean. In the World War, Marines fired the first U. S. shot — a rifle bullet across the bow of a German cutter in the harbor of Guam. That war raised the Corps' strength to 75,101 and put into front-line service 8211 Marines, who won more than 2500 medals and suffered casualties of 108 per cent (made up by replacements).

Today the Corps is girding itself for what may come. It has its eye peeled particularly for the Caribbean. For swift thrusts into troubled areas, two streamlined divisions have been organized; each with three regiments of heavily armed infantry, three battalions of 75-mm. pack howitzers, one of 155s, and 72 tanks. The Marines' fastest conveyances will be six

Navy destroyers refitted to crowd 200 men below decks. This fleet will swiftly transport a force patterned on the German combat teams — 1000 men with rapid-fire infantry weapons, artillery, tanks, engineer equipment.

If trouble breaks out elsewhere, Marines are just as likely to be on the job first. From General Holcomb's office the strings of command reach out into far places — to legion guards at Tientsin and Peking, to an aviation detachment in the Virgin Islands, to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, to detachments aboard the Navy's fighting ships. But the tempo of headquarters, even in the midst of current expansion, is unhurried.

Some Army officers say the Corps functions smoothly because it has the finest noncoms in the world, that officers seldom have to worry about details. Marines say it is because the Corps has been built to be prepared for anything, to get there first with the most fire-power, and at all times to have the situation well in hand.

Ponderables

¶ *Women are wiser than men because they know less and understand more.*

— James Stephens

¶ *No man who is in a hurry is quite civilized.* — Will Durant

¶ *I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.*

— Henry D. Thoreau

¶ How the load of national defense is being adjusted to make best use of available skills and to absorb the unemployed

Our Manpower and Mr. Hillman

Condensed from *Fortune*

IT IS conservatively estimated that 5,000,000 more men than are now employed will be needed on our defense program by Easter 1942. Two thirds of the men needed must be skilled or semiskilled workmen. The biggest labor job ever faced in America is to see that these trained men are available as fast as they are needed, and where they are needed.

That job is being handled by Sidney Hillman, head of the labor division of the National Defense Advisory Commission. He says that it can be done — and done on schedule. "There is not a serious labor shortage now in any skill in any industry," he asserts, "and there never need be a shortage in the future. With proper planning, with industry and labor and government offices collaborating closely, as they are doing right now, we can keep at least a month ahead of the demand in any locality."

There are employers who say he is not telling the truth — that there is already a shortage of tool designers, toolmakers, lens grinders and draftsmen. That is so, in the sense that industry cannot find as many operators as it wants. But Mr. Hillman says that industry can

get along with what it has, if it plans ahead and follows the Commission's program.

There are 900,000 unemployed skilled men, ready and qualified to go to work at once on defense contracts. There are many, perhaps hundreds of thousands of once skilled men forced by depression into unskilled jobs — machinists working in filling stations, say — who require only short refresher training to fit them for their old places. Then come the men being trained in industry itself for better jobs. The lowest level of skill includes the 2,000,000 young people in vocational schools and the million-odd in NYA and the CCC.

Part of Sidney Hillman's task is to see that the reservoir of skilled men is filled from below as fast as the demands of the defense program draw them off the top.

Old style apprenticeship in industry is an important source of all-round mechanics, but it takes three years or more. Therefore Mr. Hillman must rely heavily on the "pumping" process — particularly the training-in-industry system — to make up for the drain on the top compartments. Vocational school curriculums and NYA work projects

are now geared to the specific needs of industry in each area. The school head consults plant management on the kinds of jobs to be filled and the specific operations to be taught. Sometimes prospective students are sent first to employment managers, to make sure that they will be acceptable for character, temperament and physique, before starting a 200-hour school course. Often a factory lends its supervisors as teachers. Sometimes a school is set up within the factory itself. In nearly all instances the school graduates are hired as fast as they are turned out, and put to work on the identical operation — drilling, grinding, boring or the like — which they left off in school.

Even before the defense program was under way, Connecticut, locale of big aircraft, tool and firearm companies, had a job-training program going. It grew out of an unemployment study ordered by Governor Raymond E. Baldwin early in 1939.

Local committees, often including representatives of labor as well as industry, were set up in each industrial town to canvass each factory on its possible labor needs for the next few months. Rosters of unemployed were double-checked, name by name. Arrangements were made to use trade schools at night, often with machines and teachers contributed by local industry. A selected group of unemployed were put through a 200-hour course,

working eight hours a night for five weeks, from which they were routed directly into jobs.

There are now 18 such night schools in operation, and between April 1939 and September 1940 they delivered some 5000 selected unemployed into skilled jobs. With federal aid, they are now turning out trained recruits at the rate of 1500 every five weeks.

Once the graduates of the training courses are on the job, a process called "upgrading" takes place: that is, a worker is urged to learn the next and more difficult operation in his specialty so he can be stepped up as soon as possible. Carried all the way up the line, the process reaches the highly skilled mechanic at the top — and here its benefits become obvious. To illustrate, suppose a master craftsman normally spends all his time at one lathe, milling a brass tube to a tolerance of .0001 inch. With upgrading, he acts as supervisor while understudies at several lathes bring tubes down within, say, .0003 inch. From that point, where rare skill is required, the oldster takes over and puts the final touches on each tube. As new workers gain skill they may be moved up from working on parts worth \$3 or \$4 to parts where the damage they may do is as much as \$900.

Before the present emergency this procedure was practiced by fast-growing industries like aircraft. But it is unknown in many indus-

tries, and upon its success depends the fulfillment of Hillman's statement that shortages of skilled labor can be circumvented.

The Labor Commissioner has another strategy: to carry the job to the area where the trained men are, or will be by the time they are needed. This tends to prevent the "stealing" of workers by employers and consequent upbidding of wages in certain areas. It prevents needless migration of labor into crowded centers. And it dovetails with the broad defense strategy of decentralizing vital industry.

For example, the Army, in line with the decentralization plan, wanted a new explosives plant safely inland. The War Department first chose a site in Ohio. However Hillman's division, which must approve any new location of industry for defense production, pointed out that the farm population in the proposed neighborhood was too prosperous to offer a supply of labor, and therefore the plant would compete in nearby metropolitan labor pools already under heavy drain. Consequently the Commission hunted for rural sites with considerable unemployment. Before the plant (probably to be in Kansas) is finished, NYA projects and vocational courses will be set up in the vicinity to train the unemployed for the specific jobs they will perform.

All this requires gigantic planning and coördination. To accomplish it, Hillman has a staff of fewer than

50, but he draws freely on other government agencies. The Department of Labor lent him brilliant Isador Lubin, economist, to interpret defense contracts in terms of future labor requirements. The U. S. Employment Service is making an inventory, by occupation and experience, of some 5,700,000 unemployed, registered at 1500 public employment offices spotted all over the country.* A federal committee is helping set up apprenticeship agreements in industries where apprenticeships had been stifled throughout the depression.

Through a labor policy committee, six each from CIO and AFL, and four from the railroad brotherhoods, Hillman can get the instantaneous ear of organized labor. Through the Defense Commission's prestige, he is able to get men like Owen D. Young, Channing Dooley of Socony-Vacuum and Walter Dietz of Western Electric to work with him. They, in turn, are able to influence management to agree to new standards of factory training.

To head such an organization is job enough to awe any man, but Hillman's equipment as a labor administrator is equal to the task. An immigrant from Lithuania, he started life in America in 1907 as a garment cutter, earning \$6 for a 54-hour week. In a great strike three years later, he emerged at the age of 23 not only as virtual leader of the strikers but as exponent of a then

radically novel technique in labor relations — a committee of workers and employes, with an impartial chairman, to arbitrate grievances — which became a design for peace in the fierce junglelike garment industry.

Since then, while building the Amalgamated Clothing Workers into one of the most powerful, peaceful and intelligent of unions, he has repeatedly made practical use of his business wisdom. His union has, on occasion, even lent manufacturers money to help them keep their plants running. For such shoulder-rubbing with business, Hillman has suffered attack from within labor's ranks as a betrayer of his class, but he refuses to be influenced by hide-bound social theories as long as he can see labor improving its condition here and now. In the early days he beat off attempts to pull the garment workers into the IWW. In recent years he has become the implacable foe of the left-wing, communist elements in the CIO, of which he is a vice-president.

"Labor must be industry-conscious," Hillman says, by which he means it must gauge its demands to what an *efficiently managed* industry can afford to give. This critical understanding of industry's own problem is his first great qualification for his job. Second is his belief in negotiation. "One is more likely to get concessions while on speaking and bargaining terms," he says. "Once a fight is on, there develops

the desire to win even though victory may mean ultimate defeat for both sides."

Although Hillman lacks legal authority to settle disputes, he is expected to keep labor in defense industries on the job. One Saturday last August, a 10-day truce having expired in a wage dispute with the management, 7000 Boeing aircraft workers met on Seattle's Civic Field to decide whether to strike on Monday. There one of the union leaders read them a telegram: "To preserve continuance of production of material vital to national defense it is essential that there should be no interruption of work at the Boeing Aircraft Co." There followed a suggested basis for conciliation, then: "I urge acceptance of this proposal by both the workers and the management." It was signed by Sidney Hillman.

A similar telegram endorsed by William S. Knudsen had been sent to the Boeing management the same day at Hillman's request. Labor voted against the strike and agreed to negotiation. After three weeks a contract was signed which the Aeronautical Mechanics' Union, Local 751, AFL, considers the best in the virtually unorganized aircraft industry.

Thus Mr. Hillman, in tackling a labor dispute, not only can appeal to labor in its own language but also can ask men like William Knudsen to talk to management in *its* language. With these facilities,

strikes have been averted in the Aluminum Co. of America, in Pacific Coast shipping, Montana copper, and General Motors.

These strikeless settlements were not all victories for labor. For rank-and-file labor seems determined not to be the first to win public disapproval by holding up the defense program.

The chief danger comes from internecine strife between John L. Lewis' left-wing faction of the CIO and the rest of organized labor and

here Mr. Hillman is still sitting on a powder keg.

Meanwhile, "There's nothing we need that we can't have," says Mr. Hillman. This is Mr. Hillman's way of saying that the machinery of labor mobilization is all there, waiting only to be used intelligently. Moreover he feels that many provisions of the program, especially those related to decentralization of industry and to vocational training, will survive as permanent features of the industrial system.

Illustrative Anecdotes—41—

A TRAVELER on the Milwaukee Railroad was giving the dining-car waiter his order. "And for dessert," he said, "I'll have some plum pudding and coffee."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter. "We don't have any plum pudding."

"What!" cried the passenger. "You don't have plum pudding? That's absurd. My man, I am one of your biggest customers. I ship hundreds of carloads of freight every month. And once, once! — when I travel on your line I can't get what I want to eat. I'll take this up with the management. I'll go to the top."

The steward, interceding, called the waiter aside. "When we stop in Milwaukee in a few minutes," he said, "we'll get a plum pudding. Tell the chef to make hard sauce and serve some of that good brandy with it." It was done. Just out of Milwaukee the waiter reappeared at the customer's side, smiling proudly.

"Well, sir," he said, "I'm happy to tell you that we have the plum pudding, and the chef has been working all the way on the sauce. He hopes you'll like it. And with it, with the compliments of the line, we would like to serve you this 50-year-old brandy."

The waiter paused for the expected result. The customer paused, too, to digest this new development. Then he threw his napkin on the table with a gesture of fiery defiance.

"The hell with it!" he said. "I'd rather be mad."

— *Chicago Daily News*

❊ A sensational new plan to add life-giving vitamins to ordinary white flour will bring increased health and strength to our people

Supercharged Flour—An Epochal Advance

By Paul de Kruif

Author of "Microbe Hunters," "Men Against Death," etc.

A FEW WEEKS AGO there took place in Chicago a historic off-the-record meeting, which it was my privilege to attend, to make plans for correcting one of the most costly mistakes in the human chronicle. At this meeting were the head men of the milling, baking and chemical industries, vitamin-hunting scientists, famine-fighting physicians, government experts. Their common purpose was to find ways and means of restoring to American flour, American bread, the life-giving substances which the staff of life once contained — and more besides. They agreed that it can be done, and that it will be done in the very near future.

Though presided over by Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, and M. L. Wilson, Under Secretary of Agriculture, the conference was not called by the government. No punitive federal agency pounded the table, telling industry to do this, do that — or else. It was voluntary, called by the millers themselves, acting through the Millers National Federation.

Next to fire's taming, wheat may be called man's most fundamental

discovery. Bread from wheat raised man above his brother brutes, changed him from hunter to farmer. So it was, until the coming of the age of power, less than 100 years ago. Man harnessed power to his new roller mills and ground a super-flour. But along with the mechanical discovery came disaster.

This new machine-science transformed bread that had once been dark and coarse and strong to bread that was pure and white and dainty. The whiter it was the better man liked it. It became the staple food for one third of all the people in the world.

But this super-milling scalped the life from the wheat grain. Man kept for himself wheat's whiteness, its starch, its calories, and fed the husks, the germ, the life, to swine. But his body could not use these calories without the vitamins in the husk and germ he had discarded. So today our pure white flour has lost all but a fraction of the thiamin, the riboflavin, the nicotinic acid that were the secret of bread's strength. In vitamins, one slice of the whole-wheat bread of our forefathers was worth five slices of the bread most of us eat today. Not

only was flour devitalized, but sugars and fats were refined, and as a result a large portion of the total calories of even an abundant American diet are now deficient in the three necessary B-vitamins. To listen to some food-faddists, whole-wheat crackpots, you'd think our millers were murderers in disguise. This is as unjust as it is stupid: the millers milled the life out of wheat 50 years before science knew that life was there! Only in the last few years have our scientists learned better. And the millers have learned with them.

We now know that for lack of vitamins many millions of Americans, high and low, are suffering from aches, pains, weariness, neurones, and all the other complex symptoms of chemical hunger. The wisest vitamin hunters and famine fighters agree that white flour, which furnishes one fourth of all the calories eaten by the American population, should bear part of this responsibility. So what to do?

Four years ago we had no answer. There were vitamins in other foods — but a huge slice of the population could not afford them in sufficient quantity. Bread, the cheapest and most universal of all, was lacking in vitamins. Then, in 1936, chemist R. R. Williams of the Bell Telephone Laboratories made pure thiamin out of coal tar. And now, thanks to chemistry, our famine fighters find themselves armed with thiamin, and nicotinic

acid, and riboflavin — all the "lost life of the discarded husks and germ of wheat, in crystals.

Crystals of thiamin were ready for the strange experiment of Dr. Russell M. Wilder, Dr. R. D. Williams, and their co-workers at the Mayo Clinic. In December 1939, to six healthy women the experimenters began to feed a diet generous in all key life chemicals —

Excepting thiamin. And as days of the experiment stretched to weeks, the natural good cheer of these women turned to sadness and discouragement. They complained of sudden spells of giddiness. They developed backaches and sore muscles. They hardly slept. Finally, they refused to eat the tempting food set before them. They couldn't think, or quite remember. Then they began to vomit the little they could bring themselves to eat. Eighty-eight days the test lasted.

Then a tiny shot of thiamin from a syringe. "Improvement observable in every case in a few hours . . . vomiting ceased; food eaten without urging; fatigue vanished."

Thus the report of the Mayo doctors. So Wilder's men proved one exact chemical difference — between mental fogginess and alertness, between human up-and-at-'em and despair. Last July, for a people threatened with invasion and subjected to terrific air bombardment, the British government planned to fortify white flour with crystalline thiamin. For the first

time in history, the government of a great country recognized the necessity of supplying vitamins as well as bulk food for the whole population. That is a beginning, of which this American plan, adopted voluntarily by manufacturers, will be a magnificent culmination. For there are other chemical deficiencies rampant among our people. They result from living on refined fats, carbohydrates, milled cereals. They can be made up by invisibly small amounts of riboflavin and nicotinic acid.

But how to get these three precious chemicals into the food of one hundred and thirty millions? This autumn the Millers National Federation recommended vitamin flour to correct our nation's nutritional deficiencies.

But can the millers deliver? Only last April Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, Director of Research for General Mills, reluctantly said that this great public health step was impractical. Because of the prohibitive cost of pure thiamin. . . .

The production of the first gram of pure thiamin — a mere thirtieth of an ounce — occurred only four years ago, and was a terrifically complicated chemical process. The first commercially quoted price of this key life chemical was \$700 a gram. But, just as the millers rose to the challenge of the physicians, so in turn the chemical industry rose to the challenge of the millers.

A gram is now to be had for 98 cents. And when chemical industry swings into mass production, it is predicted that the cost will drop to 12 cents. Taken in tiny daily doses, a gram is an average person's supply of thiamin for a whole year.

Nicotinic acid, dirt cheap, presents no price problem. In three or four months, probably riboflavin will be produced in volume. Eventually, when industry goes into mass production, these three life chemicals will be added to flour at no additional cost to the consumer.

Ever since that momentous meeting, the nation's leading nutrition experts have been working day and night to determine what should go into a vitamized flour. They have now arrived at a decision. And here's the exciting, epoch-making news for American health: the supercharged flour of tomorrow will not only restore to bread the chemicals hitherto milled out, but will carry an extra ration to help allay our hidden vitamin-hunger.

Bread will again become, in truth, the staff of life; will correct, gradually, the symptoms of chronic famine. It will make children grow as God meant them to, help men and women work and not be afraid. It will do its part to step up the level of life of mankind. I think it's not too much to say that this vitamizing of our flour is the greatest single stroke, for human health, attempted in our generation.

Mother Nature's Brother

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

J. Bryan III

THE AUTHOR'S name was unknown — Thornton Waldo Burgess. The title, *Old Mother West Wind*, didn't have much "pull." So the idea, a children's book of stories based on his knowledge of animals, was doubly risky. Still, the book sold well enough for the publishers to ask for a second.

"Sorry," said Burgess. "I haven't got another animal story in me."

That was in 1910. But a few weeks ago a score of newspapers printed Burgess' 9000th animal story. His 56 books, mostly collections of syndicated stories, have sold more than 5,000,000 copies. They have made Peter Rabbit, Buster Bear, Grandfather Frog and a hundred other Burgess characters as familiar as household pets. They have been a powerful factor in the conservation of America's wild life, and they have taught children as much nature lore as schools, museums and zoos. In presenting him with the medal of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, Dr. William T. Hornaday, Director of the N. Y. Zoological Society, said: "Any man who can find his way into the hearts of a million children is a genius. If he carries a message of truth he is a benefactor. Thornton W. Burgess is both."

From his tousled hair and weather-beaten face to his moccasins and dust-draggled trousers, Burgess looks the part of a naturalist, and fits the pattern that his young adorers have cut for him. Someone has said, "If the children of America could elect the President, it would be Burgess." They have already elected him their uncle-at-large. They write to him intimately and affectionately, asking advice about their pets, reporting their experiences in the woods and fields, bringing him their troubles. Letters often come to him addressed simply "Thornton W. Burgess, Peter Rabbit's Godfather, U. S. A."

Almost every mail brings him stories like this one from a grateful mother: Her young son had refused to sleep with his window open. One night she read him about Jerry Muskrat, who always left air-holes in the roof of his house. Thereafter the child refused to have his window closed. Or this: A little girl was afraid of the dark until she read how Timmy the Flying Squirrel and Whitefoot the Woodmouse, two of the shyest animals, came out at night because there was less to be afraid of then.

When his telephone rings, Burgess knows that there is a 50-50

chance the caller will be an utter stranger, asking what to feed a young porcupine or how big to make a wren's house. There's hardly a week when some founding bird or animal is not left on his doorstep. He has sat up a whole night with a neighbor's boy, trying to thaw a frozen robin. A tremulous minister called him long distance one midnight for advice on how to release a skunk caught in a cellar rat-trap.

Burgess told him, "Jimmy Skunk's a gentleman. Speak to him softly, move slowly, pick him up by the tail, and pry the trap open. He'll know you're trying to help him and won't bother you." Jimmy didn't.

A recent story about Jimmy Skunk — "always ready, but armed for defense, not offense —" was pure propaganda for national preparedness. For the most part, however, Burgess propagandizes for such personal virtues as kindness, generosity, and courage. "In the old-time story," he says, "the moral was pointed at the reader. In these animal stories, the moral is pointed at the characters. That's why children don't resent them."

Burgess knows his zoology, too. He knows the color of a heron's eyes, and that certain deer will eat trout. Each of his stories is based on some fact in the habits, character or appearance of an animal. Everything is translated in language that children can understand and remember.

"When I say I have a friend," Burgess explains, "the homeliest fellow that I know, and his tongue is put in backwards, and when he wants a drink he absorbs it through his skin, and he sings with his mouth closed, and he is covered with warts, children know I'm talking about a toad, and they watch toads with new interest instead of killing them."

Burgess always refers to animals by the names he has given them — Jimmy Skunk, Bobby Coon, Danny Meadow Mouse, Sammy Jay, and so on. Instead of writing, "A rabbit has a white tail," he puts it more vividly: "Peter Rabbit has a white patch on the seat of his britches." This trick of personalizing animals endears them to children. Farm boys have given up trapping after reading his stories about Jerry Muskrat and Billy Mink. Once a man who loved to hunt told Burgess that he had come home from a day in the field and was taking a rabbit from his pocket when his five-year-old daughter burst into tears.

"Why, daddy!" she sobbed. "You've killed Peter Rabbit!"

"That ended my hunting," the father told Burgess. "I don't want her ever to look at me that way again."

Burgess himself would as soon shoot a baby as shoot a rabbit, but he is by no means a zealot. His conservation campaigns are not directed against legitimate hunt-

ing, but against hoggishness and waste. During the World War he urged children to do their bit by getting landowners to pledge acreage as bird sanctuaries — "The birds destroy the insects that eat the food we need. Help the birds!" Before the war was over, children in the United States and Canada had helped establish 10,000 sanctuaries — farms on which all hunting was forbidden — totaling 6,000,000 acres.

Money was scarce in Burgess' boyhood; amusements were few. Whatever time he could borrow from his chores he spent in the fields or on the beach. The book of nature was hard to read at first, but at least it was free. Soon he learned to love it, although the love was mixed with envy. Years later, remembering the buoyant gulls and the carefree rabbits, he said, "I often wished in those days that I was one of them."

After a succession of odd jobs — bookkeeper, calendar salesman, writer of advertisements in verse, Burgess became a reporter, then an editor, and on the side a prolific producer of everything literary from limericks to primers for brides. Every spare hour he spent rambling in the woods. His vacations were camping trips; he bought all the books on natural history that he could afford. However, he might

never have found his true calling, the writing of nature stories, but for two misfortunes. In 1906 his wife died, leaving him an infant son. And the magazine he was editing was sold, leaving him without a job.

Each night at bedtime Burgess used to tell the boy a story about animals. The child enjoyed them so much that when he was sent to Chicago for a month's visit, he made his father promise to send him a new story or a poem every day. Burgess kept his promise. He also kept copies, and some of them were printed in magazines. A Boston publisher saw them and asked for others. The result was *Old Mother West Wind*, first of the series that has made Burgess' name beloved by children the world over. Later he submitted other stories to the syndicate Associated Newspapers, and got a six months' contract. The first story appeared in 1912 under the title, *Little Stories for Bedtime*. One has appeared every weekday since, without a break — a total of 10,000,000 words.

Burgess lives quietly at Springfield, Mass., in a house full of nature books, with a lawn full of birdhouses. He is looking forward to writing his 10,000th story. That will indeed be a record. But the record for instructing and inspiring children he already holds.

Three Stockings

Condensed from "Mrs. Miniver"

Jan Struther

HOWEVER MUCH one groaned about it beforehand, however much one hated arranging decorations and doing up parcels and ordering several days' meals in advance — when it actually happened Christmas Day was always fun.

It began in the same way every year: the handle of Mrs. Miniver's bedroom door being turned just loudly enough to wake her up, but softly enough not to count as waking her up on purpose; Toby glimmering like a moth in the dark doorway, clutching a nobbly Christmas stocking in one hand and holding up his pajama trousers with the other.

"Toby! It's only six o'clock!"

"But, Mummy, I can't tell the time." He was barefoot and shivering, and his eyes were like stars.

"Come here and get warm, you

little goat." He was into her bed like a flash, stocking and all. The tail of a clockwork dog scratched her shoulder. A few minutes later another head appeared round the door, a little higher up.

"Judy, darling, it's *too* early, honestly."

"I know, but I heard Toby come in, so I knew you must be awake."

"All right, you can come into bed, but you've got to keep quiet. Daddy's still asleep."

And then a third head, higher up still, and Vin's deeper voice.

"I say, are the others in here? I thought I heard them."

He curled himself up on the foot of his father's bed. And by that time, of course, Mr. Miniver was awake, too. The old transparent stratagem had worked to perfection once more: there was nothing for it but to switch on the lights, shut the windows, and admit that Christmas Day had definitely begun.

The three right hands — Vin's strong and broad, Judy's thin and flexible, Toby's still a starfish — plunged in and out of the three distorted stockings, until there was nothing left but the time-hallowed tangerine in the toe. Their methods

Mrs. Miniver is an outstanding best-seller here and in England. "This book is the testament of a happy woman," says Christopher Morley. "If you don't love and relish *Mrs. Miniver* you are not a connoisseur of human beings."

Like the heroine of her book, Jan Struther is a gently reared British lady with a husband, three children, and a sense of humor.

were as different as their hands. Vin examined each object carefully before he went on to the next. Judy, talking the whole time, pulled all her treasures out in a heap, took a quick glance at them and went straight for the one she liked best. Toby pulled all his out, too, but he arranged them in a neat pattern on the quilt and looked at them for a long time in complete silence. Then he picked up one of them — a big glass marble with colored squirls inside — and put it by itself a little way off. After that he played with the other toys, appreciatively enough; but from time to time his eyes would stray toward the glass marble, as though to make sure it was still waiting for him.

Mrs. Miniver watched him with a mixture of delight and misgiving. It was her own favorite approach to life: but the trouble was that sometimes the marble rolled away.

To the banquet of real presents which was waiting downstairs, the stocking toys, of course, were only an appetizer; but they had a special and exciting quality of their own. Perhaps it was the atmosphere in which they were opened — the chill, the black windowpanes, the unfamiliar hour; or perhaps it was merely that the spell of the old Santa Claus legend still persisted.

There were crosscurrents of pleasure, too: smiling glances exchanged by Mrs. Miniver and Vin about the two younger children (she remembered suddenly, having been an

eldest child, the unsurpassable sense of grandeur that such glances gave one); and by her and Mr. Miniver, because they were both grownups; and by her and Judy, because they were both women; and by her and Toby, because they were both the kind that leaves the glass marble till the end. The room was laced with an invisible network of affectionate understanding.

This was one of the moments, thought Mrs. Miniver, which paid off at a single stroke all the accumulations on the debit side of parenthood: the morning sickness and the quite astonishing pain; the baby carriage in the hallway, the cold mulish glint in the cook's eye; the pungent white mice, the shriveled caterpillars; the plasticine on the doorknobs, the nameless horrors down the crevices of armchairs; the swallowed button, the inexplicable earache, the ominous rash appearing on the eve of a journey; the school bills and the dentists' bills; the shortened step, the tempered pace, the emotional compromises, the divided loyalties, the adventures continually forsworn.

And now Vin was eating his tangerine; Judy had undressed the favorite doll and was putting on its frock again back to front; Toby was turning the glass marble round and round against the light, trying to count the squirls. There were sounds of movement in the house. Yes, Christmas Day had come again.

BOOK SECTION



WINSTON CHURCHILL

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

RENÉ KRAUS

THE extraordinary career of England's supreme war leader, Winston Churchill, has been full of curious contrast. Half American, he is the most English of Englishmen; a scion of the Dukes of Marlborough, he is a great commoner; one of the last of the Victorians, he has often seemed ahead of his times.

It has been his fate to carry the weight of England's effort in two world wars. The story of the remarkable period of Churchill's life which includes these conflicts is herewith condensed from René Kraus's sparkling biography.

("A Roving Commission," Churchill's own brilliant account of his early life, appeared in the July 1940 issue of *The Reader's Digest*.)

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WINSTON CHURCHILL

ONE DAY in October 1911, Prime Minister Asquith invited his 37-year-old Home Secretary, Winston Churchill, to a momentous secret rendezvous in Scotland. The two gentlemen played golf. On the way home the Prime Minister suddenly asked: "Did you ever hear the word *Weltraumpolitik*?"

Churchill confessed that he had not, and Mr. Asquith explained what *Weltraumpolitik* meant. Fundamentally it was the same thing that the Nazis today call *Lebensraum*, living-space. The Prime Minister had a wealth of documents to prove beyond question that Germany was planning to attack England. "We have only the navy," he said. "It is our only hope."

Churchill jumped. This white-haired old gentleman knew that England was on the brink of the abyss — and he played golf! And the navy went on rusting in peace!

Quietly Asquith asked, "Would you like to go to the Admiralty?"

"Indeed I would," replied Churchill equally quietly.

At that time England was in the process of losing the naval suprem-

acy which was the basis of her existence, for Germany had for some years been steadily outbuilding her. The moderate naval policy of the English Liberal Government had played into the hands of pan-Germanism. "They are an overcivilized and pacifist society," grinned Admiral von Tirpitz. "That's quite all right with us. Let the virile race advance to the place of the effete."

Churchill was highly thought of in Berlin. Not without reason, they considered him and Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the leading exponents of decadent English pacifism. Had he not, in recent elections, strenuously opposed even a modest increase in battleship building? Was it not he who had said, "No real antagonism exists between England and Germany"? Hence when his appointment to the Admiralty was announced, Berlin rubbed its hands. Against such a dilettante the rapidly growing German fleet would certainly have easy sailing!

Berlin could have made no greater error. The shameless joy with which England's enemies welcomed Winston Churchill was but

a spur to him to summon all his powers. With relentless energy he set out "to put the fleet into a state of instant readiness." His new broom swept clean the antiquated Admiralty. He passed over the four or five most important senior Admirals, and made Rear Admiral Beatty, the youngest flag officer, who was full of modern ideas and consequently disliked by the entire navy, his Naval Secretary. Throughout the navy young officers were promoted to the most responsible jobs.

For advice Churchill sought out Lord Fisher, the wise and dynamic retired Admiral, who was responsible for such radical changes as the introduction of the submarine and the "all-big-gun-ship," and who was generally honored as "the father of the navy." With fiery zeal Fisher plunged into the discussion of Churchill's program for the reorganization of the fleet. To complete the changes they planned ordinarily would have required 15 years. But both Churchill and Fisher realized that time was desperately short. Complete secrecy, too, was necessary. For, though the government now knew that war was virtually inevitable, so long as the faintest chance of peace remained, it refused to tell the British nation how serious the situation was lest the public displeasure bar further conciliation. As a result of this attitude of Prime Minister Asquith, supported by his Chancel-

lor, Lloyd George, the British nation was neither intellectually nor morally prepared for war when it came. For the first time England was going through the disastrous process of appeasement.

Churchill at the Admiralty was the one worst hindered by the necessity for secrecy, by the impossibility of appealing for popular support. Within his department he strained every resource. He ordained a state of constant readiness for war, even ordering the Sea Lords, in turn, to sleep in the Admiralty building. But he could scarcely talk of these measures even to his chief.

The highly moral Asquith felt extremely ill at ease in the role of conspirator. Nor did he approve of the way Churchill flung himself into his new "hobby" — the air arm, then in its infancy. For Winston Churchill was the founder of the English air arm; it is one of his most momentous achievements.

In 1911, when he took over the Admiralty, the Royal Navy had about half a dozen airplanes, and perhaps the same number of pilots. Everything else had to be pioneered. But from the very beginning he believed that a new fighting arm was coming to birth here, and he resolved to develop it by every means in his power.

He himself flew both as an example to his young officers, and to gain an exact knowledge of naval flying. At least so he said in defending him-

self to his unenthusiastic fellow Cabinet members. But as a matter of fact the thrill of danger was what counted. In those days every flight was a gamble with death. One day Churchill took a prolonged flight in a seaplane of an experimental type. Immediately afterward — he had just gone aboard the Admiralty yacht — the machine nose-dived with three officers, all of whom were killed. Undaunted, he continued to court the winged death through all the years of the airplane's development, and few men (with the possible exception of stunt fliers) have been in so many crashes. Even today, though he no longer sits at the controls, the airplane is still his natural means of travel.

At this time financial worries assailed him. For a year he could not occupy his official residence simply because he could not raise the money to move. Yet he did not let such problems trouble him. Winston Churchill was no longer his own man. He was driven by the urgency of England's need; his vast program for modernizing the navy must be rushed with all haste.

His first important measure was the shift of the navy from coal to oil fuel, considerably increasing the ships' cruising radius. Oil was the navy's new lifeblood. Churchill became positively lyrical in talking of its importance. A quarter century later the second world war, waged more with oil than with bullets,

proved him overwhelmingly right. At the same time Churchill secretly replaced the 13.5-inch guns with 15-inch guns in building five new dreadnoughts. This was a breathtaking gamble, for in the interest of both secrecy and economy of time he acted without ever making a trial gun. If the guns had shaken the ships apart, the whole blame would have fallen on the First Lord, and the fleet would have been instantly jeopardized. Churchill — literally — stuck to his guns, and the experiment succeeded. The superior firing power of the new dreadnoughts considerably strengthened British naval supremacy in its hour of trial.

For 1913 Churchill's watchword was that all the forces of the navy must be made ready for the supreme effort in the following 12 months. In a speech early in November 1913, he added prophetically: "The national safety demands also the best possible measures for aerial defense." He spoke a quarter of a century too soon. Not a soul cared for aerial defense. Count Zeppelin at that time was regarded merely as a German eccentric. The public took the sedate interest that the national defense required from a nation of cricket-players but refused to understand the fundamental emergency. It was a gay, lighthearted time, that winter of early 1914.

But Churchill was in deadly earnest. In the summer of 1914 he dis-

performed with the usual naval maneuvers. Instead, he tested plans for full-fledged mobilization. The navy passed in review before His Majesty the King on July 18, 1914; 70,000 officers and men in 200 ships steaming 15 knots passed the saluting point in the course of six hours. It constituted incomparably the greatest assemblage of naval power ever witnessed.

The following Thursday during a Cabinet meeting, which was devoted almost exclusively to Irish unrest, a messenger from the Foreign Office brought a note to the Prime Minister. Quietly Asquith read out to his colleagues the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. The curtain was going up on the tragedy.

On July 27 Churchill warned the commanders that hostilities might begin at any moment. Two days later he dispatched a telegram directing the fleet to sail secretly to its war stations, lest it be bottled up in the Channel or exposed to a surprise attack.

During those feverish days Asquith's government had one last attack of jitters. On August 1 it vetoed Churchill's plan to call out the naval reserves immediately. But learning that Germany had declared war on Russia, the First Lord simply acted over the veto, and mobilized the total force of the navy. Hence, on August 4, five minutes after receiving the order, "Commence hostilities at

once against Germany," the vessels were on their way.

Ten months later, after the Dardanelles fiasco, Churchill was cleaning out his desk drawers at the Admiralty to make way for his successor. He was a broken man, despairing of life. And then the door opened and the great Kitchener came in with an embarrassed smile on his tanned face. He shook hands with Churchill, and said: "There is one thing they cannot take away from you; the fleet was ready!"

FROM THE FIRST Churchill was considered the leader of the war party in the Cabinet. He alone, for instance, demanded immediate conscription — a difficult step which the government could not make up its mind to take until much later. But he also itched to get into the fighting himself. When the Germans began to bombard Antwerp on September 28, 1914, he dashed to the rescue with the Royal Naval Division, and — two days after his arrival — actually cabled his resignation from the Admiralty so that he could continue in the fighting till the end. But Mr. Asquith decided that he was too important at the center of the war, and refused Churchill's resignation.

After the German drive on Paris had been stopped at the Marne, and the war had settled down to a

costly stalemate on the Western Front, it was Churchill who initiated the Dardanelles adventure. It was the tragedy of his life.

He believed that if the navy could force the Dardanelles and control the Black Sea, it would be possible to supply the Russians with Allied ammunition, win Mesopotamia and Palestine, knock out Turkey and Austria, and attack Germany in her undefended rear. His arguments convinced Asquith and Lloyd George. In general London was hopeful. When the Queen Elizabeth, with her new monster 15-inch guns, destroyed nearly all the outer defenses of the Straits on February 15, 1915, and the fleet consequently penetrated for six miles, it seemed as if the game were won. But neither Lord Fisher, who believed that Germany should be attacked through the Baltic, nor Lord Kitchener, who believed that real victory could only be won on the Western Front, had any real enthusiasm for the Gallipoli offensive; and there was other bitter opposition to it.

While the war for Gallipoli was being waged in the London offices even more bitterly than in the Straits themselves, Churchill had a conversation one day with Admiral Murray Sueter, head of the Naval Air Service, Admiral Bacon and Colonel Swinton. They talked about an invention which Leonardo da Vinci had foreseen: a machine that would cut through

the enemy lines like butter. Admiral Sueter proposed some kind of steam roller that would rush through the German trenches; Colonel Swinton laid down definite proposals before the Committee of Imperial Defense.

The Committee could not quite see what to do with these suggestions, so the whole thing was turned over to the Admiralty. Churchill decided that work on the monstrous new weapon should begin at once. He ordered 18 "landships" at a price of £70,000. They were not yet finished when Churchill had to give up the Admiralty, a few months later. His successor, Mr. Arthur Balfour, canceled the orders for these crazy contraptions. He allowed one sample to go through. It was named "Big Willie." In early February of 1916 it made its debut before the King and Mr. Lloyd George.

Big Willie moved slowly and creakingly, only two miles an hour on fairly hard ground. But it embodied the caterpillar tractor — and the rest was merely a matter of construction and evolution. Lloyd George was enthusiastic, and the War Office ordered 150 of these new monsters. They were built secretly, and the meaningless name "tank" was adopted as a blind. Although Churchill, now dismissed from his post, pleaded desperately against revealing the tank until hundreds were ready, the War Office used the first 49

tanks in the battle of Thiepval on September 15, 1916.

The German army was stunned. So were the British lines. It was not until a year later, at Cambrai — by then Churchill was already Minister of Munitions — that the Allies made full use of tanks. It was a decisive weapon in the outcome of the war. Ludendorff attributed Germany's final defeat to "enemy tanks in unexpectedly large numbers." But the suspicion, delay and incredible maladroitness of the government offices nearly spoiled the idea.

But to return to Gallipoli: The troops had barely gained a foothold when three battleships were sunk, and two put out of action. The fleet suffered a complete repulse. No new action could be undertaken in view of the extreme danger of mines.

This defeat was a fearful blow to Churchill, who was held responsible for the adventure and the ensuing failure. But he denied that the failure must necessarily be final. It was a legitimate war gamble, he insisted, and with a cohesive effort at home and a determined, energetic command, Constantinople could still be taken. But Kitchener had now had enough. His attention was concentrated on the Western Front.

Churchill was forced from the Admiralty and condemned to passivity while the storm raged. Those long hours of utterly unwanted

leisure were undoubtedly the most dismal ones of his life. And yet out of them grew spiritual and intellectual salvation. He found refuge in painting.

Till his 40th year Churchill had never had palette and brush in his hand. One Sunday afternoon in the country, he watched his children playing with their box of paints. The following morning he bought a complete outfit for painting in oils.

Like a trespasser, he crept secretly into the park. With the unaccustomed brush in his hand, he gazed into the sky. Blue and white . . . that was the beginning. Bashfully Churchill painted a white spot on the canvas, a very tiny spot, no bigger than a bean. But when he observed that the earth did not open, the heavens were not darkened, and that the canvas did not burst into fragments, he presently began to assault the canvas with a furious cavalry charge. And from that day on painting has been his favorite relaxation and inspiration.

He has not become a modern master, but he is a painter of maturity, distinguished by a strong color sense; his landscapes were soon sought after by dealers and galleries, and sometimes earned an extremely welcome bit of extra income.

Painting restored his inner balance. "It is a delightful amusement," he said. "It would be a

sad pity to shuffle through one's playtime with golf and bridge, when there is close at hand a wonderful new world of art and craft, a sunlit garden gleaming with light and color of which you have the key in your waistcoat pocket."

At length, when he was completely shorn of his influence and usefulness in the government, Churchill, who had always kept his position in the Yeomanry, and was one of the senior majors in the British army, asked to be sent to France.

He stood up in Parliament for the last time. The House indulgently awaited the defense of the man guilty of the disaster of the Dardanelles. The members would not be vindictive with one of their own going under fire. But it was Winston Churchill who consoled Parliament, who yanked it up to its full height again amid the deepest depression of the war's reverses. The speech, one of the greatest in his career, sounded prophetic then: it might have been delivered in 1940.

"There is no reason to be disheartened about the progress of the war. We are passing through a bad time now, and it will probably be worse before it is better. But that it will be better, if we only endure and persevere, I have no doubt whatever. The old wars were decided by their episodes rather than by their tendencies. In this war the

tendencies are far more important than the episodes. Without winning any sensational victory we may win this war. It is not necessary in order to win the war to push the German lines back over all the territory absorbed, or to pierce them. While the German lines extend far beyond their own frontiers and while her flag flies over great capitals and subjected provinces, while all the circumstances of military success attend her armies, Germany may still be defeated. Some of these small states are hypnotized by Germany's military pomp. They see the glitter, they see the episode. But what they do not see is the capacity of the ancient and mighty nations against whom Germany is warring to endure adversity, to put up with disappointment and mismanagement, to renew their strength, to toil on with boundless suffering to the achievement of the greatest cause for which men ever fought."

A storm of enthusiasm swept the House off its feet. It was the voice of England that had spoken.



IN THE AUTUMN of 1915 Sir John French received Major Churchill of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry at his headquarters at the Château of Blondécq. He held out both hands in greeting, as if his guest were not an inferior officer, but still the First Lord who had successfully brought

the troops to the Continent. "What would you like to do, Winston?"

"Whatever I am told."

Sir John French offered him a brigade. Of course Churchill would be proud to take it. But he must learn trench warfare at first hand, and he was assigned to a Guards Division at the front. His new companions were chilly towards him. Politicians were not welcome in the army, Liberal politicians least of all.

The battalion headquarters were in a pulverized farmhouse whose ruins offered little shelter from enemy fire. A small sandbag structure behind the ruined walls was the colonel's headquarters. Here in extreme formality the officers ate their frugal meals of tinned foods and strong tea with condensed milk.

Churchill's personal charm, however, together with his military precision and obvious courage, soon thawed this icy atmosphere. And when he asked permission to sleep out with the soldiers in the trenches instead of at the Battalion Headquarters, he was definitely established. Officially, he explained that he would thus come to know life at the extreme front more quickly; and everyone was sure that he was on fire with heroism. In reality the point was that liquor was served to the soldiers, whereas there was strict abstinence in the officers' mess. And Churchill could not stand the

strong tea with condensed milk.

Death now lay constantly in wait. How Churchill kept escaping it will be talked about as long as there are Scots Fusiliers. One quiet afternoon, a bare week after his arrival at the front, Churchill was sitting in his little sandbagged shelter, writing letters home. An orderly announced: "The Corps Commander wishes to see Major Churchill at four o'clock at Mer-ville. A car will be waiting at the Rouge Croix crossroads at 3:15."

Churchill set off through the rain-plowed, snow-decked forest to the rendezvous. The car did not come. After an hour's wait, Churchill, irritated by his pointless journey, cursed silently and tramped back.

His sergeant received him with a salute: "We have had to shift your kit to another dugout, sir. Five minutes after you left a whizz-bang came in through the roof and blew everything up."

On December 15 Churchill was promoted to the rank of colonel, and took over the command of the 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers. With grim pride he slaved to make his troops into a model battalion and his methods were unorthodox. On one of the first mornings Colonel Churchill assembled his captains. "War is declared, gentlemen," he began, "on the lice!" A formidable scientific lecture on lice followed and then he asked the doctor to form a committee for

their utter extermination. The committee worked wonders. Within three or four days the louse was abolished on that sector. Word of the "liceless" battalion spread throughout the entire army.

Churchill's success in dealing with the rank and file was remarkable. He was the father of his troops. He discussed each individual wound to his men with the doctor, and personally looked out for each wounded man, particularly in trench raids, which he often led himself.

Utterly without fear, and convinced that he led a charmed life, he grew daily more foolhardy. Once when he was called on by two generals, he fed them an excellent meal, and then suggested: "I am sure you would like to see my trenches." A heavy bombardment was going on, but of course they had to agree. The three slunk along the ground; the communication trench was too dangerous. In the front line, the soldiers were amazed to see the two old gentlemen with the colonel tearing their well-cut breeches on the barbed wire, and wallowing in mud. "But this is very dangerous," said one of the generals. The other nodded his silver head gravely.

"Indeed, this is a most dangerous war," Churchill agreed.

His intellectual activity was in no way halted at the front. He read his pocket Shakespeare and amid the hail of bullets discussed

the most intimate events in the House of Commons. Of course he was homesick for the House; but he took care not to show it.

As the days passed it became increasingly difficult to fill the gaps in the Scottish regiments. The front devoured immense numbers of lives daily. Presently Churchill's battalion was merged with another of the same regiment. As Churchill was the junior colonel, he had to give up his command.

Now the voice of England called him back. He yielded to a torrent of demands for his return to take his place in the House. Before he left he gave a farewell dinner to his fellow officers. They expected a thumping good speech from him. But he said just one sentence: "I am grateful for the opportunity to have found out that the young Scot is the most formidable fighting animal."

He took care of the rest with actions. After the war he personally made sure that each of his fellow officers and soldiers found a job. He had made enemies all his life — but not in his old battalion.

The old hands in which the fate of the Empire had rested were trembling terribly now. Churchill set himself to the task of urging a more vigorous — and more cautious — prosecution of the war. He took a strong stand against further dissipation of man power in trying to break through on the Western Front.

In his first public speech after his return to the House he demanded for the first time a separate Air Ministry. Britannia must rule the clouds as well as the waves, or she one day would find herself done for. Most of the members felt that their gallant friend's ideas were getting rather highflying again. But Lloyd George, soon afterward to become Prime Minister, listened with tense interest. He was deeply impressed by Churchill's doctrines of "active defense," of wasting no more lives simply on "killing Germans," but of exterminating the U-boat instead and waiting for American help. On the 16th of July, 1917, Lloyd George offered Churchill the Ministry of Munitions. After 20 months of bitter exile word spread through the House: "Winnie is back."

His ensuing tenure of office at the Ministry of Munitions was probably the happiest time of his life. He was in the midst of battle, his native element, and yet he realized that this battle could no longer be lost. The intervention of the United States had electrified him, and from him the sparks leaped to all those with whom he came in contact. Churchill was immensely proud of being American on his mother's side. And his peculiar sympathy with the American mind, the fact that he had one foot in each camp, was of inestimable value in dealing with the new ally.

Churchill's inventive grasp of the

machinery of the war as well as his immense industry and drive now had full scope. No longer must he squander almost all his gifts to overcome petty opposition. Where he had once had to wrestle for £70,000 for his first tanks, he now demanded thousands of these monsters, which had so successfully withstood their baptism of fire. The whole island became an arsenal working for the Minister of Munitions. But the demands of the fighting forces increased constantly. Their requirements were imperative and apparently insatiable. Four factors limited the output: tonnage, steel, skilled labor, money — in that order.

Many another good man's breath would have come quicker under the burden of these worries. To Churchill each new task was another encouragement. What was this? He must also provide for the demands of the Allies? All the better. The Italians had fired away almost all their ammunition at Caporetto, where they had got such a dreadful beating? Never fear, Churchill would take care of new supplies!

Then came his greatest job: The United States government asked that he equip its growing army in France. And Churchill accepted a contract for \$500,000,000 to supply the whole requirements of the American army in medium artillery, without profit or loss on either side. It was a gentleman's agree-

ment, and it worked perfectly. Never before or since has Anglo-American cordiality reached such a peak.

During these days Churchill used to sleep in his office and for a time he commuted across the Channel. In the morning he would be at his desk in Whitehall, at noon he would take a plane, and two hours later he would be at the British headquarters near Verchocq. He flew over the lines regularly, usually in old, wornout machines, since the new models were needed for service.

A strike of the munition workers was the last hurdle to be taken. Churchill's ever alert instinct sensed that this was not a mere movement for wages, but a form of nervous exhaustion. The very will to resist was at stake. England was in a breath-taking finish, and more than a neck ahead. Could she be allowed to collapse just short of the finish line? Receiving a delegation from the striking munition workers, he gave them an ultimatum: "Work, or go to fight at the front." Thus far munition workers had been exempt from service at the front. Under pressure of this threat they yielded. The strike collapsed.

Churchill's ultimatum roused the passionate hatred of many in the laboring classes. "A traitor to the workers!" the Left now called him. But a few weeks later all the bells were ringing. Winston Churchill, his wife at his side, rode through Whitehall in an open carriage,

among cheering crowds that had just been cursing him. In Downing Street, Lloyd George was waiting for them. Without a word the two men shook hands. Thus they celebrated victory.

Few men went through the first world war at such high tension. What had it not meant to Winston Churchill? The feverish preparation at the Admiralty that was almost a conspiracy; the Hussar assault on Antwerp; the racing hope of Gallipoli and the subsequent tragic disappointment; then the despair that took possession of the ex-minister; the brief, wild joy of fighting in the trenches; the return to power that had to be fought for so fiercely; the demoniac devotion to the tank and the air arm; the countless bitter disputes with exhausted and hopeless leaders; then the elation over America's entry, the 24-hour day in the munitions ministry, the dread of setbacks that came close to catastrophe, the jubilation over momentary successes, finally the struggle with the workers.

It was indeed a superhuman strain, but when it was over Churchill, while vowing never to fight another war, was instantly ready to offer the outstretched hand to fallen Germany. He was the first to demand that the blockade be given up at once, even before peace was signed, and that food ships be sent to Hamburg. Later he summarized his personal philosophy of combat

as follows: "In war, Resolution; in defeat, Defiance; in victory, Magnanimity."



AFTER the war Churchill remained in the Cabinet for three years, first in the War Office and the Air Ministry — holding both portfolios simultaneously — carrying out, in these positions the formidable organizational task of demobilization and of creating a new army garrisoning system for the Empire. Then, in the spring of 1921, he was shifted to the Colonial office, where he instigated energetic reforms in Iraq and Palestine, and at last succeeded in liquidating an almost century-old quarrel with the signing of the Irish treaty, by which Eire was given its independence and Ulster was saved for the Empire.

The 1921 session of Parliament was called "the Churchill session," so completely did his oratory dominate it, and the whole country was talking of his achievements. But democracy was growing restless, and a fortnight later the country's hero had fallen, for the inscrutable reasons that lead the people to devour its favorites.

It was not the old country any more. The dreadful exertions of the war, loss of blood, and above all overstrained nerves had completely exhausted England. The men who now came into power expressed

perfectly the weakness of England's lost generation — the generation between the two wars. The Parties won votes by carefully avoiding waking up the masses from their pacifistic wish-dreams and their nightmares of the last war. England was playing dead. The people were called on to make no decisions. Ease and comfort first! Governments and public opinion met on a common level — the lowest in the proud history of Britain. Amid general approval the stage was set for Messrs. MacDonald, Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain to lead England down the road to world suicide.

That was a march with which Winston Churchill could not keep step. From the first he was a dead weight, heavy with glorious memories that people wanted to forget as fast as possible, a man from the age of heroes in the beginning of the jazz era.

Thus, early in 1922, Churchill found himself out of Parliament for the first time since 1900. He utilized his newly found leisure to write history. Pacing his room with swift steps, he dictated in ceaselessly onrushing periods, which no secretary could quite keep up with, his masterpiece, *The World Crisis*, an account of the first world war and its origins. The story was largely bound up with his own past, and Churchill told it with great splendor of language, acuteness of thought, and with minute care for

accuracy. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote when the book appeared: "Winston Churchill has the finest prose style of any contemporary." J. L. Garvin, not always a friend of Churchill's, said in his *Observer*: "None in the line of English statesmen is more sure of a lasting place in literature. Churchill is one of the born organists of language." A few years later, when he wrote the biography of his ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, it also was hailed as a masterpiece.

For *The World Crisis* the author received \$100,000. Now at last he could realize his dream: he bought an English country house — Chartwell Manor — and went, he hoped, into retirement. In the spring of 1923 the family moved to this beautiful old house three miles from the Kentish town of Westerham. Here Winston Churchill turned into the country squire whose picture became familiar to England and to all the world — the picture almost of John Bull himself.

He helped rebuild the house with his own hands. He was a perfect bricklayer, in overalls, laying up his own walls. When the bricklayers' union protested against allowing a nonunion member to work at Chartwell Manor, Churchill laughed, filled out a union card and applied for membership. The red brick Elizabethan house was soon shining in new splendor. Churchill himself in old clothes worked out of doors, digging, building, sinking

rock gardens. His house guests had to work too, quite regardless of the damage to their clothes. He said it would do their souls good.

Churchill's private life was extremely happy, and there was simply no room in it for personal crises. He had overcome physical handicaps from childhood by constantly doing everything that the doctors had forbidden him — fencing, riding, polo, flying. Now, indeed, he did have to give up his favorite sport, polo. The ponies could not quite carry him, for he interested himself rather too assiduously in good cooking.

Then, in 1924, Stanley Baldwin, anxious to strengthen his cabinet, offered Churchill a sure seat in Epping, the same that he still represents. He returned to the House a full-fledged Conservative member, and Baldwin made him Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is the job of the gentlemen of the Treasury to prepare the budget in an atmosphere of unpretentiousness and anonymity. How would Winston Churchill, to whom the name of publicity hound still clung, and who radiated such a brilliant light, fit into these drab surroundings? To the general surprise he settled in very nicely. In a few weeks he mastered the difficult and unaccustomed secret language of the Treasury. The man who had always avoided doing the simplest sums and whose own bills had given him a headache all his life now

worked out a careful state budget.

It was approved, and as year followed uneventful year without major parliamentary struggles, peace descended upon the old warrior. For five years his management of the Treasury was, on the whole, unopposed, and it looked as if Churchill would be Chancellor for life.

But at the general election in 1929 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald won at the polls; and Churchill, together with his Conservative colleagues in the Cabinet, resigned to make way for the new lords of labor. After 20 years in Liberal, Conservative, and coalition Cabinets, after holding more government posts than any other man, he was now England's elder statesman. He had not retired from politics, but he was in the second line, no longer in the public view.

In 1931 he went to America on a lecture tour. When he arrived in New York harbor, reporters crowded around him as he talked eagerly of Anglo-American coöperation. "The coöperation of the two great English-speaking nations is the only hope to bring the world back to the pathway of peace and prosperity. There is one thing we can be sure of: wherever the pathway leads, we shall travel more securely if we do it together like good companions."

His first public lecture, on "The Destiny of the English-Speaking People," was set for December 14 in Brooklyn. The preceding evening

as he was crossing Fifth Avenue he was run down by a taxi. "It's my fault!" he managed to say. In the hospital he received the frantically excited cab driver, shook hands with him, and gave him an inscribed copy of his latest book as a sign that there were no hard feelings.

The lecture tour through the United States, which Churchill resumed a couple of weeks later, was an extraordinary success. It was the last unspoiled pleasure in his life.

IF ANY definite point can be established at which England's sickness passed into an acute stage, future historians will probably choose the 25th of August, 1931, the day when the first National Government was formed, and Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin took joint power. The ailment that hitherto had endangered the country's eyes now also affected its heart and brain. And the trend of events in Europe made this defect most tragic.

On April 10, 1932, Field Marshal von Hindenburg was re-elected against the lance-corporal, Hitler, as President of the German Reich. England celebrated this peacetime victory as its own triumph. The German people had rejected a dangerous crackpot, and at last splendidly rehabilitated, had returned to normal. The English

sense of fair play could no longer refuse them equality of armament with France. The French government was put under severe pressure from London to disarm.

At this point Churchill again became the troublemaker. The old fighting cock presented to his colleagues in the House a very simple question. He asked those who would like to see Germany and France on equal footing in armaments, "Do you wish for war?"

The speech had but one effect: Churchill was branded as hopelessly old-fashioned. Obviously he understood nothing of the spirit of the times. Nevertheless he embarked upon a violent career of speechmaking, warning England that the last war had by no means broken the Teutonic spirit of aggression. All talk of "bleeding Germany white" by the victors was pure rubbish. In fact the loans Germany had received amounted to twice as much as the reparations had cost her. Since it was very clear that Germany meant never to repay her loans, the economic consequences of Versailles were a bargain for the Reich. He quoted exact figures. Germany had paid since the war an indemnity of about one thousand million sterling, but she borrowed in the same time about two thousand million. What was she doing with this surplus money? She was rearming.

The specter of German armament never left his sight. It pur-

sued him in his dreams. It lent wings to his every word. Realizing that the Germans were concerned not with justice and equal opportunity, but with world domination, Churchill believed that it was the last duty of his life to shout, "England, awake!"

"Britain's hour of weakness is Europe's hour of danger!" he cried to the House. But England continued to sleep.

Now events in Germany began to tread on one another's heels. Hitler was appointed Chancellor. A hundred thousand brownshirts marched into the Wilhelmsplatz. During the first week of the Third Reich 500,000 people landed in concentration camps that had sprung up overnight. The Reichstag went up in flames. Late one sleepless night Hitler signed an order for general conscription. Meanwhile the British Parliament decided that the estimates for the Royal Air Force had unfortunately to be reduced. For 1933 they were £342,000 less than for 1932.

Mr. Baldwin, then Lord President, felt that there was something not quite right about the way things were going. He delivered a speech warning that a new war would bring bombing of open towns from the air. But he spoke in a helpless, hopeless mood, and it was clear that he did not want to meddle in the affair. That was the department of his Air Minister, the Marquess of Londonderry,

soon to win a peculiar fame as England's pro-Nazi No. 1.

Londonderry's suggestion was that the air forces of all the world should be reduced to England's level — at that time England had the fifth air armada in the world — and then all the countries were to take another step down together to the extent of 33.3 percent. Churchill replied to this proposal with a gentle voice: "We ought not to deal in humbug. We ought to deal in airplanes."

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, lethargically hopeful of muddling through, proposed at the Lausanne Disarmament Conference that France should reduce her standing army from 700,000 to 400,000 men. He outlined a vast plan for reducing all armaments, and consequently for improving the relative military strength of Germany — as if Hitler would not have taken care of this part of the program himself. Churchill described the Disarmament Conference, which MacDonald dominated, as "a solemn and prolonged farce."

Even when Hitler's secret emissaries induced Japan to withdraw from the League of Nations, and the outlines of the great plan to divide the world into "living-spaces" became visible, England remained undisturbed. Very little attention was paid to the insufferable warner and exhorter who was once more making use of Hitler's

latest infractions of justice to strike up his old, jarring song. "I do not subscribe to the doctrine that we should throw up our hands!" Churchill declared with profound emotion.

He has, indeed, never thrown up his hands. He has always seized his adversaries by the throat wherever he has found them. But where was the adversary now? Churchill was fighting against shadows. Can a man seize blindness and drowsiness by the throat?

When Mr. Churchill spoke now the House was usually half empty. Perhaps a dozen old friends remained true to him. They listened. But England stopped her ears. It was not merely carelessness. It was conscious refusal. England longed in every nerve to forget war and to hold out her hand to the Germans. The English were not taken in by the swindle of appeasement. They dreamed themselves into it, they wished themselves into it. More than anything else, they wanted to be left in peace, peace!

Winston Churchill saw the procession of victims marching to the slaughter. He must stop them. He must rouse them, this nation of walking dreamers who were letting England go to ruin. His voice must reach them.

"Warmonger!" the echo sang back. "Cassandra!" Or at best, "Good old Winnie!" rather superciliously. Churchill had never been

so lonely in his life, never so little understood.

"There are a few things I will venture to mention about England," he said to the Royal Society of St. George. "Historians have noticed, all down the centuries, one peculiarity in the English people which has cost them dear. We have always thrown away after a victory the greater part of the advantages we gained in the struggle. The worst difficulties from which we suffer come from within. They come from a mood of unwarranted self-abasement, from the acceptance of defeatist doctrines by a large proportion of our politicians and a powerful section of our intellectuals.

"Nothing can save England if she will not save herself. If we lose faith in ourselves, in our capacity to guide and govern, if we lose our will to live, then indeed our story is told. England would sink to the level of a fifth-rate power, and nothing would remain of all her glories except a population much larger than this island can support.

"We ought, as a nation and as an empire, to weather any storm at least as well as any other existing system of human government. It may well be that the most glorious chapters in our history are yet to be written. Indeed, the very problems and dangers that encompass us ought to make English men and women of this genera-

tion glad to be here at such a time. We ought to rejoice at the responsibilities with which destiny has honored us, and be proud that we are guardians of our country in an age when her life is at stake!"

This speech was made on April 24, 1933, six years before the second world war, seven years before the battle of Britain, when Winston Churchill was 59 years old, and had found his life's task.

PERHAPS he and Göring were the only two men who knew as early as 1933 that the state of the world for generations would be decided in the air, and this within a few years. Hitler, indeed, was also air-minded. But he believed equally devoutly in poison gas and in astrology, in assassination, espionage, secret devices, counterfeit money, mechanized men, and in his indestructible vocal chords. All were weapons in his arsenal; the bomber was but one of them. Nothing existed for Göring but castles, uniforms and bombers. Churchill's thought by day and night was: bombs will rain on England.

England, he knew, was vulnerable as never before. No longer was she the island of 25 years ago. Recognizing the inadequacy of her aerial defenses, he demanded that her air force be doubled.

Sir Herbert Samuel, the leader

of the Liberals, did not agree. It was impossible, he asserted, to treat with blank distrust the utterances of a leader of so vast a state as Germany. To Churchill's proposals he replied in the House: "This is rather the language of a Malay running amuck than of a responsible British statesman. It is rather the language of blind and causeless panic."

Lord Londonderry also wished to dismiss the anxiety Mr. Churchill was stirring up in respect to air power. On June 27, 1934, his Lordship convinced the House of Lords in a rambling speech that the government was making preparations in ample time to secure parity in the air.

Churchill was not ashamed of his anxiety. A few weeks later he drily informed the House of the facts about secret air armaments, which he had collected with infinite painstaking. In these days the whole world thought him the center of resistance against Nazism. Hence unceasing streams of information of every kind poured in to him and Mr. Churchill spoke with far more knowledge of the facts than His Majesty's government.

He stressed that Germany was so rapidly increasing her air force that some time in 1936 she would be stronger than Britain. Once she got her lead England might never be able to overtake her.

Not a minute was to be lost in attaining maximum preparedness,

to make an attack appear excessively costly. In a clairvoyant address he showed the House what an attack from the air would mean if England was inadequately defended. It was a perfect description of what we since have learned to know as "*Luft-Blitzkrieg*." "Worst of all," he concluded, "the air war is the only form of war in the world in which complete predominance gives no opportunity of recovery."

In Poland, in the Lowlands, in Norway and in France this latter prediction of a visionary has been cruelly verified in history.

Mr. Baldwin, obviously reluctant, rose and attempted to answer with a few statistical guesses. He estimated the German strength as "between 600 aircraft and something not over 1000. In the United Kingdom," he continued, "560 are at present stationed." According to his own estimates, therefore, England was already overmatched in the air. How things would go on Mr. Baldwin did not know. "I cannot look further forward than the next two years. Mr. Churchill," he wound up peevishly, "speaks of what may happen in 1937." England was simply not to be awakened from her wishful dreaming.

On March 19, 1935, Churchill gave the figures on which he based his statement that the German production would add 1500 military aircraft in the financial year of 1935-36, while the English estimate was concerned with an in-

crease of 150. Churchill closed with the fateful words: "We are no longer safe behind the shield of our navy. From being the least vulnerable of all nations, we have, through development in the air, become the most vulnerable."

In a weary voice Mr. Baldwin, his face strangely pale, his hands trembling, tried on May 22, 1935, to explain his position. It was a confession of guilt: "Where I was wrong was in my estimate of the future. We were completely misled on that subject. . . ."

Who had misled him?

Churchill in his answer put the responsibility where it belonged. He pointed out the broad stream of information about the German effort in aviation that came from almost all the European countries — and from Germany herself. He reaffirmed his belief in the British Intelligence Service. Who, then, was guilty of England's negligence?

Everyone was equally guilty: a misinformed government, an inefficient bureaucracy, an uninstructed public, an ineffective Parliament, a specious foreign policy.

Never had a man to fight against heavier odds. Never was a single man, summoning the people to come to their senses, faced by a worse conspiracy of blindness and stupidity. Never — until the near repetition of the case in America just now — had a great country been lulled into so complete a feeling of false security.

Churchill was no longer cool and phlegmatic. When he was making a speech he marched up and down the platform with a restless stride, like a caged tiger. He was the only one who heard the ticking of the infernal machine. As early as the summer of 1936 he knew that it was no longer to be halted.

ON OCTOBER 4, 1935, Mussolini started his raid on Abyssinia. Churchill immediately expressed his conviction that the Duce would never have embarked upon the venture but for Great Britain's military and naval weakness. Yet when the country was summoned to new elections in November, the extensive rearmament program, which Churchill urged, was widely attacked. "There will be no great armaments in this country!" the exalted Mr. Baldwin promised the voters; and promptly gained a majority for his Conservative Party.

On March 7 Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, denouncing the treaties of Versailles and Locarno, but affirming that the reoccupation was purely symbolic, and that Rhenania should never be fortified. To assure this, he offered a 25-year nonaggression pact between Germany, France and Belgium, with Great Britain and Italy as guarantors. He offered a Western Air Pact too, and promised Germany's return to the League of Nations — all to the echoing rumble of Ger-

man armament factories, shipyards, arsenals.

These German armaments, which had devoured more than eight hundred million pounds sterling in 1935, became an obsession with Churchill. Such expenses could not go on. Nazism, Churchill was positive, would soon have to choose between an internal or an external catastrophe. Could there remain any doubts which course Hitler would choose? Or did anybody believe that Hitler would hold back his blow until England was ready to meet him? Was England always condemned to be too late?

The English government did not take the slightest step to call Hitler's bluff in the Rhineland. On the contrary, when Herr von Ribbentrop came to London a week later, he was received with extraordinary honors. None among those who welcomed him suspected that he "would wage a war to exterminate the English gentleman," as his party associate Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi philosopher, later formulated it.

"There is an extreme volume of Nazi propaganda in this country," was Churchill's farewell to Ribbentrop's visit. He had discovered the newest weapon in Germany's secret arsenal: the fifth column.

Subconsciously, half-consciously, England fell under the spell of it. The English "intelligentsia" particularly were stricken with a mysterious admiration for the Ger-

mans. They were convinced that what was going on in the Third Reich did not suit the Germans themselves and so could not last. It was not the people, it was Hitler who was at fault. That hundreds of thousands of German youths were working off their sadism on the victims of the concentration camps, that millions of Germans were preparing for the day when the "slave races" — the Poles and English, French and Latin Americans — would be laboring for the lords of the earth, that except for a handful of émigrés not a single voice was raised in the nation against the bestialization of man — all this was something that the kindly, slightly inhibited English could not understand. This was England's tragic unpreparedness.

True, early in 1936, a great armament program was inaugurated. But the general confusion was an even greater hindrance to its execution than the general lethargy. Each department had its own scheme; each interfered with the others. Churchill insisted that the three defense arms be coördinated under one commander. This was not done for five years — not until he himself took over their command after the recent Norwegian disaster.

He continued to plague the House with embarrassing questions. He asked for an answer to the question of the air bomb versus

the battleship. Might it not soon be possible for England to be invaded from the air? How was the government going to provide for supplies from overseas for 45,000,000 people? What about gas masks and the defense of the civil population from chemical air attack?

Churchill insisted that Labor should be included in the great task of counter-preparation, and that profiteering should be ended. "You will not get the coöperation of the working people so long as they think there are a lot of greedy fingers having a rake-off!"

This time he did not speak quite in vain. The workingmen pricked up their ears. For years they had distrusted Churchill as a red-baiter. His anti-Bolshevik record and memories of the munition workers' strike in the first war clung to him. Now he began to gain his first following among the small people; "good old Winnie" was recognized again as their friend.

Churchill needed this recognition. He felt anything but at ease in the role of Cassandra that Fate had imposed on him. At bottom he was a sociable, warm-hearted man. Must he be an outcast simply because he could not let humanity drift into the abyss without a word?

In just one point the perpetual outsider could agree with the government. Hands off Spain! In face of the shameless, perjured meddling of the dictators it was

hard to remain quiet and watch Spain, vital alike geographically and economically for England, sinking into Axis vassalhood. But the Loyalists were falling more and more under the spell of the red terror, and England, Churchill felt, had no business in the fratricidal strife of the tyrannies. "I will not pretend that, if I had to choose between Communism and Nazism, I would choose Communism. I hope not to be called upon to survive in the world under a government of either of those dispensations."

ON MAY 28, 1937, Mr. Baldwin resigned. Everyone knew that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, already for months past the driving force behind the scenes, would take his place. The change was only an outward one. Baldwin's pipe was replaced by the umbrella as a national symbol. Mr. Chamberlain was proud of the jokes that everyone made about his umbrella. For it was an old-fashioned article and he liked to think of himself as a gruff, kindly omnipotent *pater familias*, an old-fashioned thoroughbred English gentleman.

With unpretentious casualness he stepped into the foreground and with admirable energy he began steering by the wrong compass. He and he alone was the skipper. He

surrounded himself with men who had a "passion for anonymity." His associates might neither appear nor be mentioned in public.

Of course Churchill was instantly banished from Mr. Chamberlain's view. He is the exact antithesis of men of Mr. Chamberlain's type. He needs space, air, action, discussion and an audience.

But while Chamberlain shut Churchill out of all councils and never deigned to reply to his criticisms, and while the London press devoted only a few lines to his statements, the outside world listened to him. American correspondents cabled home his speeches at length. And whenever he spoke, the Nazi press answered with a bellowing chorus of revenge; for Churchill was now singled out in the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda as Nazism's enemy No. 1.

On March 11, 1938, German troops invaded Austria, and Europe was confronted with a program of aggression, precisely unfolding. Could England still stave off the disaster? She had lost round after round of the armament competition. Ugly rumors about differences of opinion among the leading ministers in respect to the air arm circulated. True, Mr. Chamberlain kept those differences down with an iron hand, tolerating no leakage to the public. For the first time the newspapers were warned to be careful in their reporting. But the young people of the R.A.F. refused

to be censored. Nothing was getting forward, they murmured. They received no arms, no planes; the aircraft manufacturers complained that orders were given piecemeal in little packets; that plans were repeatedly altered. Some aircraft firms were working at only two thirds of their capacity and skilled aircraft workers were even being laid off.

Churchill suggested placing huge orders in the United States and Canada. He had made that proposal two years before, but then Mr. Baldwin did not want competition with home industry. Now Churchill pressed his idea once more.

America was far away. But to the average Englishman Central Europe was still more remote. Churchill again made himself universally unpopular by trying to show his nation how tremendously the map had shrunk. He warned of the time when Germany would be undisputed master of the entire European continent. At present, he asserted in those last days before the fall of Czechoslovakia, Germany could contemplate only a short war. But once she had swallowed the continental powers the Nazi regime might be able to feed itself indefinitely, however long a war lasted. "If Fate overtook England," he said, "historians in a thousand years will still be baffled by the mystery of our affairs!"

The world had not yet recovered from the Austrian shock when a drum-fire of Nazi propaganda unparalleled in history was hurled against Czechoslovakia. At the same time the entire German-Czech frontier was lined with a million and a half German troops.

Neville Chamberlain at home was wringing his hands. With the existence of Czechoslovakia the honor of the Allies was at stake. Did the honest merchant from Birmingham understand it? Did he know that a firm dare not lose its credit? Mr. Chamberlain remained impenetrable.

He suffered now from a single obsession: the whole London area was protected by only seven anti-aircraft guns. Under the pressure of that desperate knowledge the Pact of Munich was solemnly signed on September 28, 1938. On his return cheers received the old man who had signed away the safety of the British Empire.

New negotiations were announced between Chamberlain and Hitler. The return of the former German colonies was now in question. The Prime Minister was convinced that the Nazis' appetite would be satisfied when they had broken Czechoslovakia and got back their colonies. Then treaties of friendship could be concluded. Hitler had another plan, also. He demanded that the English general elections sanction the new agreements to be made. The British government

must prove itself by excluding certain personalities from the elections — notably Winston Churchill. It was a diabolical scheme — but of course it failed.

On the Ides of March his troops entered Prague. The world was still rubbing its eyes when the Czechoslovakian Republic was already annexed; its army disarmed; its gold reserve, its armaments, its raw materials and food staples stolen. Without a single hour's pause its industry went on working — but now for Germany; especially the Skoda Works, the greatest munitions factory on the Continent.

Now even Mr. Chamberlain saw the necessity of changing his course. He flung the helm all the way over and feverishly began what he called his preparations in case of need. Poland and Rumania received guarantees. Diplomatic negotiations were begun with Russia, and there were General Staff conversations with France. A truce was declared in domestic politics. The Opposition was cordially urged to join in. Defense and preparations! was the new program. Only the man who had shouted himself hoarse for defense and preparation, Churchill, was excluded.

It was all too little and too late. Irreplaceable months were lost. On September 3, at 11:15 in the forenoon, Mr. Chamberlain announced to the country over the radio that war was declared!

And then the word went through the entire British fleet on all the ven seas: "Winnie is back."



THERE HE WAS again in his old place. Nothing had changed at Admiralty House since he had left it almost 25 years before. The First Lord still presided as he had for 200 years in the same old Board Room over the dinners and decisions of the Sea Lords. From the dark oak panels look down the pictures of William IV and Lord Nelson. Here time stands still.

Winston Churchill had not a second to lose. He established his simple living quarters on the ground floor and worked 18 hours a day. At dawn he was surrounded by secretaries, adjutants, officers. The Admiralty wireless was in constant communication with all British warships. Sea battles in the south Atlantic and the eastern Mediterranean were directed from Churchill's desk.

It was war in its most awful form that he now had to cope with. All the fears that Churchill had voiced had been fulfilled. England was no longer an island. The airplane was more fearful than the battleship. The German U-boat arm was stronger than ever before. The Empire's naval supremacy was threatened, and thus the very lives of 45,000,000 islanders. The Germans had 10, 12, 15 planes to one

of Britain's. The Allied General Staff, always disagreeing, waged the war of 1940 with the ideas and methods of 1914. One ally after another collapsed. By the conquest of Norway with grenade-throwers who had once been guests of the country's charity as starving German children, and with fifth columnists, Hitler made ready for the kill.

At this dark hour Churchill sprang into the breach. He took over the coördination of the three arms as Commander in Chief on land, at sea and in the air, Great Britain's Supreme War Lord. He had only a couple of weeks before Hitler struck his second blow. On May 10 the Germans burst into the Lowlands.

The earth trembled, and the ground rocked under Mr. Chamberlain's feet. Under overwhelming pressure, he resigned. Churchill, with a single word, could now have taken his revenge. The country, awakened from a 20 years' nightmare, waited for the word. Churchill did not speak it. "If we wrangle about yesterday, we have lost tomorrow," was all he had to say.

Winston Churchill was now Prime Minister — the goal that had been set for him a lifetime ago. It had been a long road. And it was not peace at the end of the road. It was only at the end that the battle began. "I have nothing to offer you but toil and blood and tears!" he said.

Jubilation rose up in reply. What had become of the easygoing, sleepy, blindfolded English? Even this war they had carried on for the first six months half-asleep. Now they awoke. Fighting with their backs to the wall, they realized their destiny. There stood the man of destiny before them. He bore a Herculean burden on his stooped shoulders. But he did not fall. At the end of his long pilgrimage Winston Churchill became a national symbol.

For 20 years the English people and the English leadership had underbid one another, sinking deeper and deeper. Now they were on the way up. Now the plump,

old-fashioned, much-loved figure, the genius of the nation, could sit at the helm. Now at last the factories were working 24 hours a day; now at last millions were called to the colors. Now at last, with the billows breaking over their island, they realized that in this war, which decided not frontiers but the fate of mankind, they were the only fighters for humanity.

At the end of all things stands the great question mark. The odds weigh heavily against Mr. Churchill. All that remains is to pray that God will be for him—for His staunchest, most picturesque and humblest warrior.

Naming the Navy

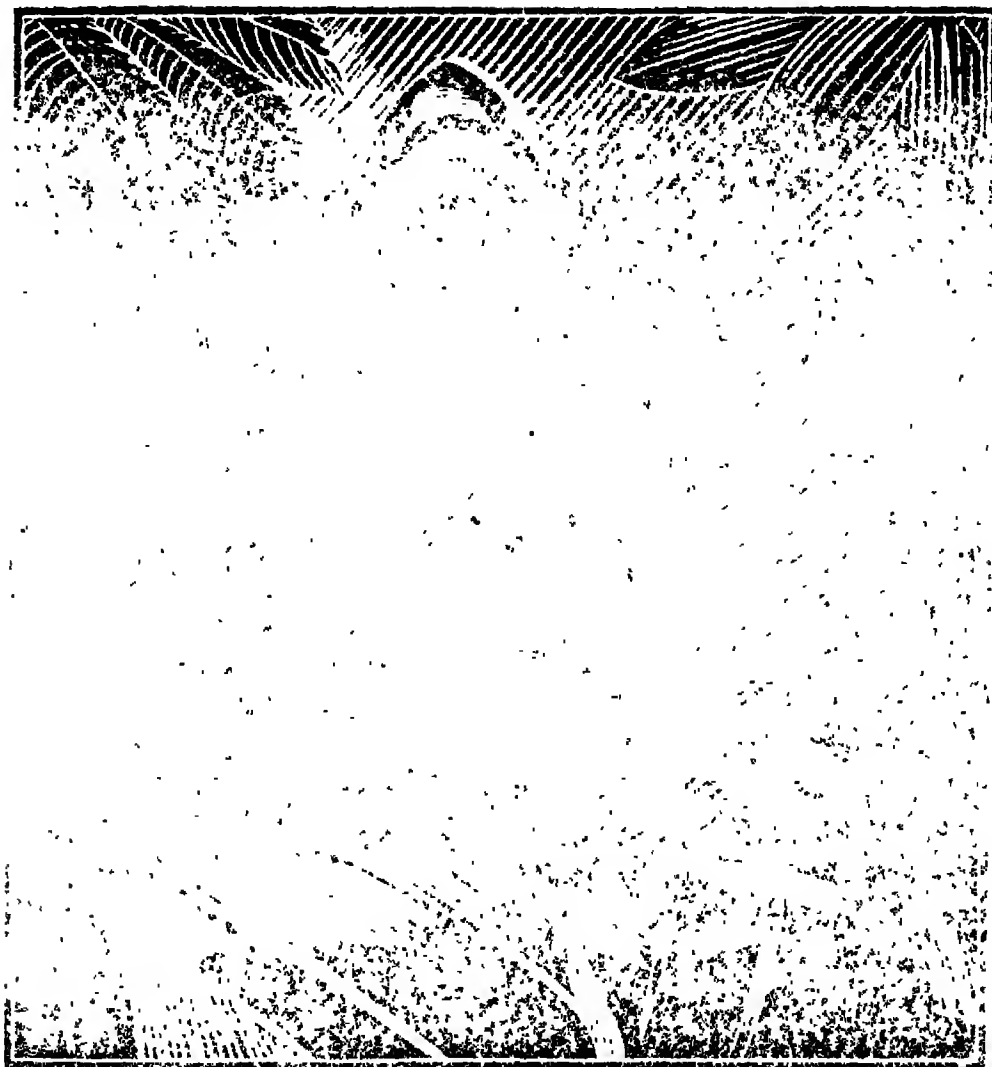
THE CUSTOM of naming United States battleships after states of the Union originated in 1819 with a resolution of Congress which also provided that frigates should be named for rivers and sloops-of-war for principal cities and towns. This is the present system of nomenclature:

Battleships	States
Cruisers	Cities
Aircraft carriers	Historic naval vessels or battles
Destroyers	Officers and enlisted men of the Navy or Marine Corps, former Secretaries of the Navy, members of Congress or inventors
Submarines	Fish
Mine sweepers	Birds
Gunboats	Smaller cities
Seaplane tenders	Sounds or bays
Submarine tenders	Pioneers in submarine development
Oilers	Rivers
Ocean-going tugs	Indian tribes
Cargo ships	Stars

— *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*

PART TWO

TO THE INDIES



To the Indies, a current best-seller, is fiction based solidly on facts — the memorable facts of Columbus's third voyage to the New World, which he still believed to be the Indies. Using many actual historical personalities, Mr. Forester reveals the blood-lust, superstition and greed, the treachery and the bravery of the Spanish adventurers. "An admirable tale," writes Peter Munro Jack in the N. Y. *Times*, "realistic and romantic by turns; a most beguiling book."

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When Admiral Christopher Columbus set out on his third voyage to the new world, in 1498, the King of Spain sent along Narciso Rich, a plump, 40-year-old lawyer, to report on the muddled affairs of the colonies. Readers of Part I have seen through Rich's eyes the adventures attending the discovery of Trinidad and Venezuela, and the callous cruelty of the Spaniards toward the friendly natives.

Rich suspects they have found a new continent, but the visionary Columbus, still insisting these are the Indies, turns north to the colony of San Domingo on the island of Española (Hayti) where his brother Bartholomew has been left in charge, and where dissension and revolt are reported.



ANNON thundered with wreaths of white smoke from the citadel of San Domingo; Admiral Christopher Columbus was standing proudly on the poop of the *Holy Name*, looking across the harbor at his town; armor winked and glittered in the setting sun over the citadel walls. A small crowd of people were already launching boats to come out and welcome them.

But Narciso Rich let his eyes stray beyond the boats to the bodies that hung from gallows on the shore. Were they Indians or Spaniards, he wondered. And his thoughts were troubled for what the future might hold.

Soon the leading boat came alongside, its flag displaying the Admiral's arms within a white bordure to indicate the presence of the Admiral's brother and deputy, the *Adelantado*. Bartholomew Columbus, when he came on board, looked round him with piercing blue eyes which at first glance gave him a striking resemblance to his brother; but he was more heavily built -- a stoop-shouldered, burly man whose dense beard did not disguise the heavy jaw and the thick lips. His Indian woman mounted next after him; there were pearls in her ears, round her neck, and in her long loose hair. She was cloaked in blue velvet, but made no effort to

keep the cloak about her slender naked body.

The brothers kissed, under the gaze of every eye in the ship; the Admiral had a brief word for the woman before he received the bows of the *Adelantado's* escort. Then Bartholomew plucked at Christopher's sleeve and pointed ashore — clearly there was work to be done that demanded the Admiral's immediate attention. The Admiral caught Rich's eye and beckoned.

"Bartholomew, I want to present the learned Don Narciso Rich. Their Highnesses have lent me his services to help on the legal side of the administration."

"A lawyer, eh?" said the *Adelantado*, turning a coldly belligerent eye upon him. "We need men of action more than men of law."

"I expect so, Your Excellency. But I am here at Their Highnesses' express command." Rich had no intention of being browbeaten, and his reply made clear the strength of his position.

"Brother, please come," said Bartholomew, loudly. "Soon night will fall and make an excuse for the Indians to steal away. It has been hard enough assembling them."

They boarded the waiting boat and rowed to shore. The boat took the ground with a jerk. Rich swung himself, with the others, over the side and splashed ashore — the Indian woman, her cloak held high, beside him. She gabbled something to him.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked.

The queer Spanish which she spoke suddenly took shape as she repeated herself.

"Save them, sir. Please try to save them."

There was a frightful anxiety in her face as she spoke — her features were working with the stress of her emotion.

"I will try," said Rich, cautiously, and puzzled.

"Try. Speak to *him*. Speak to the Admiral."

"This is where the pier will be built," the *Adelantado* was saying to his brother.

"I expected to find it built already," said the Admiral in a tone of mild expostulation.

"It would have been, if the lazy dogs of Indians would only work. But they would rather die. I have seen them die under my very eyes, in the quarries, rather than labor. It was all I could do to get in the quotas of gold and cotton and build the church and the citadel. We put a hundred corpses a week into the sea, even before the present troubles began."

They were at the summit of the beach now, with the town before them — a hundred or so of brown huts built of timber and leaves. As they emerged from the lane into a wide open space, two trumpets brayed in the heated air and there was a long roll of drums. The square was packed dense with some five or six thousand naked Indians.

Spaniards, conspicuous in their armor, all at the salute, could be seen at intervals.

Standing in a cleared space were sixteen lofty stakes, each with its chains and faggots. Facing them was a makeshift pavilion, on which were chairs and flags. Rich felt a little chill, for he had an irrational dislike of burnings — he had witnessed very few. The Indian woman was trembling, he could see. There was appeal in her eyes as they met his.

"The ceremony will begin now," said the *Adelantado*, ushering his brother to the central chair with the utmost formality.

"I don't like this business, Bartholomew," said the Admiral. "I used to think them very harmless people. Must it go on?"

"They are relapsed heretics," said a tall Dominican friar who had been in the *Adelantado's* constant attendance. "It is God's law that they should burn."

"I've kept five thousand Indians herded here all day to see this," said the *Adelantado*. "What would be the effect if I let them go?"

"But if it were I who pardoned them . . ." said the Admiral. "What have they done? Is their guilt certain?"

"After they had accepted baptism," explained the Dominican, "they not only relapsed into idolatry, but burned down a chapel and destroyed the holy vessels."

"They were in rebellion over the gold quota," added Bartholomew.

"And it is a perfect opportunity to teach them a lesson. Those that see them die will learn what it means to incur our wrath."

A drum was beating in a measured tone up at the citadel. Rich realized that any intervention must be made at once. He dared not question Church doctrine, but he might plead for leniency.

"There are sixteen souls to be saved," he said, "but as a matter of pure expediency in God's cause, Reverend Sir, might it not be better to risk the loss of these sixteen in the hope of winning many more? Perhaps if the lives of these sixteen were spared the rejoicing would be so great that many more souls would be won to God."

"Perhaps," said the Dominican; "and perhaps, by our example of weakness, there would be many doomed to hell."

"Might not the dungeons be sufficient punishment?" asked the Admiral.

"No, Your Excellency. They must burn, so that their souls may be saved and so that a thousand other souls may not be imperiled."

The procession was filing into the square. A friar bore a crucifix at the head of it, and following him a dozen Spaniards herded the victims along, pricking them with their swords' points to force them to walk. The victims' hands were tied behind them. They wore yellow fools' coats, gaudily daubed with red. One of them screamed at the

sight of the stakes; two of them collapsed into the dust of the square, writhing there until the escort kicked them to their feet again. The Indian woman beside Rich screamed, too. She ran round between the Admiral and his deputy and flung herself on the earth before them, frantically jabbering the while.

"Stop that noise, Anacaona," said Bartholomew. "Here, you two — take this woman to my house and keep her there."

Two Spaniards of the guard dragged Anacaona away. There was a low moaning from all round the square, through which could be heard the rattle of chains as one prisoner after another was fastened to the stakes. There were 14 men and two women. The torch was borne from pile to pile.

Rich, looking against his will, saw one of the women try to move her feet away from the spreading fires. He tore his glance away, staring up at the evening sky as he stood behind the Admiral's chair. But he could not shut his nostrils to the stench that drifted to them, nor close his ears to the horrible sounds that filled the square. He felt faint and ill and oppressed with guilt.

NEXT MORNING Rich was desperately weary. There had been a long debate the night before regarding the treason of Francisco Rodan, who had led a group of malcontents away to establish a rival

colony. Nothing had been settled; and afterwards Rich had not slept a moment, what with the strangeness of his new surroundings, the hideous memories of the burning, and the plague of mosquitoes which had hung round him in a cloud all through the night.

Now, at the Governor's house, the debate began afresh, with all the Columbus clan present — the Admiral in his best clothes, Bartholomew, and the weak and foolish younger brothers, James and John Antony. But hardly had the session opened when a man entered wearing spurs that jingled as he strode over the earthen floor; his face was yellow with fever — like most of the new faces Rich had seen lately — but he wore an expression of unruffled gravity.

"The Indians are in rebellion again, Your Excellency," he announced. "Seriously, this time. By tonight there'll be 20,000 of them at Socó."

"How do you know this, Ruiz?"

"One of my Indian girls told me. I was the only Spaniard with a horse, so I left the others gathering at the fort and rode here through the night. Were those Indians burned yesterday?"

"Yes."

"That explains it, then. The news has spread."

"We must send at once," said the Admiral, "and pacify these poor wretches."

"Brother," said Bartholomew,

"leave the pacification to me. A sharp lesson is what they need."

"I forbid you to be cruel, Bartholomew. You must show them all the mercy possible."

"That is just what I will do," Bartholomew replied grimly, and it was plain to Rich that the Admiral had little control over his cruel and headstrong brother. "If I encouraged them to think they can rebel against our authority, what would happen to the gold and cotton quotas? Who was it, brother, who was complaining at the shortage of gold only five minutes ago? Kind words won't make these people work. Only the fear of death will do that. James, set the drums beating and the church bells ringing."

The Admiral called Rich aside. "You must go with my brother. With this cursed gout I can neither walk nor sit a horse. And there are so few I can trust."

Bartholomew was a man of action. It took him no more than two hours to assemble his expeditionary force, and some four hundred men marched out of San Domingo in the blazing heat of the day. Juan Ruiz rode ahead with six horsemen as an advance guard. Then came the long column of leather coats: handgunmen, crossbowmen, spear-men, and forty sailors armed with pikes and swords. Bartholomew Columbus rode with forty armor-clad horsemen. And Rich, reluctantly obeying the Admiral's orders, took his place with these.

On their right was the sea, and on their left the high mountains, vivid green from base to summit, towering to the sky. Ahead of them lay a wide rolling plain, stretching from the mountains to the sea, green and luxuriant, broken only here and there by thickets and woodland. There were herds of cattle to be seen here — in four years the few beasts brought by the second expedition had multiplied — and scattered patches of cultivated land where the Indians grew roots and corn. This was the famous plain of the Llanos.

Ruiz and his horsemen turned aside repeatedly to examine the hamlets which lay in sight, but each in turn was found to be deserted, and from each in turn rose the smoke of their burning as the torch was applied.

"Where are these Indians?" grumbled Avila. His visored helmet was at his saddlebow, his painted shield at his back, his long lance at his elbow, as if he were on his way to joust at a King's court.

"In a day or two you may see some," said the veteran Robion. "They may stand to fight near Soco. But they fight like sheep — you will be able to spike six of them at once on that skewer of yours."

"They are not worthy enemies, then?"

"A Spanish shepherd boy would be more dangerous than ten of their grown men. Until we came they didn't know what fighting was!"

"And I came here to gain honor!" said Avila, in disgust.

At nightfall Ruiz and his companions drove a small herd of cattle up to the encampment, and fires were lighted. The meat was roasted upon huge grids of green boughs — *boucans* or *barbecues*, strange Haytian words which the old-timers used naturally.

That had been a day of sunshine; the next was a day of rain. It soaked everyone to the skin, finding its way remorselessly down inside the necks of leather coats and from there into the leather breeches so that the horsemen had wet squelching bags of water round their thighs. The men on foot sank to their ankles in the mud, the horses to their fetlocks. That night, when they camped, there remained ten miles and three water-courses still between the army and the fort.

"By marching at dawn we shall be at Soco by noon," said the *Adelantado*.



WITH MORNING came a fiery sun which put new life into the men and horses — into all save a score or so of the earlier colonists, who lay shuddering with malaria. Everyone who lived long in the island went down with it in course of time, apparently, and exposure to wet and to night air was certain to bring on an attack.

Rich completed the march on foot, leading his horse with one of the invalids in the saddle. And with every step he took Rich knew he was coming nearer to his first battlefield.

They came over a low rise to open up a fresh vista of the plain. Two miles ahead stood a low gray building with a black speck fluttering over it — the fortress of Soco. Evidently the dozen colonists who had taken refuge there had made good their defense.

"Here they come!" said the *Adelantado*. "Form your square, men. Invalids here in the center! Gentlemen, mount your horses."

Rich helped his invalid to the ground and took his place with the cavalry. The foot soldiers had formed a square round the cavalry, facing outwards, the handgunmen with their matches alight, the crossbowmen with their bows wound up.

Pouring toward them like a brown sea was an enormous crowd of naked Indians — men, women and children, all shrieking and yelling.

"Remember," said the *Adelantado*, "no man is to fire a shot until I give the word. If we shoot one now the whole lot will run away."

The crowd surged forward until the whole Spanish square was surrounded at a discreet distance. A few more daring Indians ran closer still and flung stones which fell far in front of the waiting Spaniards. The crowd eddied round; the din

was tremendous. At last some indelectable impulse carried the whole mob inwards toward the square.

"Fire!" yelled the *Adelantado*.

The crash of the handguns drowned the noise of the crossbows. Many Indians fell, but the brown sea pressed on, and the next moment the two nations were at grips. The Indians carried heavy sticks, with which they struck at the helmets in front of them, clumsily, like clowns in a comedy. But they did no harm, and the Spanish square was unbroken.

Perched on his horse Rich caught vivid glimpses of brown faces, some of them striped with red paint, distorted with passion. He saw the expression on one turn to mild dismay as a Spaniard drove his sword home. Rich's horse was chafing at the bit as the smell of blood reached his nostrils; close in front of him a crossbowman was winding frantically. There came a loud bang as one of the recharged handguns went off, and then another and another. The brown masses began to hesitate, and ceased to crowd up against the sword-points.

"They're going to break!" said the *Adelantado*. "Open out when you charge, gentlemen. Ride them down and show no mercy. Open your ranks, sailors! Come on, gentlemen!"

Rich kept his seat with difficulty as his horse dashed out along with his fellows; reins and sword seemed to have become mixed in his grip.

Avila was riding in front of him, his horse stretched into a gallop and his lance, with its fluttering banderole, in rest before him. The point caught a flying Indian in the back below the ribs, and lifted him forward in a great leap before he dropped spread-eagled on the ground.

The swords were wheeling in great arcs of fire under the sun. There was an Indian running madly close by Rich's right knee, his hands crossed over his head to ward off the impending blow. Rich had his sword hand free now, and he swung and struck at the hands, and the Indian fell with a dull shriek. This was madly exciting, this wild pursuit on a galloping horse with Indians scurrying in all directions before him.

An Indian, crazed with panic, ran blindly across Rich's course, and fell with a scream under the forelegs of his horse. The horse came down with a crash, and Rich found himself sailing through the air. Dazed and winded, sword and helmet gone, he groveled about on the ground. An Indian woman, seeing his plight, ran up and struck at him with her club, screaming the while for assistance. Two more women arrived, one with a pointed cane which she stuck painfully into Rich's left arm, overbalancing him just as he was regaining his feet. The club clanged on his breastplate, the sharpened cane scraped over it. But the screams of

the women changed from anger to panic. A horse's head loomed hugely over them; one woman fell across Rich, deluging him with blood from her half-severed neck; the others disappeared. García was there, riding a maddened chestnut stallion with graceful dexterity; the blood slowly dripped from his reddened sword and his white teeth flashed in a smile.

"Wounded? Hurt?" he asked.

"No," said Rich, sliding disgustedly from under the woman's corpse.

García caught Rich's horse, handed him the reins, and then urged his own horse into a gallop again. Rich watched him catch an Indian and strike him down. Then he mounted heavily, and set off toward Soco. The screaming ahead suddenly redoubled; the distant crowd of Indians wavered and then broke up into two halves, flying to right and left amid loud gunfire.

Rich could guess what had happened: the garrison of Soco had intercepted the Indians' retreat, giving the horsemen's swords a fresh opportunity. About him now were plenty of Indians — exhausted Indians squatting, gasping for breath, crippled Indians limping over the plain and Indians running madly back from the slaughter ahead. Rich put his hand to his sword-hilt and then left the weapon where it was. He did not want to kill any more.

When he approached the fort, the horsemen were rallying, breath-

ing their horses and tightening their girths. Everyone was talking and laughing excitedly.

"Mount again, gentlemen," said the *Adelantado* as Rich came within earshot. "We can beat back over the ground. Plenty of game is there still."

"Are you going on with this?" Rich inquired. "Haven't enough been killed?"

"Of course we'll go on. There are four more hours of daylight. I mean this to be a lesson that they will never forget."

"But they are your brother's subjects — your subjects, Your Excellency. Don't you want them to earn revenue for you?"

"They'll breed again. And we've had no chance of sport like this for months. Trumpeter!"

The trumpet set the long line in motion again in its sweep back across the plain. It was sport for the infantry too; crossbows and handguns found plenty of targets as the frantic Indians were driven within range. The spearmen and swordsmen, even, hampered though they were with clothes and equipment, were often able to run down on foot the naked Indians who were already exhausted.

THE MASSACRE — sickening as it was to Rich — was not the end of the campaign. The terrorized Indians were now to be driven back to work, with even harsher penalties

for any failure to produce the set quotas. Only by the most relentless severity, said the *Adelantado*, could the last sparks of rebellion be extinguished. The *Adelantado's* attitude, and the harsh punishments which he inflicted daily, caused Rich to protest.

"Is it not possible," he said to the *Adelantado*, "that rebellion grows in misery, like maggots in putrid meat?"

"Misery?" replied the *Adelantado*, genuinely surprised. "They work. How else would we have the gold and the cotton we need? Of course they must work. Men work, relapsed heretics are burned and rebels are hanged, as in any Christian country. The learned Doctor, I suppose, would advise that we all get on board our ships and sail home again, leaving the gold in the earth and the pagans in their ignorance."

Several hidalgos were standing about, and they began to smile. There was nobody present who could see Rich's point of view. Because the Indians were weak, the Spaniards assumed it to be quite natural that they should be forced to work. And as for cruelty, these countrymen of his had a tradition of centuries of warfare behind them. The man who killed was performing a natural function of a gentleman.

So Rich remained a witness of the taming of the Llanos, of all the great plain which stretched between

the mountains and the sea in the southeast of the island. He saw the hangings and the floggings. He saw the great troops of Indians rounded up and driven back to their labors. In the foothills of the mountains there ran little streams, in the sands of whose beds there were rare specks of gold; a hundred gourdfuls of sand, washed and painfully picked over, might contain one such speck. Yet every adult Indian must now produce, every three months, a hawk's-bell full of gold — the hawk's-bells which had once been so coveted in the island were now symbols of servitude.

Up in the mountains little groups of Indians remained in hiding, and every day detachments of Spaniards marched out from Soco in pursuit. These arduous expeditions offered neither glory nor loot, and gradually discontent began to show itself among the Spaniards. The old colonists wanted to return to their estates and their harems of Indian girls; the new arrivals wanted to set up similar establishments. One day there was news that Bernardo de Tarpia was gone, his handgunmen with him; and García, a half-dozen more gentlemen, and many soldiers and sailors.

"Gone? But where has he gone to?" asked Rich.

"To join Roldan. God blast the souls of both of them!" said the *Adelantado*.

"Who is this Roldan, Excellency?"


"Roldan was once my brother's valet," said Bartholomew. "He was given the position of Chief Magistrate. After my brother left for Spain he began to act as if he were not merely Chief Magistrate, but *Adelantado* as well. All the shiftless men of the colony joined him."

All the men with whom the hot-tempered *Adelantado* happened to quarrel, in other words, thought Rich. The *Adelantado* continued:

"They have settled in the north of the island. Roldan is a little king among them. I was going to march on them, but now Tarpia has joined them with sixty men at least, all able-bodied, and I have fifty sick and another hundred whom I can't trust. Roldan has a new lease of life. But not for long."

"What are you going to do?"

"Any day we are expecting ships bearing one hundred horses and two hundred men. Once I get those horses landed, and the two hundred men, Roldan's little hour is finished."



THE FIRST major undertaking after the *Adelantado's* forces returned to San Domingo was to heave up the three ships and make them ready for the return voyage to Spain. As this work was progressing, Rich found an opportunity to talk with Alamo, the assayer, about the treasure that would go with the ships when they sailed.

"There are two hundredweights of gold," said Alamo. "More than

their Highnesses receive in a year's revenue. And there are pearls of more value still."

"This one island, then, is worth more than all Spain?" Rich inquired eagerly.

"Perhaps. But part of that gold is what the Indians have saved for generations. In my opinion the annual amount of gold found in the island will diminish rapidly. When the Carthaginians conquered Spain, even the seeds of the gold were taken away, so that the country became barren of the metal. I can predict the same of this island."

"The gold breeds from seeds, you think?"

Alamo shrugged. "No man knows. But however it breeds, the process is slow."

"So that the value of this island will diminish, year by year?"

Alamo pulled at his beard and looked at Rich. He glanced over his shoulder nervously lest anyone overhear the appalling heresies he was about to utter. "Perhaps," he said, "gold is not the most important merchandise this island can produce. Its soil is fifty times more fruitful than that of Andalusia. One man's labor will grow food for ten, and cattle multiply so amazingly that one could make a handsome profit by merely selling the hides in Spain."

"Cattle? Hides?" said Rich, disappointed. A prosaic trade in hides was not nearly as interesting as a deal in hundredweights of gold.

"Oh, there are other possibilities," said Alamo, hastily. "Have you ever tasted sugar?"

"Yes. It is a brown powder beneficent in cases of chills and colds. Why, is there sugar to be found in this island?"

"It is expressed from a cane similar to that growing everywhere in this country. Sugar cane is grown in Malaga a little, and in Sicily. My friend Patino retails it at five hundred maravedis an ounce. Once start it here and in a few years we might be exporting sugar not by the ounce, but by the ton."

"It means husbandry," Rich said, despondently. They both knew that hidalgos and adventurers like García and Avila would never reconcile themselves to cultivating sugar or breeding cattle. "There is no labor to be got out of the Indians," he added.

"That is so," agreed Alamo. "They die rather than work. And pestilences sweep them away even when they are not killed for sport. There were two millions when the Admiral first landed. Now, after six years, there is not more than half that number. Perhaps soon there will not be a single Indian in Española."

"But what then?" asked Rich, wildly. The thought of the blotting-out of a population of two million left him a little dizzy. Their Highnesses of Spain had no more than ten million subjects in all their dominions. And he was appalled at

the thought both of this green land of Española reduced to an unpeopled desert and of the extinction of a pleasant, though useless, race of mankind.

"There is another possibility," said Alamo. "In Lisbon they have Negro slaves nowadays. Stout dependable laborers, brought from the African coast. If Their Highnesses could arrange with the King of Portugal for a supply of Negroes to be sent here —"

"You are right, by God!" said Rich.

"This hot climate would be native to them," said Alamo. "They could do the heavy work, and our Spanish gentlemen would not think it beneath them to supervise."

They eyed each other, a little flushed and excited. Rich had been worrying about the report he must write and send back on the first ship to Their Majesties. Without this creative suggestion it would have been a cheerless thing — merely a sweeping condemnation of the Admiral's administrative system, combined with the gloomiest prophecies for the future of the island. Rich knew quite well what favor was given to those advisers of the Crown who brought nothing but unpalatable truths to the council board.

This was the most cheerful thing he had heard: cargoes of sugar at five hundred maravedis an ounce, and a profitable trade in Negro slaves!

THE ARGUMENT between the *Adelantado* and the Admiral about what steps should be taken to discipline Roldan and his mutinous gang went on for days. Bartholomew advocated strong action. "Treason is treason either side of the ocean," he said. "Proclaim Roldan dismissed. Give him a month to come in and submit. If he does not, march against him. Half his men would not fight."

"But what would they say in Spain?" said the Admiral.

That was the trouble. Once let the court of Spain know that there was rebellion in her new colony and Their Highnesses would have every justification for removing their Viceroy from office.

Before the matter could be settled, something happened that made drastic action against the mutineers impossible. The ships from Spain upon which Bartholomew had been counting to increase his strength in men and horses had put in at Isabella, Roldan's headquarters, and were seized by the mutineers! This acquisition made Roldan's rebels nearly as strong as the government.

At last a compromise decision was reached. The Admiral was to sail round the island to Isabella and make one last effort to recall Roldan and his men to their allegiance. If they refused, he was to denounce them as traitors.

In a few days the Admiral came sailing back into the harbor bringing a treaty which he had made with Roldan.

Bartholomew read the document aloud in the council room, while Rich and the others looked at each other in astonishment. Roldan and all who followed him were given a complete pardon: a proclamation was to be made throughout the island, to the effect that everything they had done had met with the Admiral's entire approval. Roldan was to select who among his men should be allowed to go back to Spain, and those he nominated should be allowed to transport whatever property they might desire, either of valuables or of slaves. The Admiral guaranteed that whoever should remain in Española should receive as much land as a horse could encircle in a day, with the inhabitants thereof.

Exasperated, the *Adelantado* stopped reading. "Would any of you care to comment on this precious treaty?" he asked.

The Admiral spoke before anyone else could open his mouth. "I will not have the matter discussed," he said querulously, but with a suspicion of triumph in his glance. "This treaty is your Viceroy's decision, and it would be treason to question it." It was as if he thought he had done something clever, hard though that was to believe. Possibly he wanted to send a dispatch to Spain saying that he had ar-

rived to find the island in disorder, and had dissipated the disorder immediately by a few judicious concessions.

The provisions of the treaty were carried out to the letter. In a few days Roldan and his followers were swaggering about San Domingo, Bernardo de Tarpia and Cristobal García and all of them. They had brought a long train of Indian slaves, well set up and handsome young women, each bearing burdens. Slaves and burdens, in accordance with the treaty, were to be sent to Spain by the returning ships. The *Holy Name* and the *Santa Ana* would be sailing soon, and Rich himself was now preparing to return to Spain. He had been hard at work on his report to Their Majesties, which as a precaution against shipwreck must go in one ship while he sailed in the other.

A FEW DAYS later, Rich was walking home in the dark after dining with the *Adelantado*. He was in a cheerful mood. The *Santa Ana* had sailed, taking with it Rich's carefully sealed report. Yet, if all went well, he might see Their Majesties in person before the report reached them; in 36 hours the *Holy Name* would sail with him on board, and he would have seen the last of this island. Overhead the stars were brilliant; the cicadas were singing wildly all round him; fireflies were lighting and relighting their lamps about his path, far more brilliant

and mysterious than their duller brothers of Spain.

Suddenly, denser shadows appeared in the darkness. There was a man at either elbow walking silently in step with him. What new danger was this? Had someone decided that he must never reach Spain, to confirm to Their Majesties the conditions described in his report? Rich felt the skin creep on the back of his neck. •

Then the walking shadow on his right spoke to him with the voice of García. "Don Narciso," it said, "I must trouble you to come with us."

"And if I do not, Don Cristobal?"

"There will be a dagger in your back and another in your belly."

Rich turned; there was nothing else he could do. They walked down the slope from the citadel toward the forest. As they neared the forest, García said, "There are four horses here, Don Narciso. One of them is for you. The others are for Don Diego Moret and myself and Don Ramon who is waiting for us. Will you mount, please?"

Rich, dismissing a frantic notion of taking to his heels, swung himself into the saddle. They began to move along a path — the unknown Ramon leading the way.

"What in the name of God do you want me for?" Rich asked.

"As a navigator," said García.

"But I know nothing of navigation —"

"We saw you on the voyage out," said García. "The Admiral was giving you lessons. You looked at the sun every day through his astrolabe, and at the stars each night. You were enough of a navigator to lecture us about it. Or have you forgotten?"

Rich certainly had forgotten.

"But I could no more take a ship to Spain —" he began.

"Who said anything about Spain? It's west we sail, not east. And I'll warrant you could find your way to Spain, too."

"Holy Mary!" said Rich, faintly. "What is the plan?"

"A week back," said García, "we caught an Indian. He is not of this island, although our Indians can understand him. He has told us of a land to the north and west, a vast country full of gold. There are vast palaces, he says, reaching to the sky, and the chiefs have their clothes sewn all over with precious stones. That is where we are going. We shall bury our arms elbow-deep in gold dust."

"But in what ship?"

"The caravel *Santa Engracia* lies less than twenty leagues from here. Her captain is dead of fever. Her crew tried to run off, but we have caught four sailors who can work the sails, and now we have you to navigate her."

"My God!" said Rich. "I suppose Roldan is captain?"

"Roldan? Oh, no!" said García. "Who would want to sail under

that lout? It is I who am captain, as you will do well to remember in future. We are 20 gentlemen of coat-armor, and we shall carve out our own empire in the West."

The whole plan, Rich reflected gloomily, was insane. Yet he knew that nothing he could say would deter these hot-headed *caballeros* from their plan. He fell into a miserable silence, while the horses pushed on in the darkness.

AT DAWN they came to a tiny bay where lay a two-masted caravel, and a waiting longboat rowed them out. Rich recognized many of the men on board.

"You found him, then?" commented Bernardo de Tarpia, who seemed to be one of their leaders. "Welcome, learned Doctor Sailing Master. Here's your crew."

Four seamen grinned at him sullenly. Rich looked as sullenly back at them.

"Who are you?" he said.

They answered that they were Catalan fishermen, pressed the year before for service on the ocean. They had spent their lives at sea.

"One of you must be boatswain," said Rich. "Which is it to be?"

Three thumbs were pointed at once to the fourth man, the blue-eyed and broad-shouldered Tomas.

"Tomas, you are boatswain," said Rich. It was a relief to have found someone on whom he could fob off some of his responsibility.

It was all mad, unreal — it could not really be happening to him, the learned Narciso Rich. García's voice interrupted his thoughts:

"Hoist sail at once. This is not the moment for wasting time. We may be pursued."

"Very well," said Rich, faintly.

He looked up at the masthead; the pennant was flapping gently in an easterly wind. The ship was riding bows on to the wind; he had to turn her about as she got under way. The theory of the maneuver was simple, and he had often seen it done.

"Tomas," he said. "Set the Indians to up-anchor. And I want the foresail ready to set."

Tomas nodded. "Who'll take the tiller, sir? It'll take the four of us to set sail."

"I will," said Rich, desperately. He had never held a ship's tiller in his life before.

The anchor came up, and Tomas rushed back to help with the foresail. As the ponderous canvas spread, Rich felt the tiller in his hand come to life. He put it hard over, and felt the motion of the ship change as the big foresail swung her round.

Fortunately Tomas knew what must be done without orders; he braced the yard square and the ship swung on her course before the wind. "Set the mainsail, sir?" he asked. He was so obviously expecting an affirmative answer that Rich gave him one. As the mainsail expanded, Rich suddenly felt the

ship become more manageable. A touch on the tiller now, and she swung to the right or left. The feeling of mastery was most impressive. In that triumphant moment he felt as if he could steer the ship forever.

But he had to make up his mind what course to steer.

"Send a hand to the tiller, Tomas," he called, and went to consult the charts in the captain's cabin.

The voyage went on, somehow. On the second night out, three of the sailors and four Indians were caught trying to desert in the long-boat; Rich heard the judgment which issued from García's lips the next morning, and heard the wild screams of the wretched men as their punishment was dealt out to them. He could not bear to listen. He would die — he was sure of it — if ever he were punished in that manner.

Rich set a westerly course along the southern coast of Española, and the old *Santa Engracia*, leaking like a sieve and encumbered with weeds a yard long on her bottom, lumbered along before the wind.

The task García had laid upon him was to steer the *Santa Engracia* up through the strait between Cuba and Española, and then northwesterly, on and on until they reached the land where the temples reached the sky and where worked gold was to be seen everywhere. Rich fancied it must be the land of the Great Khan which Marco Polo



the Venetian had visited, but he occasionally had doubts. It might be some new unvisited empire, if it existed at all. *If it existed at all* — Rich could picture the *Santa Engracia* sailing on and on over the blue sea until her motley crew died of hunger and thirst and disease, himself among them. Or perhaps in that direction there really was an edge to the earth, despite the Admiral's denials, and the *Santa Engracia* might find herself hurtling over it to plunge into the depths.

It interested Rich to find that they reached Cape San Miguel, the westernmost point of Española, at the very moment which he predicted. His dead reckoning had been correct, and so was the Admiral's chart. But before they could pass through the straits, the wind

died; the *Santa Engracia* wallowed helplessly in the calm, while tempers grew short on board and the murmuring hidalgos asked bitterly how long the blundering incompetence of their navigator was going to keep them confined.

Then came an afternoon of oppressive heat, when the sun showed as a mere ghost of his usual self, and the *Santa Engracia* pitched and rolled in a swell which was extraordinarily heavy for the narrow waters in which they lay. Spaniards and Indians sat helpless about the decks, gasping in the heat; Rich felt his clothes wet upon his back.

He prayed for a wind, any wind, and the wind came. Gently it came at first, only a mild puff, steadying the ship in her rolling and making the sails flap loudly. Rich started from the deck in wild excitement.

Those puffs of wind were from the south — a few hours of this would see them through the straits, and free. Soon there was quite a breeze, and the *Santa Engracia* was heading gallantly to the open sea.

But the breeze had brought no relief from the heat. It was a hot wind, a fiery wind. There was an Indian on the forecastle chattering excitedly to Tomas, and Tomas was trying to puzzle out what he was saying. He led the Indian aft to where Rich stood with García.

"Hurricane," the Indian babbled in panic. "Hurricane — big wind. Big — big — big — big wind," he said wildly.

"You had better shorten sail, Tomas," said Rich, and then, as a bigger gust came: "No, heave her to."

Tomas nodded decided approval and rushed forward; the Indians there were all scurrying to and fro, wringing their hands and wailing "Hurricane, hurricane" — there was something about the strange Indian word which filled them with terror. García came aft to Rich, with one of the Spanish colonists.

"Abello here knows what the Indians are saying," he shouted in Rich's ear. "He has seen these hurricanes before."

Abello was hatless, and his long hair and beard were blown into a wild mop in front of his face.

"Nothing can live in a hurricane," he shouted. "Make for land."

"I can't —" said Rich.

The force of the wind suddenly redoubled itself. The *Santa Engracia* lay over, took a huge wave over her bows, and then wearily came up to the wind again. The wind felt like something solid pushing against them, and it was still increasing in force. Rich seized a rope's end and began to tie himself to the rail. The deck forward was strangely bare — only Tomas and another man were to be seen there, clutching the rail. The sea they had shipped must have swept the others away.

A huge wave suddenly popped up from nowhere and came tumbling over the poop. Rich felt himself dashed against the rail with terrific force; he choked and strangled and struggled in the water until the *Santa Engracia* shook herself free. García and Abello were gone from beside him. The masts went next — Rich saw the weather shrouds of the mainmast part and the wind whirl the mast away like a chip. Everything else on deck was going, too. Only Tomas was still there, bound to the forecastle rail.

A little crowd of people, Spaniards and Indians, came suddenly pouring into the waist, as it rolled awash, from out of the forecastle. The sea took them too; they must have been driven out of their shelter by the rising water within. For the *Santa Engracia* was low in the water by now; every sea was sweeping across her decks and burying Rich in its foam. He was incapable

of sufficient thought to be afraid any more — it was as if he were standing aside and watching the body of the learned Narciso Rich being battered by the waves.

At nightfall he was still alive, drooping half-conscious in his bonds as the seas swept over him. He was hardly aware of the moment when the ship struck land, but he became conscious of a thundering noise as it pounded and broke. He struggled free of the rope. Then the poop on which he stood broke clear, hurtling over the reef and across a lagoon, and Rich felt it strike solid land in a welter of crashing fragments. The wind took charge of him as he hit the beach, and blew him farther inshore. He felt vegetation — some kind of cane — under him. Then he fell into the lee of a nearly vertical bank, so that the hurricane could no longer reach him. He lay there, half conscious, while overhead the gale howled in the pitchy black.

THERE WAS a stream flowing at the bottom of the ravine where the wind had dropped Rich. He lay half in and half out of it for most of one day. The fresh water probably saved his life, for he was too battered and bruised to be able to move far. Overpowering thirst compelled him to bend his tortured neck and drink; but at first he felt no hunger, only the dreadful pain of his bruises. It was not until the

third day that he staggered out of the ravine to the beach. He emerged, in dazzling sunshine, near the point where the *Santa Engracia* had been blown ashore.

For several days the problem of food occupied his entire attention. The early discovery of a bag of Indian corn, washed ashore from the *Santa Engracia*, gave him strength to continue his search. Then he managed to kill a land crab with a rock, and ate the disgusting creature raw. Plantain fruit and shellfish he ate too, and survived. But the catch that really turned the scale was a turtle on the beach, crawling seaward after laying her eggs. Rich had just enough strength to struggle with her, avoiding the frantic snaps of her bony jaws, and with one wild effort he managed to turn her over by the aid of a bit of driftwood. The rest of the business was horrible. Nevertheless it was when he had eaten his fill of the rich food that he ceased to be a mere food-hunting animal and became again a thinking man, able to make plans for the future.

He was alone on a little island; of that he was sure by now. Away to the southward was a haze on the horizon which must be Española. His chances of being rescued were negligible, he knew — it might be ten years before a ship came by. So, with only shells and sharp stones and two big nails he had salvaged from a fragment of the *Santa Engracia*, he set himself to fashion-

ing a dug-out canoe from a fallen tree. It proved a weary and hopeless business, but for weeks he labored at it, sparing himself only the minimum of time to search for food. He slept each night in the open, so weary that not even heavy showers could wake him.

When considering his chances of being rescued, Rich had never given a thought to Indian canoes. Yet, one noontide, a canoe came. He looked up from his work to see it, with two men at the paddles, threading its way in through the shoals. He immediately ran to hide, and waited until it reached the shore and the Indians had dragged it up the beach before he seized a heavy club and rushed down upon them.

They promptly scattered, squeaking with dismay. Rich now found himself master of a canoe which, crude as it was, was far better than anything he could have hoped to make in three months. But it was a big boat for a single man to handle, and Española was far away; he would prefer to have a crew for the voyage.

He wondered how he could coax the Indians within reach. The Admiral had always managed to play upon their curiosity, he knew. He took up his club, balanced it upright on his open hand, and walked solemnly down the beach with it. Then he sat down in the canoe with his back to the land and spun his club in his fingers as if he were doing something mysterious. He heard

soft footfalls on the sand behind him, and whisperings. The Indians were standing a few yards off, staring. Rich turned and extended his hand in the gesture of peace.

"Good day," he said, soothingly.

They nudged each other, but said nothing. He racked his brains in an effort to be more conversational. He pointed southwest.

"Cuba?" he asked.

They knew that name, and stirred with recognition. "Cuba," said one of them, nodding.

Rich pointed to the south. "Española?" he asked, and then, correcting himself: "Hayti?"

They shrank back a little at that — to them, clearly, the name of Hayti was accursed. But the boldest one managed to nod in reply. Then he pointed to Rich and then to the south; Rich caught the word "Hayti" repeated several times — he was being asked if he came from there.

"Oh no, no," he said, shaking his head. "Me Cuba. Hurricane."

Encouraged by a friendly understanding in their faces, Rich rubbed his stomach and made signs of eating. A plan was forming in his mind.

He picked up the end of a fish net in the canoe and pointed to the sea; they grasped what he wanted. This simple stranger needed some fish, and they were perfectly willing to oblige. They came fearlessly forward now, and pushed the canoe into the water. Rich casually picked

up his club, dropped it into the canoe, and climbed in.

One of the Indians paddled while the other paid out the net. The canoe danced slowly over the small surf. Farther and farther out they went, until Rich, watching narrowly, decided that the decisive moment had come. He scrambled forward, seized the remainder of the net and dumped it overboard. He picked up his club, poised it menacingly.

"Hayti," he said, and pointed southward.

They protested strenuously at that, piping in their shrill voices and gesticulating despairingly.

"Hayti," said Rich inexorably. He swung his club, ready to strike one Indian down if by so doing he could terrorize the other into paddling. They gave way before his ferocity, and headed out to sea.

The canoe effected its passage to Española in the course of that night, although before the voyage was over the Indians were sobbing with fatigue and Rich had to goad them to work. At dawn the jagged mountains of Hayti grew steadily nearer until the canoe ran alongside a natural pier of rock and Rich stepped out, so stiff and cramped that he could hardly stand straight.

The Indians sat still, looking at him apprehensively, wondering what fate awaited them in this land which the white devils had come to plague. Rich considered: he could use the canoe to take him along the

coast until he found a Spanish settlement. But what might happen to the poor wretches if his fellow Spaniards laid hands on them?

"Go!" he said, suddenly.


They looked at him without comprehension. He swept his hand in a wide gesture toward the horizon, pushed the canoe out from the rock, then walked a little way inland. When he looked round they were paddling bravely out to sea, their fatigue forgotten in their new freedom.

Sixteen days later, Rich, footsore and famished, stumbled into the fort of Isabella, Roldan's old headquarters. The colonists remaining there gave him clothing and food, and listened sympathetically to his tale of García's wild scheme to discover a land of gold to the northwest. In return they told him their news, of the disorders which had spread through the island again; how the Indian woman Anacaona had been hanged for treason, and sixteen petty chiefs roasted alive.

They told him that a new expedition, under the command of one Francisco de Bobadilla, the greatest noble who had as yet set foot in Española, had just reached San Domingo from Spain. Bobadilla had some mysterious new powers, and an army with which to enforce them.

It was five months and a week since García had kidnapped him, Rich reckoned. The court of Spain must have acted with unusual prompt-

titude on receipt of his report, and he could guess what sort of orders and powers had been given to Bobadilla. But he hardly cared about that. Soon one at least of the ships which had come out would be sailing back to Spain. Provided with a horse and guide by the Isabella colonists, Rich pressed on to San Domingo, in panic lest he should arrive too late to be able to sail with the returning ship.

 RICH COULD hardly believe that this was really he, stepping aboard the *caravel Vizcaya* on his way to Spain. The bustle of the ship making ready for departure, the screaming of the sea birds, were like noises heard in a dream. He was free, and returning home. The Indies would get on without him.

Bobadilla quite obviously had his own ideas about governing the island. What would be the future of this empire? Rich could guess that its boundaries would expand, that island after island would be overrun. Conquest was certain, as long as Spain could supply restless and daring spirits like García, prepared to attack any kingdom with a handful of men and horses. Someone in the future would take up García's project again, and discover the land of gold to the northwest, and conquer it.

A boat was coming out to the *Vizcaya*; presumably it had on board Alonso de Villegio, the captain, with

Bobadilla's final despatches for Spain. But in the stern of the boat, beside Villegio, was a strangely familiar figure. Rich recognized the bent shoulders and the white hair and beard immediately. Yet he could hardly believe what he saw.

The boat came alongside, and Villegio sprang lightly to the deck. Then he stood by the rail to help up the man who followed him. The man was in need of this help, for he was old and feeble and stiff. As he raised his hands to the rail, there was a dull clanking — the Admiral was coming on board with chains upon his wrists.

Rich was inexpressibly shocked that Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean, the Viceroy of the Indies, the man who had discovered a new world, should be thus publicly put to shame by being packed off home in chains. He hurried across to the Admiral.

"Your Excellency," he said, and bowed low. His heart was wrung with pity as the Admiral peered at him with rheumy eyes.

"Ah, Don Narciso," said the Admiral, slowly.

"It is dreadful to see Your Excellency treated in this fashion," said Rich.

"It is not dreadful for me," said the Admiral. "This is the sort of gratitude that benefactors can always expect of the world. Christ had his cross and crown of thorns, while I have only this chain."

As soon as his ship was under

way Villegio returned to them. He, too, bowed low.

"Your Excellency," he said. "I can remove that chain now."

"And why?" asked the Admiral.

Villegio snapped his fingers.

"I am at sea now," he said. "No orders here have any weight save mine. I shall call the armorer."

The Admiral restrained him with a gesture.

"No!" he said. "I wear this chain by order of the King, and I shall continue to wear it until I am freed by the King's own order again."

Villegio stood hesitant.

"Your Excellency," interposed Rich. "Take the chain off now for the sake of your own comfort. You can put it on again when we sight Spain."

"No, no, no!" said the Admiral. "I will not!"

Rich and Villegio exchanged glances. They recognized the sort of fanaticism which brooked no argument.

"As Your Excellency pleases," said Villegio, bowing again. There were scores of matters clamoring for his attention. "I must ask Your Excellency's kindness to spare me for a few minutes again."

The Admiral motioned him away with superb dignity. "I understand," he said. "I myself was once a captain of a ship."

As Villegio departed the Admiral rounded upon Rich. "I suppose, Don Narciso, that I have you to thank for this treatment. What did

you say in that lying report of yours to Their Highnesses? Who bribed you?"

"No one," said Rich hotly, stung by the imputation. "I have done my duty, that and no more." His genuine indignation was perhaps remarked by the Admiral.

"No matter," he said. "I am strong enough to stand alone against all the liars and detractors in Spain or in the Indies. Half an hour with Their Highnesses and these chains will be struck off and I shall be Admiral and Viceroy again. I have only to tell them of the discoveries I have made on this voyage — of the mines of Ophir, of the Earthly Paradise, of the westerly passage to Arabia. I have only to remind them of the wealth to be won, the new kingdoms to be discovered."

The dull blue eyes had a light in them now, and the wrinkled face was animated and alive. The Admiral had forgotten Rich's presence; he was staring at the horizon and dreaming dreams, just as he had always dreamed them. Rich, gazing at him, realized that the Admiral was right — that he had only to talk in that fashion to Their Highnesses to have all he wanted again. Within a year, perhaps, he would be at sea again seeking the Fountain of Youth, or the Tree of Knowledge, or the Golden City of Cambaluc. And he would find — God only knew what he would find; but, being the Admiral, he would find something.

Rich glanced astern to where Española's mountains were fast sinking into the sea. There was a magnificent rainbow across them, adding fresh richness to their superb green summits towering above the

blue, blue sea. He caught his breath a little at the sight, and felt a twinge of regret at leaving the Indies behind. He shook off his momentary depression. He was on his way home.

As Narciso Rich foresaw at the conclusion of this novel, Columbus's fortunes actually took a turn for the better. Even while he was being brought back in disgrace, sentiment in Spain swung again in his favor. One of his letters from Española produced a profound effect on the Court, and when he landed the irons were struck from his wrists and he was received with acclaim. He again inspired King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella with visions of vast treasures and possessions to be gained in the Indies. Bobadilla was replaced by another governor, and Columbus was given a new fleet, with which he set out in 1502 on his fourth and last great voyage. He returned two years later an ailing man, and died in 1506 — still believing that he had discovered not a new world but a new route to the Indies.

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« TWENTIETH YEAR »

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« Help Britain? Yes — but on condition Britain recognizes our stake in her victory

Our Next Step Toward a Safer World

By

William Hard

Veteran political correspondent and commentator

OUR WORLD policy pivots, and must pivot, on our policy toward Britain. Our present policy toward Britain is ignominious. It needs drastic revision.

We overwhelmingly say that Britain is "the rim of our freedom"

WILLIAM HARD was born in Painted Post, N. Y., but his earliest recollections are of India, where his father was a missionary. Later he attended school in London, and then returned to the U. S. to go to Northwestern University. After graduation he taught history for a year before going into newspaper and magazine work. As a freelance correspondent, he toured Europe almost annually between 1917 and 1930, reporting on political and economic conditions. He also became one of the first broadcasters to transmit interpretations of the news direct from Europe to America. A profound student of history and politics, Mr. Hard lectures frequently on international affairs.

and "the first line of our defense." We thereupon say that we must and will "help" Britain. Very well. I enthusiastically agree.

But let us then live up to our own thoughts and our own words. Let us go on from helping Britain feebly to helping Britain effectively. Let us follow our policy through. Let us imagine: We have provided Britain with a sufficiency of supplies; and Britain has won! Victory!

But then let us ask:

What will Britain do with that victory? What political and territorial arrangements, conducive to peace or provocative of new wars, will she make in western Europe, in Africa, in eastern and southern Asia? What commercial arrangements, what monetary arrange-

ments, helpful or unhelpful to us, will she proceed to establish on her trade routes, old and new, all around the globe? Will her world commitments and her world activities, *this time*, be any more productive of peace for the world and of peace for *us* than they were *last time*? Will her trade empire, which includes many regions besides her Dominions and her Colonies and Possessions, be operated to our benefit or to our hurt? Have we any binding understanding with Britain on these points?

The answer is: None at all. The victory will have been won with our resources, but it will be a British victory. We shall have been stokers and oilers in the boiler room of the British ship of state, with all the deck officers and navigators British and with a British captain sailing the ship to a purely British destination.

More than a century ago, when the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine was discussed in President Monroe's cabinet, the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, remarked that he did not want to see the United States "come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war." Is it possible that the manly self-respect we had in the days of our weakness shall depart from us in the days of our strength? Is it possible that we shall be more provincial, more colonial, more obsequious, than we were then? Shall Britain, our "rim

of freedom" and our "first defense," both fight the war and dictate the peace? Besides being parasites on British valor, shall we also be satellites to British world politics?

My father's people came here from Britain before the Revolution. My mother was British born. With every drop of British blood I have in me I resent playing second fiddle on the tune of "Me Too" to my British cousins in London.

I contend that Painted Post, New York, where I was born, is closer to the world's coming political center of gravity than London is today. This country is not "remote" from the world. It is not a "refuge" from the world. It is not an "escape" from the world. It is not the world's vermiform appendix with no known world function except the hope of amputation. It is much closer to being the world's very heart.

This country lies almost in the middle between the world's two historic vitally breathing lungs. It lies between the unquenchable passions of western Europe and the reawakening activities and ambitions of eastern Asia. Alone among the great powers, it has a mainland that fronts upon both the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean. Alone among them, it has a mainland that can be menaced simultaneously from the European Occident and the Asiatic Orient. Its internal strength is stupendous. Its popula-

tion—on any weighted count of numbers, resources and capabilities—is by far the world's most important. Its geographical situation is equally important but by no means in all ways so happy. We are admirably situated to be the prey of a European blade and an Asiatic blade of a world scissors.

In these circumstances we ought not to be asking ourselves simply: "What can we do to help Britain?" We ought to be asking ourselves also—and primarily: "What can Britain do to help us?" As soon as we pose the problem in that way, we can begin to act with some realistic common sense—perhaps even with a little audacity.

The fact is that Britain and the British Dominions and the British Colonies and Possessions can help us enormously on our Atlantic front and on our Pacific front and on our total world front; and we ought to bind Britain to do it. We ought to bind ourselves to help Britain adequately to destroy the Hitlerism which has dared to say that its next victim will be the United States of America; and we ought to bind Britain to make a peace which will produce in the world an invincible American-British zone of world safety.

It can be done. I will suggest the four necessary points in the bargain.

One: We have a long commitment to the south of us. Under the Declaration of Lima of 1938 we

have associated ourselves with all the other American republics in undertaking to maintain the "peace" and the "security" and the "territorial integrity" of all the signatories "against all foreign intervention or activity that may threaten them." This gives us a military and naval commitment all the way from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego, on a line 8000 miles long.

It does not help much to say that the line is all in the Western Hemisphere. It is still 8000 miles long. Moreover, if we must talk about hemispheres, a lot of the line is in the Southern Hemisphere and a lot of it is not as near to us as it is to Africa, which is in the Eastern Hemisphere. We should therefore say:

Britain shall associate itself to the Declaration of Lima. It shall undertake the same obligation that we have undertaken to help protect Latin America against European aggression. Latin America owes its independence to the "parallel action" taken against the European Holy Alliance of Russia, Prussia, Austria and France in 1823 by President Monroe of the United States and Prime Minister Canning of Britain. Let those parallel lines now meet. Let the independence of Latin America from Europe be guaranteed by the joint power of the American and British fleets. Canning said that he called the New World into existence to

redress the balance of the Old. Let Churchill consummate Caning. "

Britain has strategic possessions and highly useful ports on the west coast of Africa. Britain should undertake to see to it that no ports whatsoever on the west coast of Africa shall be used as take-offs for attacks on Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina. Latin America would then be truly secure.

Two: We have a long commitment in the Pacific. It extends to China. By many steps we have established our interest in the Orient — by the acquisition of Alaska, of Pago Pago in Samoa, of the Hawaiian Islands, of Guam, of the Philippines; by circulating the Open Door notes regarding trade in China; by negotiating the Nine Power Treaty regarding the freedom of China; by protesting the Japanese seizure of Manchuria from China. A free and independent China is a benefit to the Oriental peace which is advantageous to us. Consequently an aggressive Japan is a danger to us.

Let Britain then bind herself to cease from blowing hot and blowing lukewarm and blowing cold on the subject of Japan and China. No more speeches by British ambassadors in the Orient saying that the ultimate objectives of Britain and Japan in the Orient are after all quite the same. No more opening and closing and reopening of the Burma Road in the course of

furtive efforts to arrange an artificial peace in the Orient with Japan triumphant and China prostrate. No. Britain shall once for all agree, wholly and irrevocably, to the proposition that if German totalitarianism in Europe deserves unflinching hostility from Washington, then Japanese totalitarianism in Asia deserves unflinching hostility from London.

Three: Britain and the British Dominions and the British Colonies and Possessions and the United States shall strive to cooperate toward fairer and fuller trade in the world. That is for two ends.

The first end is the gradual removal of one of the main aggravations of belligerency on this planet; namely, trade discriminations by countries having colonial empires against countries not having colonial empires. We Americans in our small colonies have been guilty on this point on a tiny scale. Britain and the British Dominions and the British Colonies and Possessions have been guilty on a gigantic scale. The fact is recognized by the best British opinion. Britain shall engage to follow hereafter the policy recently laid down by the National Executive of the British Labor Party:

"The redistribution of colonial territories between rival imperialisms is no solution. What is needed is a finish to all imperialistic exploitation. There must be equal opportunity of access for all peaceful

peoples to markets and raw materials in colonial territories."

The second end sought under this head is quite different. It is the contriving of a concerted American-British economic self-defense. If at any time after the conclusion of this war there should be a totalitarian continental Europe, trying to use its aggregated economic power as a bartering bargaining agency to break down the economic strength of outside countries, then the only answer will be the combined economic strengths of all the regions and all the resources over which the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack fly. Trade boards (1) among the British countries and (2) between the British countries and the United States, to explore and develop that concert of American-British economic diplomacy, should be set to work at once. The bargaining power of a joint American-British trading area would make the bargaining power of the totalized whole of the European Continent look sick — sick unto death.

Four: From 1919 to 1933 Britain failed to give democratic Germany the support that would have enabled it to remain a democracy. From 1933 onward Britain failed to give Hitler's Germany the prompt and easy repressions that would have prevented it from re-arming itself into a military menace. Britain has proved herself to be as incapable of operating the Euro-

pean Continent as we are ourselves.

When Hitlerism (with our help) has been made to bite the dust, and when the non-German nations of Europe have had a full opportunity to unite themselves to resist any revival of German aggression, Britain shall cease to have any political or military or territorial commitments on the European Continent. United, the non-German nations on the European Continent can hold Germany in check. If they decline to unite, they should be left to the consequences of their own preferences.

We Americans have had enough and more than enough of the European Continent: we have had more than enough of British entanglements on the European Continent. Britain needs nothing from the European Continent if it has the friendship, confident and continuous, of the Americas. It can never have it in full, and it ought never to have it in full, until it shakes itself loose from the Old World and knows its future to be that of an impregnable bastion of the New World. Britain should know it and say it and act it.

So let us suppose that all these four points are fulfilled. Then what?

Then, under such conditions, the struggle that Britain is now waging, with a heroism to which any tribute is almost an insult, a heroism so high that it is laughter for the participants and tears for the beholders, becomes our struggle too.

We then have a stake in it, a valid, practical, ascertainable, measurable American stake.

Our present help to Britain is half-hearted and half-witted. We have not seen and stated our stake. That is why we have been helping under wraps. I say:

Let us state our stake to Britain; let us bind Britain to it; and then let us throw off the wraps and go all out for Britain with all we have.

We shall be going out for ourselves. And we shall be going out for all the rest of all the Americas. We shall be starting the creation, after all these years, of a truly invulnerable American System.

The symbolic center of that System will not be in the city of Washington. I am not fantastic when I say that it will be in the city of Panama.

There the influence of Simon Bolívar convened the first Pan

American Conference. There lies the juncture between the Americas called North and Central and the America called South. There, in the waters of the canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, lies the true safe route between Britain and her most distant Dominions, Australia and New Zealand. There lies the little neck of land that contains the vital artery between the whole Atlantic and Pacific worlds. There I would put up a building, not as a Capitol but as an Emblem; and I would have the flags of all the republics of the Pan-American Union fluttering over it; and I would say to the British people of all the world:

"This is the symbolic and strategic center of the only world-safety-zone that can at present be organized for free nations and free men and women. Do you want to join? Do you want to go New World? Bring your flags."

Oxygen to the Soul

THERE ARE high spots in all of our lives and most of them have come about through encouragement from someone else. I don't care how great, how famous or successful a man or woman may be, each hungers for applause.

Encouragement is oxygen to the soul. Good work can never be expected from a worker without encouragement. No one ever climbed spiritual heights without it. No one ever *lived* without it.

Note how good *you* feel after you have encouraged someone else. No other argument is necessary to suggest that you never miss the opportunity to give encouragement.

—George Matthew Adams

This story of an immigrant family
epitomizes the Epic of America

Chronicles of Americanization . . . [IV]

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Edwin Muller

WE LIKE to think that the needy and oppressed of Europe were clamoring to come to the New World in the late 1800's, and that we generously opened wide our gates and let the eager millions in.

It didn't happen quite that way. Actually, the great tide of immigration was largely the result of a high-pressure sales campaign. The steamship companies wanted the immigrants' passage money; the builders and manufacturers wanted their strong backs. But above all, the railroads wanted to dispose of the huge quantities of undeveloped land they owned along their rights of way.

Railroad land agents went all over Europe persuading peasants to come to America. "How to Make a Living on a Farm in Kansas" was translated into nearly every European language. The railroads found an even better piece of sales promotion than that. They translated the Constitution of the United States and spread it far and wide. They were selling land; but freedom and the inspired words of the Founding Fathers were part of the sales talk.

The rulers of Europe were not pleased to see their best farmers enticed away. Germany forbade the advertising of American land. In South Russia, one Santa Fe agent kept just a jump ahead of the Czar's police. But the world's greatest real estate promotion went steadily on. Shiploads of Germans and Slavs sailed from Hamburg and the ports of the Black Sea. Presently they were loaded into immigrant trains which rolled westward to the wide, lonely plains.

IN SUCH a train, one summer in the '70's, rode a small boy, Karl Seder. He was a tow-headed youngster of ten, a nuisance because he kept running back and forth across the car, trying to see out on both sides at once. He and his parents, with his younger brother and sister, had come from a German settlement in the southern Ukraine, near the Sea of Azov. The bronzed and stalwart father spoke little. From under her black head-shawl the mother looked out a little fearfully at the unending sweep of the Kansas prairie.

To Karl it was like the ocean that he had just crossed, enormous,

rolling away slowly to the edge of things. The few houses were little cardboard boxes tossed up on the crests of the long rollers. He strained his eyes half hoping, half fearing to see bands of Indians.

Late one hot afternoon they came to the end of the journey, the town of Newton, just one street of unpainted shacks and tents. The train moved on, leaving the huddle of immigrants on their boxes and bundles. A long string of boxcars stood on a siding. In them the women and children were to live while the men went out with the land agent to locate their farms and prepare them for habitation.

The father was gone for weeks. Day after day the sun blazed down.

"Is it always so hot?" Karl's mother asked of a woman who had come over the year before.

The other pointed to a six-foot fence. "In winter the snow piles up over the top."

When Karl's father came back to fetch his family, he had bought oxen, a wagon, and farm equipment, partly with their small funds, partly on credit from the railroad. Starting at dawn, they rode all day through the waist-high grass. It parted in front of them, closed again behind. Their only guide was a single furrow 22 miles long which the father had plowed. In the first hours they passed a few houses, then there were no more.

Near dusk they came to the end

of the furrow. The mother looked around. In every direction only the empty horizon.

"Why do we stop here?"

"This is where we are to live."

She leaned against the side of the wagon and wept. There must have been a deep bitterness in her soul when she thought of the man who had persuaded them with easy-flowing words to sell their little farm on the rising ground above the Sea of Azov and come to this place. But she could not afford the luxury of yielding to despair. She sat up and wiped her eyes. Her husband, phlegmatic and silent, was already unloading their goods, the sacks of meal, the pots and pans.

She saw what she had first overlooked, the house that her husband had built. It was hard to see, for it was one of the famous "sod houses," 14 feet by 12, dug three feet into the ground and rising three feet above—a frame of rough poles with brush laid overhead, and covered with an 18-inch layer of sod.

She set about making a home of it.

IN THE DAYS that followed, the father was out at the first gray of dawn, working until the last of daylight, taking only a few minutes for breakfast, dinner or supper—always corn-meal mush and bacon. He was breaking the tough prairie sod for the winter wheat.

They had brought the seed from Russia. All through the winter evenings before their departure the children had sat on the floor picking out the plumpest and firmest grains. There are 218,000 grains of wheat in a bushel; the children sorted many bushels. Now, as he helped to sow, Karl felt as if a trickle of gold was going through his fingers into the black soil.

They strained to the limit of their strength to get more grain into the ground, and yet more. Karl took his turn at the plow, his head and shoulders just showing above the top of the grass.

Soon the wheat was up and the fields around the house were a bright green carpet, bordered with the dry brown prairie grass. It was a time of hope and planning. Another German lived only a mile away. He rode over one Sunday and his talk made them feel that they were part of a community. Next year, he said, there'd be a road close by, and a schoolhouse was planned not more than four miles away. That was the best news that the mother had heard.

ONE EVENING Karl and his father were so intent upon their work they did not notice that the great up-flaming of the prairie sunset glowed on long after it should have faded.

Karl heard the sound of hoofs, turned to see their neighbor coming on the gallop.

"Quick! Harness your oxen!"

He pointed to the west. Fire! And the wind was toward them. Long ago they should have plowed a protective belt around their land. Even now there might be time to run two or three furrows.

The oxen had been let out to graze. As always they had lain down, were concealed somewhere in the tall grass. The whole family began a frantic search. It was Karl who stumbled over them at last.

As the father prodded and lashed the oxen ahead of the plow they could see the glow rise in the sky. A thin bright line appeared on the horizon, moved toward them. They began to cough from the smoke and the white fluff of ashes in the wind.

There was time for two furrows. Then at the neighbor's direction they ran along with torches, lighting fires on the far side. Those were critical moments. Here and there the new fires leaped the furrows, went licking toward the house and the wheat fields. The six of them ran from place to place with shovels and sticks, beating and stamping out the crawling flames. They hardly noticed the burns they received. Meanwhile a blackened strip slowly widened to windward.

It was enough. The roar and blaze of the big fire died at the edge of the burned strip.

WINTER CAME early that year. The father had just time to build

a rough shelter for the oxen, to make a trip with the wagon to Newton for supplies. Then the real snow began. The stove, when it was kept full, warmed the sod house well enough, but they had to economize on fuel. From outside the house seemed only a big snow-drift.

The thing that kept them going was the thought of the wheat. All the acres of green safely covered by the snow. There it lay — their whole future — clothes and schooling for the children, a new house, money in the bank.

In the spring they lived with their eyes on the sky. Would this be one of the drought years of which the neighbor had told them, when the young wheat would shrivel and die? But the rains came. Even the father laughed and sang little songs. It didn't matter that water seeped through the roof sods and the sticky mud covered everything.

June came and they could see the wheat grow.

So SULTRY was it that when the cloud appeared over the western horizon they thought it must mean a thunderstorm. But as it came nearer they noticed something queer about it. It clung close to the ground and there was a humming sound.

Then they saw what it was. Grasshoppers — billions of them. Soon the sun and the sky were hid-

den; the wheat fields were a crawling, writhing carpet.

The Seders ran up and down, beating wildly with sticks and brooms. But they were like men on a beach trying to beat back the tide. A few hours later the plague had departed. Not a stalk was standing — all the wheat had been eaten level with the ground. The father and mother just stood there, faces blank and staring.

IT WAS a very durable-looking old gentleman who told me the story. Karl Seder is a little hard of hearing now, but I should say that he is still as alert as when he ran back and forth between the car windows looking for Indians. We sat in his private office, though he spends most of his time out front where he can talk with people. He is president of the bank in a small Kansas town.

"Did your parents ever make a comeback?" I asked.

"Next day my father was out breaking ground for a new crop."

The Santa Fe railroad came to the rescue as it had for many another settler — extended long, easy credits. No charity about it; the road knew that its own prosperity was tied to that of the colonists whom it had persuaded to come.

The Seders must be one of the best investments the company ever made. Before the eleven-year credit period had expired, Mr. Seder had nearly 300 acres in wheat. The

mother lived to see her grandchildren come home from college — and must have embarrassed them because sometimes she still wore her black head-shawl. She spoke English with difficulty, always lapsed into German when she talked of the sod-house days.

The banker had just a faint accent; his children have no German at all except what they learned in school. Since the grandmother died they no longer subscribe to the German-language weekly. This is typical of how this community has evolved in one man's lifetime.

Mr. Seder is one of the pillars of the town. The deposit account in his bank in which he takes the greatest pride is that of the Santa Fe.

Multiply the Seders by thousands and you have part of the story of the building of the U. S. A.

You can't make a neat and rounded success story of it. To do that you'd have to end it in the days of the last war when the rain was soaking the prairies and the world was calling for wheat at \$2 a bushel.

I asked Mr. Seder whether the immigrants and their descendants weren't worse off now than before

they came. He shook his head. Times were bad, he said, but not that bad.

And as for going back where they came from —

"I did go back where I came from," said Mr. Seder, and he looked rather grim about it.

A few years ago he visited his native countryside in the Ukraine. It had not been a happy experience. Mr. Seder had tried to find two or three well-to-do farming families of whom his mother had often spoken. Without exception they had vanished — "liquidated" they call it in Russia.

According to Karl Seder there is no part of the country where the Nazi idea is more unpopular than in the German-settled part of Kansas. Nobody there wants to go back where he came from, whether Russia or Germany.

So it would appear that we did a good job when we went abroad to sell land, the Constitution, freedom and opportunity. Our methods may have been high-pressure. But the goods we sold have given satisfaction to the customers. And from the customers we have value received.



*Nature has given women so much power that
the law has very wisely given them little.*

— Dr. Samuel Johnson

"I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Fell"

Condensed from *The Christian Century*

Dorothy Canfield

Author of "Hillsboro People," "Raw Material,"
"The Deepening Stream," etc.

ONCE in the question-and-answer period after I had finished a talk at a woman's college, a girl asked me: "How do you stand it when some reviewer tears one of your books to pieces? It would just slay me to have such hateful things said about me."

Feeling that her question was easy to answer, I began with bland assurance: "Well, of course no writer would pretend it is pleasant to read a severely unfavorable criticism. But nobody can expect to be liked by everyone. The very same traits which make some people enjoy having you around will make other people hate the sight of you. Take your own personal life. You know well enough that not *everybody* who knows you likes you. You must have noticed —"

I was halted by a strange expression on her young face. Her eyes widened; she perceptibly paled. It was borne in on me, with a horrifying impact, that never before had it occurred to this 19-year-old child that anyone could dislike her — not *her*! For a moment I was far too embarrassed to speak. Nor did any-

one. And as I looked from one sober young face to another, I knew why — I had broken dreadful news to them all.

Those girls should, for their own good, have learned that long ago. Yet the thought came to me that day, and I have had it many times since, that none of us really understands the phenomenon of personal likes and dislikes. It is ever present in our daily life, familiar to all adults, and yet it is an unsolved mystery.

The first day in school a new teacher faces a group of children, all unknown to her. The children face an adult they have never laid eyes on before. The teacher writes a few sentences on the board, gives a few directions, and then they all march off to the first school assembly. But already most of the children know whether they "like Teacher" or not. And already the teacher has thought, "That freckle-faced boy and the girl with very short hair in the back — I'm going to enjoy having them in the class."

Take the case of a person who has just undergone an operation.

Even before the ether fumes are cleared from his head he likes some and dislikes others of the nurses coming and going in his sickroom. He has not seen them long enough to know anything about their qualities. He simply makes up his mind that he likes the sandy-haired one best. On the other hand, the man in the next room, fighting his way out of ether, may whisper to the doctor, "Keep that sandy-haired nurse away! She gives me the jitters. I'd rather have the little fat one."

As you look around you at people in streetcar or ferry or drugstore, why do you like some and dislike others?

These first-impression preferences often change as mysteriously as they appear. Only the most stubborn insist that they never modify a first like or dislike. But when one's likes and dislikes settle down to permanence, they are as inexplicable as ever. This fact is so disconcerting to logic and common sense that most people refuse to admit it. We bring up all sorts of things as reasons for our feelings. We say, sweepingly, "I like Pete because he's cheerful. I always like cheerful people." But even as we speak we remember (if we are honest) that So-and-So is cheerful and we have often wished he'd wipe that silly grin off his face. The simple point is that we like Pete and so we like his being cheerful; we don't like So-and-So and hence we dislike his cheerfulness.

And don't claim for one instant that you like anybody for his virtue, or dislike him for his faults. How many devotedly good people have rubbed you intolerably the wrong way? And how many times have you confessed, "Well, I know he doesn't pay his debts and is always getting out from under his responsibilities — but, darn it all, you can't help liking the fellow."

Moreover, our likes and dislikes are cheerfully free from the self-interest motive. The sick man who murmurs he'd rather have the sandy-haired nurse hasn't any idea that she can give him better nursing. The child who, gazing at the new teacher, finds mysteriously rising in his ignorant little heart a liking for her hasn't the least idea that she can teach him more geography and arithmetic than another. He doesn't like her because he can get more education out of her. Goodness gracious, no! He just likes her.

Is the phenomenon of personal liking and disliking so mysterious that nothing can be learned about the conduct of life from thoughtful consideration of it? Well, maybe one thing: the desirability of admitting to our minds without emotional protest the fact that each of us is bound to encounter some persons who dislike him, and that we might as well accept this universal phenomenon without making a fuss about it.

Much unhappiness, irritability

and vain regret could be put out of our lives if we would but recognize that any universal phenomenon is bound to apply to us as well as to everybody else. It is childishness not to recognize this. Yet I have a notion that many a sensitive clergyman, many a lawyer, doctor, merchant, suffers from a shock not unlike that which paled the cheeks of my college girl when he sees dislike in the eyes of someone looking at him — even someone he secretly dislikes himself. If we could accept such shocks as philosophically as we accept the weather — and for the same reason, because there's nothing anybody can do about them — how much more inner peace we might have! We might learn to protect our self-respect by taking pains always to act with fairness and thoughtfulness to the occasional person who is so inhuman as to feel for us the dislike we feel once in a while for someone else. Beyond that, the best thing is just to take it as we take a wet day, aware that fussing about it only makes things worse.

Although this problem of likes and dislikes concerns us every minute we are in the presence of others, it is never seriously discussed by doctors, psychologists, clergymen, or anyone else among

those who undertake to help us to understand life in order to manage it with intelligence. Did you ever see a reputable book on this subject? I never did. A few commercially minded people make money by teaching us tricks which will help us give an imitation of likability and hence perhaps sell more goods or more insurance. But that is about all.

The poets more than other human beings have here occasional deep divinations of truth. They have at least recognized the existence of this mystery. Elizabeth Barrett goes deep with the sonnet beginning:

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile — her look —
her way
Of speaking gently — for a trick of
thought."

Later she repeats with passionate insistence "love me for love's sake."

But it was no poet at all, only an irreverent student in a classroom a century or so ago, who produced a bit of doggerel so folk-perfect an expression for a universal human experience that his four lines bid fair to become immortal:

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know and know full well —
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

The optimist is as often wrong as the pessimist, but he is far happier.

❧ A great corporation discovers that the stop watch killeth, but the spirit giveth life

What Makes the Worker Like to Work?

By
Stuart Chase

THE MOST exciting and important study of factory workers ever made has been going on for 16 years in the Western Electric Company's Hawthorne plant, near Chicago. If managers of other factories, large and small the country over, were aware of things which this huge experiment in industrial relations has found out, American industry could be made over.

Efficiency experts have long been trying to find the number of working hours, the manual methods and physical conditions which would give maximum daily output. The researchers at Hawthorne discovered something far more important than hours or wages or physical conditions; *something which increased output no matter what*

STUART CHASE studied engineering at M.I.T., then switched to Harvard and specialized in economics and statistics, graduating *cum laude* in 1910. During the next dozen years, while working as an accountant and a Federal Trade Commission investigator, he became absorbed in that vital problem of our times, the impact of machines upon men. Mr. Chase's easy style has made him one of the most widely read writers on economics. He contributes to leading magazines, and is the author of *Men and Machines*, *A New Deal*, *The New Western Front*, and other books.

was done about physical conditions.

This mysterious something is hidden deep in human nature. Fatigue experts did not find it. Stop-watch boys overlooked it. Managers of factories have known intuitively that it was there, but they have not known what it was. Western Electric tried to find out.

Western Electric makes the equipment for the Bell Telephone system. It is a progressive company, with pensions, sickness benefits, safety councils, recreation clubs, thrift plans. Yet this benevolent company, employing 30,000 human beings, of 60 nationalities, was rife with tension even in the prosperous 1920's.

In 1924, Western Electric undertook to study the effects of lighting on work. It was assumed that the better the light the greater the output. Two groups of employes were selected. The "control group" worked under a constant amount of light. The "test group" was given increased light. And, under more light, its output went up. Good; that was to be expected.

But the output of the control group — without a candlepower of extra light — went up too! This was completely screwy. But screw-

ier results were to follow. Light for the test group was decreased below that of the control group. Its output went up again! So did that of the control group! What, in heaven's name, was going on?

Groping for an answer, the investigators pushed the research into one phase after another of working conditions at Hawthorne. It was not just a "company job"—it was carried on in close coöperation with M.I.T., Harvard and the Rockefeller Foundation, and it is still going on. The fullest account of it is a book * which the *Personnel Journal* calls "the most outstanding study of industrial relations that has been published anywhere, any time."

The lighting test was followed by a more ambitious experiment, which the researchers hoped would answer, besides more immediate questions, the fundamental one of what makes workers work.

A group of six girls who assembled telephone relays was chosen, or rather, two were chosen and allowed to pick the other four themselves, a point which later proved significant. A relay is a small gadget made up of some 40 separate parts. The girls' task was to take these tiny parts out of trays and put them together. It was a typical machine-age repetitive job.

These six girls sat at one long bench in a special room. Their nimble fingers flew. Every minute or so, each girl finished a relay. As it dropped into a chute, it was counted by a little machine. For five years that machine recorded hourly, daily, weekly output.

An observer representing the research staff was also in the room. His job was to note everything of significance that happened. He was to be the counselor and friend of the girls, telling them about the experiment, inviting their comments, listening to their complaints.

The idea was to let the girls work as they had been doing in the regular department, and count the relays. This would give a base rate of output. Then introduce changes, one by one. If fewer relays were produced, the change was bad; if more relays, the change was a good one and could be extended over the plant. It was all as clear as A B C.

If the investigators had been puzzled by what happened in the lighting experiments, they were knocked galley west by what happened in the relay room. Why didn't these girls do what efficiency books said they ought to do? As the weeks grew into months and years, the mystery became deeper. Being scientists, however, the investigators kept doggedly on, recording faithfully what happened even when they did not know what it meant.

* *Management and the Worker*, by Prof. F. J. Roethlisberger of Harvard and William J. Dickson of the Western Electric research staff, published by Harvard University Press, 1939.

Here is the story, divided into test periods of four to 12 weeks:

Periods 1 and 2. Normal conditions: a 48-hour week, including Saturdays; no rest pauses. Each girl produced about 2400 relays a week.

Period 3. The girls were put on group piecework. As one would expect, output went up.

Period 4. Two rest pauses of five minutes each were introduced. Output went up again.

Period 5. Rest pauses were increased to 10 minutes each. Output went up, sharply.

Period 6. Six five-minute rest pauses were tried. The girls complained that the rhythm of their work was broken. Output fell off slightly.

Period 7. Rest pauses were reduced to two, one with a hot snack provided by the company. Output went up.

Period 8. Same as Period 7, except that the girls were dismissed at four-thirty instead of five. Output went up sharply.

Period 9. Same as Period 8, except that closing time was moved to four. Output remained on a level.

Period 10. Same conditions, but with closing time at *five*. Were the girls discouraged by losing an hour a day of liberty? They were not — weekly output went up with a rush! The research staff tore their hair. Their assumptions were disintegrating. Some unmeasured force was still pulling output up. So after trying Saturdays off for 12 weeks, in *Period 11*, and finding that output remained unchanged, they prepared for the greatest test of all.

In *Period 12*, every improvement of working conditions made over a year and a half was taken away, and the girls went back to the exact physical conditions of Period 3 — no rest pauses, no company hot lunch, a full 48-hour week. According to all the rules of common sense and factory management, this should crush their spirits and reduce their output. Instead *output jumped to an all-time high of 3000 relays a week per girl.*

The staff swooned at their desks. They had thought they were returning the girls to "original conditions" but found that those original conditions were gone forever. Because of some mysterious X which had thrust itself into the experiment, the experiment had changed under them, and the group they now had was not the group they had started with.

This X wasn't in the production end of the factory. It was in the human end. It was an *attitude*, the way the girls felt about their work and their group. By asking their help and coöperation, the investigators had made the girls feel important. Their whole attitude had changed from that of separate cogs in a machine to that of a congenial group trying to help the company solve a problem. They had found stability, a place where they belonged, and work whose purpose they could clearly see. And so they worked faster and better than they ever had in their lives.

A factory performs two major

functions: the economic one of producing goods, and the social one of creating and distributing human satisfactions among the people under its roof. A great deal of study by efficiency experts had been devoted to the production function, but very little to the social function until the Hawthorne experiment came along and discovered that the two were inseparable. If a factory's human organization is out of balance, all the efficiency systems in the world will not improve the output.

With this discovery, the results of the Hawthorne lighting experiment became clear. Both groups in the lighting test had been made to feel important. So their output went up regardless of the candle-power sprayed upon them.

The relay room showed other significant results. There was no cumulative fatigue. Periodic medical examinations showed that the girls worked at all times well within their physical capacity. If monotony was present it was blotted out in group interest, as output curves bore witness. There was an 80 per cent decrease in absences. The girls were actually eager to come to work!

Each girl had her own technique of placing and assembling parts. Sometimes she indulged in little variations; the higher her I.Q. the more the variations. This helped to give her a real interest in the task. Beware, you stop-watch,

motion-study men, of destroying little ways like this. You may run into the paradox of decreasing output by saving motions.

The girls moved about as they pleased, talked as they pleased. Nobody shushed them. They discovered they were having a good time, and said so. They remarked also that they felt as if they had no boss.

With this sense of freedom came a sense of responsibility, and they began to discipline themselves. They worked as a team, helping each other, making up each other's work when one of the group was not feeling well, giving parties for one another outside the factory. They squabbled a bit but underneath they were members of the same gang. They had found here some of the clan unity which the machine age has stripped away from so many workers.

It must not be thought that the investigators concluded that hours, rates of pay, rest pauses, lighting, were without significance. But they did conclude that, when work was carried on well within the limits of human stamina, feelings counted more than hours of labor.

Other careful tests confirmed this: *feelings not only counted more than hours of labor; they often counted more than wages.* Indeed it was found that employes were more concerned about the relation of their pay to that of fellow workers than about the actual amount of

cash they got. Even if their wages were high, they were burned up if somebody whose position they considered inferior received more. Some day factory managers are going to realize that workers are *not* governed primarily by economic motives.

The research workers had struck gold, and felt they must push on. They resolved to tackle 21,000 employes in a huge, bold experiment — to ask in all honesty what these employes had to kick about, what they thought of their jobs, their working conditions, their bosses and their company.

Men interviewed men; women interviewed women. At first prepared questions were asked. When the employe wandered from the subject he was promptly brought back. But time and again he would wander off. What was wrong? Clearly he had something on his mind that might seem trivial to other people but was important to him. This was precisely the thing which the interviewer should know. So the prepared questions were thrown out, and the interviewer allowed the employe's mind to go where it wanted to. If it was that so-and-so of a supervisor, all right. If it was the girl friend, all right. If it was the smoke in Room A, or a crabbed stepfather at home, the interviewer still listened interestedly.

The releasing effect of these interviews on employes was startling:

"Gee, it's great to get this off my chest!"

"This is the best thing the company ever did."

"I would never think of going to the office with the things I've told you."

As pent-up grievances were given outlet, a curious thing happened. Employes began to comment on improvements which the company had *not* made. They noted, for instance, that the food in the restaurant was better, and that the boss seemed to be giving them a break at last. This was pure illusion. The only change was in their own outlook. Their suppressed irritations were off their chests and the world looked better to them.

The most unexpected result was a wholesale change in attitude, as employes began to feel they were individuals with valuable comments to make about how the company should be run. Thousands at Hawthorne got a lift from this. You could feel it in the air. Workers, regarding themselves as important around the place, began to be *with* the company rather than against it.

The interviewing had an astonishing effect upon the supervisors. The mere fact that it was being done impressed upon them the point that the company was interested in the workers as human beings, and besides, after learning what dozens of workers had on their minds, the supervisors never could think of employes again as mere units of labor.

During the depression one might have expected that the workers, fearing they would be laid off, would work harder. Nothing of the sort occurred. Records showed a sharp decline in output. Why? Because the spirit had gone out of the workers. "We lost our pride," said one of the girls.

Western Electric now has a permanent system of "personnel counseling." One counselor is appointed for every 300 employees. The average interview takes 80 minutes, and is completely confidential. The company knows only what complaints are made, not who makes them. Nobody is interviewed who does not want to be. Very few object. The relationship of the counselor to the employe is like that of a doctor to his patient. He has also been compared to a father confessor and to a psychoanalyst. He spots grouches, obsessions, misunderstandings, deteriorations of work and morale, and strives to eliminate them.

Underneath the stop watches and bonus plans of the efficiency experts, the worker is driven by a

desperate inner urge to find an environment where he can take root, where he belongs and has a function; where he sees the purpose of his work and feels important in achieving it. Failing this, he will accumulate frustrations and obsessions. "Fatigue" and "monotony" are effects of this frustration rather than causes of it. For their neglect of the human function of production, managers have paid a high price in strikes, restricted output, and a vast sea of human waste.

The way to meet the threat of the totalitarian states, we are told, is to "make democracy work." To some this means obtaining an industrial output that will exceed the high efficiency of German factories. To others it means giving plain citizens new satisfactions and a new spirit, making each one feel deeply that he counts. The discoveries at Hawthorne suggest that both results can be achieved by the same method. They apply to small factories as well as to large ones.

There is an idea here so big that it leaves one gasping.

Condensed History Lesson

ASKED if he could summarize the lessons of history in a short book, Dr. Charles A. Beard, American historian, replied that he could do it in four sentences:

1. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad with power.
2. The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.
3. The bee fertilizes the flower it robs.
4. When it is dark enough you can see the stars.

—Dr. Arthur H. Secord, University of Michigan

❏ An eloquent exhortation to remember that the real battle is a struggle of faiths; they are stronger in arms who are stronger in heart

Look to the Spirit Within You

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Archibald MacLeish

THE ISSUE before the American people depends more surely on our souls than on our weapons; for the enemy which attacks us attacks not with planes alone or tanks or arms, but with violence of belief. The issue is whether those who believe in democracy can bring against that invading faith a stronger, more resisting ardor of their own.

After the Battle of France we learned, in the words of a group of distinguished scholars, that the enemy "were stronger in arms because they were stronger in heart. It was their fanatical faith that gave them wings and fire."

IN 1915, Yale seniors voted Archibald MacLeish the most brilliant and versatile man in the class. It was a prophetic choice. Mr. MacLeish fought in France with the A.E.F. artillery, rose from second lieutenant to captain. He built up a thriving law practice in Boston, threw it over with the remark, "I am a poet." Then he proved himself one of America's finest poets, winning the 1933 Pulitzer Prize with *Conquistador*, the while demonstrating his excellent prose style as an editor-writer for *Fortune*. In 1939 President Roosevelt appointed him Librarian of Congress. Mr. MacLeish's 14 books of poetry include *New Found Land*, *Air Raid* (a radio drama), and *Land of the Free*.

Before the Battle of France we had thought ourselves spectators of a war in Europe. After it, we knew the war was not in Europe but nearer — in the darker and more vulnerable countries of men's hearts.

The real issue is one to be fought in the hard and stony passes of the human spirit — the strict Thermopylaes of time where even if a man is killed he cannot die. And democracy itself is neither gold nor steel nor corn nor silk, nor fatness and indifference and an empty heart, but winter on the Massachusetts Bay and cold at Trenton and the gunfire in Kentucky and the hungry ground. The real issue is between the frenzy of a herded, whipped-up crowd-begotten cause, and the single man's belief in liberty of mind and spirit, and his willingness to sacrifice his comforts and his earnings for its sake.

For three centuries of time and on two continents, democracy has been a faith more powerful than any other. It is so still. All our history has made this plain. Whenever we have given ourselves to creating upon this continent a life in which every man might have the freedom

of his mind, we have been confident of our future and asked no questions either of ourselves or anyone.

A century ago when the 400-foot side-wheelers with the crystal chandeliers and the mahogany bars and the eight-course dinners and the flagree funnels, with their sparks like crazy stars, went hooting and slapping up the Ohio and the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Americans had no questions about themselves. They had a job to do. They had the toughest job a people ever undertook — the job of clearing and settling and tying together with ships and roads and rails and words and names the largest area lived on as a single social unit by any nation, at any time. They had the job of creating on an undiscovered continent a country where a hundred million men could live in freedom from the rest of the world and from each other. And while they had that job to do they asked no questions. They knew what men they were. They were the smartest, toughest, luckiest, leanest, all-around knowingest nation on God's green earth. Their way of living was the handsomest way of living human beings had ever hit. Their institutions were the institutions history had been waiting for. If you had told them anyone else had a harder hold on the earth than they did, or anyone else believed in himself more than they believed in themselves, they would have laughed in your face. And gone on working.

Who they were, what they were, never bothered the Americans. They had all the origins of Europe in their veins before the century was over — all the races a man ever heard of and a lot more beside. Races didn't bother the Americans. They were something a lot better than any race. They were a People. They were the first self-constituted, self-declared, self-created People in the history of the world. And their manners were their own business. And so were their politics. And so, but ten times more so, were their souls.

You could see for yourself who and what an American was. He was a man who had the luck to be born on this continent where the heat was hotter and the cold was colder and the sun was brighter and the nights were blacker and the distances were farther and the faces were nearer and the rain was more like rain and the mornings were more like mornings than anywhere else on earth.

An American was a man who knew which way to take to reach tomorrow. An American was a man who could let himself in and let himself out and nobody asked him "please" — not even the President. An American was a man who never asked anyone anything, who he was or where he came from or what he did, because it was answer enough — in America — to be a man.

That was the way it used to be in this country. That was the way it

was while the people of this country were clearing the quarter sections for a free man's fields.

That is the way it *can* be, once again. For democracy is never a thing done. Democracy is always something that a nation must be doing. The quarter sections which were freedom a hundred years ago are now not freedom. Freedom will be somewhere else. But the labor of creating freedom is the same. And the cause is the same. And the faith is the same. And the consequence.

Those who fear for America, thinking of France, can give themselves an answer. Democracy in America will not fall like a rotten apple if it is democracy in action, not democracy accomplished and piled up in goods and gold. For democracy in action — the unending labor of creating freedom for every

man — is a cause for which the stones themselves will fight.

There are those, and they are not few, who tell us now that liberty must retire, that democracy must retire, that labor must retire, that the Jews must retire and not be seen and not be Jews, that anything that any man might question must retire, that the nation must be unified along the cautious shores of silence and beyond dissent.

Let them look out at others who retired, others who waited, others who drew back.

Let them look back upon the history of this people.

In the wars of the spirit there is no defense but to attack. For in the wars of democracy, of the human spirit, it is faith which will decide the issue. And faith cannot be faith against but *for*.



The Pinnacle of Success

PAUL CÉZANNE never knew that he was "the father of modern painting." Having struggled 35 years without recognition, the shy old man was living in oblivion at Aix — giving away masterpieces to indifferent neighbors.

Then a discerning Paris dealer gathered several of these canvases and presented the first Cézanne exhibit. The great of the art world were stunned: they saluted a Master.

Cézanne arrived at the gallery on his son's arm. He gazed wonderingly at his paintings. Tears came to his eyes.

"Look," he whispered to his son. "They've *framed* them!"

— Robert Offergeld

Barrymore — Clown Prince of Denmark

Condensed from Stage

(With supplementary material by the author)

J. P. McEvoy

JOHN SINGER SARGENT once offered to paint John Barrymore's portrait. Delighted, Barrymore stepped out to celebrate. The result was a major wassail, even for one whose wassailing is legendary. The next morning Barrymore was tenderly propped up in Sargent's studio and arranged on the bias for the great master's contemplation. Sargent made a professional inventory of the classic features and muttered: "Turn around. I want to see you fullface." Barrymore aroused himself and roared indignantly, "That to me, who has gone through life side-saddle?"

Barrymore has made a professional triumph out of not letting the right side of his face know what the left side was doing. "My *right* profile," said he once to Garbo, with whom he was doing a picture, "has all the expressive play of a morbid deep-sea fish." Whereupon Garbo spent her noon hour rearranging the couch on which she and Barrymore were to do an affectionate clinch. "I was touched," says John, "to think she would make that generous effort so the camera could wander up and down my *left*, or money-making, profile." When the camera started rolling,

however, Garbo was herself again. Pretending to stroke the Great Profile lovingly, she was really blocking John out with her hand and stealing the scene. But Barrymore was a trouper when Garbo was a barber. Tenderly he took hold of her wrist and bent her arm back, almost breaking it in the extravagance of his devotion. That larned er.

"When I came to the MGM studio the first time, I was permitted to dress on a remote part of the back lot, with the monkeys," John reminisces moodily. "This was partly by choice, since I preferred monkeys to actors. I offered to buy one of them, he was so bright and attractive. His business manager came to see me. 'You want to buy Jiggs? How much do you make?'

"A thousand a week,' I told him, haughtily.

"Jiggs makes five thousand,' replied the business manager. 'Maybe he will buy you.'

"A talented chimpanzee was Jiggs, but something of an ascetic. He neither drank, smoked, nor rode a bicycle, except when the part called for it. Living frugally, saving his money, he died early, surrounded by greedy relatives. It was a great lesson to me."

Born into a famous acting family, Barrymore as a youth spurned the stage and worked for some time as a newspaper artist, illustrating among other things Arthur Brisbane's editorials in the *New York Journal*. One remark of his father's changed his life. "Do you want to be an artist and daub all your life," roared Maurice Barrymore, "or," and his well-trained voice dropped to a seductive coo, "do you want to be an actor, and ma-ake looooooove?" Four wives and a four-lane world-round trail of fractured hearts bear testimony to John's choice.

Barrymore is hazy about names, dates, places. Even as to wives he must check them over on his fingers. "Oh, memories that bless and burn," he says. "Let me see — one, two, three — seems to me there was another. Ah, yes, gallant women all. Now I am alone. All alone." A delicate leer ripples up his left profile as a shower of feminine telephone numbers flutters out of his spectacle case. "Man was not made to live alone. I like it."

The assistant director comes to the door and murmurs respectfully, "Scene ready; we're waiting for you, Mr. Barrymore." The set is a scientific laboratory. An assistant hidden from the camera holds up a blackboard on which are written Barrymore's lines. Barrymore plays the scene reading his lines off the blackboard with incredible ingenuity. One "take" and he is back in his dressing room.

"They say you can't memorize your parts. Is that true?"

Barrymore snorted. "I can recite from memory three plays of Shakespeare from beginning to end. But listen to this —" He picked up the blackboard and read from the scene just made: "'So you see, the entire principle is the coördination of chemical, biological and dynamic influences.' Can you tell me," he sneered, "why I should clutter my mind with that etymological ordure?"

"Even if I did memorize a speech," he continued, "they would rewrite it. Besides, I use a blackboard the way acrobats use a net. It's insurance. It's a pretty good trick, too. A lot of stars have tried it, but they can't act and read at the same time."

He wants to do *Macbeth* in the Hollywood Bowl. "How would you get a blackboard big enough?" scoffed his pal, Gene Fowler. "I'll have airplanes," cracked Barrymore, "skywriting!"

Barrymore has cultivated a protective forgetfulness. He cannot remember lines he doesn't like, appointments he doesn't want to keep, addresses he wishes to avoid. He carries no watch and the only clock in his house strikes three when it's eleven and fourteen at two-thirty. He autographs his photos with the date 1924 and doesn't admit that anything has happened since.

The entrance to his estate, high on the highest Beverly Hill, is

barred by a huge oaken gate but anyone can get in merely by knocking. For as much as Barrymore claims to enjoy his solitude, he is always lonely for someone to talk to. Autograph hunters are always dropping in. So are sheriffs, who continue to carry away furniture. "There was a bench outside the door," says Barrymore. "One of my wives took that."

"Can't you remember which one?"

"Could you?" he roared.

"By the way, when did Elaine leave you?"

"Out here where there is no summer, winter, or spring, how the devil could a man tell?"

We sat in the gardener's lodge, for there is no furniture in the main house except one bed. "I'm the outdoor type," Barrymore explained. The gardener is an incredibly wrinkled Japanese, who speaks no English. Barrymore uses him to answer the phone. If Nichi is not available when the phone rings Barrymore answers it himself, imitating Nichi. The number is a private one, changed so often Barrymore himself never knows it. His male nurse keeps the number jotted down on slips of paper. He also keeps Barrymore's pocket money, which he doles out as the actor needs it.

"He always asks for twenty-five dollars when he's going out for the evening," says the nurse. "But I never let him have more than

ten, in one-dollar bills so that it feels like a lot." Usually the nurse accompanies Barrymore, making change, paying taxis, and seeing to it that Barrymore gets to his appointments on time and back home before daybreak. Since Barrymore never drives, he still doesn't know where he lives.

At the studio the nurse acts as bodyguard, dresser and bartender. He carries a suitcase containing bottles of mixed fruit juice and rum. Barrymore pours you a drink, saying, "Be careful. This is strong stuff." And then tips up the bottle and empties it. Wickedly he swigs all day, defiantly pleased with himself for breaking the rules, and has yet to discover that the nurse puts little or no rum in the drinks.

Barrymore himself will tell you, with pardonable pride, that he was a Homeric guzzler in his day. Today his internal organs have organized a little W.C.T.U. of their own. Where a quart was once a joust, a jigger is now a jag. "Yes, I've been on the wagon," he confesses. "But some years ago a couple of good friends of mine stopped drinking suddenly and died in frightful agony. I said then that such a thing would never happen to me."

Hollywood is a whispering gallery, and in every corner there is a gossip who will tell you all about Barrymore. Fact is, few of them ever meet him and none of them knows him intimately. He may be

a profile to his public, but in his home town he is just a rumor.

One nationally syndicated columnist livens up the tedium of her daily chore by inventing tall tales of temperamental fits, cosmic carousals, and Stuka assaults on timorous feminine convoys. Barrymore dismisses her affectionately: "A quaint old udder."

Barrymore owes \$60,000, makes \$5000 a week kidding himself in the movies. The creditors get four thousand of this. Of the remainder an undisclosed amount goes to the support of two minor children and several of his ex-wives, including his latest, "the fair Elaine," better known as "Ariel." She divorced her "Caliban" in November, after innumerable public brawls and reconciliations.

He is elaborately friendly with his other ex-wives ("Kid McCoy and Jim Corbett shook hands, didn't they?") but "the fair Elaine" and her "lady mother" are definitely not on his calling list, even though he speaks of them with Old-World gallantry: "Elaine is the kind of girl who will not go anywhere without her mother. And her mother will go anywhere."

Barrymore has made and lost several fortunes. Once he roamed the seas in his palatial yacht, *The Infanta*, for months at a time. He filled his great estate on the hill with fantastic quantities of loot, ranging from totem poles from the Isle of the Dead to a pair of

shrunk heads from Ecuador. History of obtaining the heads by lending a native a .22 rifle and sending him off with three bucks and his blessing is probably apocryphal.

The creditors took the yacht, but they couldn't take Barrymore's memories, which include *The Infanta's* christening. Handing Dolores Costello, then his wife, the ceremonial bottle of champagne, he asked her to break it on the bow. "It's too heavy," she said. "I'm afraid I can't."

"Go ahead. Just think it's me," coaxed Barrymore, who chuckles evilly when he tells it. "She smashed the bottle into a million pieces," says he. "Damn near wrecked the boat."

Anyone who has ever joined the Barrymore clan glows for him with a special luster. Disarmingly frank is his list of the ten most glamorous women he has ever known. His grandmother leads off, followed by his aunt, Mrs. John Drew, his four wives (Katherine Harris, Michael Strange, Dolores Costello and Elaine Barrie), his sister Ethel, and his daughter Diane. Running out of female relatives, he reluctantly throws in Katharine Hepburn, Carole Lombard and Greta Garbo.

Glamorous or no, Barrymore finds most women amusing and all of them unpredictable.

"You mean you haven't arrived at any definite philosophy about women by this time?" I asked.

A stentorian snort: "Ye gods, man — it's not like stamp collecting."

Suspicious of people, Barrymore has complete faith in animals. His pet monkey, Clementine, who bit everyone else in the house, used to sit by the hour opposite Barrymore, holding her little face in her hands and looking at him with unutterable devotion. It was only after he had to choose between giving up his family or giving Clementine to the zoo that he learned from the zoo veterinarian that Clementine had been fascinated, not by the Great Profile, but by the alcoholic fumes. Thereafter Barrymore made special trips to the zoo, to breathe lovingly on Clementine by the hour.

Barrymore bought Maloney, his pet vulture, in Panama and took him on all his cruises. The vulture would sit on the actor's shoulder and preen the Barrymore eyebrows and mustache, to the fascinated horror of the ruffian crew. One day Barrymore noticed the vulture was drooping and making disconsolate noises. Perhaps civilization is palling on him, thought Jack. So the yacht was turned around and steamed from Seattle down to lower Mexico. Taking the vulture ashore, Barrymore set him down on the beach, surrounded him with dainties and kissed him good-bye. Back on the yacht he drowned his grief in countless farewell toasts to his old friend, set

adrift in a foreign land. Next morning, still sitting on deck as the sun rose, he called for his binoculars. Sure enough, there was Maloney on the beach where he had left him. "There were tears in his eyes," says Barrymore. "What could I do?" He leaped for the boat, pulled for shore and brought back Maloney, ecstatically happy once more.

Barrymore is almost 60 now, his hair thinning and graying, but he is buoyant, supple, amazingly trim. Doctors look him over, shake their heads and throw away their books. Detractors who say Jack has only a third of a brain left add admiringly that he is still the keenest wit, the most felicitous storyteller and the most adroit actor on stage or screen. A natural comedian, he is the only clown in theatrical history who achieved the clown's traditional ambition to play Hamlet (a record-breaking Hamlet that ran more than 100 performances on Broadway and triumphed in a hostile London), then scored anew as a clown — in the stage play, *My Dear Children*, in the picture, *The Great Profile* — kidding his own performance of himself kidding himself. "Why should I let Menjou imitate me? I know more about how much of a ham I am. Besides, my creditors need the money." How true! Even the studio shooting schedule had to be arranged around the court calendar.

Extravagant, eccentric, uninhibited, a master of voice, gesture and Rabelaisian invective, he lives in a lustrous past while dramatizing the harassments of a tarnished present. Barrymore the man, the husband, the father, the lover, the friend, is Barrymore the actor, playing all these as roles. On his yacht he strutted a plutocratic wastrel. In his dusty, desolate shell of a home he revels in one of his juiciest roles — the great tragedian, alone, forsaken, decaying in elegant squalor.

Are his friends sorry for him? Do the critics bewail his present lack of dignity? Are his enemies maliciously happy over his raucous

degradation? Barrymore graciously accepts all this as a well-earned tribute to the masterly technique of a superb third act.

In Hollywood today, shrewdly capitalizing his mistakes, so numerous and appalling they would have sunk anyone less resilient and resourceful, Barrymore is Hamlet in a high-school play, surrounded by sweating amateurs who creakily portray roles he could shake out of his sleeve. Their Academy Awards, their trade paper laurels, their gold-plated Oscars amuse and sadden him, for the Monster (as his intimates dub him) knows now that all acting is illusion and the last reward thereof is disillusion.

¶ Let's keep our senior statesmen in public life—as Senators-at-Large

Stop This Waste of Able Leadership!

By

Thomas E. Dewey

District Attorney, New York County

THERE ARE eight men in this country today who have had unusual opportunity to study the science of government, who have learned at first hand the needs and demands of the people and were called upon to voice those needs and demands, and who have

received the popular support of more citizens on Election Day than any official in the nation except the President. Yet today these men — four Republicans and four Democrats — are in private life.

They are: Ex-President Herbert Hoover, elected with 21,392,190

votes in 1928, after serving eight years as Secretary of Commerce; Wendell L. Willkie, who received 22,327,226 votes for President in 1940; Alf M. Landon — 16,679,583 votes in 1936; Alfred E. Smith — 15,016,443 votes in 1928; John W. Davis — 8,385,586 votes in 1924; James M. Cox — 9,147,353 votes in 1920; John Nance Garner, Vice-President for eight years, former Speaker of the House of Representatives and a member of that body for 30 years; and General Charles G. Dawes, for four years Vice-President, before that Director of the Budget, and later Ambassador.

We are in a most critical period in world history. Unparalleled problems in both domestic and foreign affairs confront us. The situation cries out for the experience and knowledge of our ablest students of government. But we have no place in our government for these men.

Every four years the two major parties nominate the four men they consider best fitted to head our government. On Election Day two are discarded and only one is brought to active service in the public interest. The fourth — the successful vice-presidential nominee — merely presides over the United States Senate, where he is traditionally bound never to discuss matters of policy.

No country is rich enough to waste profligately its best talents. Certainly at a time when both the

fundamental principles and the forms of free government are under attack, we cannot afford to be so spendthrift of our brains, experience and ability.

For 150 years men have discussed the necessity of bringing into the government the ablest men in the country. Yet we have ignored the most obvious means to that end. The time has come to stop this waste of brilliant leadership by amending the Constitution so that every ex-President, every ex-Vice-President, and every presidential nominee receiving the second largest number of votes may become, for life, United States Senator-at-Large.

This has been suggested repeatedly in the past, but sectional or technical objections have prevented its adoption. The great national benefit to be derived makes it imperative that we stop talking and act. Believing in the permanence of our system, it is time we set about maturing it.

Here we can take a leaf from the British. If the British system were the same as ours, Winston Churchill would probably have disappeared from public life 20 years ago. For long periods he was not a member of the government. But he was still a member of Parliament and frequently spoke on the floor of that body with the authority of his great experience.

Obviously, the invaluable experience of every President should be

preserved in Washington after he leaves office, and be applied to the day-to-day conduct of government affairs. Second only to holding the office itself is the experience gained by campaigning from coast to coast as the presidential nominee of a major party. The candidate meets citizens in every walk of life, in every section. He is subjected to all the pressures of the office itself. He learns the needs of every economic group. Authorities in all fields of domestic and foreign affairs press their advice upon him. In that crucible he learns more about his country — and the world — than a man can learn in any other way. Such experience should not be cast aside merely because he is defeated for President.

Nor should the unsuccessful presidential candidate be dependent upon appointment by the opposition for an opportunity to exercise active influence in the affairs of government. Such appointment would only serve to still his voice and silence important criticism.

The Senate contains many able men. But every two years one third of the Senators must run for reelection, and all naturally concentrate on promoting the interests of a particular state or section, whose demands may be opposed to those of the nation as a whole. The constant vigilance of a few senior statesmen, most of whom would have no ambitions or sectional interests to serve, would leaven

discussion by upholding national as contrasted with local welfare.

For five months during each presidential campaign the supporters of the candidate who is later defeated have a spokesman voicing their views and beliefs. The day after election that spokesman no longer holds an official position. Bewildered, they search for some channel through which they can continue to express their views — to do their bit for good government as they see it. There is today no public forum available. The Senators-at-Large would provide one.

Senators-at-Large should receive the same salary as elected Senators, and be entitled to all of their privileges except perhaps that they should have no vote. The argument for denying them a vote is to make sure that there should be no reduction in the power of any state. This answers the principal objection to the proposal. And actually, with the prestige these men would bring to discussion, their influence in committee, on the floor, and before the public would be as great without votes.

The radio has brought both major candidates for the Presidency into the homes of the people and the newsreels have made it possible for every citizen both to see and hear the candidates and to feel the force of their personalities. Such intimacy would put the campaigners in a strong position to become, in the Senate, a potent

force in orienting public opinion and thus influencing the voting in the Senate.

A constitutional amendment providing for Senators-at-Large is only one step toward achieving a more mature Republic. It does not attempt to make a career of public

service except for men nominated for President or elected Vice-President. But it is a step in the right direction, and one which we can take immediately. Action to strengthen the quality of our government need never wait until we achieve the perfect method.



As the Founding Fathers Planned It

THE AUTHORS of the Constitution intended that the man receiving the second highest number of votes for President should not be lost to public service, but should himself hold office. Though the constitutional plan differed from that advanced above by Mr. Dewey, its history gives added significance to his article. It is outlined as follows by *The Saturday Review of Literature* in an editorial advocating the same proposal that Mr. Dewey makes:

Under the original intent of the Constitution, Wendell Willkie would today be Vice-President of the United States. The 1787 Constitution specified: "In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors [the members of the electoral college] shall be the Vice-President."

Of all the issues which generated heat during the making of the Constitution, this provision encountered the least opposition. It functioned smoothly during the first three elections. John Adams was elected Vice-President because he was runner-up in the first presidential election. Eight years

later Adams again ran for the Presidency. This time he defeated Jefferson and Jefferson became Vice-President. But during the country's fourth election in 1800 the candidates were put forward by political parties, then making their appearance, and electoral college candidates had to give advance assurance that their preferences for President would go to two men belonging to the same party. Thus "tickets" were formed.

In 1804 the 12th Amendment to the Constitution enabled electors to designate their choice for President and Vice-President *respectively*, and the present system became legally established.

Mama and Her Bank Account

Condensed from
The Toronto Star Weekly

A Short Story

By

KATHRYN FORBES

EVERY Saturday night Mama would sit down by the scrubbed kitchen table and with much wrinkling of usually placid brows count out the money Papa had brought home in the little envelope.

There would be various stacks. "For the landlord," Mama would say, piling up the big silver pieces.

"For the grocer." Another group of coins.

"For Karen's shoes to be half-soled," and Mama would count out the little silver.

"Teacher says this week I'll need a notebook." That would be Dagmar or Kristin or Nels or I.

Mama would solemnly detach a nickel or a dime and set it aside.

We would watch the diminishing pile with breathless interest. At last, Papa would ask, "Is all?" and when Mama nodded, we could relax a little and reach for school-books and homework. For Mama would look up then and smile. "Is good," she'd murmur. "We do not have to go to The Bank."

It was a wonderful thing, that Bank Account of Mama's. We were all so proud of it. It gave us such a warm, secure feeling. No one else we knew had money in a big bank downtown.

I remember when the Jensens down the street were put out be-

cause they couldn't pay their rent. We children watched the big strange men carry out the furniture, took furtive notice of poor Mrs. Jensen's shamed tears and I was choked with sudden fear. This, then, happened to people who didn't have the stack of coins marked Landlord. Might this — could this violence happen to us?

Then Dagmar's hot little hand clutched mine. "*We* have a Bank Account," she reassured me softly and suddenly I could breathe again.

When Nels graduated from high school he wanted to go on to business college. "Is good," Mama said and Papa nodded approvingly.

Eagerly we brought up chairs and gathered around the table. I took down the gaily painted box that Aunt Sigrid had sent us from Norway one Christmas and laid it carefully in front of Mama.

This was the "Little Bank." Not to be confused, you understand, with the Big Bank downtown. The Little Bank was used for sudden emergencies; such as the time Kristin broke her arm and had to be taken to a doctor, or when Dagmar got croup and Papa had to go to the drugstore for medicine to put into the steam kettle.

Nels had it all written out neatly.

So much for tuition, so much for books. Mama looked at the neat figures for a long time. Then she counted out the money in the Little Bank. There was not enough.

She pursed her lips. "We do not," she reminded us gently, "want to have to go to The Bank."

We all shook our heads.

"I will work in Dillon's grocery during vacation," Nels volunteered.

Mama gave him a bright smile and laboriously wrote down a sum and added and subtracted. Papa did it in his head. He was very quick on arithmetic. "Is not enough," he said. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at it for a long time. "I give up tobacco," he said suddenly.

Mama reached across the table and touched Papa's sleeve, but she didn't say anything. Just wrote down another figure.

"I will mind the Sonderman children every Friday night," I said. When I saw the eyes of the little ones I added, "Kristin, Dagmar and Karen will help me."

"Is good," Mama said.

We all felt very good. We had passed another milestone without having to go downtown and draw money out of Mama's Bank Account. The Little Bank was sufficient for the present.

So many things, I remember, came out of it that year. Karen's costume for the school play, Dagmar's tonsil operation, my Girl Scout uniform. And always, in the

background, was the comforting knowledge that should our efforts fail, we still had The Bank to depend upon.

Even when the strike came, Mama would not let us worry unduly. We all worked together so that the momentous trip downtown could be postponed. It was almost like a game.

We didn't even mind having to move the davenport into the kitchen so that we could rent the front room to two boarders.

During that time Mama "helped out" at Kruper's bakery for a big sack of only slightly stale bread and coffee cake. And as Mama said, fresh bread was not too good for a person and if you put coffee cake into the hot oven it was nearly as nice as when first baked.

Papa washed bottles at the creamery every night and they gave him three quarts of fresh milk and all the sour milk he could carry away. Mama made fine cheese.

The day the strike was over and Papa went back to work, I saw Mama stand a little straighter, as if to get a kink out of her back.

She looked around at us proudly. "Is good," she smiled. "See? We did not have to go down to The Bank."

THEN suddenly, it seemed, all the children were grown up and working. One by one we married and went away. Papa seemed shorter now and Mama's wheaten braids were sheened with silver.

The little house was "clear," and Papa's pension started.

Last year I sold my first story.

When the check came I hurried over to Mama's and put the long green slip of paper in her lap. "For you," I said, "to put in your Bank Account."

She fingered it for a moment. "Is good," she said, and her eyes were proud.

"Tomorrow," I told her, "you

must take it down to The Bank."

"You will go with me, Kathryn?"

"That won't be necessary, Mama. See? I've endorsed it to you. Just hand it to the teller, he'll deposit it to your account."

A little smile touched her lips as she looked up at me.

"Is no account," Mama said.

"In all my life I never been inside a Bank."



Strengthen the Hand of a Stouthearted Man

THE DANGER of invasion increases," Lord Beaverbrook called recently, "and the only means of meeting the menace is by arming the whole population to fight for the right to dwell as free men in a free land. Every weapon, every item of equipment that is sent helps to relieve our anxiety and strengthens the hand of one stouthearted man against the day of trial. We will fight with pitchforks if need be, but we hope for better weapons."

In response to this appeal, the American Committee for the Defense of British Homes, 10 Warren Street, New York City, has been asking Americans to contribute weapons urgently needed for British civilians. Shipments up to the first of the year included some 2600 firearms, 169,000 pounds of ammunition, 662 binoculars and 1400 steel helmets. Banks and express companies contributed old, but good, guns used by their guards. Sports-

men sent their prized firearms. One man carved on his rifle, "Give them one for Coventry; my ancestors came from there." Another message read, "A prayer from a little boy goes with this, that it may be the means of saving a little British boy."

American Legion posts are collecting thousands of steel helmets kept by members as souvenirs of the last war. They are unobtainable in England and everyone longs for one as protection against antiaircraft shrapnel and falling masonry. Civilian head wounds are becoming numerous.

Binoculars are urgently needed for civilian aircraft spotters, especially at factories and hospitals.

Rifle and game clubs are coöperating, sporting magazines and other periodicals have contributed space. Some 300 committee members are at work in almost every state. The Committee emphasizes the acute need and appeals to every American for contributions

Why I Go to Church

IN THEIR October issues The American Mercury and The Reader's Digest invited readers to reply to Channing Pollock's article "Why I Don't Go to Church." More than 15,000 letters were received. Such testimony to the vitality of the church is heartening in these dark times; the earnestness and loyalty to high ideals of those who responded are deeply moving. The letters that follow speak for countless others whose hearts are stirred by the same devotion.

From a Mississippi judge:

THE PEWS of the church mean more to me than mere shelves whereon we may, at stated intervals, be stacked for exposure to righteousness. The church is a sanctuary. After a week of greasy contact with greed, pretense, pride and power; after prolonged listening to the noisy bicker of mere tongues, it is refreshing to draw apart into green pastures where one's soul can be restored.

A Roman Catholic woman:

TO KEEP HOUSE means to exercise, day in and day out, a woman's peculiar talent for doing the same utterly unimportant things over and over again. I am not content with this; I want to say a word that will pierce the heavens and do a deed that will shake the earth. At church a Deed is done and I help do it; there a Word is said, and I help say it. My Word reaches the heart of God and my Deed redeems the world. Consequently, I go to church not to listen or to get, but to give and to do. Spiritual satisfaction? Say rather spiritual effectiveness. Comfort for the soul? Say rather use of the soul.

A wage-earner in New York City:

WHAT INSTITUTION can make me, a laborer, feel my solidarity with the fellow next to me, a capitalist, in our fears and hopes? How can I be sure that his children will want the same fundamental things as mine, and not live with them in strife or anarchy? These questions I find answered in the church, which binds us together at the point where we are most loyal, most sensitive, most sublime, and keeps alive in us the speck which cries out in a still small voice that every soul is more than mortal, that, despite man's little self-interested groups, every man is his brother's keeper.

A Michigan housewife:

I GO TO CHURCH because I have an appointment with God. He set the date 1900 years ago: "Assemble yourselves together." True, I meet Him in other places; in these exquisite autumn days, I find Him in every flaming bush. But I can only wave Good Morning and pass on. Sunday is my special appointment. I cannot afford to miss it.

I go to church because I have a son. When his fresh young voice is

lifted in the grand old hymns; when he hears the beautiful scripture message which he has been taught is the voice of God; when his head is bowed in reverence as together we partake of the communion; I have faith to believe that his life will be different because he has caught a glimpse of something greater than himself.

A newspaper editor in the Southwest:

LIFE as it flows across my desk is not always pretty. Violence, injustice, hypocrisy, hatred — these make the headlines. But there is more to life than that. Peace, justice, sincerity, generosity, love. I need my church. It helps to give me a sane perspective. It renews my faith in humanity and its destiny. It keeps alive those spiritual perceptions which all too often are almost smothered under the week's load of grisly events.

An American woman who has been living in Berlin:

FEW OF our generation were churchgoers. We prided ourselves on our emancipation from all dogma. We did not believe in the Devil. But our five years in Germany were never free from a constant and peculiar strain. Slowly it dawned on me that I was face to face with the Devil and all his works — the Devil at which I had always scoffed. Then, with despair in my heart, I turned to Berlin's American church.

The congregation was small, the service unpretentious, yet we took it as a hungry man takes food. The pastor had no great gift of oratory, but he was young, he was earnest, and he gave us a weapon against the powers of darkness closing in on all sides. Thus, in a hostile, sinister environment, I went back to the religion of my ancestors because life had lost all meaning without it.

A professor in the Yale School of Medicine:

THE CHURCH represents one of man's intuitive approaches to truth. To leave it uncultivated is to miss one of the greatest sources of knowledge. This is true no matter how ineffective the church may be, how poor the preaching. For there is beauty in any church service and food for thought in every sermon. The hurry of existence leaves little enough time for that quiet contemplation from which creative ideas arise. Going to church is one of the vital necessities.

The mother of four small children:

EVERY SO OFTEN I realize, with a frightening thud, that I have complete responsibility to make or break four individuals. Wonderful books are written on their proper feeding, but no book ever written matches the Bible's teaching on how to become decent human beings. The church takes for its text the Bible; for its model, Jesus

Christ. My children will never reach such goodness. But it is wonderful to know so perfect a star and to teach them to hitch their little wagons to it.

LETTERS as sincere poured in from all corners of the world, from Protestants, Catholics, Jews. This wave of testimony obliterated lines of class and creed. They came from every state in the Union, from all

our country's far-flung possessions, from war-torn England, from 21 other foreign nations; from rich and poor, from laborers and bankers, from stenographers, nuns, farmers, union organizers, students, magicians, teachers, and inmates of penitentiaries. All kinds and conditions of men and women — and children too — voiced the solace and inspiration brought them by attendance at their church.

In accordance with the original Contest Announcement one contributor was asked to write a full-length article. Roger William Riis won this prize of \$1200. His stirring "spiritual adventure" appeared as the leading feature in the January Digest. The writers of 21 letters each received an award of \$50:

Mrs. Mary Dickerson Bangham, 52 Warder St., Dayton, Ohio

Miss E. C. Murray, 172-90 Highland Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.

Mr. Joseph Del Rio, 265 Audubon Ave., New York City

The Cassil Family, 571 Washington Road, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Mr. Lester Howard Perry, Pennsylvania Medical Journal, 230 State St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. Darwin Skinner, 307 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Alfred Andrew Gobell, 9 Hamilton Terrace, London N. W. 8, England

Mr. William A. Smith, 123 Oswald St., Toledo, Ohio

Mr. C. F. Byrnes, Southwest-Times Record, Fort Smith, Ark.

Professor H. S. Burr, Department of Anatomy, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Peredur J. Davies, M. V. James J. Maguire, c/o Imperial Oil Co., Ltd., Halifax, N. S.

Mr. Roger B. Sherman, Box 396, Roswell, N. M.

Mrs. Eleanor Lampman, 4021 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Frederick D. Eddy, 530 Second Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

Rev. Wm. Sheldon Blair, First Presbyterian Church of Ocean City, Md.

Rev. George S. Lackland, The First Church, Elm & College Sts., New Haven, Conn.

Rev. R. S. Steakley, Mayflower Congregational Church, Englewood, Colo.

Bertrand Weaver, C.P., St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass.

Rev. Earl Livengood, Wilmore, Kan.

Rev. Ralph C. Abele, Evangelical Protestant Church of the Holy Ghost, 5216 Mardel Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

The writer of the Berlin letter prefers to remain anonymous.

Fifty reprints of this symposium, *Why I Go to Church*, will be supplied, without charge, to any clergyman requesting them

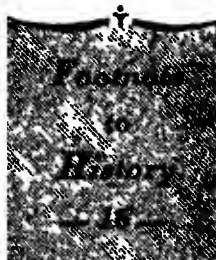
☛ Nearly five years after the first airplane flight at Kitty Hawk the Wrights flew there again — and it was still news to most people

They Wouldn't Believe That the Wrights Had Flown

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Fred C. Kelly

WHEN Wilbur and Orville Wright returned from Kitty Hawk, N. C., to their home in Dayton, Ohio, after their historic feat on December 17, 1903, of becoming the first men to fly in a heavier-than-air machine, there were no brass bands or receptions in their honor. In fact, their neighbors thought that if the thing had been done at all it must have



WHILE the Wright brothers were skimming around over an Ohio pasture in their flying machine, a young newspaperman was working in Xenia, 10 miles away. He heard that the Wrights had actually flown, but like other bright young reporters of the time didn't bother to investigate such nonsense. His name was Fred C. Kelly. Mr. Kelly began as a reporter at 14, worked on various Ohio papers. In 1910 he went to Washington and started the capital's first daily syndicated column. Then he began to write for magazines, and has been busy at it ever since. He lives on a 600-acre farm near Peninsula, Ohio, where he has planted 156,000 pines, probably the largest private planting in the state.

been an accident due to unusually powerful winds — just a stunt not likely to happen again — and when acquaintances met the inventors they made no reference to the reported flight because it was embarrassing to discuss anything so preposterous.

Not a word about the feat of December 17 had appeared in the *Dayton Journal* next morning. Six or seven papers in the country had carried a fantastic story but nearly everyone in the United States disbelieved the reports about flying with a machine heavier than air. Had not leading scientists — among them Simon Newcomb, famous astronomer and mathematician — already explained with unassailable logic that the thing was impossible? Naturally no editor who knew a thing couldn't be done would permit his paper to record the fact that it *had* been done by two obscure bicycle repairmen who hadn't even been to college.

In April 1904 the Wrights began to carry on practice flights in a cow pasture on a farm near their Dayton home. Though these experiments were the big scientific news of the century, almost nothing was ever said about them by the newspapers, not even by those in Dayton. This was not because the Wrights were secretive. They could hardly have kept secret what they were doing in that open field, for there was an interurban car line and a public highway on one side of it and a railroad on another.

Recently I talked with genial Dan Kumler, who was city editor of James M. Cox's *Daily News* in Dayton during those years.

"People who had passed the pasture on interurban cars used to come to our office," Kumler recalled, "to inquire why there was nothing in the paper about the flights. Such callers got to be a nuisance."

"Why *wasn't* there anything in the paper?" I asked.

"We just didn't believe it," confessed Kumler, grinning.

One fact that kept the flights relatively inconspicuous was that much of the time they were within 10 or 15 feet of the ground. At first, the inventors made only short straightaway hops, as at Kitty Hawk. They spent most of 1904 and 1905 learning to steer the plane, to make circular flights and to achieve distance. In October 1905 Orville flew about 20 miles and

two days later Wilbur flew 24½ miles.

Yet the miracle of flight still failed to attract much attention. One day several rural school children told Luther Beard, then managing editor of the *Dayton Journal*, that they had seen the Wrights fly around the pasture for fully five minutes. Beard, meeting Orville Wright on the interurban that afternoon, asked if it were true. Oh, yes, Orville admitted, they often did that.

Evidently then the story didn't amount to anything after all—Orville himself didn't seem to think it was unusual or important. The Wrights' circling a pasture was pretty good for two local boys, but hardly a thing to take up space in the paper. However, Beard said to Orville, "Well, if you ever do something unusual be sure to let us know."

Though hundreds of people by now had actually seen the Wrights in the air, the vast majority throughout the country, including even scientists and editors, simply didn't believe a heavier-than-air flying-machine had ever left the ground by its own power.

Still another group of people, who might have been expected to be curious about the subject, were more annoyed than interested. These were in the United States War Department.

The Wrights patriotically wished to offer their government a world

monopoly on their patents. They thought that the airplane might be useful for scouting in war. This belief was supported when foreign governments, especially the French, began flirtations with them. Accordingly they wrote to the Secretary of War, giving the U. S. first opportunity to control all rights in their invention.

The War Department evidently regarded the letter simply as something for their "crank file." A reply, sounding like a form letter, was signed by a major general of the General Staff. It said that "the Board of Ordnance found it necessary to decline to make allotments for the experimental development of devices for mechanical flight." (At no time had the Wrights even remotely implied that they sought any allotment.) Another letter received late in 1905 from the Ordnance Department said that the Board did not care to take any action "until a machine is produced which by actual operation is shown to be able to produce horizontal flight and to carry an operator." (The Wrights had been flying such a machine since December 1903.)

A member of the Cabot family in Massachusetts, seeing a little item to the effect that the Wrights were dickering with France for the use of their newfangled "airship," wrote them inquiring why they did not offer the invention to their own country. The Wrights replied that they had repeatedly tried to. The

correspondence came to the attention of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who forwarded it to the Secretary of War, who shoved it along to the Ordnance Board — who did nothing about it.

In 1907 someone sent to President Theodore Roosevelt a clipping about the Wrights. Roosevelt marked the clipping "Investigate" and passed it along to Secretary of War Taft. Taft added his own "Investigate" on a memorandum slip and sent it to the Ordnance Board. The Board's personnel had partly changed since the correspondence with the Wrights in 1905, but they had the same skepticism. Though they made a half-hearted "investigation" consisting of a letter or two, they made it plain to the Wrights that the War Department was too shrewd to be taken in.

Finally, nearly four years after the flight at Kitty Hawk, the War Department began to show a different attitude, as news about the interest of European governments in the airplane reached them from their military attachés. A deal was made which provided for the purchase of a Wright plane for \$25,000 if it demonstrated that it could carry for one hour a passenger besides the pilot; if it had a speed of 40 miles an hour and carried enough fuel for 125 miles. It was arranged that a demonstration should be made at Fort Myer, Virginia, in September 1908.

During early experiments the

Wrights had continued to ride "belly-buster." Someone had described a Wright flight as resembling a man lying on his stomach looking out of the front of a chicken coop. Lying that way for an hour at a time with head raised to be on the lookout for possible obstacles and controlling the machine partly by swinging the body from one side to the other was not all fun.

For their trials of a new steering apparatus, the Wrights returned to their old cabin at Kitty Hawk. One day in May 1908, the Wright machine was seen in the air by D. B. Salley, a Norfolk, Va., reporter, who was at Kitty Hawk by chance. He telegraphed a number of large newspapers asking if they wanted the story. The telegraph editor of the Cleveland, O., *Leader* not only wasn't interested but was indignant at so silly an inquiry, and he wired Salley to "cut out the wild-cat stuff." To editors of the New York *Herald* it sounded crazy also. Yet, because the owner of the *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, was excited about aeronautics, they decided to investigate the strange tale. They sent their star reporter, Byron R. Newton, to Kitty Hawk. If the Wrights proved to be fakers no one could do a better job of exposing them than Newton. Meanwhile the *Herald* risked printing Salley's first dispatch and other editors who saw it felt that the time had come to get the low-down on the Wright brothers. So

Newton was joined at Kitty Hawk by William Hoster of the New York *American*, Arthur Ruhl of *Collier's Weekly*, James H. Hare, famous news photographer, and others.

When the newspapermen noted the desolate isolation of Kitty Hawk they assumed that the Wrights wished privacy. They decided to be no less secretive than the Wrights. Provided with food and water, they hid daily in the pine woods within sight of the Wrights' base, and observed with field glasses what happened. To their astonishment, they witnessed human flight. They even saw, on May 14, what no person on earth had ever seen before — flights with *two men* in the machine.

We must remember that the general public still did not believe that flying was possible, although the Wrights had already done it here at Kitty Hawk more than four years before. Now, at last, came front-page headlines announcing what the Wrights had accomplished. In the *Herald* Byron Newton wrote: "There is no longer any ground for questioning the performance of these men and their wonderful machine." Even such reports did not convince everybody, and many newspapers still did not publish the news. When Newton sent an article on what he had seen at Kitty Hawk to a magazine it was returned to him with the editor's comment: "While your manuscript has been read with

much interest, it does not seem to qualify either as fact or fiction."

Not until the formal public demonstrations of flying from the parade grounds at Fort Myer in September 1908 did widespread incredulity about the Wrights' achievements finally cease. Then, at last, everyone, editors and even scientists, agreed that a practical flying machine was a reality. But the disbelief persisted up to the last minute. Orville Wright had the impression that no one, not even the Army officers in charge of the event, expected him to fly.

Considering that this was to be the first public demonstration of the outstanding wonder of the century, the crowd that strung about

the Fort Myer parade ground was small. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., remembers that he estimated it for his father's benefit at less than one thousand.

"When the plane first rose," says Roosevelt, Jr., "the crowd's gasp of astonishment was not alone at the wonder of it, but because it was so unexpected. I'll never forget the impression the sound from the crowd made on me. It was a sound of complete surprise."

When Orville Wright landed after this flight it was his turn to be astonished. Three or four newspapermen rushed up to him, and each of them had tears streaming down his cheeks. The drama of witnessing the impossible had "got" them.

WHEN Dorothy Parker found two alligators in her car, she took them home and thoughtfully lodged them in her bathtub. Returning to her flat that night, she found that her dusky handmaiden had quit, leaving a note on the table which read as follows:

"I will not be back. I cannot work in a house where there are alligators. I would have told you this before, but I didn't suppose the question would ever come up."—Alexander Woollcott, *While Rome Burns* (Viking)

MAYOR Fiorello LaGuardia, scheduled to meet three representatives of the Soviet's commercial delegation, waited for them in his office, wearing his old, frayed suit with the baggy trousers. When the Russian representatives arrived wearing formal jackets and striped trousers, Fiorello stared at their elegant attire, then glanced at his own costume. "Gentlemen," he said, "I represent the proletariat."

—Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

¶ A truly Spartan school, in these
days of plush-lined colleges

Miracle College of Saskatchewan

Condensed from *The Catholic World*

Rex Beach

THIRTY MILES south of Regina on Canada's treeless prairie is the youngest, smallest, poorest college in the Dominion, yet one so unusual that, starting in 1929 with 10 students, it now accommodates about 200, and last autumn had 800 applicants. Created out of nothing more substantial than the exalted vision of a parish priest, it has supported itself by its own bootstraps, flourished on adversity, and developed a chest expansion that pops the buttons off its jumper. The school is non-sectarian; all creeds are represented.

Notre Dame of Saskatchewan was founded to meet a peculiar local need. The province's rich

EVER SINCE he took part in the Klondike gold rush as a youth, Rex Beach has been an inveterate sportsman and adventurer. He has used the whole North American continent as a happy hunting ground for game, gold — and writing material. His 30 books and many magazine articles attest his success in the latter endeavor. A few years ago he retired to a Florida farm, where his hobby of raising gladioli has become a booming business. He emerges every once in a while for another expedition to his beloved northern wilds. His most recent novels are *Jungle Gold* and *Wild Pastures*.

wheat region had been hit by drought, dust storms and depression. Scarce crops and scarce money had made it all but impossible for the isolated youth of the prairies to get an education or a job. In some communities even the elementary schools were closed for lack of funds. Then came Father Athol Murray.

Born into a well-to-do Toronto family and offered all educational advantages, Athol Murray nevertheless quit school at 16 to go into newspaper work. Later he studied law and then entered the priesthood. In time he was appointed aide to the Archbishop of Regina. He fell in love with Saskatchewan and its people. When the Archbishop died, Father Murray, then in his middle thirties, was offered his choice of several assignments, but knowing that the nearby parish of Wilcox, a village of 300 persons, was in a desperate plight, he asked to be sent there.

Wilcox had been deserted by most of its merchants; rents were unpaid; debts were delinquent; stores stood vacant along its unpaved main street. But there was a

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(*The Catholic World*, January, '41)

village church, a girls' convent run by the Sisters of St. Louis, and a modest rectory. These served as a nucleus for his school.

Father Murray rented a frame building, formerly a furniture factory, for classrooms, which he equipped with desks and benches made on the spot from old lumber. The basement of the church he turned into a kitchen and dining room. The rectory became a boys' dormitory.

As other students came, two more empty buildings were acquired for schoolrooms. The boys holed up like prairie dogs in basements or wherever they could dig in. Some of them lined a flimsy shed with boards from packing cases and snuggled in for the winter. Another group took possession of an empty icehouse. Portable bunk-houses used by harvest hands were donated by local farmers, or bought for a few dollars.

Tuition and board were — and are — \$18 a month, payable in cash, fuel, meat, vegetables, anything the school can use. But no deserving boy or girl has ever been barred for lack of funds; Father Murray manages to find means of carrying them, just as he manages to carry the school and also to procure jobs for students.

From the start, overhead was held to a minimum. The boys did the cooking and other necessary work. Often for weeks at a time the diet was potatoes and canned corn.

Occasionally a farmer brought in meat and eggs. Coal mines donated fuel; friends paid the freight. The school got by on \$300 to \$400 cash outlay a year.

Father Murray found unemployed instructors, with degrees from such universities as Harvard, Louvain and Ottawa, willing to work for their bed and board. As the institution pulled itself together, he paid them \$10 a month. Today they get \$20. The padre himself draws a salary of \$40 a year — in some years. An affiliation was arranged with Ottawa University, which prepares and corrects examination papers and issues the Bachelor of Arts degree to Notre Dame's graduates.

The Spartan quality of this school is unusual in these days of plush-lined colleges. Everybody works at Notre Dame. There is now a \$15-a-month cook — the only hired hand — but the boys still help with potato peeling and dishwashing. The General Motors agency in Regina donated the lumber in which its automobiles are received, and with it the boys have built three cottages, bleachers for baseball and football fields, and bunks and furniture for themselves. The nearest source of water is 12 miles away, hence there are no showers or tubs in the boys' dormitories. The youngsters consider this an inconvenience but not important enough to crab about. In the church basement, which still

serves as a dining room, tables are bare, the crockery carries scars of battle and the menu is limited; but no one kicks. It is amazing how these youngsters put up with discomfort to obtain an education.

The school has never been endowed nor had government support. But when bread fails at Notre Dame, manna falls. "A benevolent Providence has never let us down," says Father Murray. "For instance, as we drove back to Wilcox from a hockey game one night, with the thermometer at 40 below, I told the team that once again Notre Dame was busted. We were down to the last of our coal, and food was running short. I told them we'd all have to pray. It wasn't the first time I'd asked that.

"When I got back to the rectory I found a letter from a stranger. I read it and let out a yell. When the boys saw me waving a check they woke the village with their cheers. A hundred minor miracles like that have kept us going."

Everyone takes part in athletics, and in spite of limited facilities and small squads, Notre Dame's hockey, baseball, rugby and lacrosse teams are famous throughout Canada. The hockey team traveled 8000 miles one winter in the school's unheated truck, and some of the players are now in Canadian and U. S. professional leagues. Scouts from U. S. baseball leagues visit Notre Dame in search of material and one of those "mir-

acles" which has kept the college going happened when a California baseball club owner heard of it from one of his scouts. The club owner sent Father Murray a \$100 check and wrote, "You're doing a great job and can count on me for \$100 a month as long as I have it." Later he purchased Wilcox's best building and presented it to the school. Lane Hall, now the hub of the college, houses lecture rooms, library, quarters for some of the faculty — and one bathtub.

There is no campus except for the short main street of Wilcox. The faculty consists of Father Murray, six professors, several student-teachers who help out with the high school classes, and Sisters from the convent who look after the 75 girls.

"Notre Dame is a school where a fellow can grow," a young graduate told me. "About the only rules are 'lights out at eleven' and 'keep your hair cut.' Father Murray says the only discipline worth while comes from the individual."

This young man planned to join the Canadian air force. About 100 other graduates are already in military service. Three were lost in air battles over the English Channel. Some are ferrying bombers.

The roots of Notre Dame have gone deep; it teaches true democracy, and turns out forthright young men and women who think straight and honestly and are assets to their country. It makes them the hard way, yet they like it.

A. Lincoln Speaking . . . By CARL SANDBURG

Stories from "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years"

THOUSANDS OF appeals for pardon came to Lincoln from soldiers involved in military discipline. Each appeal was as a rule supported by letters from influential people. One day a single sheet came before him, an appeal from a soldier without any supporting documents.

"What!" exclaimed the President. "Has this man no friends?"

"No, sir, not one," said the adjutant.

"Then," said Lincoln, "I will be his friend."

THE PRESIDENT once dropped a few kind words about the Confederates. A woman flashed forth a question of how he could speak kindly of his enemies when he should rather destroy them.

"What, Madam, do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?"

A YOUNG Virginia woman who wished a pass to visit her brother, a Confederate soldier and a prisoner in the Union lines, was brought to Lincoln by old man Blair. He had warned her beforehand: she must not betray her Confederate sympathies. The Presi-

dent bent toward her, searched her face and said, "You are loyal, of course?"

Her eyes flashed, met his gaze frankly, then, "Yes, loyal to the heart's core — to Virginia!"

He kept his eyes on her face a moment, went to a desk, wrote a line, and handed her a folded paper. She bowed herself out with Mr. Blair, who was saying: "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

She unfolded the paper and read words to this effect, signed by the President: "Pass Miss ——. She is an honest girl and can be trusted."

THE PRESIDENT, glancing about the telegraph hut, noticed three tiny kittens wandering, mewing as if lost. He picked one up and asked it, "Where is your mother?" Someone answered, "The mother is dead."

As he petted the little one: "Then she can't grieve as many a poor mother is grieving for a son lost in battle." Gathering the two others in his hands, he put them on his lap, stroked their fur, and according to Admiral Porter, meditated: "Kitties, thank God you

are cats, and can't understand this terrible strife that is going on." And to Bowers, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly."

Several times later Horace Porter noticed Lincoln fondling these kittens. "He would smooth their coats and listen to them purring their gratitude to him." A curious sight it was, thought Porter, "at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation and had signed the commissions from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant tenderly caressing three stray kittens."

THE PRESIDENT had a mild form of smallpox. Owen Lovejoy, waiting in the reception room, saw a door open just enough to frame Lincoln in a dressing gown, saying, "Lovejoy, there is one good thing about this. I now have something I can give everybody."

A CLERGYMAN, meeting the President, hoped "the Lord is on our side."

The President: "I don't agree with you."

There was amazement.

The President continued: "I am

not at all concerned about that, for we know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

LINCOLN was told, of a profound historian, "it may be doubted whether any man of our generation has plunged more deeply into the sacred fount of learning."

"Yes, or come up drier," said Lincoln.

TO THE White House one day came Senators who had decided that the President would do well to reorganize the entire Cabinet and set up a new one.

"Gentlemen," said Lincoln, "your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change reminds me of a story."

He told of an Illinois farmer pestered by skunks. One moonlight night he loaded his shotgun and went out while the wife waited in the house. She heard the shotgun blaze away, and soon her husband came in. "What luck?" she asked.

"I hid myself behind the woodpile," said the farmer, "with the shotgun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk, but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed

one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go."

ONE TIME, Lincoln drawled, he read a story of a certain King who wanted to go hunting, and asked the Court Minister if it would rain. The Minister told him the weather would be fair. Setting out, the royal party met a farmer riding a jackass. He warned the King it was going to rain. The King laughed, went on, and no sooner got started hunting than a heavy downpour drenched him and his party. He went back, threw out the Minister, and called for the farmer.

"Tell me how you knew it would rain."

"I did not know, Your Majesty. It's not me, it's my jackass. He puts his ears forward when it's going to be wet."

The King sent the farmer away, had the jackass brought and put in place of the Minister.

"It was here," said Lincoln, "that the King made a great mistake."

"How so?" asked some of the audience.

"Why, ever since that time, every jackass wants an office. Gentlemen, leave your credentials with me and when the war is over you'll hear from me."



'Silence more musical than any song.

— Christina Rossetti

THEY WERE sitting high up in the hills overlooking a little fishing village on the Mediterranean. "What a quiet evening it is!" he said.

"No," she answered. "There's the chapel bell, and some men shouting in the boats down on the quay, and a dog barking, and some ducks in the garden below."

"Not bad! But you've missed about 50 larks in the sky, and the grasshoppers all around us, and a car changing gear on the hill, and the oars in the rowlocks of that boat putting out, and the children playing, and the goat bells on the hill behind us, and far off a smithy. It's so quiet you can hear every sound. Generally there's too much noise for that."

— Margaret Kennedy, *The Constant Nymph* (Doubleday, Doran)

¶ Those Sing-O-Grams and other painless
(to the sender) telegraphic oddities

“Happy Birthday TO You!”

Condensed from The New Yorker

Margaret Case Harriman

WHEN Samuel Morse, the inventor of telegraphy, wired the first awesome message, “What hath God wrought!,” from Washington to Baltimore in 1844, his was a lonely triumph. One sighs to think of the great man unrewarded in his supreme hour by a single Congratulatory Telegram or Pep Message via Western Union or Postal Telegraph. Not for him Pep Message No. 1355, “Can’t you hear us cheering? The crowd is with you,” or 1359, “We are behind you for victory. Bring home the bacon.” Stimulated by a few such Pep Messages, or Pep-Grams,

MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN grew up among the acting and writing celebrities who patronized New York’s Algonquin Hotel — the famous hostelry operated by her father, Frank Case, and celebrated by him in his *Tales of a Wayward Inn* and *Do Not Disturb*. Once, when she was 12, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., dared her to follow him up an iron ladder on the outside wall of the hotel, far above the street. She did. As further education, she went to private schools in New York and Paris. She did newspaper work, and then became dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair*. For the past several years she has contributed regularly to *The New Yorker* and other magazines.

as they are also called, God only knows what God and Samuel Morse might not have wrought.

The Congratulatory Telegram and the Pep Message are two of some 50 kinds of Social Message prepared by Western Union and Postal Telegraph, with an assortment of numbered texts, so that the well-wisher who is pressed for time may, by checking a number, express suitable emotions to friends and relatives on birthdays and other occasions. The other occasions include Making a Speech, Election to Office, Inability to Be Present, and Opening a New Store. Prepared greetings are known in the trade as Fixed Texts, and may be sent to any point in the United States for 25 cents.

Fixed Texts are identified by the letters “FT.” If you get a telegram on a decorative blank with the top-line notation “FT400,” your message will read, “I’m just a little tot, I haven’t much to say, just want to wish my mama a happy Mother’s Day.” If the letters “SC” (Sender’s Composition) appear instead of “FT,” you get the same illustrated blank but you will know that your

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(The New Yorker, December 21, '40)

correspondent has chosen to compose his own text and pay more.

The notion of persuading the public to send telegrams as messages of love and cheer as well as of disaster dates back to Christmas 1910, when clerks noticed that a good many people came into telegraph offices, brooded a while, and went away without sending a message. The sight of a telegram, some of them explained when questioned, might worry their loved ones. The following Christmas Western Union offered special blanks and envelopes, decorated with holly, evergreen, and lighted candles.

When Western Union offered its first Fixed Text in 1934, nobody dreamed this service was to lead to such confections as, for example, the Kiddiegram, the Stork Telegram (on the birth of a child), and the Sing-O-Gram. The Kiddiegram became a sensational success a year or so ago, when young men began sending Kiddiegram No. 1394 to grown-up girlyes. Doubtless intended to refer to Santa or the Easter Rabbit, No. 1394 reads: "Brush your teeth, comb your hair, hurry to bed, say your prayer, and before you know it I will be there."

Western Union's Fixed Texts are written by housewives, farmers, mechanics, waiters, and other hopeful authors, who receive \$1 for each text accepted and \$10 for each Sing-O-Gram. Occasionally a wit will wander into a telegraph office and compose a message of such

quality that the company later asks his permission to include it in the Fixed Texts. Two years ago a Pittsburgher named Bob Post composed and sent the following wire on Valentine's Day: "ROSES ARE RED VIOLETS ARE BLUE SUGAR YOU'RE SWEET VIA WU WU WU." The company paid Mr. Post \$1 for this felicitous thought.

Mother's Day has been a slight headache to Western Union's Fixed Text department. At first Mother was pictured on the decorative blank as a white-haired crone wearing a shawl and cameo pin, peering feebly over her spectacles at a Social Message. This illustration was accompanied by such Fixed Texts as: "I send a blessing for every thread of silver on my mother's head." Hundreds of mothers between the ages of 25 and 40 wrote violent letters to the company, asking what gave Western Union the idea that no one under 80 could be a mother. Its latest Mother's Day Greeting offered a few sprightly texts (such as No. 432: "Please accept my love and kisses for my father's dearest Mrs.") and its illustration showed a family group including a white-haired woman, a youngish matron, and a girl with a page-boy haircut. "Any one of these could be a mother," a company representative points out, "and we feel that Mother will just have to decide."

Western Union transmitted a few singing birthday messages

(*Happy Birthday TO You!*) as long ago as 1933, but Postal Telegraph claims that the Sing-O-Gram didn't really catch on with the public until 1938, when one of their employes got the idea of singing a Valentine Greeting over the telephone to the tune of *Bei Mir Bist du Schön*. Postal well remembers that Valentine's Day.

"Our operators were swamped with messages," their advertising manager says, "so I got into a telephone booth with about a million orders, and a man in our sales department got into another booth with another million, and we sang like crazy. We even got the elevator boys off the cars and had *them* singing." The lyric they sang was: "My Sweet Valentine, I sing you this line, Oh say you'll be mine, My Valentine."

Most Sing-O-Grams are birthday messages, telephoned by singing girl operators. The girls report that women who receive them nearly always say, "Thank you, dear!" and frequently add, "Would you mind singing that just once more? I'd like my mother (or daughter, son, cousin) to hear it." One operator recalls an exhausting occasion when she was called upon to sing birthday greetings to a Pekinese: "Bow-wow-wow-wow-WOW-wow," and so on. After the Peke had listened, its mistress asked to hear the message and was so enchanted she summoned her family and even some friends from across the hall,

all of whom called for an encore.

Few recipients of Sing-O-Grams hang up before the message is completed, perhaps because the name of the sender is revealed only at the end. When the sender specifies that the Sing-O-Gram be delivered in person it is entrusted to the first musical messenger who volunteers for the job. The boys like to deliver singing messages, because they are paid 25 cents for each one and can usually depend on a quarter tip besides, and because they are crazy about singing. The recipients, particularly if they are males, often become exceedingly embarrassed, sometimes angered.

Anna Case, star of the opera and concert stage, who married Postal's long-time president, the late Clarence Mackay, has helped to instruct that company's singing operators—in person in New York and by specially prepared records throughout the country.

Western Union and Postal Telegraph agree that the telegraph companies are sure indexes of prosperity. In good times people send lots of telegrams, especially Social Messages. In bad times they write letters. Business looks good right now. But Postal is aware of today's deadly undercurrents. Whereas Western Union, in its Father's Day Sing-O-Grams last June, clung to the traditional melody *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, Postal used the tunes of *Yankee Doodle* and *Anchors Aweigh*.

¶ A Texas doctor read a book by Darwin —
and created a new profession for himself

Earthworm Farmer

Condensed from *Nature Magazine*

John Edwin Hogg

IN 1906 Dr. George Sheffield Oliver of Fort Worth, Texas, happened upon a book by Charles Darwin speculating on the role of the earthworm as a soil improver and aid to plant growth. Being a curious-minded fellow and an ardent gardener, Dr. Oliver decided to test out Darwin's theories. He procured a number of large flower pots, painted half the pots red and the others green. In each pair of red and green pots he planted the same common flowers or vegetables. But he carefully sifted the topsoil in the red pots to remove all worms and their eggs, while in each green pot he placed a few worms.

Some weeks later he had unquestionable evidence that Darwin was right. The plants in the green pots were stronger and nearly twice the size of those in the red. And some of the red-pot plants were damaged by insects, which ignored the more luxuriant plants grown in the worm-worked soil. Thus started a series of experiments which resulted in a new and amazing profession for Dr. Oliver, and a valuable soil-improvement

system for everyone who wants to grow anything.

Dr. Oliver began to propagate earthworms in artificial culture beds. He soon found that raising worms literally by the billions was simple enough — largely a matter of feeding them well with sugar and fats, which he provided in the form of carob pods and soapy water. He "planted" the worms in his gardens, around his fruit trees, all over his property. The result: better flowers, vegetables and trees, faster growth, and a high degree of immunity from insect pests.

The earthworm is an amazing combination of chemist and borer, and has the voracity of a grist mill; it is constantly devouring earth, dried leaves and other decomposing organic material. Everything it swallows is pulverized in its chicken-like gizzard and passed out in the form of castings which are a perfect form of soil humus. Furthermore, worm tunnels speed oxidation and nitrification of the soil, and act as watering tubes in which rain is stored six feet or more in the ground.

As Dr. Oliver continued his experiments, word spread through

Fort Worth and Dallas that he had some magic formula for making things grow. Within two years he sold his medical practice and opened offices as a "Landscape Engineer." By 1920 he had rolled up a comfortable personal fortune beautifying private estates, parks and cemeteries.

Then he went to Los Angeles, to improve the estates of movie stars. On a 10-acre experimental farm he pursued his researches with so much industry and success that today he is recognized as the world's greatest authority on anything pertaining to earthworms.

In 1937 Dr. Oliver published a three-volume report on his scientific findings, *Our Friend the Earthworm*. This work has helped hundreds of farmers in almost every state in the Union to restore fertility to barren land in which the worm had been exterminated by the use of strong chemical fertilizers and insect sprays.

Dr. Oliver is the only scientist who has succeeded in hybridizing various of the 1100 species of earthworm. He produces and markets new types peculiarly suited for specific purposes. For frog farmers, poultrymen, and operators of fish hatcheries and game bird farms, he has evolved a 10-inch "meaty" creature. Another of his hybrids is used to produce a colorless, odor-

less oil useful in the medical profession. In great demand is his coolie soil-worker — a hardy creature of prodigious energy which he developed by crossing the large English brandling and the small California orchard worm.

Worms lay their eggs enclosed in a sort of capsule. Packed in damp peat moss, a million capsules make a small package that is easily shipped. After 30 days in suitable soil, those million capsules will hatch 12 to 16 million tiny worms, which in another 90 days become adult egg-layers.

The results of which Dr. Oliver is proudest have come from the several hundred farmers in California and other states where his teachings have had as much as 10 years of practical application. Many were brought back from the verge of bankruptcy. With billions of earthworms at work for them, the fertility of their soil is now being restored faster than the crops take it out. Their enterprises flourish with less soil cultivation and, in irrigated areas, half the water cost of neighboring farms.

Dr. Oliver has proved the truth of Darwin's words: "Without the humble earthworm, who knows nothing of the benefits he confers upon mankind, agriculture as we know it would be very difficult, if not impossible."



PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN . . .

WINTER TREES standing like empty glasses, waiting the wine of spring.

(William Soutar)

FROM one end of the slowly changing tapestry of life the old people ravel out while the babies are woven in at the other end.

(Hulbert Footner)

AN extinguished-looking gentleman.

(Elsie Alderman)

DEEP blue eyes, like two teaspoonfuls of Mediterranean.

(Michael Arlen)

WORRY had autographed her face.

SHE'S a regular gab-about.

(Raymond L. Randall)

HER MIND is like a sundial; it records only pleasantness.

(Fannie Hurst)

LIGHTNING scourged the sky with a brilliant whip.

(Louis Zara)

SHE LIVES every moment as if it were a crisis.

(Stephen L. Mooney)

SHE HAS a lot of freight on her train of thought.

(Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.)

A FEBRUARY face, so full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.

(Shakespeare)

HE'S hard-of-thinking.

(Edgar Kennedy)

THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE moves from a bright water color to a soft pastel,

and then to a dark oil painting of rich browns. At last comes the steel engraving of winter.

(H. R. Baukhage)

SHE HAS a figure like an hourglass and she certainly makes every minute count.

(Graeme and Sarah Lorimer)

THEY'RE on spiking terms.

(Walter Winchell)

SHE CAN dial him like a radio.

(Charles J. Watson)

CHILD'S REVIEW: This book tells more about penguins than I am interested in knowing.

RECIPE for having friends: Be one.

(Elbert Hubbard)

AFTERNOON SNACK: The pause that refreshes.

(Mary R. Michael)

"THAT'S a nice dress you almost have on."

(Graeme and Sarah Lorimer)

I HAD so many covers on the bed I felt like the bottom hotcake.

(Bob Burns)

HE'S A MAN of few words, but he keeps repeating them.

(Roberta Yates)

HE SPELLS it his weakly salary.

(L. D. Thompson)

WHEN money talks she doesn't miss a word.

(Walter Winchell)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

Stories from the casebooks of the health detectives who track down our most deadly public enemies

The Case of the Missing Mosquitoes, et al. . . .

Condensed from
Scribner's Commentator
Edward M. Brecher

ARMED with test tubes and microscopes, American physicians, laboratory workers and field investigators are constantly tracking down murderers more deadly than any Dillinger or Jack the Ripper. The culprits are disease germs which slaughter victims wholesale.

Sherlock Holmes himself would be impressed by the methods used and mysteries solved. Take, for example, the affair which Conan Doyle might have named:

The Case of the Missing Mosquitoes

ONE JANUARY night a call came to the College of Medicine at the University of Nebraska; a man attacked by chills and fever lay gravely ill. Two internes braved a snowstorm to examine him.

"Looks like malaria," remarked the first.

"Nonsense," replied the other. "Malaria is transmitted only by mosquitoes — and not even a fur-coated mosquito could survive weather like this."

A specialist was called, made tests and reported: "Unquestionably malaria." But the nearest mosquito was a thousand miles away!

That winter and the next, malaria was reported from San Francisco, St. Paul, Chicago, New York. Physicians were puzzled until they noticed that almost every patient bore one telltale clue — enlarged, blackened veins accompanied by tiny scars along the forearms. In the best tradition of crime fiction, that clue led from the United States to the dives of Cairo, Egypt.

Investigators learned that Cairo heroin addicts dissolved the drug in water and injected it into a vein with a medicine dropper to which a needle was attached. Several addicts would use the same improvised hypodermic syringe. If one had malaria, the unsterilized needle would transmit the disease. There were more than 100 cases of malaria in Cairo that winter.

Sailors brought the custom — and the malaria — to this country. Malaria among addicts reached epidemic proportions. A third of all

drug users admitted to one hospital had it.

If mosquitoes and malaria-infected drug addicts should get together, we would have some unpleasant outbreaks among the rest of the populace; therefore health detectives are constantly on the watch, much as police detectives shadow two criminals who may conspire to launch a crime. Mosquito-control measures are under way, addicts have been warned, and supplies of quinine and the newer synthetic anti-malarial compounds, atabrin and plasmochin, are kept ready to nip any potential epidemic.

The Case of the Missing White Blood Corpuscles

SOMETIMES the solution of a medical mystery may be difficult because there are too many clues.

In 1902 an American physician examining a woman with an infected throat was amazed to discover that her blood, instead of containing the usual 8000 white blood cells per cubic millimeter, had only 360. A few years later a similar case was reported in Austria, and in 1922 five more in Germany. The strange new malady then increased rapidly every year, until by 1933 in the U. S. alone 2000 deaths had been traced to it. Because a type of white blood cell called *granulocyte* often was missing, physicians named the disease

agranulocytosis, and set out to discover its cause.

They amassed a baffling array of clues. The malady had attacked the wealthy first, had seldom struck the very poor. It killed 200 times as many nurses as school-teachers or stenographers, and 50 times as many doctors as lawyers. It brought death to many who had complained of toothache, and singled out women in their 40's and 50's.

Roy R. Kracke, a young professor at the Emory University School of Medicine in Georgia, pieced the clues together. He noted that one victim had taken an unprescribed remedy for toothache. Suppose, Dr. Kracke said to himself, there exists a drug — call it X — discovered before 1902 but not commonly used in the U. S. and Germany till 1922, and later introduced into other countries. Suppose that X is used to relieve pain, especially among women reaching middle age, and that it was originally expensive but later became cheaper and more widely used. Such an X might explain agranulocytosis.

He found that the drug aminopyrine, sold under the proprietary name of pyramidon, partly fitted the description of X. The death certificates of 1300 victims of the disease showed that many of them had lived in communities in which aminopyrine was sold, had worked at occupations which enabled them to procure the drug easily, and

had suffered from some painful condition which might have tempted them to take it.

He communicated these facts to other physicians, who checked their records. They were disappointed. Thousands of users of aminopyrine were found whose blood was normal, and hundreds of victims of agranulocytosis had apparently never taken the drug. But health detectives grilled relatives of patients who had died, searched family medicine cabinets, thumbed through old drugstore record books — and discovered that, in addition to those who had taken aminopyrine, many had taken other pain-killing compounds. More than 100 compounds commonly sold were found to contain aminopyrine — often under a name and label that gave the purchaser no indication of the drug's presence.

To prove the indictment against aminopyrine, several patients who had recovered from agranulocytosis volunteered to take small doses. Physicians watched while the number of white blood cells fell far below the danger limit, then slowly increased as the effect of the drug wore off.

The case was solved.

Not all agranulocytosis is due to aminopyrine and a few cases from other causes will no doubt continue to appear. But hereafter cases attributable to it will occur only among those who ignore the words which the law now requires on the

label of every product containing the drug:

Warning: This preparation may cause a serious and sometimes fatal blood disease. It should not be used except under strict and continuous medical supervision.

The Case of the Migratory Shiga Carrier

LATE ONE NIGHT a Michigan physician was summoned to a farm near Owosso, where he found five children suffering from an unidentified illness. Within a week these and two other children had died. To track down the unknown murderer, the Michigan Department of Health's mobile laboratory sped to the scene of the crime.

The first symptoms had suggested poison, but toxicologists could find trace of none. Finally bacteriologists succeeded in isolating the murderer — a dysentery germ. But which of the many types of dysentery was it? Evidence pointed toward a tropical type never before known in Michigan — the dread Shiga variety.

Shiga antiserum was procured and the outbreak was soon conquered. Meanwhile, health detectives tried to find out how the Shiga germs had been brought North. Cases plotted on the map of the state, as they were reported, quickly produced a clue: someone was traveling across the state, leaving sickness and death in his wake.

A field investigator, following the trail, learned that wherever a certain southern laborer and his family had camped children in the neighborhood had come down with dysentery. The man, ignorant of the havoc he had caused, was finally apprehended. Examination showed that within his own body the disease had run its course, but not before drinking cups or direct contact had spread it to others.

There were other cases which apparently had been caused by migratory laborers who had come North that summer to work in Michigan's beet fields. Quarantine stations were set up to examine all such workers; outdoor toilets were improved, water supplies tested, transients' camps placed under supervision. Thus a murderous kind of bacteria which might have taken up permanent residence was evicted.

The Case of the Hardware Doughnuts

SINCE 1900, thanks to modern preventive measures, the typhoid rate has fallen from 359 deaths a year per million Americans to 19 per million — in some states to as low as 1. Most cases nowadays are traceable to "carriers" — former sufferers who, though cured, still harbor typhoid germs and can infect others. Carriers are registered and supervised much as if they were on parole. They are forbidden to work as cooks or food handlers,

and must report changes of address or occupation. There are 700 registered carriers in New York State alone. Rarely does a carrier refuse to coöperate; when he does, health detectives take up the trail.

Last November three sawmill employes fell ill with typhoid. Investigators learned that all had eaten doughnuts purchased from a hardware store. Why should a hardware store sell doughnuts? Checking the state list of carriers, they found the name of the store's proprietress. She had refused to believe she could infect others, and had made and bootlegged doughnuts in violation of her parole. Today she sells only hardware.

The Mystery of Imperial Sterilized Japan 332

A DAKOTA farmhand went to his doctor with a painfully swollen neck. Bacteriological examination disclosed anthrax germs. This disease, which kills about 25 percent of its victims, has been almost stamped out; less than 60 cases a year are reported in the whole U. S. Most sufferers contract it from animals.

The North Dakota doctor cured his patient with anti-anthrax serum. But North Dakota's Department of Health wasn't satisfied with that. It sought the animal which had been the source of the infection. None could be found, but under questioning the farmhand

mentioned a cheap shaving brush he had bought a week before his illness. Bristles from that brush and four others purchased from the same store, all bearing the inscription "Imperial Sterilized Japan 332," were found laden with anthrax germs. Similar brushes might be lying in wait for shavers from coast to coast, and the state health authorities therefore turned their evidence over to the U. S. Public Health Service.

Federal agents backtracked the infected brushes to a Minnesota wholesaler and thence to a New York importer who had brought in 35,000 of the guilty brushes — 35,000 possible sources of an infection which slaughters one person in four! A 48-state alarm was sent out through state health departments to local and county health

officers. Health detectives made the rounds of stores and confiscated brushes bearing the ominous words, "Imperial Sterilized Japan 332." Their work came too late to avert one tragedy. The widow of a Marinette County, Wis., man inspected the shaving brush her husband had bought a week before his death. It was inscribed: "Imperial Sterilized Japan 332."

Today all imported brushes must undergo bacteriological examination to prove them free of anthrax and other germs. Anti-anthrax serum is held ready to help save the lives of those who contract the infection from animals. Thanks to the constant vigilance of public health detectives, the chance that you will acquire this once common illness is now less than one in 2,000,000.

To Live or Not to Live

Excerpt from Dorothy Thompson's column in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

THE MOTHER of a friend of mine died the other day. My friend's 11-year-old daughter was sent away until after the funeral. She must be spared a knowledge of death.

Is this not characteristic of our society? We treat death as if it were an aberration. Age approaches, but beautician, masseur and gland specialist coöperate to keep alive the illusion that we are not really growing older. Anything that reminds us of the inescapable fact that we are to die seems morbid to us.

Yet, without the serene acceptance of death as inexorable, we lose all the magic and wonder of life, and live in constant unconscious fear. For only when one is no longer afraid to die is one no longer afraid at all. And only when we are no longer afraid do we begin to live in every experience, painful or joyous; to live in gratitude for every moment, to live abundantly.

The Most Unforgettable Character

I Ever Met . . .

By WEBB WALDRON

I MUST have been about 12 years old when one day a letter came that upset our family routine. Usually after supper my father sat at the living-room table and read aloud while Mother sewed, her hands making quick, decisive motions. But on this evening Father didn't read. Instead, Mother and he talked together in low voices, studying the letter.

Mother and Father belonged to a fraternal insurance organization whose local units were called "Hives," and now Mother had been offered a job organizing Hives among women of the Michigan north woods. The state commander had attended a local meeting, and something my mother did or said gave him the impression that she had organizing ability.

Mother was then in her late thirties. She had grown up on a farm and at 22 married my father, a country schoolteacher. Father, a book-loving man and a good teacher, lacked push and now in middle life was still teaching primary grades at \$45 a month. In

summer vacations he worked for \$2 a day in Wheeler's shipyard, helping to carry heavy oak ship timbers.

Our family finances were shaky. The house we had been renting for \$6 a month was sold and we had to move into another costing \$10. Mother made my sisters' clothes and cut Father's old suits down to fit me. Every spell of sickness was a major disaster. Unpaid doctors' bills had been hanging over us for years.

"Forty dollars a month and expenses!" Mother said. "Think what that would mean to us, Will! But what would you and the children do — the meals, the washing —"

"Allie, I don't know," said Father, his face tortured with doubt.

But she took the job. Her territory was along the Lake Huron shore, and to the women of those scattered settlements Mother came with a new idea — life insurance for women. Some men saw something shocking in the idea, a reflection on their ability to care for their families. But Mother, who had taken the job to earn money to protect her children, spoke eloquently in urging other mothers to protect theirs by insurance.

After many rebuffs she made her first convert; then, like any skill-

WEBB WALDRON has never liked to stay put. Born in Michigan in 1882, he has been a homesteader in Colorado, a U. S. Indian Agent in New Mexico, a college professor in the Southwest, a newspaper reporter in Detroit, a war correspondent in France, and a roving writer for magazines. With all this, he has found time to produce two travel books and three novels.

ful missionary, used that convert to help get another. When after days of tramping she had a dozen or so committed to the daring idea of life insurance — policies of \$250 to \$500 each — she organized them into a Hive. A shrewd device to keep members interested in their insurance, the Hives with their meetings and ritual were also often the first common meeting ground of these backwoods women and became the social center of their lives.

At home we got along. Father would be up at six, cook our breakfast, put up his lunch and hurry off to school. We children prepared dinner, washed the dishes, kept up the fires. Evenings Father corrected arithmetic and geography papers, then read to us.

Every two weeks Mother would dash down from the north woods by train on Friday night. Saturday she baked bread, did the family wash and mending, canned apples or tomatoes and did the family shopping. On the Sabbath she went to church and Sunday school, made out her reports and wrote letters. Monday morning she was off again on the early train. Her \$40 a month kept us from disaster.

In our town most boys quit school at about 14 to work in local stores or shingle mills. I knew I ought to, and proposed it. "You stay in school!" Mother ordered. So I went on through high school. One summer I worked in the beet fields; another, as rivet boy at

Wheeler's, which had begun building steel freighters for the Great Lakes.

College? Only boys whose families "had money" went to college. I had a gloomy picture of my future. I would get a job in Calkins' Drug Store, and as the years went on I'd become a stoop-shouldered clerk living alone in a furnished room in Mrs. Wilson's boarding-house on Catherine Street.

One day Mother cornered me. "Do you *want* to go to college?" I stammered something. "All right," she said as her blue-gray eyes snapped, "then you're going!" Incredibly, she had a little money she had been hoarding out of her salary for an emergency. That, added to what I had saved out of my slim earnings, enabled me to get started at the university. I was ashamed of my selfishness, and I knew Father secretly disapproved. Friends and relatives were openly censorious. What right had that boy to go to college when his mother was tramping her feet off selling insurance from door to door?

In the middle of my sophomore year, Father was stricken in his schoolroom and died a few days later. On the way home from the funeral I said to Mother, "Of course I'll quit college and go to work." Her lips met in a straight line. "Quit college? Of course *not!*"

She got herself transferred to the southern part of the state and moved

us to the university town. There she opened a rooming house for students, put my sisters and me in charge of it, and launched an attack on her new territory. Her success in getting members in these larger towns and more prosperous farmlands, ironically enough, brought her a serious setback. A new woman's insurance company lured her away, then collapsed. Buoyantly she started over again with a larger company.

Her children grew up while she ranged the towns and villages of the Midwest, carrying to women her persistent message of protection for their children.

In time I became a professor in a New Mexico college, and one day there stepped off the train from the East a small, plump, domestic-looking woman. The town nodded approval. It was right that a bachelor professor should have his mother come to keep house for him. But by the time the faculty wives called, Mother was gone. She had not come to keep house for me, but to convert the women of the desert to her big idea.

In the following years she rode over mountain trails on buckboards, invaded mining camps and cattle ranches. Then to Ohio and New Jersey factory towns. Then West again, climbing up and down the staircase streets of San Francisco. Incessantly on the go, ringing doorbells, announcing to countless women in her brisk, cheerful

voice, "I've come to interest you in a way to protect your children. . . ."

Her own children married and scattered. But she kept at it. Sometimes she would arrive at the home of one or another of them — a brief vacation filled from morning till night with peach canning, mending socks, making frocks, putting new collars on shirts, concocting grape jelly and apricot preserve and watermelon pickles. Then she would be off again to her job.

We urged her to stop, but she wouldn't. "I can't feel self-respect unless I'm *doing* something!" At 75 her legs gave out. Unable to canvass from door to door any longer, she still stayed in the thick of the fight. She advised her organization on matters of policy, helped plan new campaigns, attended committee meetings and rallies, wrote speeches and songs. In odd moments she made frocks for her grandchildren, wove rag rugs, painted china, canned fruit. She never thought of herself as old. To the end she bubbled with the spirit of eternal youth. When she was 80 she had more energy than most people of 50.

There were never enough working hours to suit her, yet she always seemed able to tackle something extra. In the last year of her life she helped raise money in her home city, Detroit, to build a carillon, and when it was completed, got up at three one summer morning to

attend the sunrise dedication service.

A day or so later she braided the last row of a rug for my New England farmhouse, to replace one she had made 18 years before. She felt tired. She was 83. As she lay in bed she planned the coming years — how she would do the things she never had had time to do. A few weeks later she was suddenly dead. It seemed impossible.

Is there not something peculiarly American in this vigorous pioneering-for-an-idea which dominated and inspired my mother's life? There must be many other women like her — obscure women whose names will never get into the history books, workers whose enthusiasm and energy have helped knit America into a closer, richer community of responsibility and comradeship.

The Voluble Yankee

A MAN waiting for a train at a New Hampshire village noticed a hound sleeping on the platform. "That your dog?" the stranger asked the station agent.

"Follers me 'round."

"He looks like a hound," the visitor pursued, "but he has no tail. Did you dock it or was he born that way?"

The agent found a match, tipped back in his chair and consumed several minutes lighting his pipe. Then he answered.

"Mornin' train."

— *Yankee*

Who Help Themselves

¶ THERE WAS a heavy storm at sea and a nervous woman passenger went to the captain. "Captain," she asked, "are we in great danger?"

"Madam," he replied, "we are in the hands of God."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "is it as bad as that?"

¶ A PREACHER who had written his sermon carefully found himself at the church without his manuscript. "As I have forgotten my notes," he began his sermon, "I will rely on the Lord for guidance. Tonight I will come better prepared."

— *Religious Digest*

☛ Youngsters who use their heads and their skills to make spare-time jobs

Youthful Go-Getters Galore!

By

Maxine Davis

LAST JULY The Reader's Digest asked young people what jobs they had found or made to keep themselves happily active during vacations and outside of school hours. Answers poured in by the sackful. Hundreds of boys and girls told of high adventure in their undertakings. Obviously all of them were having a grand time. The editors asked me to visit some of the children whose letters showed the greatest enthusiasm.

I found boys and girls who were not over-regimented. They were not held in check by parents who planned every hour; nor were they herded together under the sheltering wings of welfare organizations. Not one of them was rich; few were poor. Consequently they are experimenting with everyday problems and growing up in the likeness of the breed we think of as essentially American. The way they use their wits proves that limits upon the American inventive genius are all in the minds of the calamity-howlers.

Twelve-year-old Joe Davenport of Los Angeles heard a family friend who is in the refrigerator business complaining about the difficulty of getting the names of

prospects. The next day Joe called on the merchant in his office. "Will you pay me 25 cents apiece for the names of people still using old-fashioned iceboxes?"

Joe brought in about 20 good names a day. How did he get them? He followed ice wagons, noted addresses where the drivers delivered. From adjoining houses and tradesmen he got some names, through telephone listings he got others.

The two Lummis children conceived the idea that their community near Philadelphia needed a circulating library that comes to the door. They had scarcely \$5 between them, but they collected books their families and friends didn't want, bought as many others secondhand as they could afford, fitted their jalopy with home-made shelves, and started out. They offered to exchange any of their books for one of the purchaser's plus 10 cents. Thus they renewed their stock and made a profit.

Richard Hoyt, of Oak Park, Ill., watched a cobbler putting new soles on a pair of shoes. "Don't you suppose," he asked, "that lots of people are always planning to have shoes fixed but somehow never

get around to it?" The cobbler thought there probably were — and lent his car for an experiment. Dick gathered up shoes, returned them and collected the charges. For the first few weeks his commissions were more than \$20 — and the cobbler had to hire more repairmen.

If we leave children alone they are quite competent to develop their own inclinations sensibly. In the Abbett home at Hammond, Ind., you will find 17-year-old Norma sitting at the dining-room table with wallpaper samples, paints and scissors. Ask for Robert and a snub-nosed 14-year-old will come up from his basement darkroom. They're both working at their respective hobbies, which together they've made into a spare-time business. Norma likes to sketch dress designs. Robert's major passion is his camera. They needed money, so they invented "personalized paper dolls." Robert takes pictures of neighborhood children and prints them, enlarged, on extra-heavy paper. Norma cuts out and tints the figures. The wardrobes that she makes are from wallpaper samples selected to give the illusion of tweeds or satins. The cost of the dolls is about a nickel; the selling price is 25 cents.

It's comparatively easy to work at a hobby you love. It's harder to turn an unpleasant chore into a business. Frank Guernsey, Jr., in California, decided that something might be done with garbage pails. The family pail was an eyesore,

battered, dingy, with an ill-fitting lid. Frank bought paint and asked his mother for the pail. He took it out to his garage workshop, reconditioned and painted it a gorgeous green. Then he went next door and offered the magnificent new container for 75 cents and the neighbor's old can. The experiment was a success. Frank prowled the neighborhood in the early morning when garbage cans were out, listed prospects, and built himself a good business.

There's a girl in St. Louis who used to supervise her two small sisters' piano practice. When the family suffered financial reverses, she arranged with her music teacher to supervise the practice of other pupils in exchange for her lessons. There's a boy in Buffalo who had learned to repair sheet music for his uncle, who plays in an orchestra. When he needed money for his Boy Scout uniform, he extended this service. He found that most people who play an instrument have sheet music that is worn or torn, and somehow they never get around to having it mended.

Arthur and Frederick Riehl, sturdy blond boys of 11 and 12, have a fine big Doberman pinscher named Barry. He has a noble appetite and the moment came when the Riehls decided they couldn't afford to keep him. The boys couldn't face life without their dog.

They took Barry to a golf course near their Scarsdale, N. Y., home.

They threw golf balls into the rough for him to retrieve. Later they merely pretended to throw a ball. Finally Barry got the idea that he was to nose through the thick grass until he found an abandoned ball. Every day in season Arthur and Freddy take Barry to the golf course. A haul of 15 or 20 balls isn't unusual. They sell their catch to regular customers, feed Barry all the liver he wants, and save quite a bit besides.

Robert Weir, a Chicago boy, goes on other people's vacations. One year when his family couldn't afford a vacation, Robert decided to have half the fun by planning a trip anyhow. A friend liked the plan so well he used it himself — and Robert got his Big Idea of selling vacation plans. He has maps and folders from 15 countries, railroad and highway maps of every state and Canada, and gets monthly reports of detours. He performs functions the travel agencies do not attempt; for instance, making an itinerary for a young man studying architecture who wanted to spend his holiday visiting some notable examples. The big thrill came when the Northern Pacific liked one of Robert's plans so well it changed a train schedule to conform to it.

Nancy Heury, 11 years old, runs a doll-dressmaking shop in Great Bend, Kansas. Her finished garments sell from five to 15 cents, her patterns from one to three cents, with expert instruction thrown in. Margaret

Peede, in Oak Park, Ill., has a doll clinic. She tidies and freshens dolls, curls their hair, repaints eyebrows and lips, and teaches her smaller friends how to make dolls' clothes. A couple of small fry in Warren, Ohio, have streamlined the old lemonade-stand idea of our childhood. They make flavored ice cubes in the family refrigerator, insert toothpicks as the cubes begin to freeze, and sell them for a penny each as something novel in lollipops.

Remember, these children are doing these things by themselves. No progressive educator suggested or supervises any of the jobs. The children wanted marbles, milk shakes, or permanents. When their fathers couldn't spare the money they cast about for ways of earning it. Like any intelligent man starting out in business, they surveyed their neighborhood needs and estimated their own assets in ideas, abilities, goods and capital.

A number of overnourished ladies in a New York suburb were advised one day, via the morning mail, "to learn to ride and be your husband's pride." They were further informed that a "slight trim figure is the keynote to social success, and the best way to keep your weight down is to ride a bicycle." The letters came from Wilbert Whitehorn. So successful was his offer to rent his bicycle for 25 cents an hour, with a lesson thrown in, that to meet the demand he now rents bicycles from his friends.

Wilbert hadn't been living in a vacuum. He'd read all the advertisements and applied the best technique. He avoided the pitfall of telling prospective customers they were fat; he flattered them instead. These modern youngsters know what to do with an idea when they get one.

Some of the children I visited have already decided what they want to do when they grow up. They are seriously — and profitably — working at tasks they expect to carry through. Arthur Emlen, in Germantown, Pa., wants to be a tree surgeon. So he went to a tree expert and learned the rudiments — to cut close to the trunk so the tree can heal over, to cut from under the bough so as not to strip the bark. Then he invested 17 cents in penny postcards informing prospective customers that he would “trim that ugly dead branch

from your beautiful cherry tree; do any job too small for an experienced professional; amputate branches too far out for the man of the house to reach safely — for 25 cents an hour.” Arthur is a huge success, in constant demand. He loves his work and feels that when he's been to college and learned to be a real tree surgeon, he'll have a good business all established.

These and countless young people the country over are exhibiting a sturdiness of character and a nimbleness of mind that is profoundly heartening. Such trustees of posterity will keep us solvent in the basic American assets of mind and character if we just stop organizing our children and give them a chance to organize themselves.

A second article, with more stories of boys and girls who employ their free hours to advantage, will appear shortly.



Stymied

A FEW RESTAURANTS in occupied France have signs “No Jews Admitted,” among them a Russian restaurant in Paris. One evening, when it was full of German officers, two obviously non-Aryan men walked in and sat down. The waiter was embarrassed. He asked them whether they had seen the sign, and they said “Yes,” and calmly asked to be served. The waiter called the manager, and the dialogue was repeated.

Finally the manager asked a high German officer to talk to the two Jews. The officer also asked them whether they had seen the sign. They said “Yes,” but did not budge — they just introduced themselves as members of the Soviet Embassy in Paris.

— Mrs. Jessica Hensley in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

❏ A machine that tests employes' honesty, solves baffling thefts, protects the innocent and reforms the guilty

The Lie Detector Goes into Business

Condensed from Forbes

J. P. McEvoy

FOR 10 years many of Chicago's banks, department stores, chain stores and restaurants have been using the Keeler Polygraph, or "lie detector," with astonishing results. Hundreds of inside jobs — embezzling, pilfering, "inventory shrinkages" — which had baffled employers and detectives have been exposed. And, perhaps more important, thousands of suspected employes have been proved innocent.

Employed first solely in criminal investigation, the lie detector now has a wide variety of commercial uses. When a chain store system lost \$1,400,000 worth of goods in a single year, Leonarde Keeler was asked to test a cross section of the company's employes on his Polygraph. Clerks were assured results would be kept confidential and no one would be dismissed. "But six months from now," they were warned, "you will take the test again and abide by the consequences." The lie detector showed that 76 percent of the employes tested were taking merchandise or money. Six months later a retest showed that less than three percent were

repeaters. This was an eye opener. It proved the lie detector not only could detect, as it does consistently in police work, but could reform. A man caught lying by the machine has learned his lesson and is a better risk than the average employe who hasn't had the jolting experience of being found out.

After testing some 25,000 men and women over a period of years, Keeler concludes that most people are honest only because afraid of getting caught, and so should be checked regularly. And he makes this astounding statement: "Sixty-five percent of those who handle money take money. The percentage who take merchandise is even larger."

Henry Scarborough, Jr., who represents Lloyd's of London in Chicago, asserts that more than \$250,000,000 is embezzled annually in the United States. The American Bankers Association finds that three fourths of losses paid under banker's bonds are from employes' dishonesty.

A Chicago bank insured by Lloyd's had a \$16,000 loss in 1931. Detectives tried for a month to

ferret out the guilty person. Then Scarborough suggested the lie detector test for 54 bank employees. Result: Nine confessed.

That same year Scarborough took the machine to London, demonstrated it to the underwriters at Lloyd's. Now, wherever banks use the Polygraph according to the Lloyd's "formula," insurance premiums are substantially reduced. The formula requires tests for the entire staff the first year, and at least one third of the staff each succeeding year. Also, all new employees must be tested. Thirty Chicago banks have been using the Polygraph since 1931, and defalcations have vanished.

August Vollmer, when he was chief of police at Berkeley, California, first used the lie detection test in criminal investigation. Leonarde Keeler was a student in Berkeley and he with John A. Larsen, now with the Detroit Court of Criminology, built the first machine, under Vollmer's supervision. Later, Keeler specialized in criminology and developed his own version of the Polygraph. There are now three standard models in use — Keeler's, one made in Berkeley by Capt. C. D. Lee, and one developed by Larsen. All work on the same general principle. Ninety-five percent of Keeler's work is now commercial.

The theory of the lie detector is that the effort to deceive creates tensions which, combined with any

conscious effort to control these reactions, can be detected and recorded. Under the stress of deceiving, your rate of breathing is changed, the circulation of your blood is affected, and the palms of your hands perspire more profusely. Three moving fingers of the Keeler Polygraph record these changes.

The questions are read to the suspect before the machine is attached. Thus, if guilty, he is waiting and bracing himself for the crucial questions. His tension will build up to a peak and subside sharply when the danger is passed.

An elastic-covered spring is strapped around the subject's chest, a rubber cuff around his arm, and small electrodes to the palm and back of his hand. For a short time no questions are asked, while the machine records his breathing, blood pressure, perspiration. The first two questions may be harmless, the third and fourth significant, the next two or three harmless. All can be answered yes or no.

The skilled operator can distinguish between the wavering lines of nervousness and the tension peaks of deliberate deception. A combination of tension peaks weaves the pattern of guilt in the specific case involved. For example, six employees of a firm were under suspicion in connection with the disappearance of \$450, a wrist watch, and a silver dollar. The exact nature of the loss was not revealed to the suspects. Separately,

each was given the same test, and in each set of questions was one key word connected with the crime. The examiner first asked, "Have you ever taken \$10 . . . \$50 . . . \$200 . . . \$450 . . . \$600 . . .?" The next set of questions had "wrist watch" tucked away in the list of other objects — "purse," "ring," and so on. The third set included "silver dollar."

The innocent men gave no specific reaction to the key words, since "\$450" meant no more than ten or a thousand, "wrist watch" was no more significant than "ring." But the Polygraph record of the guilty man rose steadily until the key word in each case was reached, then fell to the end of the record. Confronted with this evidence, he confessed.

A guilty secret — in this case connected, say, with some other "wrist watch" — won't convict an innocent man though it may produce a tension peak. It takes a peak for each of the key factors in the crime to indicate guilt.

"I want to stress," says Scarborough, "that the Polygraph protects the innocent. Once, when \$3000 disappeared from a safe in a New York bank, detectives narrowed the suspects to four men. Keeler gave the Polygraph test to these four. It cleared all of them! He then widened his inquiry, and exposed two other men whom no one had suspected."

In one of the world's largest de-

partment stores the lie detector, in constant use for six years, has caught 90 percent of the guilty, has never convicted the innocent. The personnel manager told me: "A customer will call up and say, 'Your delivery boy was here this morning and when he left my purse was missing.' Experience shows that the customer is not always right. We send the boy for a Polygraph test, and if it gives a clear record he is free of suspicion. In every case of this kind the customer has later found the purse."

An official of a large detective agency says 50 percent of its cases can be solved by direct investigation, but in the other half detectives run against a stone wall. Here they have found the Polygraph 99 percent perfect.

If the Polygraph is so good, why isn't it used more? The answer is: public misunderstanding. Indignation meetings by two women's clubs protested the chain store tests, and a state legislator offered a resolution condemning the lie detector as un-American! Keeler dryly remarks that the cash register with recording tape was also taken as an insult by indignant employes when first introduced.

Keeler insists that the Polygraph is not a lie detector any more than a physician's stethoscope and cardiograph are disease detectors. Instruments give readings which only experts can interpret. For this reason, he sells the

Polygraph only to police departments and qualified research laboratories, and one of his operators must go along with the machine. It takes eight months to train an operator, and there are not more than 100 Polygraph experts in the United States.

The lie detector is being used in a variety of startling ways. Some criminal lawyers send clients to Keeler to get at the truth of cases they are asked to defend. Tests on collectors who gather coins from telephones and slot machines are run regularly. Insurance companies bring in diamond salesmen reporting weird holdups, and ladies who have lost too many furs. Industrialists check prospective em-

ployes who qualify for skill but may be saboteurs; a fifth columnist need not open his mouth — his reflexes will expose him.

The lie detector fails only on subnormal individuals, mentally disordered persons who believe their own lies, and some hardened criminals. The normal person reacts strongly, even dramatically. Even after an employe of a store confessed to past thefts his polygrams continued to show violent waves. In desperation he pulled off the band around his chest, saying, "Let me get to my shirt pocket. I want to clear this thing up." And he pulled out an envelope containing \$200 he had stolen that morning!



Illustrative Anecdotes — 42 —

Tips to Speakers

☞ TO SPEED UP a long-winded applicant for an RFC loan, Jesse Jones repeated the advice a preacher received upon arrival at his new parish in Texas:

"We set no time limit on sermons," the deacon explained, "but we feel no souls are saved after the first 20 minutes."

— Contributed by Donald MacGregor

☞ WHEN Winston Churchill, today the greatest living British orator, first entered public life, he was a halting, faltering speaker. One day, as he was driving to a public meeting in Manchester, his companion, Lord Salisbury, turned to him and said, "Feeling nervous, Winston?" England's future prime minister admitted that he was.

"My boy," said the veteran statesman, "don't be nervous. Just do as I do. Whenever I get up to speak I always make a point of taking a good look around my audience. Then I say to myself, 'What a lot of silly fools!' And then I always feel better."

— *Montreal Daily Star*

Mexico's New President

Condensed from articles in *Life* (by Francis Sill Wickware) and *Time*

IT WOULD be hard to dislike Manuel Avila Camacho, Mexico's new President. He is a big, affable man with brown eyes full of comradely humor and with a body vaguely reminiscent of various ripe fruits—his face of a pear, his torso of a papaya. He usually wears a look of supreme internal contentment.

During last summer's campaign, Avila Camacho met politicians and newspapermen every morning in his attractive yet modest house on the heights above Mexico City. In a narrow sitting room, shaded against the morning light, he would sit on the edge of a couch, hands on his knees, and beam at his visitors like a man waiting to play his ace. His good humor created a friendly air, but did not always make political discussions easier. At the end of a long talk on agrarian policy, he might upset his visitor by asking where he bought his clothes. Or he might exhaustively answer questions about oil expropriations, then unexpectedly ask, "How old are you?"

Avila Camacho—he uses both his family names, Avila his father's and Camacho his mother's—is himself 43. Reared by well-to-do parents on a ranch and schooled as an accountant, he joined the Mex-

ican Revolution at 17. Mexicans cannot deeply love a politician who was not a soldier in some revolution. He rose swiftly through the ranks and became a brigadier general at 27. But he was a very special kind of soldier—so special that his political opponents later nicknamed him *El Soldado Desconocido*, the unknown soldier. His specialty was persuasion. Instead of meeting rebellious generals in frontal conflict, he would take an airplane, fly to their camp, sit them down on a log and pacify them with sympathetic conversation and promises—which, surprisingly enough, he kept. The rebels he subdued by oratory often became his greatest admirers.

It was Avila Camacho's gift for conciliation rather than his martial capacities that caused President Cárdenas to appoint him Secretary of National Defense in 1937. Two years later, when Cárdenas made him divisional general, he modestly declined the title, saying that he preferred to wait until other deserving soldiers had been promoted.

The 400-odd casualties in "the most peaceful election in Mexican history" genuinely distressed the President-elect, though he realized they were inevitable in a country

where lead is still often employed to terminate heated political arguments. Once as he watched a hostile demonstration by partisans of Juan Almazán, his opponent, some impulsive members of the C.T.M. (left-wing trade union syndicate, supporting Avila Camacho) started shooting into the crowd from a house opposite. Avila Camacho brushed aside his aides, strode across the street, and in a blind rage hammered on the C.T.M. door. When the sheepish murderers opened up, he had them packed off to jail -- to the bewilderment of the police. Later he upbraided the C.T.M. for "savage methods," and at one rally when a C.T.M. leader introduced him as "our candidate," he snatched the microphone and contradicted him on the spot.

Outside of his official role Avila Camacho is a regular fellow who mixes easily and would become popular in any U. S. community, especially among substantial, sports-loving businessmen of not too rarefied intellects. Unlike the great majority of Mexicans he has little or no Indian blood, and perhaps for that reason his tastes and temperament can be easily comprehended in this country.

He starts work about mid-morning, keeps on until he can't stand any more, then rushes out regardless of appointments or work. Horses and polo are his favorite diversions. His "high-school" horse Pavo, sporting a 70-pound embossed sad-

dle, was put through his paces at the 1940 New York Horse Show. Avila Camacho has played polo frequently in Texas, with a two-goal rating, and is on friendly terms with Winston Guest, Cecil Smith and other U. S. stars.

The President collects paintings, has two rooms hung with old masters, but does not consider himself a connoisseur. He has read history and sociology, but is no scholar. Placid, naïve, free from dramatic affectation, he takes a lively interest in clothes and is likely to finger the sleeve of a visitor's coat to see if the material is equal to that of his own.

Avila Camacho food is famous. If guests drop in uninvited, a huge copper tray is quickly produced, burdened with half a dozen hot roast chickens. Within reach of the table is a showcase with sliding plate-glass doors, its shelves crammed with pies, coffee cake and apples baked in sirup. The President eats well, but touches no alcohol and has cut down his quota of cigars from 20 a day to two. Though sociable, he is not avidly social. He and his wife have friends to dinner most evenings, but directly dinner is over the friends are packed off home, and Avila Camacho goes to bed to study statecraft out of books.

The President's only inherited property was a 3½-acre orchard, and his fortune today does not exceed \$75,000. Since generals in

Mexico have untrammelled opportunity to graft, the public accepts Avila Camacho's modest way of life as proof that he is honest. The President is pleased with this correct interpretation of his character. "I belong to the middle class," he says, and obviously means it. Someone once asked him: "What was the happiest day of your life?" He answered, with earnest dignity: "The day I married my wife." He is often seen prowling around his garden, picking flowers for her.

The election last July, that made Avila Camacho President, was extraordinary. Almazán, a prosperous soldier-businessman, wanted to modify Cárdenas' program of socialization. He hammered away at Labor Boss Lombardo Toledano, whose workers' militia drilled with broomsticks and whose all-powerful syndicates backed Avila Camacho, Cárdenas' candidate. He also extolled the need for friendship with the U. S., but his monopoly of that line ended abruptly when Avila Camacho also began to advocate coöperation with the U. S.

The "official" count gave Avila Camacho about 2,500,000 votes to Almazán's 150,000. Both sides kept their opponents away from the ballots; electioneers used tear gas, bricks and lead. Almazán promptly alleged fraud and claimed victory, and his followers continued to hammer at Lombardo Toledano and

the Communists — until Avila Camacho himself barred them from his regime. The real campaigning began after election. For a time it looked as if Almazán would surely lead an armed revolt. But gradually Avila Camacho caught hold. He did so by playing a master game of politics, left against right and middle against both. He alienated the Almazán capitalistic following by claiming Almazán's program for his own, and he neutralized the atheistic government position on religion by declaring himself a believer. But he also caught hold by being the Mexican version of a good guy.

How big the Almazán vote really was can never be known. But it was big enough to prove that a lot of Mexicans were tired of the Six-Year-Plan, of compulsory membership in the syndicates, of the collective farms that did not live up to expectations, of the workers' control of railroads that did not improve operation, of conditions in the expropriated oil fields.

The men whose backing brought Avila Camacho to power, far from being social theorists, are practical men. It seems evident that the Mexican Revolution that has gone through redistributions of land under Carranza and Calles, through socialization of some of the means of production under Cárdenas, has paused to take stock under Avila Camacho.

¶ How Dartmouth scientists detect and cure a strange visual defect that causes mysterious headaches and nervousness

Do Your Eyes See Alike?

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Albert E. Wiggam

HUNDREDS of people are being cured of headaches, nervousness, indigestion and other discomforts by an epoch-making discovery about the human eye made at the Dartmouth Eye Institute at Hanover, N. H. The discovery is that with many people — both those who wear glasses and those who do not — the images carried to the brain by the two eyes are quite different both in size and in shape.

Because of this previously unknown defect — named “aniseikonia,” from Greek words meaning “unequal imagery” — many children have difficulty in learning to read. It prevents some people,

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even of high intelligence, from comprehending clearly what they read. It causes many who do close work to become confused and make mistakes. And evidence strongly indicates that this eye defect may cause many heretofore unexplainable accidents in handling machinery and automobiles.

In addition to discovering the defect itself, the Dartmouth scientists — assisted by the American Optical Company — have succeeded in devising special lenses for its relief. During the past six years these have saved the careers of accountants, stenographers, teachers, toolworkers and quite a few doctors, including several eminent eye specialists. College students who used to get low marks have been enabled to succeed in their courses. In my own case, these discoveries have enabled me to obtain miraculous relief after 30 years of continuous headaches and blinding eye pains, for which I had been treated by many leading oculists.

At present, accurate tests for aniseikonia can be made only at Dartmouth and at specially equipped

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clinics in Boston, New York, St. Louis and Baltimore. It is hoped that similar clinics will soon be established throughout the world. Equipment for such a clinic costs about \$3000, and the clinicians must be specially trained in its use. Your own eye doctor can usually make a fairly reliable guess and advise you whether it is worth your while to seek relief at one of these clinics.

Surprisingly, aniseikonia was not discovered by a doctor or an eye specialist. Several years ago a young Boston lawyer, Adelbert Ames, Jr., closed his office and took up painting. Of a scientific turn of mind, he began to wonder how we see things — what kind of pictures we “take” on the brain with the lenses of the eye. Finding that little was known about the subject, he began experiments with lenses and cameras. After the World War, he went up to Dartmouth to work with Professor Charles A. Proctor, an expert in optical and mathematical physics. With the assistance of a designer from the Eastman Kodak Company, they set out to devise a lens which, when put into a camera, would produce precisely the same effects of distance, depth and size of objects that the lens of the eye produces. With this instrument, they extended their inquiry and, becoming curious as to why all eyes do not see alike, they began to make accurate measurements of the functional dis-

turbances of vision and to correlate them by means of elaborate graphs.

Then Dr. Walter B. Lancaster* of Boston, who knew of the experiments, sent them a patient who had suffered for many years from violent headaches, nausea and nervousness. The Dartmouth scientists discovered there was a difference in the images the patient's brain received from his two eyes. They rigged up an elaborate combination of lenses, mirrors and prisms so that his brain got a fused image — and most of his symptoms disappeared at once! With this intricate contrivance he was able to use his eyes as long as he liked without difficulty.

This was the incident which unexpectedly added new and dramatic importance to their work, and led to the development of present methods of accurately measuring the difference between right and left eye images, and to the invention of the simple type of lenses I am wearing at this moment. It changed the direction of part of the work at Dartmouth from research in physiological optics to the study and treatment of eyes, and the founding of the Dartmouth Eye Clinic. For of course the startling result achieved with the first patient brought a stream of others.

It had long been suspected that the two eye images were not alike, but since there were no known

* Present Chief of Staff of the Dartmouth Eye Institute.

muscles or nerves whose job it was to make them alike, it had been taken for granted that somehow the brain took care of the matter. But the Dartmouth cases confirmed the fact that with persons who have a significant difference in the size of the two eye images a violent struggle may be going on every waking moment, whether they are looking far or near, *not in their eyes but in their brains* — a continuous “ocular conflict” to make the two images alike which often causes serious troubles.

Most of the instruments and methods used for measuring unequal imagery are complicated. Two of the devices, however, are simple enough to illustrate the general technique:

The first, called the “tilting field,” is a long table covered with small objects to resemble a pebbly street or gravel road. This table can be tilted in all directions and the amount of tilting measured. The aniseikonic patient, asked to set it level, is surprised to discover that he sets it at a decided angle.

The other contrivance I call the “hunter’s room.” Its walls, ceiling and floor are covered with leaves; shrubs and other objects are in view. If you have aniseikonia the ceiling of this strange room will appear to slope down, the floor to slope up, the sides and corners to be askew. But the amazing thing is that no matter how badly you may have aniseikonia, the instant

you step into the next room or look down the street, everything appears in perfect size and position.

This indicates that we learn to judge the size, shape and location of objects *through experience*. Thus, in familiar surroundings, we are all right. But when there are no familiar lines and objects to guide us, if we have aniseikonia it asserts itself; we place things according to the actual pictures thrown on our brain.

To test these astonishing facts, the Dartmouth investigators have devised lenses which produce artificial aniseikonia. The result? In the woods a brook may appear to flow uphill. In an automobile on a strange road a low hill ahead may look very steep or a steep one level, and one simply cannot drive in a straight line. Hence the probability that aniseikonia plays a part in many mysterious automobile and airplane accidents. Recently a young man appeared at the Washington University clinic in St. Louis. He had tried for two years to secure a pilot’s license, but always brought his plane down slantwise. Fitted with lenses which corrected his aniseikonia, he had his license within a month.

Eye doctors have long been puzzled by certain persons who suffer from eyestrain and who are only made worse by spectacles which improve the sharpness of their vision. Aniseikonia gives an explanation. If the images from the

eyes are different in size, spectacles which make those images more clear-cut simply increase the brain struggle to make the images equal. The better the spectacles, the worse off the patient!

The discovery of aniseikonia may also go far toward explaining what many doctors have diagnosed as "imaginary" ailments. About half the patients who have been helped at aniseikonic clinics had been classed as neurotics by competent specialists. Some had even been placed in mental hospitals for observation and treatment.

Most cases of eyestrain can be cured by skillfully selected glasses of the ordinary types. According to Dr. Wendell Hughes, who has had a large experience with aniseikonia, and whose opinion is shared by Dr. Lancaster, approximately two

percent of the general run of cases of eyestrain can be cured only by treating their aniseikonia. Since there are many hundreds of thousands of patients with eyestrain, this two percent is a large group. For them, the treatment of aniseikonia is indispensable.

As for prevalence of the defect, Henry A. Imus of Dartmouth and Dr. Walter F. Dearborn of Harvard tested 153 school children whose reading was retarded. About one half had aniseikonia to a suspicious degree. The entire Dartmouth class of 1940 was tested. Of these 636 young men, 63 had sufficient unequal imagery to cause symptoms ranging from slow, difficult reading to severe nervous disorders. It is estimated that several million people in the United States are similarly afflicted.



The Wages of Syntax

1. MASTERS of punctuation have fallen screaming to the floor in their attempts to punctuate the following sentence so that it makes complete good sense:

John where James had had had had had had had had had had had a better effect on the teacher.

2. ENDING a sentence with a preposition is considered inelegant, though admittedly correct English usage. But can you imagine a perfectly grammatical sentence ending with *five* prepositions?



THE TALK OF

Souvenir of Mexico

Excerpts from

TWO PRETTY, earnest young school-teachers went to Mexico last summer; they avoided all the tourist places, desiring only the real flavor of Mexico. They got it, too. Arriving in a highly flavored little inland city, they set out to explore. Coming to a street mellifluously named the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs and the Waterfall and the Bridge That Is Music in Stone, they turned into it, only to be pounced upon by a policeman and haled off to the police station. There the captain explained that their offense was trespassing on the red-light district. There was a fine of 300 pesos for any girl caught without a license on the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs and the Waterfall and the Bridge That Is Music in Stone.

The girls protested that they were simply sightseeing and had no idea of muscling in, but the captain said the fine remained. Then he had an inspiration. "The fine is 300 pesos, but the license costs only 25. Why don't you apply for licenses?" he asked. The girls thought this a fine idea. For the Mexican equivalent of \$5 each, they received handsomely engraved documents giving them access to the Avenue of the Beautiful Springs, etc.

Urgent

A GENTLEMAN prominent in the building industry was temporarily dazed by a happening in Washington. He was in a reception room of the Munitions Building, a ganglion of our

national-preparedness effort, waiting to see a certain Army officer, when a large man issued in a rush from an inner office and handed a letter to a stenographer. "I want this to go out at once — air mail, special delivery," he said.

"Yes, sir," said the young lady, "air mail, special delivery. But the telegram to them you just dictated — you want that to go out first, don't you?"

The government man didn't answer right off, but gave the question the gravest consideration. Finally he said, "No. . . . No, hold up the telegram till tomorrow. Then, after they get the letter, they'll know what it's about."

Suggestion

A FIRST STEP in our defense program should be to develop a technique of menace. The United States is the most powerful country in the world, and the least alarming. Germany and Italy, far less strong, manage to exude the stuff of frightfulness. When Hitler meets his conspirators, he goes to the Brenner Pass, and the name itself has terrorized millions of radio listeners.

Surely the United States can dig up a Brenner Pass. How about Death Valley? We think President Roosevelt should make frequent trips to Death Valley, there to confer with Mackenzie King; and the report should be circulated that the two leaders are in perfect

THE TOWN

The New Yorker

accord about their vital oil interests (the story is that they are discussing the best oil to boil dictators in). Japan, the most experienced, talented exponent of menace, is known as the Yellow Peril. We are known as Uncle Sam. This uncle stuff is terrible — too disarming.

There's no doubt about it; showmanship is the necessary weapon today, and for every Knudsen and Stettinius there should be two Billy Roses. So far, the only preparedness gossip the Axis has picked up from America is that we have drafted a few rookies and that every training camp has a hostess.

In Touch

HERE IS the one perfect story about the draft registration — evocative of thoughts that lie too deep for tears. A little man who could be described, rather completely, as a male who had passed his 21st birthday and had not yet reached his 36th was momentarily thrown by the question as to who would always know where he was. He explained to the registrar that he was unmarried, and had sort of lost touch with his relatives; furthermore, he didn't like to bother his employer by giving *his* name. "Well, make up your mind," the registrar said briskly. "There must be somebody who will always know where you are."

25 W. 43 St., N. Y. C.

The little man stood deep in thought for a moment, and then a light came into his eyes. "Of course!" he cried. "The Morris Plan."

Revenge

A DISTINGUISHED old gentleman was standing on the curb on Fifth Avenue, waiting for the lights to change. When he got the green light, he stepped out onto the street, only to jump back in alarm as a taxicab came whizzing up in the inside lane. It stopped with a squeal of brakes right on the line and the driver sat grinning at the old gentleman. The old gentleman smiled back, stepped in front of the cab, and wrenched both headlights out of line. Then he marched across the street, looking more distinguished than

Atmosphere

CHATting with the elderly pharmacist in a corner drugstore, one of the nice old-fashioned kind with rows and rows of bottles bearing Latin labels and a fine drugstore smell, a friend of ours said how pleasant it was to meet such a smell again. "Funny thing about this smell," the pharmacist said. "One of the trade journals sent out a questionnaire, trying to find out just what makes it. Seems like one of these big chains of drugstores wants to get the formula so they can spray it around their stores with an atomizer."

81.

Mothers of the Wild

Condensed from *Field & Stream*

Archibald Rutledge

WHENEVER the Santee River, beside my South Carolina plantation, goes into flood, I spend much time on its waters getting my livestock and game out of danger. On one such expedition I witnessed the heroic behavior of the finest -- and the ugliest -- wilderness mother I have ever seen.

She was a wild razorback hog. Built like a huge hyena, with a long sharp snout, she looked fierce indeed. When I sighted her from my canoe she was marooned upon a big log wedged into the crotch of a water oak, and huddled up to her flank were nine little ones. The savage old creature knew well that the log would soon be swept away by the fast-rising water. She could easily have saved herself -- wild razorbacks can swim miles -- but

she would not leave her babies to perish.

Half a mile across the water stood a piece of high ground. She looked at it, as if appraising the peril incurred in swimming to it. Her decision made, she grunted assurance to her precious pigs and tenderly nuzzled them into a huddle on the log. Next she plunged in, swam around to show her babies how easily it was done, and climbed back on the log. Again grunting motherly counsel, she cautiously herded them into the water. Then, making sure all were with her, she swam slowly to the ridge, keeping the tiny pigs in the lee of her great flank to break the force of the current for them. It was beautiful to watch that grim old monster mothering her babies across the threatening tide to safety.

While following the trail of a doe and fawn I came upon a story, written in tracks, that told of the valor of wild motherhood. The doe had been confronted by a cottonmouth moccasin, which could easily have killed her little one. She had backed up and, holding all four sharp hoofs together like a sheaf of

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE has hunted birds and animals for 40 years -- with notebooks and a camera. His keen observation and sensitive understanding are reflected in his many books and magazine articles dealing with creatures of the wild. Among his books are *Children of Swamp and Wood*, *Plantation Game Trails* and *Tales of Dogs*. Mr. Rutledge was made poet laureate of South Carolina by legislation.

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(*Field & Stream*, February, '41)

spears, had repeatedly leaped upon the serpent, cutting him to ribbons.

In the depths of a river swamp I came across a baby squirrel, on the limb of a redbud maple, munching a supper of tender buds. This adventurous elf was about 30 feet from the den-tree, from which I could hear his mother talking to him. Suddenly, from a cypress nearby, a barred owl launched himself toward the little squirrel. The mother gave a sharp bark of alarm; in a split second the infant dropped underneath the limb and hung like the man on the flying trapeze. As he executed this amazing maneuver, the owl shot over the spot where his prey had been. By the time it could turn, the youngster had scampered like lightning for home. His mother's vigilance had saved his life.

On another occasion I saw a mother squirrel leap from a high tree to one nearby and wait for her baby to follow. Coming to the take-off, the little fellow hesitated — that gulf looked so wide! Then he manfully gathered himself up, jumped, and landed in a smother of leaves on the end of a limb. In a flash the mother ran out and clasped her arms about him, saving him from a fall as he struggled for a foothold after his Homeric flight.

Everyone knows that feline wild mothers will pick up their young and move them away from harm. But I have seen a bird do the same thing. I had discovered a wood-

cock's nest and every day, from a distance, I watched the mother as she sat on her five eggs. When her babies hatched they were funny little buff-feathered balls with long bills and solemn black eyes, looking as wise and mirthless as judges. As I approached the nest one morning the mother took alarm, grasped one of her babies firmly between her thighs and flew with it far out of sight. I watched her transport her entire brood that way.

Male creatures of the wild spend their time in hunting, fighting and idling. It is their industrious and unselfish mates who teach the young the instant obedience necessary for survival.

One June day while crossing an old pasture I heard a mother quail give a call of alarm. Soon I saw her trying to attract my attention and lure me away by pretending to be wounded. Then I spied her wee day-old chicks. They were obeying their mother's continued warnings to the best of their ability. Every one was valiantly trying to conceal himself. Some crouched beneath clumps of daisies; two sat comically in the grass on their little fantails, bright-eyed, unblinking, and still as stones. I picked one up; settling down tightly, he did his best to hide in my hand. For 12 minutes by my watch the mother never ceased her broadcast, and not a baby stirred. Then, not wanting to alarm the little family any longer, I walked on, but I'm

sure their obedience would have lasted indefinitely.

One morning I startled a white-tail doe out of a thicket. I stopped and she neither saw nor minded me. She stood tremulous with apprehension, for her tiny fawn was with her, swaying unsteadily on his slender legs. She knew one of the best means of concealment is to remain motionless, but her fawn had not learned this. He kept frolicking about her until she set a delicate forefoot firmly on his back and pressed him down in the grass as if saying, "Baby, you must lie still until I find out if there's any danger."

The first month wild turkeys are hatched they cannot fly, and the turkey mother stays with them on the ground. All day long she watchfully leads her brood through the forest, occasionally standing statue-like, a lovely and tireless sentinel alert for fox, wildcat or weasel, while the young scurry about for food.

I came upon such a family at dusk one May evening. Approaching a sweet gum tree, I heard a quaint elfin piping — the dulcet, appealing babble of baby turkeys. Crawling nearer, I found the mother giving her little ones their first lesson in tree roosting. She and three of her young were still on the ground; the rest had taken roost, but some were on a limb only three feet off the ground, while one fledgling perched teeteringly

on a small bush nearby. The little birds, uneasy on their perches, looked down questioningly and complained in sweet trebles, and one unsteady little fellow flopped back to earth. The mother admonished the weak ones, then flew up to a low limb and gave a reassuring call. One of those on the ground fluttered to the top of a bush and thence winged his way to his mother's perch. The others managed a flight of some seven feet.

All the 17 babies were now on the limb with their mother. Each tried to huddle close to her. Then followed an act of touching beauty. The wilderness mother extended her wings as far as she could, so that under their maternal spread every one of her babies might find protection and comfort. And I thought: here is the wild heart of the wastelands, brimming with mother love. All the dangers of the night are facing her babies. First she patiently gets them out of range of the perils on the ground. Then, because all cannot huddle close to her warm breast, she stretches over them her tireless wings, thrown wide for a shield and a shelter.

If, with cautious and sympathetic hand, you draw aside the filmy veil separating human from animal life, you will often come upon scenes of pathos, valor and beauty. But the most thrilling by far are the unselfish acts of devotion of the mothers of the wild.

❑ The Army, crying for specialists, will give draftees more intensive training in their own fields than they had before

A Year Out of Your Life?

Condensed from *This Week Magazine*

Lyle M. Spencer

Employment specialist; Director, Science Research Associates

REPORTERS sent to Ogdensburg, N. Y., to cover last summer's National Guard maneuvers were surprised to find a newspaper "city desk" in full swing in the press-relations section at headquarters. For six weeks that military newspaper office hummed with efficiency. The lieutenant and three privates who made up the press staff had been assigned to the task because their record cards showed they had the necessary experience. In civil life the lieutenant was the city editor of a leading newspaper; the privates had been reporters on small-town papers.

After the maneuvers, when all four returned to civil life, the lieutenant hired one of the privates as a reporter. The other two landed jobs on Boston papers.

I cite this incident for the benefit of those who complain that Selective Service is "taking a year out of my life." The truth is that the average draftee is going to go back to civil life better equipped to earn a living than he was when his number came up, because Selective Service is feeding, clothing, hous-

ing and *paying* him to spend a year in the world's largest trade school.

A modern army is a cross section of our specialized, mechanized civilization and it rates occupational skills even higher than they are rated in civil life. One in every seven soldiers must be a skilled specialist, most of the others semi-skilled. Do you know what every executive officer is yelling his head off for right now? Male stenographers — teletype operators — business-machine operators! Radio men and photographers are also in great demand.

The Army fears it is going to be shorthanded in 29 skilled fields. Hence it is painstakingly classifying all skills, talents and interests, so that those with specific experience or preferences can be trained further along their particular lines. In addition to an aptitude test and trade or skill tests, each draftee is interviewed by a personnel man who sizes up the new soldier's temperament and abilities, and records his trade training or hobby interests. Skilled or semi-skilled specialists in no less than 265 different trades

are needed. The largest demand is for clerks, cooks, mechanics, medical technicians, linemen, carpenters, radio operators, pharmacists, printers, locomotive engineers and other nonmilitary specialists.

To understand the Army's needs, examine a particular unit — the Air Corps. To keep each plane in the air takes from 10 to 100 specialists on the ground, including mechanics, electricians, metal-workers, photographers, weather observers, parachute riggers and bombsight-maintenance men.

When young Joe Brown is drafted, he probably will never have heard of "bombsight maintenance." He finds himself detailed to that job because he used to be a watchmaker's apprentice and likes delicate mechanics. He's just the type they're looking for in that sort of precision work. And Private Joe Brown will come out of the Army with lots of additional training in a vocation that genuinely interests him.

Joe's brother Fred lands in the Coast Artillery because he is fond of tinkering with electrical gadgets. The Coast Artillery, like the Engineers and the Signal Corps, is crying for electricians.

Every draftee will get basic military training, but virtually every one will receive much more besides. Those who already have a trade useful to the Army are retrained in that work under military conditions. A telephone lineman already

knows how to maintain lines with good poles and elaborate equipment; in the Army they'll teach him to string lines across open country with few tools and practically no equipment. The lad who was a cook in a roadside diner is likely to be trained at the post mess or one of the Army's 12 Cooks' and Bakers' Schools. When he finishes his schooling he will be a chef, not just a hamburger slinger.

Army training has to be thorough. Rolling stock, for instance, is given hard, continuous use under the worst possible conditions. Hence there must be an abundance of mechanics who know their jobs from A to Z. A letter from a young National Guardsman assigned to an Army mechanics' school indicates how thorough this training is.

"Our instructor," he wrote, "is a technical sergeant with 12 years' service. I've learned more here about an engine than I ever knew before. The sarge knows his stuff — and will I know mine when I get out of this man's army and open up my own service station!"

Some technicians are developed by daily field practice under experts' supervision. Others are put through courses in the Clerks' School, the Quartermasters' School, the Air Corps Technical School, and so on. Men selected for such training are temporarily released from regular military duties. Appointment to a school is a prized reward for special ability.

Suppose, as an amateur photographer, you are selected for one of the camera schools. If you are weak in any of the elementary principles you will quickly be brought up to par. Then you will be taught the practical use of nearly 100 types of camera for every phase of photography from map-copying to landscapes in infra-red. From there you may advance to aerial-camera work which includes every type up to the "five-eyed monster" that records five images on a Maltese-cross-shaped negative for map work. Sandwiched in is field work with a trailer darkroom set up for developing negatives dropped from observation planes. By the time you finish this course there's little you don't know about photography.

Almost every Army post also has a part-time school. The recruit carries on many of his regular duties but is released a few hours each

day for special training. And every man is given a chance to extend his trade education through correspondence courses.

After the World War millions of demobilized young men had no jobs and no real preparation for civilian life. Hastily improvised training programs were thrown together, but it was too late then. Today's soldiers will begin to prepare for return to civil life when they enter the service, not when they are ready to be mustered out.

So the average man within draft age should quit worrying about how Selective Service is going to steal a year out of his young life. When he says good-bye to the Army he'll be better trained for his job than he was before. If a prospective employer asks that thorny question: "What practical experience have you had?" the answer will be: "*Plenty!*"



Scoop

ON A TOUR of the United States, Sarah Bernhardt was interviewed by a young AP string correspondent, Sam Davis, for his own paper, the Carson (Nev.) *Appeal*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and for AP. The actress liked him so much that, when her train was ready to leave, she put her hands on his shoulders, kissed him on each cheek and then squarely on the mouth, saying, "The right cheek for the Carson *Appeal*, the left cheek for the *Examiner*, the lips, my friend, for yourself."

Unabashed, Davis exclaimed, "Madam, I also represent the Associated Press, which serves 380 papers west of the Mississippi River alone!"

— Oliver Gramling, *AP, The Story of News* (Farrar & Rinehart)

They Pronounce It Pre-meer'

Condensed from *The Commonweal*

Michael Costello

CHICAGO Loop traffic went haywire for two days last October. Police worked double shifts. Street cleaners struggled against drifts of ticker tape and torn-up telephone books. Surging crowds packed State Street, and store windows were barricaded.

Theater ushers dressed as Northwest Mounted Police rode white horses into hotel lobbies. Pretty girls had their legs measured in public. Five thousand floorwalkers, college boys, insurance salesmen and bus drivers entered a human beauty contest for the honor of sitting beside Madeleine Carroll or Paulette Goddard in a movie theater. Women — more than 12,000 of them — contested for the earth-shaking privilege of sitting next to Gary Cooper.

Why? Because Hollywood producer Cecil B. DeMille had decided that the premiere of *Northwest Mounted* should be held in Chicago.

The movie premiere — pronounced *pre-meer*, with heavy emphasis on the second syllable — is a national phenomenon. And behind each premiere is a little group of harried, sardonic studio press agents, called

“flacks” in the trade. Most of them are young but they have the wise, sad expressions of men who have tasted the fruits of civilization and found them bitter.*

Usually they arrive in town weeks before a premiere. They live in a madhouse of make-believe and zany carryings-on. They pull the strings that make public officials play the fool and bring plain people by the millions into the streets. They count success in columns of newspaper space, feet of newsreel, hours on the radio.

When two cities quarrel over the location of a premiere, flacks know that the angels are on their side. This happened recently when Tacoma and Seattle vied for the opening of *Tugboat Annie Sails Again*. Scene of the picture was Puget Sound and Annie's home town was called “Secoma.” Both cities could claim her. Seattle finally refused to put up the required cash, while Tacoma came through nobly. The cast arrived by steamboat, with a flag-draped escort of 100 tugs, 100 private yachts, and 100 excursion boats, freighters, dredges and coastwise craft, led by the U. S. Coast Guard Cut-

ter *Atlanta*. A 60-piece Army band from Fort Lewis, Washington, met them at the pier. A guard of honor of U. S. sailors marched ahead of the car that carried Marjorie Rambeau, star of the film, to the theater, while 35 private and military planes wheeled overhead. The mayor proclaimed a "Tugboat Annie Day" and the schools closed; 40,000 soldiers in nearby cantonments got a day's furlough; coast defense guns boomed salutes; a plaque in honor of the fictional lady of the sea was unveiled at the Civic Center.

No one knows just when "opening night" developed into "premiere." When David W. Griffith showed the first full-length feature on Broadway, in 1915, the actors arose in the audience to take bows. That probably was the beginning. But the premiere in its grand tradition came to full flower with the opening of *Gone With the Wind* in Atlanta. This was a Social Event; 2000 lucky people paid \$10 each to get in, while 10,000 others were turned away. Atlanta society decided who should attend, and gave the proceeds to charity. For that opening, even critics had to pay their way.

All first-string movie critics attend premieres. Special cars rush them from metropolitan centers, pleasant hotel rooms await them, banquets are spread before them. "We want you to tell the *truth*, pal," the press agents insist. "The

unvarnished truth. If the show's lousy, say so."

But the critics are rarely supermen. Ensconced in choice seats in the midst of such grandeur, their reaction is likely to be, "By George, it is a great picture! Colossal!"

For utter screwiness, the Albany, Georgia, premiere of *Biscuit Eater* is tops. The picture was an inexpensive B-class opus about a hunting dog; there wasn't a first-string name in the cast. But that didn't stop Cliff Lewis, Paramount publicity head.

"Make it a doggy premiere," he said, and announced to a palpitating Southland that "Bing Crosby's dog," "Dorothy Lamour's dog," and half a dozen other canine Hollywoodians would attend. The visiting dogs invited all the aristocratic canines in the South to the premiere, and they came by the score. Lewis had decreed that the dogs, which occupied the first two rows in the theater, "must wear formals." Gentlemen dogs wore white ties and tails. Lady dogs wore satin, and corsages presented by Paramount. The crowds roared their approval, the press wires carried the story, and as a publicity stunt it was terrific.

The opening of *Young Tom Edison* at Edison's boyhood home, Port Huron, Michigan, provided one of the most remarkable press-agent pictures in the history of movie premieres. Henry Ford, the world's richest man; his son Edsel;

Louis B. Mayer, head of MGM, the largest studio; and young Mickey Rooney, star of the film, were photographed together riding a four-seat tandem bicycle. The townsfolk did the usual things . . . grew whiskers . . . built false fronts on stores . . . strutted about in costume. Gentlemen, it was stupendous!

Studio employes say that when the head of Twentieth Century-Fox had read half the script of *Brigham Young* he dropped the manuscript, assumed a faraway look, began to mutter: "Great picture! We'll premiere it in Salt Lake . . . governor . . . seagulls . . . parade . . ."

The Salt Lake City premiere was one of the best. More than 100,000 people lined the parade route while the stars took bows gracefully.

Some studios refuse to spend a penny for a premiere, insist that the local community pay for its own fun. Others share the cost. But whoever pays for it, plain John and Mary Citizen do their enthusiastic part to convert a press-agent stunt into a civic celebration. Americans like a parade. Besides, millions of men and women get a terrific wallop out of "personal contact" with screen favorites, even at 100 yards in a crowd of 100,000.

Paramount's *Union Pacific* premiere in Omaha last year was a "natural," a three-way tie-up. The studio, the city and the railroad

coöperated, sharing costs and profits. For weeks before the opening, a thousand otherwise sane businessmen, preachers, reporters, teachers and salesmen allowed their beards to grow, to give a historical aspect to the city. Women went shopping in sunbonnets and calico dresses; Indians pitched tents before the railroad station; storekeepers built false fronts on their establishments, harking back to pioneer days.

The railroad sent two special trains on a nation-wide tour, one brand new streamliner and a facsimile of the first Union Pacific train. Movie actors in costume rode the specials, were feted in 53 cities, made thousands of platform appearances in villages as the trains slowed down.

For the premiere of *Virginia City* in that ghost town last March, Governor E. P. Carville of Nevada invited ten other governors to be his guests; six came. So also did trainloads of Easterners, attracted by the names of Errol Flynn, Randolph Scott, Miriam Hopkins — and by advertising for which the Chamber of Commerce and the railroads paid. They swarmed over the town and overflowed into nearby Reno, wearing supposed copies of old-time prospectors' duds, riding rented horses, shooting pistols into the air, playing poker on curbstones, drinking red-eye whisky straight. They got into a brawl which threatened life and limb and caused cautious studio officials to

spirit the visiting stars out of town and away from harm. That got on the press wires too, so the premiere was a success.

A "world premiere" need not be the first public showing of a picture. Hollywood usually has its own previews first. Regina, Saskatchewan, whooped it up for *Northwest Mounted* two days before the Chicago premiere. As long as the publicity wires don't get crossed, the more premieres the merrier.

"Chicago has never had a world premiere," DeMille said. "Let's go there." For 20 years the State Street Council, a powerful group of department store owners, had fought anything that disrupted the even flow of business traffic. The job of overcoming their opposition went to Carl Krueger, promotion man extraordinary. It cost him three luncheons to convince them that additional hundreds of thousands of customers between a noon parade and an evening showing of *Northwest Mounted* would be fine for business. Then the merchants offered not only to permit the parade but to sponsor it.

All the big department stores plugged the picture in their advertising. The elevated railway pasted up thousands of gaudy posters which cost DeMille \$58 to produce and which occupied \$10,000 worth of choice space free. One newspaper, with an eye to both theater and department store good will, devoted the front page of both its

first and second sections to the premiere. The picture was immensely successful, not only in Chicago but in all cities within 200 miles, and the State Street merchants reported an upswing of 88 percent in business for the two days.

When Paramount last year directed Krueger to stage a premiere of *Disputed Passage* in Detroit, he went to the automobile manufacturers, offering to help put over their annual auto show. "We'll make it a 'Premiere of Stars and Cars,'" he told them, promising Dorothy Lamour, of the celebrated sarong, as guest of honor.

A week later the studio withdrew Lamour; she would be needed on the lot at the time. Detroit newspapers immediately demanded that she be allowed to come. A telegram from Miss Lamour stated that she would attend, studio or no studio. Cheers in the motor city. Then another soul-searing telegram. The studio would not permit the trip.

This time the mayor, the presidents of two universities, and leaders in the automobile industry bombarded Hollywood with frantic pleas. In the end she did arrive, as the studio had intended all the while. A crowd estimated by police as the third largest in the city's history turned out.

Flacks know that names make news, so they fill premieres with front-page personalities. Public officials cheerfully coöperate because

they know the vote-getting value of appearing on chummy terms with the stars. Kentucky's Governor (now Senator) "Happy" Chandler and Lieutenant Governor (now Governor) Keen Johnson journeyed to Hollywood for the opening of a film called *Kentucky*. A trainload of celebrities from movies, sports and politics joined 100,000 other visitors to South Bend, Indiana, for the opening of Warner Brothers' *Knute Rockne*. At a banquet on the Notre Dame campus, broadcast nationally, the president of the university presided; Kate Smith sang *God Bless America*; Franklin Roosevelt Jr., read a letter from his father: "... influence Rockne wielded ... deep inspiration ... ideals

... strong minds and bodies ..."

Any time a press agent can put Kate Smith, football heroes, Catholic dignitaries, Hollywood stars and a message from the President on a coast-to-coast hook-up to plug a movie, that press agent knows his way around.

Somewhere tonight the lights are blazing. Somewhere a Hollywood actor stands, slightly ill at ease, facing a mob of his or her admirers.

"I'm always glad to get back to this dear city . . ." he is telling them.

In hotel rooms the flacks have Hollywood on the phone. They are saying, "Listen, Joe. It's going over big. Whole town's fighting to get up close. Yeh, Joe, a great picture. Terrific. I was surprised."



Air Slangage

THE BOYS of Britain's R.A.F. have developed a language all their own. A fighter pilot is told to "scramble," instead of take off; then he "angels upward." When he identifies a specific landmark on the ground he is "picking a pinpoint"; he "jinks" when he turns suddenly, perhaps to avoid the "ack-acks" (antiaircraft guns), or to attack a "target" (enemy plane). Bomber crews don't escape by parachute, they "jump out the windows."

A "chatterbox" is a machine gun, a "hip flask" a revolver; "confetti" is ammunition; "roller skates" are tanks, and "mousetraps" submarines. A pilot "goes to the movies" (into action) wearing a "Mae West" — a life jacket which bulges in the right places — in case he lands in the water.

—Allan A. Michie and Isabel Waitt

¶ Our surplus foods, providing free lunches for needy school children, improve both scholarship and citizenship

Eating Their Way to Health and Learning

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

J. D. Ratcliff

Author of "Modern Miracle Me"

EACH DAY 1,500,000 school children — the children of the very poor — are getting free noonday meals. Out of America's bounteous market basket of surplus commodities they are eating their way toward health and sound citizenship.

We have in the past fed hungry children in other lands, but have tolerated starvation at home. Possibly you believe everyone eats well in this most blessed of all countries. If you do, you haven't seen — as I have — the lackluster eyes and sunken cheeks of skinny children in the cotton country, the coal-mining regions of West Virginia, the slums of New York City. And perhaps you haven't seen the statistics: draft rejects running as high as 25 percent in some areas; seven times as much tuberculosis as there should be among people of lower income brackets as compared to the national average, and three and a half times as much pneumonia. Bad diet causes more misery and death than all microbes put together.

The free lunch program for chil-

dren, sponsored jointly by WPA and the Surplus Marketing Administration, represents an organized, large-scale effort to deal with a crucial national problem. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, says:

"We are wasting money trying to educate children with half-starved bodies. They can't absorb teaching. They hold back classes, require extra time of teachers and repeat grades. This is expensive stupidity, but its immediate cost to our educational system is as nothing compared to its ultimate cost to the nation. Something like 9,000,000 school children are not getting a diet adequate for health and well-being. And malnutrition is our greatest producer of ill-health. Like nearly fresh fish, a nearly adequate diet isn't good enough. A plan to feed these children properly would pay incalculable dividends."

The present program of free lunches at school began under the Civil Works Administration, the original work-finding, relief-giving federal agency. Before that some

teachers, out of their own meager earnings, had done what they could to provide food for undernourished children in their classes. The original federal plan was to feed only children of relief families, but checks showed malnutrition prevalent at higher economic levels and the program was enlarged to include all children needing food.

It now operates in some sections of every state except Delaware, where school cafeterias are privately managed. About 18,000 schools participate. WPA furnishes cooks, waiters, dishwashers. The Surplus Marketing Administration supplies foods from the stocks it buys to sustain falling prices when markets are glutted. Last year it provided nearly 100,000,000 pounds of food valued at \$7,000,000. Included were: 5,000,000 pounds of butter; 1,000,000 dozen eggs; 17,000,000 pounds of citrus fruit and juice; 31,000,000 pounds of apples; 6,000,000 pounds of peaches.

Each project must have the sponsorship of some tax-supported body — a state welfare department, a board of education. But help from a public-spirited local organization — Rotary, Kiwanis, Parent Teachers — is often necessary to provide cooking equipment, dishes or supplementary foods.

Teachers are glad to assume responsibility. They have seen the slow death in lunch pails: corn bread spread with lard; flour-and-water biscuit and a slice of sweet potato;

hoecake smeared with molasses. They have even seen children bring empty pails to school and go off alone at lunchtime so that others wouldn't witness their poverty.

In rural communities where the one-room school had no lunch-room facilities, fathers contributed time and lumber to build a kitchen, dining room, tables and benches. Some rural schools have garden and canning projects; those in one Missouri county put up 57,000 cans of fruits and vegetables.

Most cities prepare food in huge central kitchens and deliver it by truck to the schools where it is heated and served. New York City has probably the world's largest kitchen, from which 500 workers and 52 trucks service four of its five boroughs with 90,000 meals per day.

Where schools are equipped with cafeterias and there are children unable to pay for hot lunches, WPA supplies extra help and SMA donates extra supplies. There is one basic rule: none of the other pupils knows which children are receiving the free lunches. An empty stomach must not be a social stigma.

Menus are prepared by trained dietitians. Often the foods are strange to the children, who have to be coaxed. One trick is to offer the new food to children sure to eat anything given them, then others feel slighted and demand it. To convert children to grapefruit juice it is at first heavily sugared so that

they will take it for its sweetness. Daily the sugar content is lowered, and within a few weeks the juice is relished for its own taste.

The free lunch program creates an appetite for protective foods — fruits and vegetables. It is winning a new generation away from meal, meat and molasses — the deadly 3-M diet on which millions have slowly starved.

Teachers report that the free lunch is the best truant officer yet found. In one Illinois district absences dropped 80 percent. Afternoon fatigue is reduced, the quality of classwork is improved, and there are fewer colds.

In a year's time half of a group of 86,000 underweight children in Virginia were brought up to normal. In a southeastern Missouri county — a land of sharecroppers, unemployed miners and timber workers — children gained an average of five pounds in the first month of the lunch program. In a Tennessee school all but two pupils were underweight when the free lunches were first served in the fall; by spring all but one were normal.

But this isn't a mere recital of added pounds — it's a story of brighter faces and brighter minds; a more secure present and a better future. It's the story of the Georgia child who had failed in her classes but with the help of nourishing food gained seven pounds and became an A student. Of the Oregon girl who made a dramatic mental

recovery after her teacher had decided she was feeble-minded. And of the Illinois boy who asked for a fourth bowl of soup. When an attendant suggested that he would burst, the child flushed. "This is all I'll have to eat until tomorrow noon," he said.

A nation that properly protested the burning of surplus fruit and the slaughter of little pigs can find no objection to free lunches. Cost of the meals to the community is from 3 to 7 cents each, apart from federal contributions. The average yearly cost per child is about \$7, compared with \$100 that a year's schooling costs. One hot meal a day for badly nourished children is as good an investment in the future as any community can make.

Effects of the slow, insidious death we call malnutrition aren't dramatic. We can't from day to day see the slow softening of bones, the constantly lowered resistance to disease, the gradual dimming of wits. We see only the end results — sickly, dispirited wrecks who might have been useful citizens.

We are today feeding a million and a half American youngsters, but *there are five who need food for each one getting it*. Anyone willing to help can get details from his local WPA or welfare agency. Surplus foods are currently available to give a meal a day to 5,000,000 children. It is important to get started while government aid and sponsorship are still offered.

The Geisha Girl Comes Back

Condensed from *Coronet*

Dennis McEvoy

THE RAILROAD STATION of a Chinese town newly occupied by the Japanese presents a busy scene. All around are tough-looking soldiers "restoring order." A train unloads Japanese businessmen and shoddy camp followers. Then a group of staff officers greet several gorgeously kimonoed creatures, faces blanched almost dead-white, hair dressed in a high pyramid with little bells, combs and good-luck trinkets. Maids follow, carrying odd musical instruments and all the paraphernalia that goes with Japan's most expensive form of female entertainment, the Geisha girl.

This scene is repeated almost daily in some section of the occupied territory. Some two centuries ago, the first Geisha [pronounced gay-shah, meaning "art person(s)"] were rebels against their lot as prostitutes. Now as highly trained entertainers and conversationalists, occasionally serving as concubines, they supply the upper and middle class Japanese husband with his

closest approximation to the western concept of romantic love.

Marriage in Japan is still arranged by go-betweens, husband and wife often seeing each other for the first time only a few weeks before the wedding. The Japanese wife's position is little better than that of a servant, and rarely is she permitted to leave the home. The Japanese man finds escape from his business — and home life — in the plaintive minor-keyed songs of the Geisha, or in the dance, or in unburdening himself to a sympathetic and intelligent ear. He goes to a Geisha house as a westerner goes to the theater.

In the old days unwanted farm daughters were disposed of by infanticide. Today they are sold to brokers who tour the poverty-stricken northern provinces of Japan in search of girls, buying approximately 10,000 yearly. Geisha brokers pick off the prettiest and most intelligent, between the ages of 8 and 12, and pay the best prices, on an average \$150. The rest of the girls go into the licensed brothels or into factories where they work for pittance wages.

To compensate for the money paid her parents, a would-be Geisha girl must work five years, and as

DENNIS McEVoy, son of J. P. McEvoy, has spent several years in Japan and China. As a newspaper correspondent in Tokyo, he was the only American member of the foreign press corps able to read, write and speak Japanese.

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much longer as may be required to pay her own debts accumulated during that period. Kimonos — which change elaborately with each season — toilet articles and schooling are charged to the girl, so that she always winds up the five-year period in debt and must continue working.

Training starts in special schools in Tokyo, Kyoto or Osaka. The greatest emphasis is on the traditional dance so baffling to the westerner — slow, rhythmic movements of the body, accompanied by gestures with an ornate fan. They are also taught to play stringed instruments and a snare drum, and to sing the traditional songs. The Geisha sings these stories of unrequited love and suicide in a quavering, tear-choked voice, and the Japanese male goes into ecstasies over each gloomy passage.

After three or four years of such schooling, which includes learning to write with finely shaded brush-strokes and the art of deportment, ceremonial and otherwise, the girls become Hangyoku, "half Geisha," and go to a regular establishment. There, while older Geisha dance or sing in chorus or singly for their patrons, the Hangyoku play the drums and the banjo. They dust and sweep the house, light fires under the baths (Japanese keep fires going under their baths, thinking westerners foolish to sit in water growing cold), and help prepare meals. Finally, at about 18,

the Hangyoku is given an examination and becomes a full-fledged Geisha.

Geisha fees are high, from \$2 to \$15 per hour. During January, a month of festivals, a popular girl may earn two thousand dollars. Steady customers run charge accounts and are billed once a year. The girl herself, because of her debts, usually gets only a small percentage of her take, although some few become rich and start places of their own. A Geisha may marry if her prospective husband pays her debts. Marriage is rare but it is quite possible that she may find a wealthy patron. Many of the great Japanese, past and present, have had Geisha concubines.

For a while it appeared as if the rise of westernized society in Japan meant the end of the Geisha. It was thought that they would give way to the new era of jazz, phonographs, radios, dance halls. But resurgent nationalism, since the war in China began, has given the 80,000 Geisha in the Empire at least double the income they enjoyed at the beginning of the war.

Their closest competitors, the "Dance Geisha," are not now in favor, being especially singled out by the nationalists in the war against the "debilitating and degrading influences of the west." Instead of the slow, graceful, classical Japanese dancing, the Dance Geisha go in for fox trots, American jazz records and dancing

with partners, which is unthinkable for a traditionalist.

With business falling off, some of the Dance Geisha have turned to radio singing, but even here the most popular star is a traditionalist named Katsutaro who sings the old, sad songs, lyrics of which can be summed up: "Boy meets girl, the Sleeping Spirit of the awe that fills a bamboo grove at twilight descends on them, boy has to go to the big city and work in an office, girl commits suicide, boy commits suicide." One Katsutaro record has sold 600,000 copies.

Business firms in Japan pay for Geisha parties as part of their normal running expenses. Most big deals are consummated over the banquet table, with Geisha in attendance. Even the Foreign Office provides Geisha entertainments for visiting celebrities, foreign statesmen, foreign correspondents and puppet rulers in China, Mongolia and Manchukuo. It is impossible to estimate the influence which the girls have on business and politics. They tell their favorite businessmen customers what they've picked up at banquets given by rival firms and offer con-

structive advice based on years of listening to negotiations of all kinds. And many a Japanese businessman full of *sake* (rice wine) has been saved from making disastrous commitments by the intervention of a friendly Geisha. The parties are usually long drinking bouts, one Geisha seated in front of each guest, pouring rice wine into tiny cups and joining in a round if invited. They sing, dance and converse with their guests, repeating the same jokes night after night for years. Experience has taught them how to handle drunks, amorous or otherwise.

The war in Japan proper against "dangerous westernism" and the war against China both are aimed at setting up a "New Order." Economically this means the end of western business in the Orient, with Japanese industry, using raw materials from China, exploiting both the domestic and the Chinese market. Culturally it means the uprooting of western importations, the revival of the No play and Kabuki drama. The New Order is actually the Old Order — which means that the Geisha will thrive as never before.



EVERY GREAT scientific truth goes through three stages. First people say it conflicts with the Bible. Next, they say it has been discovered before. Lastly, they say they have always believed it.

—Louis Agassiz

Millis the Peacemaker

Condensed from *Current History and Forum*

Milton S. Mayer

THE NEW chairman of the National Labor Relations Board is something new in the New Deal. He is something rare, indeed, in the whole world. Harry A. Millis is a peacemaker. He has earned the title of champion labor arbitrator by 21 years of success in that most ticklish of all professions.

Now he is to bring his peculiar genius to the service of the nation. We have, and will have for the next few years, a crisis. Labor disputes, getting out of hand, can tilt the delicate balance against recovery or cripple the whole defense program. The country is going to hear a lot about the Labor Board, and it will hope and pray that the Board is faithfully representing the public interest.

Millis will represent the public interest. He is a man of principle — two principles. His first is to get both sides in a dispute together, in the belief that men of good will can reach an agreement if they try. He even believes men of bad will can be brought around. His second principle is to protect the interests that neither side may have in mind, that is, to shape his decisions so that they serve the public.

All Millis — and there are about 300 pounds and 6 feet 4 of him — can be divided into eight parts.

1. His physique. When Millis decided to become an economist, the country lost a great blacksmith. As he sits at the head of a conference table, he conveys the sense of bulk and strength. "You feel there's somebody there," one employer puts it. And how men feel has a good deal to do with settling any dispute. At 67, Millis has a rock-like solidity and no nerves. There is something symbolic in the fact that he doesn't own a car, never has owned one; he doesn't like to hurry, he'd rather walk, with his lumbering, earth-shaking tread, pipe in mouth, bulging brief case in hand.

2. His industry. He gets up at 5:30, does two hours of work before other men are stirring. He works every weekday, every Sunday and every holiday, save for one week's vacation a year. He works about 80 hours a week, but he doesn't recommend that for others. "Forty hours is about right," he says, "for a man doing dull routine work in industry. My work is pleasant, and 80 hours of it are no strain at all."

Millis is a plugger. When he enters a labor dispute he wants to know not merely all the evidence in this case, but all about the industry, and he doggedly masters it by his own firsthand study. "He knows more about the clothing industry than anybody in it," says Sam Levin, head of the clothing workers' union in Chicago. In the same way, he has learned about the automobile, shoe and printing industries. He used to spend long Sunday afternoons in tiresome labor meetings, to learn about unions right on the ground. This thoroughness endears him to employers, even when he rules against them.

3. Millis is a plain man. In him, both employer and workman see enough of themselves to trust him to understand. He would probably call himself a lowbrow, despite all his academic honors. By choice he talks about Joe Louis or football scores. But if you insist upon discussing theoretical economics or the destiny of the soul, you'd better know your subject to stay with him.

4. He has common sense. "Millis," says a man he has decided against more than once, "is the sanest man I know." It is impossible to describe common sense. You *feel* that a man has it, and are willing to put your case in his hands. Millis is that kind of man.

5. He knows and likes people — and people are the biggest factor in

any human difficulty. As an arbitrator, he spends much of his effort in discovering whom he can trust and whom he can't, and where the emotional sore spots are. Conferences don't break up when Millis is at the head of the table. He has a way of being fatherly to all men, of shaming them out of their infantile behavior without arousing resentment.

6. Millis is incredibly patient. One of his colleagues describes his technique as "smoking them under the table." By nature a talker, he doesn't talk much in the conference room. He just sits there and smokes his pipe. Millis doesn't think it's healthy for an industry to be running to an arbitrator every ten minutes. He wants the disputants to do the talking and agreeing, and make their own decisions. Thus he is more than an arbitrator; he builds genuine peace.

Millis has never been stampeded into a decision. He sits in a hearing until everyone has spoken, the record complete. Then he studies it until he understands everything in it. The next day, the next week, the next month, he makes his decision. Once Millis is sure of his ground, he hits hard. His decisions are sharp, clear, simple. Then, having hit, he will patiently spend hours or days with the loser, going over the case point by point.

7. Millis has humor; not wit, humor. He's a storyteller in the Lincoln tradition. Let a conference

become too tense and he interrupts with an anecdote — broad, it may be, but to the point. Everybody's at ease again, and the conference goes on.

8. Now we have all the elements of the man and the arbitrator except the one without which the others are no good at all: integrity.

There is money integrity. Millis has never hired out as an expert or expert witness for any employer or any union. It is a legitimate thing to do, but he just doesn't want to take any chance of having his view colored even faintly green by a partisan's money. General Motors and the United Automobile Workers agreed they wanted Millis as their permanent arbitrator. They offered him \$20,000 a year. "'Tain't worth it," said Millis, blowing smoke at everybody. "Well," said Alfred P. Sloan, "our top figure is \$25,000." "'Tain't worth it," growled Millis. "I'm worth about \$10,000 to you, and that's what I'll take."

So much for money integrity. His intellectual integrity goes to such lengths that he will not recommend a man for a job, no matter how much he likes him, unless he is sure this is the best man available.

Above all is his absolute impartiality. I asked the head of one of the country's biggest associations of employers whether Millis was biased.

"Well," he replied, "if I answered without thinking, I'd say Millis was a little pro-labor. But when I

think of Millis, I've got to say that maybe it's I who am a little anti-labor."

All eight elements add up to one word: confidence. Every man you ask about Millis uses the word "confidence" a dozen times in describing him — "a man you have confidence in."

His background is simple and typically American. He was born on a farm near Paoli, Ind., was graduated from Indiana University, taught school, then took an advanced degree at the University of Chicago. Afterward, he taught in universities — Arkansas, Stanford, Kansas. He joined the Chicago faculty in 1916, became head of its economics department ten years later. In 1934 he received the highest honor his colleagues could bestow when he was elected president of the American Economic Association. He reached retirement age two years ago, but was invited to go on teaching — a signal honor at Chicago. This he did until last fall.

In his unscintillating way Millis had a tremendous effect upon his students. His lectures were thorough, plodding. He loaded on assignments of reading. Students could work, or not, as they chose. "This is a free country," Millis told them. Those who worked learned how to do a job accurately and thoroughly. A startling number of them have risen to eminence as economists.

The Chicago economics professor

was appointed arbitrator of that city's clothing industry in 1919. The employers were desperate, for, contrary to popular notions, the sit-down strike is no new invention. Chicago was having half a dozen of them a day in 1919. Within six months Millis had the industry functioning smoothly, and it has functioned smoothly ever since.

Which brings up another point. There are two kinds of arbitration. There's the kind which makes headlines. A strike threatens; there is high feeling. A Great Man comes by plane from Washington. He enters the conference. It lasts all day and night. Eventually he emerges and, with photographers' flashlight bulbs popping in his face, announces, "It's all over, boys." Then he flies away.

Of course, it isn't all over. There remains the really important job of making the signed piece of paper mean something, making it work year after year. That is hard, unspectacular work. But it is the more important kind of arbitration, the task at which Harry Millis has slaved for 21 years.

His only previous experience with public office was as a member of the first national labor board, under NRA. The board ended when

NRA blew up, but Millis and his colleagues wrote important opinions, and their thinking found its way into the Wagner Act.

Plainly, Millis will add his tremendous bulk to the element of sanity in the Labor Board. From the standpoint of the New Deal his appointment is perfect. He stands fundamentally for social legislation, and for the Wagner Act as it is. Had he been on the Board from its inception, probably nine out of ten decisions would have been what they were. But the decisions would have been better reasoned and more tolerant. Employers who are really anti-union might not have liked the Act or the Board any better, but they would have had less ammunition for their attacks. Cases may be longer getting settled under Millis, but when they are settled it will be for keeps.

The new chairman of the NLRB is a far cry from the collection of pinwheels and whirlwinds that the New Deal assembled in Washington in its early days. Had there been more like him in Washington the country would have been readier to meet the present demand for national unity and, if not quite so far along the road to reform, at least surely, patiently on the way.



Sign in a hospital in the West: "During this intense cold weather, and owing to the scarcity of coal, no unnecessary operations will be performed."—Western Producer



A vivid personal story of an air-raid warden who, night after night, has stood with the people of London in the midst of Germany's indiscriminate attacks. The incidents are all true, but names of persons and places are by government ruling necessarily fictitious.

By
George
Graham

"WHAT DOES it feel like when a bomb hits you?" is a question to which I invariably reply: "Quite different each time."

The night of my first experience was dark and overcast. The clouds reflected a dull red glow from fires in the East End. The sirens had

wailed over an hour ago. The streets seemed strangely empty and no friendly footsteps echoed my own. Very faintly in the distance could be heard the intermittent *burr-burr* of a high-flying plane.

Then suddenly came a thin whistle accompanied by a rushing sound, rather like the tires of a heavy lorry on a smooth road. Old Watson, the Post Warden, had always said: "If you hear a bomb, remember your orders — fall down! If you are not sure, better make a fool of yourself and fall down just the same." Feeling somewhat sheepish I began gingerly to lower myself to the ground when my rate of progress was accelerated by five violent explosions.

GEORGE GRAHAM was formerly editor of *Skating Time* and sports columnist of the *London News Chronicle*. He became an air-raid warden on the first day of the war, giving his spare time to training and duties. As organized sports ceased he became a full-time warden, working 12 hours a day and intensifying his preparation for bombings that Londoners were sure would come. During recent weeks he has been recuperating in a Quaker village near London. He is shortly to join the British army.

When I opened my eyes the first thing I saw was an orange glow which seemed to come from just around the corner. As I watched, it turned to a deep red, and tongues of flame leaped skyward.

It was just outside my sector, but I ran toward the blaze. Captain Brown, one of our Senior Wardens, and I arrived simultaneously. "We'll take charge till one of their fellows arrives," he panted. It was just as well that we did, for the Post in whose area the bombs had dropped was itself a victim. Their warden never arrived.

Captain Brown is a quiet, unassuming little man, but now he seemed to have gained inches in stature, his nostrils were dilated, there was excitement in his eyes. "Get the Fire Brigade!" he snapped. "I'll see to this." As I turned away I saw him enter the blazing building.

At the fire station three blocks away two efficient girls took my message and before my cab had time to turn round a converted taxi with trailer pump was on its way. Back at the fire Captain Brown had already organized a stirrup-pump team. A thin, effectual stream was being directed against the doorway and that meant only one thing — they were trying to keep the flames from the entrance so that a further rescue attempt could be made. Brown had already brought out a badly injured man and a baby. Billy Evans, another of our wardens, had called

an ambulance, so I turned to Captain Brown for instructions. It was hard to recognize him. Eyebrows, eyelashes and most of his hair had vanished, leaving him with a curiously babyish face. His lips were cracked and swollen but they were set in a grin of triumph.

"Traffic," he croaked at me, which meant that I was to divert vehicles coming that way, and, quite frankly, I was pleased to get away from the blazing house. Stationed at the crossroads I looked up to where the hum of motors could still be heard. "I wish they would go away," I kept repeating to myself. "Can't they find somewhere else!"

BEFORE the intense air raids began, wardens were considered pests enforcing the blackout, but now we were recognized as the most important factor in civil defense. We are first on the spot after a bomb drops and the last to leave. Only on our reports can ambulances, fire engines and rescue squads be sent. We must know the houses and their occupants, where the gas and water mains are. We are local men trained to save our own homes and those of our neighbors. I had been at it a year now, studying first aid, fire fighting, and gas detection. We were trained to handle one incident at a time, then six incidents simultaneously. Actually we learned to cope with far more. One night, wardens and householders

extinguished 16 fires in an hour. The training, we find now, anticipated actual conditions surprisingly. There are more bombs but, thank God, fewer casualties than we had expected.

That first experience shook me considerably. I was just recovering from a severe attack of jaundice. The physical exhaustion and mental depression which accompany the disease made me wonder if I should not resign and let fitter men take my place.

Fortunately, the next two nights were comparatively quiet. My jaundice improved and my spirits with it. I realized that this was no time to quit. On the third night I was in charge of the shelter in Newbold Square. It was a typical municipal shelter, but larger than most, utilizing the basements of two adjoining houses. The windows and walls had been bricked up to a thickness of $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Inside, a passage had been knocked through the dividing walls. There were in all six rooms and two long passageways. The ceiling was lined with corrugated steel, propped up by timber beams. There was a supply of drinking water in beer bottles. Sacking hid the temporary lavatory accommodation.

From the first *whee-ooo* of the sirens I knew we should have a bad night. You hear the "banshee howlings" in the distance first, the "whee" rising to a hysterical shriek and the "oo-oo-oo" sinking to a

low-pitched gurgle. Then sirens nearer at hand take up the lugubrious song. Eventually the local one bursts forth and the air is filled with sounds, as of a thousand souls in torment. That weird wailing seems to presage doom, and in the blackout it is almost more than nerves can bear.

The sirens were still wailing when anti-aircraft guns joined the unholy symphony. Women and children staggered into the shelter, burdened with blankets and deck chairs, camp beds and mattresses and even cooking utensils. Up to midnight I was kept on the run finding accommodations until I had 136 "clients" safely installed. The guns never ceased but no bombs had yet fallen.

Seeking to relax I took off my steel helmet, respirator, first-aid haversack, torch and other kit. I had just stretched out in a deck chair when I heard, faintly, the unmistakable swish of falling bombs. Then explosions, one — two — three. The whole shelter reared up like a ship in a gale, seemed to shake itself, and then settled down on an even keel.

"A direct hit!" I thought as I got up from under a heap of plaster and began, quite automatically, to put on my kit.

The lights were still burning and all round people were picking themselves up off the floor. Somewhere a child whimpered. This and the clatter of falling masonry outside

emphasized the deathly silence in the shelter. Anxious eyes followed me as I went from room to room, but no one spoke or moved. The discipline was amazing and I felt a sense of exultation. "The shelter's stood it and no one's hurt!" Trying to give my voice authority, I said: "No one is to leave. I'm going out to see what's happened."

A cheery young cockney, in cloth cap and muffler, volunteered to guard the door and as I went out into a thick fog of brick dust I heard the buzz of excited conversation breaking out behind me.

Coughing and spluttering, I staggered over heaps of rubble. My torch failed to spot the caretaker's lodge which had stood behind the shelter. My God, it's gone! And I nearly fell into a huge crater. Then something cracked above my head and a large coping stone landed at my feet. I flashed my torch at Newbold mansions, an apartment house across the way. A corner of it had been chopped away as neatly as with a knife. I knew people must be in the private shelter in its basement.

I started to run toward the Post. As I stumbled along I kept mumbling a sort of prayer. "Please, God, make me do the right thing and make no mistakes."

At the Post everything was quiet. Captain Brown was writing on a pad.

"Express Report!" I spluttered out.

"Just a moment, Mr. Graham," said Captain Brown. "Please check the location of your incident on the map first."

This gave me a minute to recover my breath. Then Captain Brown handed a chit to the telephonist and turned to me. "Your report, please," he snapped.

Drawing myself up to attention I recited: "Casualties trapped — 46 Windsor Road and Newbold Mansions."

"Right. Take charge and good luck," said Captain Brown as I turned away.

There was still no sign of life in Windsor Road when I got back. It would be five minutes before I could expect a rescue party and it was up to me to do what I could. Suddenly a torch flashed. It was the Chief Warden for the district, who lived nearby.

Together we started hauling at bricks and stones. A fire some distance away was blazing and now I could see more clearly. Four floors above our heads a large settee was balanced precariously over the edge of a sitting-room floor. I was scared. "Let's try to get in through the back," I said.

As we were crawling out of the crater I saw the lights of an approaching car, an ambulance on its way to another incident. I stopped it just as it was about to plunge into the crater. Meanwhile the District Warden had wormed his way into what was left of the house

through the rear. I heard his voice calling.

When I reached him he was tugging at a door jammed with masonry. Behind it I heard voices, indistinct and thick. A piece of something white was caught in the beam of my torch and, without thinking, I stopped and pulled and found myself holding by the tail the still warm body of a cat. Its head was squashed. I flung the sticky, oozy mess behind me. We could hear the voices distinctly now.

At last we got the door open wide enough for us to climb through. We found a man and five women in the passageway, hemmed in by fallen brick. The man had a cut on his cheek, but the women, although covered with dust, appeared only shaken.

"Any missing?" I asked as we helped them through the opening.

"Two old ladies went to the coal cellar," the man said, pointing to the far end of the passage. Just beyond it, I knew, was the crater.

Outside someone was shouting, "Incident Warden!" It was Cameron who had been sent from the Post to act as my messenger. With him was the captain of the rescue party and by the glare of the distant fire I could see his gang unloading their gear from a lorry. I was getting my second wind now and began to feel that our system was working efficiently. All those months of training had not been in vain. I knew just

what I had to do and felt that everyone else was equally up to the mark. A smell of gas warned me that a main somewhere was broken or cracked. I sent a second messenger to request a gas repair party. A sudden gush of water in the crater told me a water main had given way, its deluge adding to the rescue squad's difficulties. I sent Cameron to call the water company.

To make things more interesting the Germans had come back. No doubt attracted by the fire up the road, they were buzzing like moths around a lamp. The guns opened up, and I could hear bits of shrapnel hit the roadway. The unmistakable swish of bombs sent everyone scurrying for shelter. Prone in a doorway I intoned automatically: "Take cover!"

Two explosions were heard not far away. I learned later that Cameron and another warden were just leaving the Post when the blast of the first blew them head over heels back down the steps. Unhurt but cursing Hitler and me impartially, for they were on their way to help me, they picked themselves up and had started to climb the steps again when the blast from the second explosion sent them sprawling once more. Two very ruffled wardens eventually showed up.

Suddenly I heard someone yell, "They've got him!" In the sky, almost directly overhead, was a tent of searchlights. From all directions long white beams were

focused and where they intersected was a tiny silver cross — a German bomber, twisting, diving, turning and zooming in a desperate effort to escape. Shells were bursting all around him. We cheered madly. It was like a football match and a particularly close shot would bring roars of "Well played!" "Good shot!" "Have another go, chum!" The whoop of the guns turned into a continuous roar. Then a flash lit up the heavens and the silver cross was not there any more. Heartened, we went on with our work.

I was glad that when the two old ladies were dug out I was busy elsewhere and saw only the pathetic little heaps covered with regulation red blankets. They had been killed instantly, which was some consolation.

THE PERIOD of warning a bomb gives when falling is usually about five seconds, but it varies. One of our wardens, a portly fellow, found this out. When he heard the swish of a bomb, remembering his instructions, he flung himself to the ground, stopping his ears and opening his mouth. Then he counted five slowly. Nothing happened, so he unstopped his ears. The "swish" was still there. Again stopping his ears, he counted a further deliberate five. When again nothing happened he decided that the whole game was a fraud or a trick of his imagination and got ponderously to his feet only to be blown over by the explosion.

The chaps at our Post were a mixed lot. Among our wardens we had two solicitors, a gardener, a porter from an apartment block, a professional singer, a director of a railway company and a book-maker's clerk. Watson, the Post Warden, was a retired businessman who did not believe in too much spit and polish and saluting. But in spite of his apparent slackness the discipline and morale were excellent. The two Senior Wardens were Captain Brown and Mr. Stowen, a retired ship's engineer, a rough diamond whose lurid tales of experiences in far seas would send girl telephonists rushing, scarlet-faced, from the room.

Our most unpleasant task was the detecting of unexploded bombs in the night, our grimmest was fighting oil incendiary bombs.

We would receive a message that a time bomb was suspected in a certain area. Would we locate it, please? These missiles are generally safe for 15 minutes, but they leave little or no crater. One night we searched for over an hour before we found a bomb in a little side street. It had fallen through a gutter grating, leaving practically no trace. Soon after we had evacuated all the inhabitants, the whole row of workmen's dwellings was wrecked by the explosion.

The oil bomb is a large sphere filled with crude oil, a horrible, murderous thing which makes a queer gobbling noise as it descends.

The core consists of high explosive which ignites the oil and blows it out in all directions, coating buildings and people with flame.

Billy Evans and I were on patrol when one of these fell not far away. We ran as fast as we could, but the house was blazing when we got there. A man was staggering in the roadway, flames licking upward from his blazing clothes. A thin continuous shriek was coming from the house; I shall always hear that helpless, hopeless voice ringing in my ears. We rolled the man in the gutter to smother the flames, but he was quite unrecognizable when the ambulance took him away. A girl we got out of the house, with the help of other wardens, had every inch of skin burned off. She survived by some miracle and I heard a fortnight later that she was still in a hospital, babbling in her delirium: "Why did you do it? Why did you do it?" Why, indeed.

FRIDAY the 13th is always an unlucky day for me. My duty on September 12 finished at 8 p.m. and I was to go on again at midnight. About nine I was sitting in our landlady's basement, listening to the distant roar of guns, the radio and the chatter of other residents. They combined into a sort of lullaby and I dozed. The whistle of a bomb woke me up. The house shook but there was no explosion. A time bomb? I felt resentful and scared. I did not want to search

for it for I needed rest, but I could not leave it there to explode. I telephoned to the Post for help, and two wardens arrived at the double. By the time the bomb was located, it was nearly 12 and I had to report at the Post. Shrapnel was falling all around.

In the pitch dark the flashes of guns and the bursting of shells helped to illumine the way. I reached the Post just as midnight ushered in Friday the 13th.

Everyone was cheerful there. Tea was being brewed. Wardens going off duty were glad to hand their responsibilities over to us. A telephonist was sweeping out the rooms and Hilda, the Post cat, was lapping milk.

When the patrols were being allocated, Captain Brown left me at the Post as stand-by. "You're looking seedy, Graham," he commented. "Mustn't have that jaundice starting again, you know. Better stay here for a bit." Thankfully I settled down for a quiet couple of hours.

Two reliefs had been sent out and it was my turn next. I was donning equipment when the guns opened up with a terrific barrage. Then we heard the whine of bombs. One — *that was near*, flashed through my mind. Two — *that's nearer!* Three — *be's beading for us!* I threw myself on the floor as, with a tremendous rush and whoop, something crashed through the room.

In times of crisis the strangest

things stick in one's memory. As the outer wall collapsed -- very slowly, it seemed to me -- and the room filled with smoke and brick dust, I saw a great round hump in front of me. It was the night watchman's behind. He had thrown himself into the attitude of an Arab praying to Allah. As the hump slowly subsided and bricks and rubble clattered around me I remember saying, "Christ, Christ, Christ," in a sort of quiet monotone.

Anderson and Cameron came rushing in. From the roadway they had seen the bomb hit the Post. Neither they nor I could account for the fact that we were still alive. I started up the stairs to investigate the damage. Anderson followed.

The flat above the Post had been wrecked. We could not see the extent of other damage for the clouds of brick dust. I stumbled over something in the rubbish. "Andy, shine a light here a minute," I called. "What's this thing?"

"It's a boiler," said Anderson.

"No, a sewer pipe," I answered. Then the truth dawned on us. "It's the bomb!" we yelled in unison.

I began giving orders but could not tear my eyes away from that gleaming cylinder, lying like a polished monster among the debris. "Start evacuating your flats. Get everyone out quick. I'll clear the Post."

Captain Brown received the news calmly. "I suppose it's a 50-pounder," he said, lighting his pipe. "Lucky

it didn't explode or you chaps in the recreation room would have all gone to glory."

"So would you, sir," I replied. "It's a 500-pounder at least."

The pipe dropped from his hand. But as he stooped to retrieve it, I saw the gleam in his eye again. The old war horse was smelling powder. "Evacuate what you consider necessary," he said. "Then come back and take the telephonists to Post 22. We shall carry on from there."

The old night watchman in the recreation room was dead, a brick having crushed his skull. The living required our attention. The residents of the flat next door were gathered in a miserable little group in the doorway. At their head stood an old gentleman of about 90, clad in a dressing gown and supporting himself with a stick. He wanted to know what all the fuss was about. Without argument Anderson and I picked him up and we started off at a trot toward the nearest basement shelter. Later I discovered that we had taken the old gentleman, and all the residents, within two feet of a crater made by yet another time bomb which no one had heard drop. When I returned to the Post, Captain Brown and the telephonists were still there, sending and receiving messages with that unexploded bomb just outside the entrance. The telephonists and I started out for Post 22 but Captain Brown remained for another two hours, methodically col-

lecting important papers and records. The bomb finally did go off but not until ten in the morning.

The ladies looked relieved as we left, but soon a barrage was going all out around us, and jagged bits of shrapnel dropping from the sky were as dangerous as bombs. We dived into a public shelter. A senior warden there refused to let the telephonists proceed.

I went on, but I must have spent most of the time on the ground covering that quarter-mile to our new headquarters. A fire was burning not far away and German planes were circling round and round. As I dived to the gutter for the tenth time and heard the distant explosion, I felt thankful that the darkness covered up my antics.

It was past 3 a.m. when I reached Post 22. A table, a telephone and a welcoming cup of tea were ready for me. Half an hour later Captain Brown arrived with the Post records under his arm. He looked tired and pale but in very good spirits.

I was on my way to get him some tea when that ominous *whoosh* sent me diving under a table. My nerves were on edge. The others looked at me in surprise — but not for long. The concussion shook the building and once again brickwork and glass clattered all round me.

People were picking themselves up off the floor when I crawled out. Someone was scrabbling about outside the door but apart from that

there was very little sound. Then Mr. Henderson, Senior Warden at Post 22, strode in, his face strangely contorted behind its mask of sweat and dust. "Time bomb!" he blurted. "Everybody out!"

'Twice in one night!

The guns had stopped and it was raining heavily. No fires were visible and a tinge of grayness in the East told that dawn was near. It was decided to go to Post 23 but when I telephoned them the reply was: "We're completely surrounded by fires. Glad to have you but you're probably better off where you are." That's what *they* thought.

Records to be gathered up once more, people from neighboring houses evacuated. A strong smell of chlorine gas caused us to put on our respirators and as we evacuated houses we told the inhabitants to don their gas masks too as they came out. Since there had been no gas alarm, it was a shock to them to hear knocking on the door and find wardens in gas masks gibbering about unexploded bombs and the necessity to evacuate immediately, but most of them took it with calm. The little procession streaming down the gray, wet street, wearing gas masks and clutching precious belongings hurriedly assembled, would have seemed funny had it not been so pathetic.

Eventually we found the source of the gas. A direct hit on a borough depot had blown some chlorine cylinders into the streets, some as far

as a quarter of a mile away. The chlorine was used to disinfect water in the council swimming baths and there was not enough of it to do any harm.

Post 23 was surrounded by smoking and charred ruins. I looked round for our wardens but could see none. Surely out of 19 who had come on duty that night I could not be the only one left. But this turned out to be a fact. Exhausted, they had one by one dropped out of the fray, taking rest and refuge in the nearest house. Captain Brown was the only one to arrive.

The place was crowded. People from bombed and burned houses were clamoring for refreshment and information. "What shall we do?" "Where shall we go?" "Can I have a drink of something?"

Then another message. Two more time bombs were suspected in our sector. Captain Brown would not let me go out again. Soaked to the skin, he still looked spruce and smart as he went off to investigate.

Left alone in that surging crowd I counted the minutes until the morning shift would come on duty. Motor coaches began to arrive to take the people to rest centers where they would be fed and clothed, and for a time I was busily occupied in getting them away.

Many pets had to be left behind to be destroyed. It seemed to my highly strung temper then that women were making unnecessary fuss in parting with their dogs and

cats. Later I realized how much these animals meant in a desolate household. The owners' grief made worse an already bleak and heart-rending scene.

Time went by and still none of the relieving shift arrived. The air-raid warning sounded again and I nearly wept with impotent rage. How could I singlehanded report bombs and damage, render first aid, evacuate houses, rope off streets and do all the other necessary jobs? My jaundiced liver was making its presence felt and my lungs were nearly bursting with the effort to breathe. I had not had my shoes off for 24 hours and I was soaked.

But fortunately nothing dropped around us. The inspiring fortitude of the people and their gratitude when one could give them a little help made me ashamed of my grouching. At 10:30 a warden came to relieve me. He told me that all the shelters had been manned, and that although the time bomb at our Post had gone off and destroyed the building no more people had been killed. I began to feel cheerful again. But that Friday the 13th did me in and I had to retire, temporarily, from the battle of London.

Habit is a difficult thing to break. In the peaceful village where I have found temporary shelter, I still prepare to dive into the ditch every time I hear a prolonged swish behind me. So far it has always turned out to be tires on the roadway.

A Nickel a Tune

Condensed from Future

Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., and Robert Yoder

IN RETURN for a million or more dollars a week, the juke boxes, those big flashy automatic phonographs you see everywhere, are blaring out a million or more hours of music weekly — lots of it bad music, but music of a kind, and more than any country ever bought before.

No one seems to know where the name originated. According to one likely theory "jook," an African word for "dance," was put into the vocabulary by Negroes in the South where any somewhat rowdy roadhouse has long been called a "jook joint." Automatic phonographs installed in southern "jook joints" became known as "juke boxes." There is also a theory that the name derives from old-time music boxes bearing the label "Julius Juke und Sohne."

But whatever the origin of the term the "juke box" is found wherever Americans stop long enough to hear a three-minute record. Not only has it made every corner tavern and highway restaurant a poor man's night club but it is to be heard in dance halls, beauty parlors, filling stations, bus depots. In undertaking establish-

ments, hidden behind palms, it plays *Rock of Ages*; rented out for weddings, especially in foreign sections, it plays the wedding marches and loud polkas for the dancing.

The sudden rise of the juke box in these days of radio is due in part to the fact that it will play a command performance of anybody's favorite tune at any time of day or night — and without the interruption of radio commercials. And its popularity helps explain why the United States speeded production at the mint last year to meet a shortage of small coins.

There had been coin-operated, multiple-selective phonographs as early as 1928, but it was not until after 1933, when repeal opened a hundred thousand taverns, that the now familiar juke boxes began selling as fast as they could be made. Today, according to the Automatic Phonograph Manufacturers' Association, there are at least 295,000 in operation, with sales mounting to some \$20,000,000 a year. Fitted for foreign coins, some of them are exported to brighten the night life of Latin America.

The first unostentatious juke boxes

played 12 records and cost about \$250. Then came the era of "luxury light-ups." The juke of 1941 is as big as a restaurant refrigerator, has a soundproof, slug-proof coin chute, and costs from \$300 to \$500. It plays 20, 24, or 40 selections, accepts nickels, dimes, or quarters, is plastered with translucent plastics and colored lights, and can be heard the length of a city block.

The juke business has attracted about 10,000 operators ("ops" in the trade), who buy the machines and install them in "locations." In the early days the "ops" took the long end of the receipts. But now, with increased competition for good locations and a good deal of "bumping" — persuading a location to change juke boxes — the location commonly retains 50 per cent.

An "op" runs a "route" with anywhere from 10 to 2000 "stops." Fifty stops keep one man busy — often the operator himself — servicing the box, changing records, and taking out the cash once a week or oftener. A "good stop" takes in \$10 or \$15 a week. A "big location" will net \$35, and a few may take in as much as \$90 a week. Stops with hostesses to coax, "Put a quarter in the juke box, honey," do particularly well.

The "op" buys 35-cent and 50-cent records at 40 percent off. Merely to load the nation's juke boxes takes 6,000,000 records. An

average of two new records a week for each machine increases sales by more than half a million records a week and helps explain why manufacturers expect to sell 100,000,000 records this year.

The "op" keeps abreast of radio favorites through such programs as the "Hit Parade." And in *Billboard* magazine he finds a weekly report on records making the most money in 25 "key cities." But while he keeps some current hit tunes in his boxes, he suits the music to the location. Spanish music is "big" in the Southwest. The South likes hillbilly tunes. Among southern Negroes a record of gospel singing may make more money than a swing record. The recording companies also supply "preaching records," canned sermons delivered with great steam. Italian neighborhoods like grand opera. Other Europeans favor native folk songs.

Some songs are popular almost anywhere. When *Beer Barrel Polka*, written long ago in Europe, was given new words it became the most popular tune ever played on the juke boxes, going on from there to radio success and international fame. Record men say *Beer Barrel* sales approach the million mark, almost equaling the best-selling disc of all time, Al Jolson's *Sonny Boy*, made in 1928.

Six hundred thousand copies of *Oh, Johnny, Oh*, with Bonnie Baker singing in her coy voice, pulled

millions of nickels into the boxes. Swing in the form of Glenn Miller's record of *Tuxedo Junction* did much to make his orchestra today's biggest juke box favorite. And Artie Shaw's record of *Begin the Beguine* was a veritable nickel mine. Almost every machine carries a ballad or two by Bing Crosby, who year in and year out probably earns more money for the "ops" than any other performer.

Singers and orchestras find the juke box a new road to fame and fortune. Along with royalties from records, an orchestra leader can introduce himself to a vast audience without appearing on stage, radio, or screen. If a record sells 100,000 copies — a top-flight hit — he has established a following. Engagements on the radio or in Hollywood are almost certain.

The juke box may prove to be a passing fad, but at the moment it seems to have a rosy future. Newest development is the "automatic hostess." The customer steps up to a cabinet which bears the picture of a pretty girl, chooses his record from a list which may offer

as many as 600 selections, drops in his nickel, and is rewarded with a friendly voice saying, "Selection, please?"

"Play number 63," he says. He is talking to a girl in a central studio connected with the various locations by leased telephone wires. The hostess has a helper to find and play the records while she chats over the wire with the customers, turns down proposals for dates and otherwise makes herself sociable. For a quarter the hostess will "dedicate" a number to anyone the customer wishes to honor. Enthusiasts proclaim this the juke box of the future.

Beyond this the trade is ready with movies as well as music. There are competitors, but Jimmy Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, hopes to lead the field with "Soundies," a glorified juke box giving a three-minute sound movie for a dime.

Always looking ahead, when movies and music and automatic hostesses pall, the juke box man plans a super-super-juke box with television.



Answers: The Wages of Syntax, page 79

1. JOHN, where James had had "had," had had "had had"; "had had" had had a better effect on the teacher.

2. LITTLE TOMMY, ill upstairs, complained to his mother as she sat down to read to him: "What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for?"

Viewpoints

LET ME give a word of advice to you young fellows who have been looking forward to retirement: Have nothing to do with it.

Listen: it's like this. Have you ever been out for a late autumn walk in the closing part of the afternoon, and suddenly looked up to realize that the leaves have practically all gone? And the sun has set and the day gone before you knew it — and with that a cold wind blows across the landscape? That's retirement. — Stephen Leacock, *Too Much College* (Dodd, Mead)

THE BEST THING that can happen to any girl is to have her heart broken while she is young enough to grow beautiful on it. It gives a nice limpid look to the eyes — better than eye-shadow — and increases allure fifty percent.

— Norma Patterson, *Give Them Their Dream* (Farrar & Rinehart)

A MARRIED MAN looks comfortable and settled and finished; he looks at a woman as if he knew all about her.

A bachelor looks unsettled and funny and he always wants to be running around seeing things. He looks at a woman sharply and then looks away and then looks back again, so she knows he is thinking about her and wondering what she is thinking about him. Bachelors are always strange and that's why women like them.

— James Stephens, *The Crock of Gold* (Macmillan)

THERE IS too much speaking in the world, and almost all of it is too long. The Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, are three great literary treasures that will last forever; no one of them is as long as 300 words. With such striking illustrations of the power of brevity it is amazing that speakers never learn to be brief. — Bruce Barton in *Collier's*

WE MAKE conversation to get away from ourselves and the people we are talking to. Talk is a world in itself, and there we are perfectly safe even from the things we are talking about.

— Edwin Muir

IF WE WERE all given by magic the power to read each other's thoughts, I suppose the first effect would be to dissolve all friendships. The second effect, however, might be excellent, for the world without friends would be intolerable, and we should learn to like each other without needing a veil of illusion to conceal from ourselves that we did not think our friends absolutely perfect.

— Bertrand Russell

IT IS a mistake to take oneself too seriously. That only ends in self-consciousness, which is just as deleterious a habit of mind as self-pity. No doubt it is an excellent thing to know oneself, but self-consciousness is a heavy price to pay for that knowledge. Indeed, perhaps the main reward of knowing oneself is the power to forget about oneself.

— E. F. Benson, *Final Edition* (Appleton-Century)

Hidden in caves, cellars and ruined temples, elusive cooperative industries are fighting the Japs and creating new hope for the future of China

China's Guerrilla Industry

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Bertram B. Fowler

THERE IS a new battle cry in China today. It is *Gung-bo*, and it means "Work together!" You can hear it, above the growl of the invader's artillery, in the whir of wheels, the clack of looms, resounding in compounds, dugouts, deserted temples, in hidden canyons and ruined villages from the wooded mountains of the far northwest to Fukien and Kwangtung in the southeast.

Gung-bo is China's answer to invasion and blockade. It is the slogan of the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives, which have created a system of "guerrilla industry" to supply the fighting forces.

When the Japs swept in they took 90 percent of China's modern industry. Before them 60 million refugees retreated into the undeveloped interior where no industry existed. In that milling multitude were factory workers, mechanics, textile workers — skilled artisans now deprived of any outlet for their skill. But with them also was a sprinkling of technical experts — men like Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who has spent 16 years in China. He had been chief factory inspector

in Shanghai, had served in flood and famine relief, had traveled through most of the provinces. The Chinese knew and trusted him.

Around Rewi Alley rallied the best of the leaders, Chinese and European. In their minds one fact emerged clearly. China's only hope of fighting the invader lay in guerrilla warfare. Why not guerrilla industry also — an industry as mobile and elusive as the army?

The problem was to utilize both the refugee craftsmen and the vast potential riches of the territories into which they were fleeing. A national organization of coöperatives was formed, with Rewi Alley as technical director. Back of them was the financial support of Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and of Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance.

Once organized, the pioneers posted their appeal to the refugees:

Come, workers who have been wandering in the war zones, unemployed workers and crippled soldiers! Come, you who have strength but no capital! Come, you who have skill but none to employ you! Let us drag the wealth from our soil — its gold, its iron and its coal. Let us use it to win the war and to build a new life for ourselves.

The appeal found nine blacksmiths in the northwest who had wandered hungry and hopeless for 150 miles along the railroad from Honan. All they had left was the tools they carried. Not one had equipment enough to set up a shop. An organizer brought them together and showed them how to pool their tools and form a coöperative. Thus was the first group started, just two years ago.

From coastal Kiangsu came a printer with seven assistants, their wives and children. They, too, had made their weary trek over hundreds of miles. In a village, resting with their few belongings, they saw the signs of the Chinese Industrial Coöperatives. They formed the second coöperative, which began to train new printers and to spread tidings of the movement.

Everywhere the coöperatives set up tiny cotton gins, hand looms, primitive mining equipment. Along the rivers wheels began to turn to run machines and generators. The leaders laid out their pattern like a battle front.

The front lines are mobile enough to operate within the territory already held by the Japanese. In the occupied province of Hopeh women have formed a mending coöperative. Others, hiding in cellars and dugouts, knit socks on tiny, hand-operated machines; make sandals and padded coats under the shadow of Japanese guns. When Japanese troops get too close, the women strap

portable sewing machines, knitting machines, shoemaking equipment to their backs and fade away like shadows. In another village they put down their machines and begin once more to produce.

Behind this front line are the weaving coöperatives which turn out blankets and cloth for uniforms; others which make candles and soap and shoes. Let a bomb drop and the workers are out before the dust has settled, fighting fires, salvaging materials from the wreckage, rebuilding their plants.

Still farther back from the invaded areas are the reserves consisting of heavy industries, mines, machine shops, foundries and the like, turning out looms and textile equipment, machinery for tanneries and for all the small industries which serve the army and the civilian population.

Kiangsi province, in southeastern China, offers a vivid picture of what these reserve coöperatives are doing. To the south rise the hills with their deposits of tungsten, wolfram, iron and other minerals. To the north the country flattens out into rich plains. In all Kiangsi province there had never been any industry, light or heavy.

That is changed now. Along the banks of the river Kan, main artery of transport, the air is redolent with the perfume of camphorwood and sandalwood from the shops making boats to carry coöperative products to markets.

A machine shop in a farmhouse on the riverbank, turning out equipment for the other units, represents Kiangsi's real heavy industry. Yet it is as mobile in its own way as are the tiny guerrilla co-ops at the front. Day and night three boats are moored below it in the river. Let a scout come with word that the Japs are near and the machinery is hustled aboard to be poled to a new location.

Along the bluffs on either side of a canyon in northwestern China are rows of caves, every cave a coöperative. In one are the lathes of a machine shop. In another you hear looms. In still another they make shoes. Over every cave is the red triangle with the symbol of *Gung-bo*, the sign that here is a typical industrial community of embattled China; too tough to be broken, too well hidden and protected to fear the bomber.

In the northwest, too, you will see the transportation coöperative, coiling its way along the winding road that skirts the river. There will be 150 mule carts in that column. Most of the carts are antiquated American cars, nothing left but wheels and chassis on which box bodies have been built. Mules take the place of vanished motors.

Farther north, where roads become mere trails, a column of camels and donkeys moves along the narrow paths, bearing wool for the looms of China, that the soldiers may have blankets and coats.

When Mme. Chiang Kai-shek gave the coöperatives of the southeast an order for 10,000 padded overcoats and 10,000 suits of underwear it was filled in 15 days. An order for 15,000 towels and 15,000 pairs of socks took five days to fill. Until the coöperatives came into being, all blankets, if not woven in Shanghai, were imported. Now a million blankets are being woven on coöperative looms from native wools and colored by native dyes. The old crafts of China are coming to life.

Back of the working coöperatives lies an efficient organization. China is divided into five districts, each with its technicians and organizers. There are schools of accountancy to teach members of the smallest coöperative to keep a set of books. There are training courses for new members, recruited from refugee camps and hospitals.

The technicians watch the needs and gear the machinery to fit. Is sugar prohibitively high? The experts put the shops to turning out cane-crushing and sugar-refining machinery, the local farmers to growing more cane. In one area there is a profusion of castor oil shrubs. So technicians moved in, perfected methods for extracting the oil, and set up a soap industry.

It does not take much in American money to start an industrial coöperative in China, perhaps \$7 per member. This outfits a group with simple machinery and starts

production. Chinese bankers and the government have seen the soundness of the scheme and have lent money. From friends all over the world come further funds.* It is impressed upon the members of the coöperatives that the initial capital from outside sources is a loan, and repayment usually begins with production. In ten months last year the monthly output of the coöperatives jumped, in terms of North China currency, from \$3,000,000 to \$9,000,000.

Today if you buy a suitcase from a leather-working coöperative, it

* Rear Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, Rtd., is Chairman of the American Committee for Chinese Industrial Coöperatives, 8 W. 40 St., New York City.

comes with the red triangle affixed and a slogan which reads: "Resist the enemy and build a new China." That is the spirit of the awakened China, ringing through the land with the shout of *Gung-bo*. The coöperators are building beyond the present. They see before them, when the war is over, a gigantic task of rehabilitation. They have discovered how to utilize those riches that for centuries have mocked the poverty and misery of the Chinese. It is this promise that has caught the imagination of Lin Yutang and other champions of China's cause. They see in these guerrilla coöperatives the seeds of a new and more flourishing industrial system for China after the war.



Colorful Comebacks

¶ A LADY wearing an off-the-face hat she had just bought asked her colored cook how she liked it.

"It's a right pretty hat," the cook gave judgment. "But it suah do make yo' face public." — Contributed by Mrs. J. G. Gordon

¶ "DOES that mule ever kick you?" the young officer asked a Negro mule-driver.

"No, suh," was the reply, "he ain't yet, but he frequently kicks de place whar I recently was."

¶ AN OLD colored preacher who was baptizing members of his flock by immersion noticed one man who seemed to hold back. "Is you been baptized, brotheh?" he asked.

"Yes, I'se been baptized."

"An' who baptized you?"

"Why, de Episcopal done baptized me."

"Why, brotheh," exclaimed the preacher, "that wahn't no baptism — dat wuz jus' dry cleanin'!"

— George B. Gilbert in *Christian Herald*

Boom in American Wine

Condensed from The American Magazine

Don Eddy

AMERICAN wine-making, a puny industry a few years ago, has become big business. Its spectacular growth is due chiefly to belated realization, both here and abroad, that American wines are good. European growers sat up with a shock when six American brands won the Diplôme d'Honneur, higher than the gold medal, at the 1937 Paris International Exposition.

In 1940 Americans consumed about 85,000,000 gallons of wine, less than four percent of it imported. This is equivalent to five pints and a gulp for every person in the land — three times as much as we drank the first year after repeal, although far behind France's 30 gallons per person.

California turns out nine tenths of all American wine. A dozen enormous plants supply the bulk of our *vins ordinaires*, which their makers contend are older, clearer and sounder than comparable wines of Europe. The largest vineyard in the world is 5000 acres of reclaimed desert at the base of the San Bernardino Mountains.

Here, at harvest time, chemists ceaselessly analyze sample grapes rushed from vineyard to laboratory. Each variety must be picked

the hour it matures; an extra hour in a blazing sun may be disastrous. The grapes' health is watched like that of incubator babies, for grapes are subject to chills, sunstroke and other ills. One afternoon I spied a solemn young man flat on his back under a grapevine, peering intently up at the leaves. I asked what he was doing. "Looking for measles," he said, and pointed out spots on a leaf — indication of a disease which might sweep through the whole vineyard like an epidemic.

After the grapes are crushed, in enormous machines like concrete mixers, the juice is left to ferment in vats. During this crucial period chemists take temperature and respiration (rate of fermentation) every hour.

Watchfulness is not relaxed even when the wine is piped to casks in the cellars, to remain two years or more. Entering one of these cool dark caverns, I found my way barred by an elderly Frenchman. "Does monsieur, perhaps, not regard the signs?" He pointed to an admonition printed in five languages: "No Smoking."

As I crushed out my cigarette he said, severely: "Wine may be ruined by tobacco smoke. Wine, monsieur, *breathes!*"

Pampered pet of the wine family is champagne, which has its own subcellars deep in the earth, where the temperature never varies. Poured into the bottles as a still wine, it undergoes secondary fermentation which gives it the bubbles. During this time it is kept nose down, so that the sediment gathers in the bottleneck. Then men in gloves and fencing masks (in case a bottle explodes) pop out the cork and the sediment, fill the bottle neck with more champagne and a dash of sweet sirup, and force in a new cork.

Few of those who argue over the relative merits of American and European *vin ordinaire* know that most of the grapevines of Europe are growing on American roots, and that most California grapes are growing on European shoots.

Sixty years ago there were two completely different types of grapevines, one native to North America, the other to Asia. The latter was introduced into Europe about 600 B.C., and brought from Eu-

rope to California by a Spanish missionary. This is the traditional wine grape, but in the 1880's a root-devouring insect pest destroyed millions of these imported Asiatic vines both in Europe and in California. Then somebody discovered that the tough roots of the native American vines remained unhurt. Shoots of the imported vine were grafted onto native American roots, and the day was saved.

Wines of the East and Midwest — different from those of California — come from native American vines, root and branch. The noted Finger Lakes region of New York State alone produced a million gallons last year.

American vintners have long imitated Europe, calling their products "sherry," "Burgundy," "Riesling" after similar Old World types. Now they are just beginning to give them distinctive American names and to promote them, not as imitations but as unique American contributions to the world's palate.



Endurance Record

WHEN Mrs. Pierre Riendeau, 79 years old, asked for a legal separation from her 86-year-old husband, the judge asked how long they had been married. "Sixty years," she replied.

"Why are you seeking a separation after all this time?" the court asked.

"Enough's enough," she said.

The court agreed to hear suit.

— UP

Q How scientists are helping us rectify mistakes in our living habits

A Long Life, and a Healthy One

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

Editor and president of The New Republic

ONE OF the chief purposes of science today, in so far as it bears directly upon the life of man, is to rectify the errors in living that man, in his ignorance, has inflicted upon himself. Science has learned more about the functioning of the human animal in recent years than in all our previous history.

The body is a marvelous mechanism, adapted for a long, active life—but a life that should be lived under conditions quite different from those surrounding the typical city dweller today. Nature intended human beings to spend most of their time in the open air and engage daily in violent muscular activity. They should eat much of their food raw. They should be exposed a good part of the time to the sun's rays. They should live from day to day, and not under pressure of haste, or of worry about their future. They should not be required by restraints of civilization to smother impulses and conceal their strongest feelings.

Instead of living as nature intended, many of us stay indoors 23 hours out of the 24. And when we

This is the third of a series of articles based on interviews with outstanding U. S. research scientists—Nobel Prize winners, heads of departments in leading universities and research directors for big industries. Under the pledge that they would not be quoted by name, these men talked freely with the author about what science is doing and hopes to do for mankind.

do go out 80 percent of our skin is covered with clothing that cuts off the benevolent ultraviolet rays. We exercise only 5 or 10 percent as much as we should.

We eat foods that lack elements necessary for health and vigor. Because whole wheat flour, which includes the wheat germ, does not keep well (and also for reasons of flavor) we have gone over to white flour, from which some of the vitamins and minerals we need have been extracted. The most valuable part of rice is its brown outer wrapping, but we prefer polished rice. Many other foods are treated in ways that destroy much of their value.

We eat too much of some foods and not enough of others. We hear a good deal about our food surpluses, yet to keep our nation as

healthy as it ought to be we should consume all we have — and more — of nearly every food. We should eat 60 percent more vegetables and fruits; 50 percent more butter, milk and eggs; 10 percent more meat — and in forms from which the precious vitamins have not been removed.

In England, as in the United States, diets accepted as normal by most people are inadequate from the standpoint of nutrition. To correct this condition the British government recently ordered calcium and Vitamin B¹ added to all white bread — a decision of historic importance that passed almost unnoticed in the American press.*

When your dog gnaws a bone his gnawing liberates small quantities of calcium, which his system needs. A little child will instinctively chew on a bone for the same reason. In China for hundreds of years, pickled pigs' feet have been the traditional gift to the woman who has just had a baby. No modern research laboratory could devise a better one, for the vinegar in which the pigs' feet are soaked releases some of the calcium in the bones; thus the mother replaces the calcium she gave to her baby during pregnancy.

Savages in the African forest eat green leaves from shrubs and trees; when these leaves are too coarse and unpalatable they sometimes burn them and eat the ashes, somehow aware that the element which

is good for them (calcium) survives burning. Recently we have learned that grass is amazingly rich in vitamins, far richer than some green vegetables.

"A simple rule for a healthful diet," an outstanding authority on nutrition told me, "is to spend half your food money for milk, fruits and vegetables, and to see that half your breadstuffs and cereals are whole-grain products."

Some who know most about diet are convinced that vigorous health would be far more common and life lengthened amazingly if we ate the things nature intended, in proper quantities, and followed a natural regimen. In the animal world the span of life is about nine times the length of childhood; correspondingly, the human span should be from 100 to 125 years.

Today we know that sunlight acting directly on the skin helps the system to create the all-essential Vitamin D, and that it is also a germicide. When it was learned that ordinary window glass shuts out ultraviolet rays, the most important therapeutic agent in sunshine, the glass industry set to work to develop new types through which the rays could pass. At first, this glass was expensive and tended to deteriorate in a short time. Today new and inexpensive glass has been perfected and homes are being equipped with it. Scientists have also developed "sun ray" lamps which supply ultraviolet rays to

* See "Supercharged Flour — An Epochal Advance," *The Reader's Digest*, January, '41, p. 111.

persons who cannot get genuine sunshine.

Is the human race degenerating under modern city life? The scientists' answer is "No." Ten generations may live in dark, airless slums with inadequate food and clothing, and yet a child in the eleventh generation, cared for properly from birth, will be a fine physical specimen.

Most scientists believe that modern high-pressure living, apart from the damage we do to ourselves by wrong food and wrong living habits, has not harmed us. They feel that the nervous system is capable of surviving far greater punishment than is commonly supposed, reminding us that physicians of a century ago prophesied that men would suffer grave injury if they traveled by the newfangled steam railways faster than 30 miles an hour. Men 50 years hence may look back upon the tranquil leisure of the 1940's as we do upon the days before the telephone, automobile, radio loudspeaker, and airplane wrought their supposed havoc.

True, the number of persons in mental hospitals is larger, but this may be because we recognize the insanities more readily, and because people are more willing to accept hospitalization for themselves or members of their family. If there is an increase in insanity, it is partly offset by remarkable new cures made through insulin shock and other treatments.

A most exciting chapter of science is the work being done on the relation between mental states and physical conditions. Medical science is increasingly reluctant to draw a hard and fast line between illnesses of the mind and those of the body. Undoubtedly body and mind influence each other in more subtle and baffling ways than doctors dreamed of a few decades ago. Some emotional states, such as fear or anger, produce marked physical changes in our bodies. For example, they increase the secretions of certain glands, which supply our muscles with added strength for fighting or running away. Modern man, however, often experiences those emotions without either fighting or running, and science is beginning to believe that the extra secretions, not being put to use, damage the human organism in surprising ways.

Scientists are divided on the biological effects of war, but they agree that while mankind's almost continuous wars should perhaps have degenerated the human stock, there is no evidence that they actually have. Man today is about the same as he has been for several thousand years.

Within the past century the advance of medical science has practically changed "the survival of the fittest" to "the survival of everybody, fit or not." We may thereby have created a grave problem for ourselves. But scientists I

have consulted do not accept the idea now current in Germany, for example, that the state should prevent "inferior" individuals from having children. They point out the difficulty of setting up an unassailable standard of "superiority." Moreover, they question whether the qualities which made for survival in primitive man — physical strength, bravery and initiative — will be the most desirable ones 100 years from now. Of what use is physical strength in a civilization which consists mostly of pressing buttons or moving levers? Extreme

egoism and adventurousness, good qualities in a pioneer civilization, may prove hard to control in one that is old and closely knit.

Scientists feel confident about the job of undoing the ravages that mankind has inflicted upon itself through ignorance. They believe we can teach ourselves in a short time — possibly within a generation — to eat properly, wear sensible clothing, exercise adequately in the open air and get enough sunshine. Science is opening vistas of life such as man has never experienced.



Gems from the Swappers' Columns

SWAPPING, a characteristic American taste, has never flourished as it does today. In New England, *Yankee Magazine* runs pages of swapping notices in every issue. Hundreds of would-be swappers advertise in the *Pittsburgh Bulletin-Index*, the *Chicago Traders Bulletin* and other periodicals.

It's amazing to read in swappers' columns of the strange things people own, and the precision of their wants — as in the case of the man who wanted to swap a bearskin rug for some six-inch elephant statues.

Here are other examples from the December *Yankee*:

I HAVE a fine, 15-year-old parrot which can drink out of a bottle, feed himself with a spoon, sing, whistle, talk, and bark like a dog. Will swap for a good fishing outfit.

I HAVE a complete works of Shakespeare in one volume in perfect condition. I would like a copy of *Gone With the Wind* and some old cookbooks.

I HAVE a Tuxedo in very good condition, size 42, waist 34, leg 33. Will swap for a cocker spaniel.

I WISH to swap for anything of equal value a 21-passenger bus.

OLD joke books, an intelligent puppy or something else is what I want in swap for my three matched sets of very old sterling silver.

I HAVE 10 pairs of fantail pigeons. Would like to swap for a double-barreled shotgun.

I WOULD like to swap a male, blue-eyed white Persian cat for a dressed hog.

I HAVE a pair of \$2.50 gold evening slippers, brand new. All I want is a pair of bedroom slippers, size 6 C or D.

WHO WANTS two perfectly good gold teeth for a large shell and seaweed majolica pitcher?

Is This a Fair Deal?

IN 1912, Thornton W. Burgess,* who recently wrote his 9000th animal story for children, signed a six months' contract for six nature stories a week with The Associated Newspapers, a syndicate owned by papers in New York, Kansas City, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. As paper after paper subscribed, the agreement was renewed at intervals, with increases in remuneration, until 1919. Then a new contract was signed — for one year only, because Burgess had hoped for a longer contract and a higher figure. For the following year, the New York Tribune Syndicate offered him almost twice as much money, plus a share of his feature's revenue. Burgess, before accepting this offer, gave the manager of The Associated Newspapers an opportunity to match it.

In reply, the manager showed him this clause in his contract: "The party of the second part [Burgess] reserves all rights other than serial in the said stories."

From previous conversations with the manager, Burgess had understood this clause to mean that he (Burgess) reserved all rights other than *first* serial — in other words, that he was selling the syndicate the right to print his stories once, but only once. The manager, however, pointed out the omission of the word "first." "This means," he

said, "that we own *all* serial rights, and can republish these stories as many times as we please. We've got an eight years' supply and they are just as good as new stories for the rising generation."

At the expiration of his contract, Burgess went to work for the Tribune Syndicate. Whereupon The Associated Newspapers proceeded to sell his old stories over and over again.

Legally, The Associated Newspapers' position may have been impregnable. Ethically, it produced most unfair results. Papers subscribing to this syndicate are today printing Burgess stories the newest of which is 20 years old. Not one of these papers pays Burgess a penny for the privilege. Worse, they cost him money by running the old stories in territory that might have bought his new stories from the Tribune Syndicate.

In the early '20's Burgess protested to several publishers who subscribed to The Associated Newspapers' service, but — with one exception — they stood on their legal rights. The exception was the late Frank Munsey, who replied, "I fully agree that the republication of these old stories as if they were new stories is not fair to you. . . . I have accordingly instructed The Evening Telegram to discontinue their publication."

The Bell Syndicate became affiliated with The Associated News-

* See "Mother Nature's Brother," The Reader's Digest, January, '41, p. 114.

papers in 1930, and Bell, a subsidiary of the North American Newspaper Alliance, took over The Associated Newspapers' contracts and features with the understanding, it says, that it should "conduct the business along the lines previously followed. There-

fore, whatever arrangement existed in regard to any of the features, including the Burgess Bedtime Stories, now is being followed."

This is cold comfort to Burgess, who finds himself in the extraordinary predicament of being his own chief competitor.



"Is It a Fair Deal?" Contest

BUSINESS ETHICS are on the whole much better than they used to be, comparing favorably with the standards that govern the professions, or dealings between individuals. Yet there is room for improvement. What some large corporations still regard as a mere insistence on legal rights may well open them to accusations of sharp practice, unfairness and callousness. We believe it to be in the public interest to present specific cases of failure to give a square deal.

Accordingly we invite readers who feel as Thornton Burgess does, and regard themselves as the victims of unfair dealings at the hands of business concerns, or branches of government, to submit their cases — after examining their consciences to be sure that no element of welshing enters into their complaint. And the complaints must be concerned with large, well-known businesses — not local stores, fly-by-night gyps or small fry.

For each case accepted by the editors, and published, The Reader's Digest will pay \$25. Please tell briefly all the essential facts, typewrite your contribution, and send it before March 1st to the "Fair Deal Contest," The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.



A VISIT TO Berchtesgaden

By Hillel Bernstein

Author of "L'Affaire Jones," "Choose a Bright Morning"

"THIS SEEMS to me The Story of the Year. To read it is a personal experience, and upon publication the story will become a national and international experience. It is more than literature. It is the contemporary mind coming to a great conclusion about one of the great contemporary problems."

—Carl Van Doren

HISTORICAL NOTE: The World War of 1914-1918 gave birth to the legend of the Unknown Soldier. After the World War which began in 1939 the despairing, mystical times brought forth a new legend, that of the Resurrected Soldier. He was expected hourly to return from the grave and liberate the enslaved peoples from the yoke of the Nazi conquerors.

WHEN HITLER felt the need for brooding mystically over some problem of state, he usually repaired to his mountain residence at Berchtesgaden, high above the Bavarian countryside.

In such a mood he sat one evening in the private projection room of his mountain retreat, viewing again — for the hundredth time — the motion-picture record of his military triumphs.

He sat alone there, savoring with relish the striking power of his army and air force. The performance was ever a bracing tonic to the Führer. Having willed all these campaigns he also felt that he had achieved all this destruction personally. It was as if he, Hitler, had smashed Warsaw with a drive of his right fist, and had destroyed a

square mile of buildings in the center of Amsterdam with a vigorous kick of his left boot. He drank it in greedily with his eyes.

No previous military leader in history had enjoyed the delights of being able to view his campaigns again whenever he pleased. Hitler reflected that Napoleon, or Caesar, or Alexander, would have envied him this precious advantage. Great as they were, they could not bring back the sights of their stirring, smashing triumphs. They could not re-create, as he could, the scenes of power, victory and glory.

Suddenly he felt a chill, and had a creepy feeling that he was not alone. He peered anxiously through the dark of the room. At the back there stood what seemed to be the figure of a huge man. Hitler's first instinct was to ring for his guards. But somehow his hand — the hand that had smashed Warsaw — was powerless to function.

"Who's there?" he said.

"I am a soldier," replied a low voice.

Hitler knew that this was no flesh-and-blood intruder. He was nervous and he played for time.

"Who let you in?" he demanded.

"I come from the past. No one let me in."

"Do not imagine that I am alone," Hitler cried. "The power of my invincible Reichswehr is about me. I am not unprotected."

"Yet now you are alone," the voice answered.

"What do you want?" Hitler's voice was thin and piping.

"For the present," came the answer, "I am looking at your battles."

"You said you were a soldier. What is your rank?"

"I am a commander."

Hitler became ingratiating. "A commander! Then you can study my battles with the eye of an expert. No doubt you can compare them with your own campaigns."

"My battles were different," said the other, curtly. A sense of superiority was evident in his manner but Hitler chose to ignore it.

"Naturally," he said. "All battles are different. A different general, a different kind of battle. And what were your battles like?"

"In most of them," said the stranger, "I spared no living thing."

Hitler's military vanity was piqued. "Do not try to talk to me in superior tones," he cried. "What scale were your campaigns on? Mine are on a world scale. Suppose I do leave a building standing here or there, or a few miserable enemies alive! Think of the immensity of my work. Military experts agree that there has been nothing like my wars in history. I have succeeded more than any other man — more than Napoleon, or Caesar, or Alexander. Who, then, are you?"

The other's voice indicated a cold fury; he, too, evidently had his military vanity. "You are going to see my battles," he said.

It was said ominously, and Hitler grew wary, remembering that he was facing an unknown danger. He said, in softer tones, "How can I see your battles? They are over and done with."

"No," was the answer. "They are still going on. I have fought them over again a thousand times. I will take you into the fighting, from the very beginning of my first campaign."

"I don't know what you mean," Hitler said, "and I cannot waste more time. I have many things to do."

The voice was freezingly contemptuous. "You are coming with me."

For the first time Hitler became clearly aware of the face. It was like nothing that he had known before: large, strong, hard-featured, expressionless, unearthly. But the eyes . . . the eyes! They were somehow like windows which widened out so that a world could be seen through them, a world of dooms and agonies.

Hitler felt drained of strength, achievement, fame, everything. Now the stranger's voice, as he spoke again, was inexorable. "Come with me," he said.

Hitler had a sudden feeling that he was in movement, and he struggled with all his might. But it was useless. In a moment he was out of Germany and out of his element.

They traveled on the wings of the past. They sped past the Napo-

leonic Wars and the French Revolution, past the Thirty Years' War, past the Renaissance, and they did not even stop for the Middle Ages and the struggle between the Emperors and the Popes.

"Where are you taking me?" Hitler asked.

"Patience," said his fellow traveler. "I visited with you in modern times. You will visit with me in ancient times."

The Roman Empire went by like a flash, and the campaigns of Alexander the Great were just a flicker on the way. "That was Greek civilization just then," said the stranger, with a backward gesture. And then at last, "We have arrived."

Hitler found himself set down in rugged country, among warriors — hard, fierce, determined-looking men — many thousands of them gathered in an encampment. He watched his companion instantly take charge, as if he had not been away. He noted, too, from the moment of arrival, that there was a change in his companion. He looked smaller now, and without that terrifying atmosphere of doom which had characterized him at Berchtesgaden. He was more of a man and less of a shade. Although Hitler was in his power, the Führer did not fear his captor as much as he had a little while ago in the twentieth century. Set in his own environment, the man was no more terrible than Hitler in his.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival there was an inspection of forces. Hitler went down the ranks with his companion, surveying the faces and military bearing of the soldiers. "Excellent fighting men," he said. "They remind me of some of my good sergeants in the Reichswehr." He spoke directly to one man, saying, "I should like to have had you for my good Reichswehr."

The man seemed to take no notice of this pretty speech, and Hitler said angrily to his companion, "Do you approve of your common soldiers behaving rudely to a visiting commander?"

"Forty centuries separate you from these men," was the reply. "They cannot see or hear you. You are not even dust in anyone's eye."

"Did you take me out of the twentieth century in order to insult me?" Hitler complained. "I want to go back to the Reich, where I am in everyone's eye."

"You will go back soon," said the leader. "Meanwhile, there are battles to be viewed."

The inspection was followed by a council of war. The warriors, under the leadership of Hitler's companion, planned to invade new lands, slay all the inhabitants, and take their lands for themselves and their posterity. Hitler, the invisible one, listened to the plan of action.

"All, then, is in readiness," said the leader.

"Wait!" said Hitler. "As a commander I criticize your prepara-

tions as crude and amateurish. Your plan is incomplete."

"Speak on," said Hitler's companion.

Hitler said: "Where is your propaganda machine? Where are your grievances? Why haven't you proved first that your nationals over there are being persecuted? That the other side is plotting to attack you? Where are your frontier incidents? Your atrocities? You haven't even shown the foresight to colonize some people over there first, to be killed in atrocities at the right moment. What a bungled campaign!"

"None of that is necessary," said the leader. "We do not have to justify ourselves. It is the Lord who has told us to take those lands."

"That's good about the Lord," Hitler admitted. "That's always good. God is with me, too."

Then he bethought himself of another piece of excellent counsel. "You've forgotten one very important move," he said. "You ought to prove first of all that your enemies are dominated by the Jews! By the Jewish warmongers, who have instigated them to fight against you. If you do that, you will always be a hero, no matter what else you do."

His companion smiled. "That won't be necessary either," he said. "For, you see, we *are* the Jews."

Hitler gasped. He looked wildly about, at those fierce, hard faces, at those warriors whose strength and soldierlike qualities he had ad-

mired. "But it's impossible!" he cried. "Jews! But it can't be. And you yourself?"

"All of us."

"You're joking! I know what Jews are, and they're not fighters!" he screamed. "Bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, journalists!" He spat out his contempt. "Warmongers! They get others to do their fighting."

"These are the Jewish soldiers," said his companion, "and they will do their own fighting. Forty thousand of them are gathered here, and not an enemy will escape the edge of their swords."

Hitler was suddenly in panic. Forty thousand fighting Jews, and he alone among them, without a single army of two million to defend him. And the leader knew who he was! Already Hitler writhed in anticipation of being torn to pieces.

"You forget that they cannot see or hear you," said the leader, reading his thoughts.

Yet Hitler was sick. He sat down on a rock, and said feebly, "What is this place?"

"You are in the first chapter of the Book of Joshua of the Old Testament."

"In the Bible," groaned Hitler. "And you?"

"Joshua."

"The Bible! I had to listen to sermons from that when I was a boy. There was one about Joshua, the miracle soldier. Are you he who blew down the walls of Jericho?"

"You will see them blown down," said Joshua

Then Hitler made a fighting effort to liberate himself from his environment. He stood up and shrieked: "No! No! I won't stay here in the Bible! I hate that book. I've got a book — my own book — *Mein Kampf* — and I want to go back to it. I want to go back to my German Reich and my German people."

His voice rose to a scream which he hoped would pierce the centuries, reach Berlin, arouse the Gestapo. "Help! Help! Germans to the rescue! I've been kidnaped by the Jews!"

"They can't see or hear you in Berlin either," said Joshua. "There is no Berlin. It is still a marsh."

HITLER was forced to resign himself for the time being to the role of invisible spectator. The one satisfaction he enjoyed, as he looked at the fighting Jews, was his knowledge that in his day their descendants would constitute a minority that he could persecute and terrorize. At times he indulged in secret bravado. "Yah!" he jeered. "You capitalistic, bolshevistic, democratic, pacifistic, warmongering, trading, scribbling, pill-rolling, lawyering, banking Jews — Yah! — you men of peace and good will, I despise you, I persecute you, I make you fear me. You tremble at the thought of me. I am the scourge." But no one heard him.

After a night of preparation and

prayer, the army started on its campaign of invasion. The destination was Jericho and the first objective was the crossing of the River Jordan. To achieve the crossing swiftly and successfully, Joshua said that a miracle was in order, a miracle which would divide the waters. "Miracle!" scoffed Hitler. "My army engineers create a miracle by spanning the river with pontoon bridges or rubber boats."

Hitler crossed the Jordan with Joshua as the waters divided. He was present at the siege of Jericho and he saw the walls come tumbling down at the final blast of the trumpets. It reminded him that he had blown down the bastion of Prague with a radio speech and the accompanying Nazi shouts of "*Sieg Heil*." "My voice, too," he said, "is the trumpet of destiny."

The walls came down, and Hitler watched the soldiers swarm over the debris and into the city with their swords flashing. It was slaughter and annihilation in the name of the Lord, who had instructed Joshua to spare no living thing.

Hitler had often dreamed of the annihilation of a foe to the last man. He had never seen his dream realized so completely as at Jericho. It sickened him.

Joshua, observing him, said, "It takes a strong stomach to do the Lord's work."

"What are you trying to insinuate?" said Hitler, touchily. "I never felt better in my life."

"You look woefully sick," said Joshua. "But you would be far sicker if you had to direct this slaughter over and over again, a thousand times, as I have had to do."

The campaigns continued. Hitler watched the burning of Ai, and he saw the King of Ai hanged on a tree until eventide. For the first time he noticed a peculiar change in Joshua. The Jewish commander was indomitable, fiery, relentless, but there were moments in the midst of it all when he looked sad and weary, and inconceivably old. Hitler happened to catch Joshua in his tent in one of those moments; the sight startled him.

"Go away," said Joshua, in a tired, weak voice.

"Where shall I go?" said Hitler. "You must take me back to my Reich."

"I can't do that until my campaigns are over," said Joshua.

"Then why did you bring me here in the first place?"

"Military pride," said Joshua. "I always feel that way at the beginning. But as the campaigns go on, my spirit staggers under the burden. There is that within me which wants to cry out against the slaughter. But the words stop in my throat, and I cannot. I am powerless to change the course of the battle. And I feel every wound, every plunge of the sword, every slaying. It is the mass slaying of Joshua which I undergo. And it is

Joshua who directs his own thousandfold slaying."

"I am not weak," said Hitler. "I do not sigh and falter at the sight of bloodshed."

"You have battles too which you will want to change later," said Joshua. "You too will be powerless."

"I will not want to change anything," said Hitler.

He was delighted to have caught Joshua in such a revealing moment; it made him feel superior and contemptuous. But if he believed this would continue as a permanent condition, he was disappointed. Joshua was again militant, again merciless. He marched against the coalition of the five kings, met their forces at Gibeon and slaughtered them. The five kings were hanged on five trees. At Azekah Hitler saw the fleeing hordes of the enemy bombed with great stones from Heaven. There was another miracle that day, and this time Hitler was really impressed. It was getting towards evening and Joshua needed more daylight in order to complete the victory. He commanded the sun to stand still at Gibeon and the moon to remain in the valley of Ajalon.

The invasion and occupation of other lands continued, and Hitler watched the destruction of the Canaanites, the Amorites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Jebusites.

One part of the Jewish leader looked young and implacable, commanded the army and drove the

soldiers on to triumph. The other part, aged, weary, sad, looked heavily on at the destruction. "The slaughter avails nothing," this second Joshua said. "The miracles avail nothing. They have to be paid for in misery."

JOSHUA had conquered completely and the children of Israel were in possession of the Promised Land. There was a great gathering of joy. All the victorious warriors were assembled to honor the man who had led them to victory. When Joshua appeared, the din was terrific.

Hitler, standing nearby, was assailed with nostalgia. This was the kind of applause *he* usually got in Germany, and it went to his head like a powerful stimulant. It took fortitude not to respond.

Little by little, however, the faces faded out, the scene blurred; only the mass effect of a great celebration remained.

Joshua was addressing his soldiers. "With the help of the Lord," he was saying, "we have conquered. Now the children of Israel have the Promised Land. Let us worship the Lord and observe his commandments, and we shall always enjoy the fruits of these victories — we and our children and our children's children."

There was another burst of applause, and this time Hitler, no longer aware of time and place, responded to it as automatically as

if the applause came from a Nazi cheering section directed by Herr Goebbels. He bounded to the front of the platform, acknowledged the shouts of the warriors, and began to speak, pouring out his pent-up emotions. "My German Soldier Comrades," he began. "This is a great hour in our history. The Lord has been with us, and we have conquered. The Lord told me to lead the Germans out of the wilderness of despair and the Versailles Diktat. The Lord told me to take the lands of the Czechs, the Poles, the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Danes, the Belgians, the French, the English, the Russians, the Americans. All these lands, He said, should be German lands, and those whom we do not annihilate should be our serfs — hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Germans.

"Now we have conquered, and now the world is ours. Now our German Reich embraces and dominates the earth, and we shall be the master race for the next thousand years. We Germans are the chosen people, chosen by God. The world must recognize that we are the chosen people and it must submit to our decisions and our government, for this universe is ours."

He went on and on, in a paroxysm of joy, and his body quivered as if he were experiencing the ecstasy of divine communication. But suddenly Joshua was at his side and leading him away.

"They did not hear a word, and

cannot," said Joshua. "But I heard, and it is sufficient. And now, home to your Reich."

Again there was the sudden sense of motion. Just as speedily as they had traveled towards the times of Joshua, they now moved towards the times of Hitler. Almost immediately they were once more in the motion-picture projection room at Berchtesgaden. The film of Hitler's triumphs was still on the screen, and the scene as they entered showed a gathering of two hundred thousand Nazis shouting "*Sieg Heil!*"

"It is not true," said Hitler, "that no one heard me when I made that speech. Eighty-five million Germans heard me."

"So much the worse for them," said Joshua.

He was again a huge, formidable shape in the darkness, but Hitler no longer felt as disturbed as he had been at the beginning. "Eighty-five million triumphant, victorious people," cried Hitler, ecstatically. "The German master race! The rulers of the world!"

"So be it," said Joshua. "You have declared yourselves a chosen people, and it is done. The Germans of your day are taking the place of the Jews of my day, and the Germans of a future day will take the place of the Jews of your day. It relieves us of a burden that has scarred us and borne us down, and which in adversity has made us the targets and scapegoats of all mankind. From now on you can have all

the triumphs of a chosen people, and afterwards, upon your downfall, you can have their persecutions too. My Jews may rest at last. And I may rest."

"Whatever are you saying?" said Hitler. "Persecutions? Taking the place of Jews? What devilish nonsense is this?"

"You have been imitating the Jews of my time," said Joshua, and his voice ranged through the world with more volume than all the choruses of "*Sieg Heil*." "You have desired to be a chosen people, and now you have become one — self-chosen. I have been waiting four thousand years for this day, waiting to be relieved of the painful punishment of fighting my battles over. And during that time I have seen the descendants of my Jews suffering the revenge of a world that remembered them once as chosen. But now, in the world's eyes, there is a new chosen people, a self-proclaimed one. Let *them* suffer when their time comes, while my people enjoy the delights of oblivion. My people have earned their rest."

Hitler looked into those window-eyes, and what he saw there frightened him. Harassed Germans were there, weak and furtive, driven from pillar to post, with men lashing at them with whips while the mob jeered and showed its fangs of hatred. He sobbed and wept for the sight. Then he frantically fought off the illusion.

"No!" he shrieked. "It is not so. We have not been imitating the Jews. We want to be nothing like them. Our destiny is a German destiny. Siegfried, not Joshua. We shall never know defeat and dispersion."

"You have seen what we were," said Joshua. "You may see what you will become."

Hitler put his hands over his eyes.

"It is not for nothing," said Joshua, "that in every plan of conquest you strove to identify your foes with the Jews; to make them Jews, no matter what they were in reality. Not for nothing have you fashioned the Jew into your world enemy. Deep down, deep in the spirit, an urge drove you. An urge to supplant the Jews. Not as they are today but in their ancient role."

"Outrageous and ridiculous," cried Hitler, full of hysteria. "I used the Jews as a propaganda weapon, yes — but with contempt. I made them my enemy, yes. I identified them with our foes, so that I could achieve what I wanted without opposition, because no one would dream of opposing me on behalf of the Jews. But what has that to do with imitation?"

"The mask has become the man," said Joshua. "You cannot doff it."

Hitler looked through those eyes again, and was appalled.

Joshua said, "When Moses placed

his hand upon me and God instructed me, we were the chosen people. Thus imbued, I led my people in conquest of the Promised Land. No man in my lifetime could withstand me, no man and no people. We believed ourselves a chosen people, and while we were victorious we gloried in it. After me there came others, who strove to temper what I had done, whose aim was justice and mercy, the blessed leaven of tolerance and understanding, and then the brotherhood of man rather than the exclusive brotherhood of one tribe of men. But we have not been allowed to forget that we were once a chosen people. Defeated, dispersed, persecuted, we have paid bitterly and long after our time. We have done enough penance. We desired to for-

get that we were ever a military people; we cultivated all the ways of peace; we forgot the practice of arms. But our path was not made lighter.

"Now, at last, you have come, you and the Germans, and you hunger and strive to be chosen. So be it. For centuries my people have tried to escape the burden of memory of their role, but they had to wait for your coming. As for me, I have made my journey and my long penance is over.

"And now, O Wandering German to be, I leave you."

"Wait! Wait!" cried Hitler, hurrying to the door as if Joshua had left by that medium. "Let us talk this over. I —"

But he was forty centuries too late.

On Giving of Thanks

*Thank Thee, O Lord,
For this, my bed,
For roof unbombed
Above my head,
And for Thy gift,
My daily bread.*

*Why is it we
Must come to know
Belatedly
From others' woe
The gratitude
We always owe?*

—Fairfax Downey in N. Y. Times

Born in PARADISE

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

ARMINE VON TEMPSKI

THE magnificent adventure of growing up on a great cattle ranch in Hawaii was enriched by the example of a gallant father who taught his children to live dangerously and fully. The New York Times Book Review says: "In *Born in Paradise* the Islands' generous, turbulent, spirited, hard-riding zest for living sings and shouts an enticing melody of a bygone Polynesia . . . and one lays the book down with the feeling of a door having opened on an unfamiliar world."

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BORN IN PARADISE

THE FIRST WORD I learned was Aloha — “My love to you!” — spoken from the fullness of warm generous hearts. What a wonderful heritage was ours, we children of white parents born in Hawaii. Boundless space surrounded us; music and mirth were eternally in our ears; the stir of creation filled water, earth, and air; the sweetness of wild ginger blossoms and guavas weighted the wind. Savage silver rain, tawny sunlight over land and sea, flowers tearing from green buds in scarlet, blue and purple — the very earth underfoot was alive from lava seething through its veins.

My comrades were polyglot: Ah Sin, the Chinese cook, whose mummy-like face, whose oaths resounding like gongs, invested him with the qualities of a magician. Tatsu, my Japanese nurse, who always warmed her hands inside her kimono before touching me, and who smelled faintly and pleasantly of incense and pale hot tea. Makalii, the old Hawaiian *paniolo* — cowboy — who carried me in front of him on a pillow while he made his daily round, who taught me the lore of his people, and the whispered lan-

guage of nature. Lovely ladies, ranchers, royal personages, visiting celebrities, who thronged our home over week-ends, singing and dancing all Saturday night and sallying forth at dawn on Sunday to rope wild bulls. These were the people I loved, who made the years and days rich beyond any telling.

The 60,000-acre ranch where we lived bore the proud name of the great volcano on which it sprawled — Haleakala, The House of the Sun. Over this kingdom ruled my father — Louis von Tempski.

There are people who seem to move through life with an invisible spotlight focused on them. Louis von Tempski, of Polish and Scotch blood, was of that breed. The way he spoke, held himself, the way he entered a room, printed itself on the memory. His gay eyes, filled with intense glee of living, the flash of his smile, the quick ease with which he swung on a horse or bent to pat a dog, set him apart.

When my father was 18 he started around the world in search of adventure. He stopped off in Hawaii and found in the island of Maui a spot which he immediately and passionately loved. He speedily

proved his ability as a stockman, and when a corporation offered him the management of the Haleakala Ranch he accepted, and proved his worth by putting the ranch on a paying basis. When he married Amy Wodehouse, daughter of the British Ambassador to the Court of Hawaii, he brought his young wife to Haleakala Ranch to live. The pull of that soil held him against all the rest of the earth. He gave his love, his strength and, finally, his life to the acres which were entrusted to his care. He had found his Paradise — and in it I was born.

I ALWAYS woke early, at the moment when grazing stock were raising their heads in salute to the unending wonder of light being born out of darkness. Until Tatsu came, I lay listening to coffee being ground, to the rush of water in Dad's shower, to whips cracking, the rush of horses' hoofs and snatches of *bulas* being sung as men went about the business of a great ranch. Usually Dad was gone long before I finished breakfast, but if something delayed him the day had an extra lift because he was so gay, strong, and eager. The Hawaiians looked on him as an *Alii* — a Chief — but called him by his first name. The Japanese addressed him as "Mr. Louis," but no one ever hailed him as Mr. von Tempski. He didn't need a prefix to his name to command respect.

Every morning when Tatsu and I entered the kitchen, excitement trickled through me. Over bread and milk I watched Ah Sin dashing around lifting covers off bubbling cauldrons of salt pork, turkey, and mutton. Smaller pots of Oriental edibles sent up tantalizing odors and the capacious oven exhaled the smell of baking bread.

Forty people were fed out of the kitchen. Before the breakfast bell finished ringing, men began swarming in: men with spurs at their heels, knives in their leggings, and flowers on their hats. Men who filled the room with rolling Hawaiian words and laughter. They gathered up stacks of thick white dishes, collected steaming cauldrons of food and monster pots of coffee to take on the lawn.

I watched feverishly for Makalii and rushed to meet him. Swinging me onto his hip, he lassoed my neck with the *lei* he made for me every morning, and the joyous hours we spent together leaped into reality.

One morning for some disobedience, Mother forbade me to ride with Makalii until after lunch. Screams, tears, and kickings were of no avail. Tatsu carried me, limp and completely exhausted, back to bed. As she moved quietly about the room, the thought came that if I pretended to be asleep she would leave. Then I could steal out and overtake Makalii. I felt her love pouring over me as she pulled the covers closer, but I did not open my

eyes. When I heard her leave, I dressed quickly, ducked under the garden fence and ran down the path, my nostrils filled with the scent of morning and freedom. Makalii was just swinging into the saddle to leave for the magic pasture where the sleek thoroughbred broodmares grazed. The look of mild astonishment and reproof in his eyes when I tore up stung like a blow, but I flung myself at him.

"Naughty child," he reproved in Hawaiian, but his voice was loving.

"I'll be spanked again anyhow for running away, so take me to see the colts," I panted.

Smile wrinkles gathered up the corners of his eyes and I knew I had won. Making his slicker into a pad, he seated me upon it and we jogged along slowly. The slow honey of complete happiness poured through me and I relaxed against the faded blue shirt of the old man I loved.

Dismounting on the crest of a hill we sat down on the warm fragrant earth. Feeling Makalii's wise tender eyes on me, all the rage and frustration of the morning melted away. Inarticulately I wanted to repay him for the joy which was always mine when I was with him. I suggested that I tell him all the things I could smell, see, and hear, which was a sort of game to me. Later I realized that his careful training of my senses made me wealthy in the ways of the earth and close to invisible forces in nature. He considered my blotched

face and swollen eyes, then gently shook his head.

"No use today, Ummie," he said softly. "When peoples sad, they not very smart. Better us go look the mares."

I rode in a trance, listening to the voice of the land, a great voice compounded of lesser voices: doves cooing in groves of smoke-blue trees, plover whistling, the tiny rattle of seedpods in the grass. Then from below came the thin sweet whinny of a mare, followed by a colt's answering nicker.

"Where are they?" Makalii asked in Hawaiian.

The whinny came again. My trained ear caught the direction and I pointed at the third group of trees in the hollow below. Makalii's eyes lighted and he nodded. Nani lifted into an easy lope that brought us to where 20 brood-mares were assembled. "Umph, Coquette no stop," Makalii commented. "Better us go find."

Coquette was Dad's prize thoroughbred, and she was due to foal any day. We finally found her in a clump of guava bushes, her flanks heaving, her shoulders dark with sweat. Makalii dismounted hurriedly, and talked to her while he considered her critically.

"Her baby is starting to come," he said after a minute. "It's her first one. No got time to take you home and come back." He looked unhappy. "Sometimes young race-mare scare the first time. Then she

run away and maybe lose the baby. I stop with her okay. But might-be Mrs. Louis mad if her small girl see a colt born. Hawaiian peoples no care, kids see. This nature. But English peoples think different."

Coquette decided the matter. She began weaving from side to side. Makalii knew exactly what to do, and every so often he glanced in my direction and made some pleased comment. "Coquette fine, she work swell . . ." and he would nod in a satisfied way which made the ordeal seem everyday.

When the colt lay on the grass, wet and inert, Coquette licked its face until its eyes opened. After a little it heaved clumsily to its feet. Coquette touched its nose with hers. Wobbly and beautiful, it gazed at her, then began hunting for its breakfast.

Tingling joy streamed through me. "Can I touch it?" I asked.

Makalii nodded. I laid my fingers on the small damp rump and the colt gave a tiny kick. Makalii beamed. Then slowly the joy ebbed from his face. "Better us go now. Maybe Mrs. Louis never let you ride with me again." He swung me onto Nani and climbed up behind. By degrees the gravity of his plight penetrated my mind.

"I won't tell Mother," I announced.

"I no like this lie-cheat kind, Ummie," he reproved. "Better us make some small prayers to the white god Christ and the great

Akua, for Mrs. Louis understand and no take you from me."

When we returned, Makalii dismounted like a tired old man who has nothing more to live for. Horribly, I realized my running away was responsible for this. Daddy came slashing out of the house, rushed forward and snatched me into his arms. Makalii talked to him, his face quivering. Daddy listened with a thoughtful expression.

"First Born, I'm going to have to spank you," he told me. "Mother is half crazy, the ranch is in an uproar and work's been at a standstill while we hunted for you."

He placed a comforting hand on Makalii's shoulder and the old man covered his eyes for a moment. Then he kissed Dad's hand and held it to his forehead. Dad's eyes misted, and he said with a kind of choke: "Get about your work, *Ele-Makule* — Old One."

But when he carried me into the Office his face was stern and sad. Lumps which I tried to swallow kept pushing into my throat. Patiently Daddy went over my transgressions until they were clear to me.

"It wasn't only running away that was bad, Ummie. You cheated, pretended to be asleep so Tatsu would go away. Tatsu loves and trusts you, and you betrayed her. It got her in wrong with Mother. Makalii would have got in trouble too if he hadn't seen me first. Now do you understand why I must spank you?"

I felt steeped in crime. "Yes," I choked. "Please spank me quickly and be *pau* [finished]."



LONG before I was five, I could sit a bareback horse securely. For my fifth birthday, Makalii made me a saddle. I had watched him shape the wood, helped him prepare the leather. When he blew out the last hair-fine strip of leather from the carvings, we surveyed our handiwork in awed silence.

"*Pau*," he said.

It symbolized an end — and a beginning. I had graduated from babyhood to childhood. I would now ride beside him on a horse of my own. To celebrate my new status, Daddy said I might go with him and help drive steers to the coast, for shipment to Honolulu.

The drive always started at one in the morning, to take advantage of the cool darkness. By late afternoon when we reached the big stone corral at Makena my ankles were raw, my knees ached with broken-off cactus spines acquired in wild rides to head off attempted stampedes, and I realized for the first time that Daddy and the *paniolas* often risked their lives when they jogged out of my secure world every morning.

"While supper cooks we'll go for a swim," Dad announced. Makalii made me a sort of breech-clout out of his red bandanna. I felt grown-up and like the brown *pani-*

olos heading for the sea. As they entered the water they struck it with their cupped hands, sending long hollow echoes across it.

"Why are they doing that?" I asked.

"There's no reef here and the sound scares sharks away," Daddy said.

I drew back, hesitating. Daddy squatted down beside me. "First Born, if you want a rich full life you've got to gamble sometimes. As a whole, sharks in these waters are cowards."

My stomach felt full of butterflies. Fear glued my feet to the sand. Daddy looked at me in an odd way and dived in. I shut my eyes and dashed in. Soon I was swimming between Daddy and Makalii, and the silken beauty of the ocean washed all other thoughts from my mind.

By our campfire that evening, Pili got out his accordion, Kahalewai produced a ukulele. Everyone began singing an old cowboy *bula*, music that had the swagger and swing of our wide careless life. I didn't mean to go to sleep: but when I opened my eyes a pearl-and-silver dawn was lying in the sky, Pili was making coffee, Hauki riding off to see if the steamer was in sight.

Suddenly the mirror-like morning was split by wild shouts from the grove. The whole herd of steers was bolting into the sea. We raced to our horses, Makalii threw me into my saddle, vaulted onto his

horse and we tore along the beach. *Paniolos* on saddleless horses were racing into the sea after the cattle. Daddy's commands sounded like rifle shots.

The steers were swimming toward a distant red island. All you could see was their heads. First one head, then another, disappeared. The men, swimming their horses after them, began striking the water with their cupped hands. Sharks! The morning became a chaos of horror. Panic seized the herd. They wheeled, collided, tried to climb on each other's backs. *Paniolos* shouted, striking the sea fiercely. Horses plunged, fought. Daddy, Makalii would be torn to pieces. I wanted to scream but my throat muscles were paralyzed.

Finally, cursing and yelling madly, the men managed to head the bellowing herd back to the beach and then urged them toward the corral. The rangy steer who had started the stampede came lurching up. A great hole in his side poured blood and he kept looking at it in bewilderment. Dad and Holomalua dashed again into the water to rescue five steers swimming near the shore. One steer was pulled under just as Dad got to it, but they saved the others and finally heaved onto the safety of land.

I shook in my saddle, and my bones felt like jelly. Daddy looked as if he didn't know who I was. All the men's faces were filled with work and danger. I felt left out of

the world, and wailed like a puppy. Daddy came to me, swept me off my horse onto his, and all at once I had him and everyone back again. "Steady, *paniolo*," he said.

I held tightly to Dad and swallowed. He never talked to me as though I was a baby, but treated me like a grown-up and it made me want to be brave, as he was.

"What made them stampede?"

"They were restless from waiting. A coconut fell into the corral, and they jumped the wall and bolted."

"What about the roan steer?"

"The boys killed him. He's out of his misery."

Holomalua shouted and pointed. The steamer was just pulling into sight. Daddy, his jaw getting square, called the men together and talked to them in Hawaiian. Pili hurled something far across the water. There was a dull explosion.

"Dynamite to scare the sharks away," Daddy explained. "It's illegal, but justifiable now."

The steamer anchored half a mile offshore, and the morning got under way once more. A whaleboat was lowered and came in while Dad roped a steer and dashed seaward, Hauki galloping beside the captive. They hit the sea at full speed and swam to the boat. Flinging the rope to one of the men in the boat, Daddy wheeled, caught the fresh rope the man threw back, and swam back. The men worked in pairs, perfectly. Eight steers floated

on either side of the boat, fastened by their horns. When they reached the steamer each steer was hoisted aboard in a sling.

The last boatload was finally drawn up, the steamer blew its whistle and tired men spilled off tired horses and slaked their thirst from green coconuts. Makalii came to me and said: "You like go in water on a horse? I take you behind me on Nani."

I thought of the sharks and was torn between doubt and desire. It had looked beautiful, the horses breasting waves with their tails floating out like fans. Then I remembered what Daddy had said, that if a person wanted a rich full life he had to take some risks.

"Yes," I said finally.

Makalii's eyes lighted. "Good girl!" he announced, and pulled me up behind him.



ONE DAY, shortly after my ninth birthday, Makalii's horse shied him into a gatepost. In a few weeks there was a painful lump on his leg, and Dad ordered the old man to take a month off and rest. Like most of our Hawaiians, he had a small place of his own, cultivated by other members of his family. Every few days we rode over to see him, but instead of improving, his leg got rapidly worse.

One morning Makalii's 15-year-old son rode in and asked Dad to take me to see Makalii at once.

When we reached his house my dear old *paniolo* was seated on the floor, his back against the wall, and pain had carved terrible lines around his mouth. His leg was stretched out in front of him, packed in *laukabi* leaves.

When he saw me he began crying silently. I rushed to him. All our beautiful years together, all we had shared, all he taught me rushed over us like a flood, making words useless. I began crying wildly: "Are you going to die, Makalii?"

He gestured at his leg. "Yes, *pau*," he said, and began kissing my hands. "My *keiki*," he kept saying under his breath in Hawaiian, "who I carried on a pillow before she could walk, whose golden head has rested on my heart . . . who I taught to ride and swim. . . ."

Flinging my arms about him I clung close. It seemed to comfort him in a deep wordless way. He knew, as I did, that he would always mean something to me that no one else in life ever could. His wistful eyes followed us as we went slowly toward the door.

"*Me ke aloha pau ole!*" he called.

He didn't need to tell me. My love for him would never end, either. Dad gripped my hand and my voice, jammed in my throat, did its duty. "*Me ke aloha pau ole — my paniolo!*" I said shakily.

Hawaiians from all over the island attended Makalii's funeral. In his quiet way he had been a great personage. Mother cried until

her face was swollen. When she had come to Maui as a bride, Makalii had decorated their first little house with *leis* and made it beautiful to receive her.

Shortly before the cortege was ready to start, Dad called me into the Office. "First Born, I want you to see that there's nothing frightful about death," he said. "Often it's a release. Makalii died of the most swift-moving and painful form of cancer. You must be glad his agony is over and he is free. It's like shooting an old crippled horse to spare it needless suffering. Makalii's death was a release."

When I stood beside Dad at the open grave, sobs arose inside me, and I had to lean my forehead against his arm to stop my body shaking. My memory recalls, across the years, every detail of the occasion: Japanese yardboys and nursery men with dogged, almost angry expressions as they fought their emotions; Japanese women with their front teeth blackened — their mourning custom; Hawaiian women with loosened hair, wailing. *Panios* singing in voices like echoing organs. The six best oxen with *leis* twined around their horns. Daddy's other arm was around Mahiai, Makalii's orphan son, whom Makalii had entrusted to Dad. When Holomalua, Pili, and the other older men began lowering the coffin with *lei*-covered lassos, slow tears spilled down their cheeks. Dad flung me a silent command to

give him his arm so that he could put it about Mother, who was crying with the abandon of a Hawaiian woman. I would not fail him: pushing back, I sat down on the grass. I mustn't think that I'd never see Makalii again — then, in the queer way of times of stress, a merry little Hawaiian verse he had taught me flashed into my mind. As I repeated it over and over, it seemed as though Makalii and I were riding together with wind in our faces and flowers on our hats.

ALITTLE WHILE after this, three distinguished Britishers, en route to Australia to fill official positions, stopped off for a week's visit at the ranch.

Mother was in her element. These were her people, they talked her talk, thought her thoughts. They commented on the excellence of her tea; praised the mustard-and-cress sandwiches of unbelievable thinness; finished the plate of plum cake.

While Mother sat with them talking of England, I watched the house-boys setting the dinner table. Glossy damask, heavy silver, sparkling crystal gave the long table a flavor of bygone stateliness. When the last silver was in place, fluffy carnation *leis* were hung on the back of each chair.

It was Saturday night, and the ranch was on tiptoe with excitement as usual, the tingly atmos-

phere stepped up notches by the arrival of the important guests. From the garden my sisters, Aina and Gwen, and I watched the party gather for dinner: the guests in formal evening dress, Mother in a new frock, Dad in white with a maroon cummerbund.

I had never seen Mother so happy, so animated. She was back in the proper English atmosphere she craved. She loved Dad, loved Hawaii, but she had never merged into it completely. For once, now, Hawaii was pushed out into the purple night and England was enthroned. Noble roast beef, lowered voices, formal clothes, candlelight, silver moving precisely on Crown Derby china. Daddy's gladness for her was a delight to watch.

Suddenly the side door flew open. A frantic scramble of bare brown limbs and flying black hair propelled itself across the room into Dad's arms.

"Louis, Louis, save me!"

Hysterical, sobbing, Moku's wife Lehua tried to scramble into Dad's lap. Against the white tablecloth her big brown body showed absolutely, and shockingly, naked!

Mother went white as chalk. Captain Bailey's mustache froze on his lip. Viscount Ashley gagged. The monocle dropped out of Sir Hugh's eye, as terribly and suddenly the elegant dinner party smashed into a million fragments.

"What in blazes is the matter?" Daddy demanded, draping his big

napkin over what it would cover of Lehua's ample form.

"Moku like kill me," Lehua shrieked, burrowing her head into Dad's neck. "I dance hot-style *bula* with Hauki, but only for some little fun. Hauki, you know, drunk! Moku, he tear off my clothes so he can lick me. Then Hauki get mad and pick up lasso —" Her tempo changed. "Oh, better you go quick, Louis. Maybe this time Hauki rope Moku and kill him. Quick — I scare for go back. You lock me inside Office till tomorrow —"

Dad slid her off his lap, ripped off his coat, put it around her and hustled her from the room. But the dinner party was left in ruins. Lawless, pagan, prodigal Hawaii had triumphed over England.

I climbed shakily on the stone wall and watched Dad charge into the Camp filled with shouting Hawaiians, Portuguese and Japanese milling around like crazy cattle. Then I saw a white wedge of shirt-front flash through the gate and vanish into the crowd — Captain Bailey. After four or five minutes, he and Daddy came back.

"No trick to knock Hauki out, he was blind drunk," Dad said. "But this has happened once too often. He gets the sack tomorrow. It's his fault that Amy's nice party was spoiled."

Captain Bailey gave a short bark of mirth. "But upon my word it was topping! I'll never forget that naked brown woman bursting in

like an explosion! It was worth the whole trip from England."

Next morning Hauki was waiting on the Office steps with his usual *lei* of repentance. "You're *pau*, for good," Dad told him sternly. "You scandalized our guests. Amy had hysterics, which is bad for her because she's going to have a baby."

Hauki realized that this *was* the end. Tears poured down his cheeks. Grabbing Dad he burst into impassioned Hawaiian.

If he could be *paniolo* to the new baby he'd quit drinking forever! More than he craved spirits, he wanted the honor of having charge of one of Dad's children. He would be a second Makalii!

Dad thought a while. "Well, Hauki, I was no angel when I was young. If you stop drinking, you can stay on. When the new baby's born, I'll decide whether or not you can be its *paniolo*."

On the day Lorna was born, *paniolos* and their wives gathered in the garden; Hauki was among them, looking hopeful and apprehensive as he waited to learn Dad's decision. The other men joshed him, and his dark eyes blazed.

"Never mind, you laugh," he flashed. "Eleven weeks now I no take drink and sure Louis notice!"

But when Dad came out Hauki didn't look so cocky. "Amy's fine," Dad said happily. "Tomorrow, after work, you can all go in and see her and the baby. As you're

Lorna's *paniolo*, Hauki, you can see her in the morning."

Hauki made a lunge at Dad and threw his arms about him. "*Ma-balo*, thank you, thank you," he choked. "My happy too big for me to hold."

At dawn he was waiting with a great white carnation *lei* to hang on Lorna's crib. Each morning he came to gaze adoringly at her. Soon her face would light up when he appeared. When she was three months old he took her for her first ride on a pillow before his saddle.

Dad seemed to have a gift of sensing a man's real worth. Two years later when Eole, our high-spirited and undependable assistant colt-breaker, put in a bid to be *paniolo* to the new Von Tempski who was on the way, Dad said if he'd trim his sails and steer a straight course, it was a go.

All the ranch hoped for a son, and at 8 o'clock of a Sunday night our brother Errol was born. Japanese *banzaied*, Hawaiians went crazy. Eole couldn't be touched with a ten-foot pole. After the hub-bub subsided, the *paniolos* serenaded Mother and the new little son under her bedroom windows. Life seemed complete, perfect.

HOW CAN WORDS convey the mighty flow and ebb of the leisurely, gracious existence of those lost regal decades which have no exact parallel in history? There was

endless hospitality, for we inevitably entertained every celebrity who visited the Islands, and rarely was Bachelor's Roost, the big separate guest house, without its weekend quota of males: charming young scions of great families, remittance men, cashiered officers who, however worthless, added to the gaiety of nations.

When the Hawaiian princes and princesses toured the Islands, they too stopped with us. Then the great ceremonial *bulas* of ancient times, performed only on special occasions, were danced in our garden; and we felt, behind the chanting, behind supple swaying dancers, the drums speaking an older, fiercer tongue summoning ancient spirits to return to earth.

There were epochal night-long Christmas Eve celebrations in which all differences of race, sex, age and station were obliterated; with presents for and from every man, woman and child on the ranch stacked for yards around a great candle-blazing tree; with serenading *paniolos*, ranch owners and sugar planters from miles around at the ranch house for the merry-making — the *paniolos* dancing with lovely white ladies, and dignified planters trying to *bula* with sumptuous, chuckling *wabines*.

There were trips to Waikiki, then a peaceful, beautiful beach privately owned by prominent white families and members of the Hawaiian royalty, for surf-riding. And

there were spur-of-the-moment expeditions up Mauna Loa when it erupted. All Hawaii picnicked as close as they dared to the two-mile-wide fiery Niagara of molten lava which rushed into the sea, throwing up a steam jet 18,000 feet high and making the water boil for miles offshore — a thrilling, magnificent and completely mad occasion, utterly characteristic of Hawaii. There was the breathless excitement and danger of roping the wild bulls high on Haleakala's pitted forest slopes. There were hunting trips when we camped in Haleakala's extinct crater. Over the fire, at night, the past seemed very close as the older Hawaiians told the ancient legends.

But the year after Errol's birth brought a sad change to the wide, spacious pattern of our family life. Lorna, who had been health personified, developed asthma. I was 12 now, and I suggested that I could take care of her at night. Mother was skeptical of my trustworthiness, but exhaustion compelled her to give me a trial.

At first she slept in the same room with Lorna and me, but no matter how active I'd been during the day, the first wheeze from my small sister snapped me to my feet and I administered the succession of medicines vainly prescribed for Lorna's spasms. As I proved my efficiency Mother began sleeping through the tussles and I was left in complete charge.

*

But meanwhile Mother was going to pieces before my eyes, killing herself with worry, not only about Lorna but for fear Errol would catch it too. The babies were never allowed out of doors if a breath of wind was stirring and when they were taken from one room to another blankets were laid before every door to keep out possible drafts. Errol became sickly and pallid from the continual coddling and the whole household was haggard. The joyous stream of week-end visitors all but ceased, for Mother was too tired and too preoccupied with the babies' health to enjoy company.

I saw, as Dad did, what was happening to the babies and to our home, but we were both powerless to do anything about it. He ventured to suggest to Mother that possibly keeping the babies bundled up all the time and away from sunshine and fresh air would not improve their stamina. But her phobia about drafts had grown into a sort of hysteria. For almost two years neither of them was allowed to ride or even play with animals for fear excitement might precipitate asthma spasms. They were kept quiet with toys and books, shut off completely from their Island heritage of sunshine, horses, swimming and the companionship of the *paniols*.

Lorna was old enough to remember that life had not always been a monotone punctuated with periods

of choking. She loved animals and during her two years of imprisonment she begged daily to see Kolea, a four-year-old stallion on whose back she had sat when he was a small colt. Couldn't she go outside and sit on his back if she kept quiet? Finally, Mother told Dad to bring Kolea into the garden where Lorna could see him through the windows. When Dad led the proud glossy creature up to the house Lorna forgot her promise not to get excited and fought and screamed to get to him until she was purple in the face. A frightful asthma spasm resulted, so that finished that.

The end came with unexpected suddenness. The entire family and most of the ranch, with the exception of Dad and myself, succumbed to an epidemic of influenza. For a week we were nursing practically twenty-four hours a day. Just as Mother got back on her feet, Lorna's influenza developed into pneumonia.

In her delirium Lorna begged incessantly for Kolea and Hauki. At the end of six days Mother collapsed. Two days later Lorna passed the crisis successfully. But Mother did not recover.



FOR DAYS everything felt hollow and empty. Even more than my own loss, the disaster where Dad was concerned appalled me, for with Mother's death he was left to rear a family of five, two of

them mere tots and invalids. He had nominated me his First Lieutenant and said I must try to hold the fort with him.

Being a man of action, a few days after Mother's funeral he called a family council in the Office. The relatives and friends who had jammed the house for ten days had dispersed; only Lorrin Thurston, or to use his Hawaiian name, Kakina, stayed on. As young men he and Dad had ridden and roped wild cattle together. Now Kakina left his family, law-practice, and newspaper to stay with Dad and help him to get his household reorganized and under way.

Dad's mind was steady and direct even in the midst of tragedy. I was slated to run the house and manage it to the best of my ability. The current Governess would stay to teach us. Aina was to have entire charge of Lorna during the day and, unless the baby had asthma, at night. Then I must pinch-hit. Gwen must contribute her bit where she could. But in the final analysis I was to be Mother, hostess, and head of the household.

After thrashing out his plans in detail, Dad dismissed the others but held me back by the hand. Kakina rose to go, but Daddy signaled him to remain too. "You're in on the next round, old man."

Taking up his pipe, Daddy filled it. "This is a show-down and all the cards are going on the table." He glanced at Kakina, then looked at

me. "I'm going to talk to you as if you were a man too, Ummie."

An odd faraway expression crept into Dad's eyes and when he lighted his pipe his hands were slightly unsteady. "I've tried my damndest to be a good husband and father, but I'm no saint, and without Amy to consider, there's a possibility I may smash up and take the lot of you down with me —" He broke off and stared at some distance of his own.

Kakina's dark eyes had never swerved from Dad's face. "I know your caliber, Von," he said, "and I'm betting you won't go down. You may take a few spills, but you'll do a hundred percent job of raising your kids, or I don't know men."

Dad's face got all broken and funny, then the tide of power which had been temporarily shocked out of him began flowing back. "Damnation, I won't fail you," he announced with quiet violence. "I won't rush hurdles, or cross bridges before I get to them. We'll go ahead a step at a time. The first problem is the babies. Are they to continue to be coddled and kept indoors, or shall I risk a complete right-about-face, turn them out to pasture, and see what results? It seems to me if we turn Lorna and Errol loose and they can't take it, they won't be any worse off than they are now, living the way they do."

"Let's take off their woolen clothes, shingle their hair, give them cold baths every morning,

and let them ride with their *paniolo*s and see if it won't make men of them," I suggested eagerly.

Kakina chuckled and faint amusement showed in Dad's sad eyes.

"Will you share responsibility for this course?" he asked. "If the kids can't stand the gaff—" he hesitated, "even if they do, people will criticize us. 'Poor Amy, the instant she's gone her methods go into the discard' will be their song. You're my right hand now, and you may have to take a beating if we set off on this course."

I thought of the wretched nights Lorna had spent, of dreary days in tightly closed rooms. If a person couldn't snatch joy and beauty as he went, what was the good of living? I tried to put my thought into words.

"Okay, we'll make a new start," Dad agreed. "I've a hunch the kids can take it; they come from tough stock."

"Let's start now," I suggested. "Lorna's still in bed and weak as a kitten, but we can take Kolea into the nursery to give her a boost."

For the first time in days Dad smiled a real smile. "Tell her she's going to have a caller. Kakina and I'll fetch the horse."

While Aina brushed Lorna's hair and put on a fresh ribbon I rounded up the rest of the household to share the fun. In a few minutes, hoofs crossed the veranda, then Kolea put his wise, beautiful head through the door. Lorna's pallid

face lighted radiantly. "Kolea!" she squeaked, holding out her arms.

Dad and Hauki, each holding to the cheek strap of the halter, made a careful entry. The stallion snuffed suspiciously at the furniture, then got a whiff of Lorna and his nostrils ceased dilating. Dad and Hauki led him to the side of the bed.

Lorna hugged his velvety muzzle, making soft loving noises as she hungrily inhaled the fragrance of his clean skin. Ever since they had met as yearlings, two-legged and four, one of those mystic bonds binding certain people and animals together had existed between them. Any real lover of horses has, at some time or another, experienced the miracle of finding a horse which is in perfect accord with him. Lorna's stick-like fingers went over the lean contours of Kolea's perfect head while he sighed blissfully.

Our mutual efforts at baby-wrangling helped to get Dad over the first reaches of his grief. Lorna's bout with pneumonia had, at least, eliminated her asthma. She was pitifully weak, but with Kolea's daily visits and a trip to the garden every morning, life was no longer a deadly round of choking and being shut away from all the things she loved. While she lay on a mat under the trees with wind blowing over her and sun soaking into her skin, Hauki, her *paniolo*, hovered over her, and her four-legged friend, Kolea, cropped the lawn nearby.

Errol came in for more drastic

treatment. We cut off his curls and took him out of dresses. He strutted proudly about in short breeches and shirts of the same cut worn by Japanese boy-sans. We plunged him yelling into a cold bath every morning and after he'd eaten breakfast Eole took him riding until noon. During the afternoon we parked him on an old mare without a bridle, who grazed about the garden as she pleased. Once in a while a bleat would send someone speeding out to pick him up off the grass and put him back into the saddle. Of course, Mother's women friends were scandalized at our methods, but he got tanned and much stronger.

Shortly after Lorna became well enough to ride, our Governess was obliged, by a death in her family, to return to San Francisco. Daddy called a family council and told us that, after weighing the pros and cons, he'd concluded that a year without school, for us older girls, would not be out of line, provided we occupied the time usefully.

"I need you with me," he went on. "When we're home I expect you to buckle down and learn housekeeping. When work calls me to Waiopai, I'll take the lot of you along with me. In the evenings, after the babies are bedded down, I'll read aloud to you, adding to your education as I can. As problems come up, we'll thrash them out together. If you give me your word to try to get the ultimate

from being turned out to pasture for a while —"

Would we! Going everywhere with him and taking the babies along. Learning housekeeping from servants we loved. What a harvest of fun! After the first tempest of delight subsided, we sat down on the Office steps to plan and gloat.

I sensed the solemnity of the moment. We were launched on a new phase of living. A new era had begun. Heretofore the younger children's lives had been largely patterned along the lines of Mother's English upbringing. Now the whole family was to plunge into Dad's man-existence. I knew from the fluttering of a muscle in Dad's lean cheek that he was wondering if he could steer us all to happy landings.

The garden gate clicked. Kakina, who had dropped in unexpectedly to spend a day with us, approached deliberately, then stopped short. After watching us intently for a moment, he gave an odd laugh.

"You're a wild-looking crew, even the babies, sitting there in your big straw hats and spurs. The Lone Eagle and his nestlings — poised for flight!"



SIX YEARS of outdoor life had turned Errol and Lorna into healthy, hard-riding youngsters, Gwen and Aina were growing into self-reliant young ladies, and I had settled down to the fixed ambition of becoming a writer, and

was spending several hours a day at a desk, when the next great change came into our lives. It started by Dad's announcing that we were all invited to spend a month at the Parker Ranch, for their round-up.

We yipped with glee. One of the world's most regal estates, of almost a million acres! On its payroll were men whose fathers and fathers' fathers had worked there before them. It was almost too much good luck.

We went to the Parker Ranch by sea, arriving at Kawaihae late that night.

When we rode out of the trees surrounding the house next morning, the land swept away, a limitless ocean of flowing grass, to where Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa filled two thirds of the sky. Down the miles-long undulating hollow below, a herd of cattle moved forward like a red, swollen river. Aside from the roaring of Mokuaweoweo in action, their great crying was the mightiest sound I'd ever heard.

The man leading the herd galloped by. He seemed part of the land, fierce and free, sitting his saddle in the straight-legged fashion of Hawaii — a beautiful, poised seat suggesting a winged centaur. He had the magnetic vitality which is often the lot of men of mixed race. Seeing Dad, he shouted, "Louis — Aloha!"

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Liholiho Lindsay," Dad answered. "Johnny, the oldest of the

family, is foreman. There are a dozen others."

For a week or so, the life of the ranch possessed our interest to the exclusion of everything else. Then, one evening, the old foreman said to Dad, "Tomorrow I go up Mauna Kea after young horses for break this fall. I like fine if you and the kids come. Swell fun. Ride like hell."

"I'm planning to go to Makahalau tomorrow, Johnny," said Dad. "But take the kids — they can keep up with you." He struck his hip contemptuously with his fist, in a gesture which was getting more and more familiar, and I felt a chill in my heart. Two years earlier, Dad's horse had fallen with him into a deep lava hole while chasing a wild bull up on Haleakala, Dad had limped in hanging to his saddle, with a broken arm and collarbone, and an injured hip which apparently refused to heal completely. Was he inferring now that he could no longer maintain the furious pace chasing horses down a mountain?

The sense of impending change brushed me. Dad knew something which he wasn't telling us yet.

By the time the sun rose next morning we were far up Mauna Kea. At the top of the pasture we stationed ourselves in twos, at intervals, and started pushing the horses down. The pace got faster and faster. Our horses fought for their heads, eager to run with the

wild youngsters. The hollow ground rang under thudding hoofs, and the morning echoed to shouts and cracking whips. The whole mountain seemed filled with fleeing glossy backs. In a seething mass they were maneuvered into the corrals, kicking and squealing. It had been glorious.

On the way home Liholiho suggested playing lasso tag. Pairs of riders began racing across the plains, one fleeing, the other pursuing with a swinging rope. The thunder of hoofs, the whine of the circling rawhide filled me with strange sensations.

"He's only a *paniolo*, but he haunts me," I said to Dad that night telling him about Liholiho's matchless horsemanship.

"Some people fire the imagination," Dad explained. "Liholiho is exciting company, even to another man. You're the spit of me, First Born. I've heard laughter in the dark and wanted to follow it. It's a large order for a peanut to handle. Ride yourself on the curb."

I wanted to get my thoughts sorted out, and I did it the best way I knew how, by talking them over with Daddy. I had ridden, laughed with Liholiho, he had given me *leis*, sung to me, lent me his horses as dozens of other *paniolos* had, only this time it was a tingling adventure.

Dad made no comment until I finished. Then he said: "If you weren't Island-born I'd take you

home with me tomorrow. But if you want to be a writer, and are to write living stuff, you must have all sorts of experiences. Yet you must remember that the real battle in life isn't winning your spurs, it's keeping them bright and shining. I want you to go ahead, rush in where angels fear to tread, but at the same time you must keep faith with your gods, whatever they may be, and" — he gripped my hand — "stay the same shining thing you are."

"Wait," I gasped. "It isn't Liholiho! You've given me the idea for a real book at last. I've been bungling along writing about what I felt were stirring things, and I never realized that Hawaii was dramatic virgin ground which has only been scratched on the surface by outsiders —"

Dad's eyes got eager. "Go after it. The outside world doesn't even dream of the Hawaii we love. It thinks of the Islands only in terms of ukuleles, surfing, and *bulas*."



I WAS SAD and glad when we returned to Maui. But while we made the rounds of stables and kennels I had an impression that Dad was speaking in a guarded way. Next morning after breakfast he said, "Kids, I've news to break to you too big to discuss under a roof. Get your horses."

In apprehensive silence we rode out. Grasses that Dad had im-

ported from all over the world brushed our horses' legs. The hundreds of thousands of trees he had planted stood proud in the sun.

When we were high up the mountain, where we could see below the acres of the ranch spread out like a relief map, he dismounted and we all sat in the warm sweet grass. "Well, kids," he said finally, "I might as well let you have both barrels. Take a deep breath and stick out your chins! After the first of next year Sam Baldwin will take over the management of the ranch."

Flooded with terror and panic, we all lunged for Daddy. He managed to get us all more or less into his arms. He didn't even try to talk until our first grief abated.

"How long have you known?" I asked.

"For four months. That's why I arranged for you kids to go to the Parker Ranch. I didn't want you at home for the last round-up. At first, it was a jolt knowing I'm too spavined to manage this place any longer. And the Baldwins feel if I don't ride so much my game leg may get well. My salary is to continue, and I'm to have charge of the thoroughbreds. We're to design a new house in the brood-mare pasture, and Sam will move into the old place.

"I'm banking on you to help me to make our new life as rich as the old. Life's a grand adventure even when it goes against you — so don't look back and grieve for the

good old days. Jam all you can into each new one. After a bit you'll discover that they'll be the good old days of the future. In the meantime keep your chins up and the world will never lick you.

"It's going to be an interesting experience to you to learn that it isn't life that matters, it's the spirit you bring to it that counts. Without so much work to attend to I'll have more time to be with you kids. Get what I'm driving at? Happiness is mental adjustment to whatever circumstances surround you."

I remembered that Makalii had said the same thing in different words. I weighed Dad. He brought love, laughter, and purpose to life, made you want to forge ahead and find out what the next turn of the road hid. He tapped the ashes out of his pipe.

"Will you all work with me to make every day fuller and richer than the one behind it?" he asked.

Would we!

"Okay. Eyes front, chins up, we're on our way!"



WHILE the new house was being built, the Baldwins sent Dad and me on a seven months' trip at the ranch's expense. We visited the States thoroughly, saw Alaska and Canada, and Dad's hip improved with rest from riding.

Back home again, the bonds around Dad, the kids and me drew steadily tighter. Directly after

breakfast the kids rode to school, Dad went to the stable to superintend thoroughbred affairs, and I settled to writing. Over week-ends the place roared with people, and the new house was even more hospitable than the old. But Dad found straddling a big horse increasingly difficult and he was finally reduced to riding a pony, his leg eased by a sling from the pommel. There were times when he was his old flashing self, but mostly he was like a tide which, long at flood, slowly begins ebbing.

While the kids and I never put it in words, we knew; and we conspired to keep life gay, crowded and overflowing as it had been all the way. We made him feel in the thick of the turmoil every instant, vicariously living, through us, at top pitch because nothing else was possible to a man of his nature.

"Oh, please, God," I'd pray while I worked, "give him a 'Dispensation,' he's given so many to us. Make him well again — miraculously. Or let him go, if he must, on a flood tide, not the ebb!"

One morning, our family doctor called me and asked me to come to his office alone. He had X-ray pictures of Dad's hip. "How brave are you?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'll have to find out."

"My dear, your Dad can never get better. Only worse. Half his pelvis is tubercular. The knowledge must be kept from him — to pro-

long his life. He can't see the plates, I'll substitute others. His hip socket was cracked in that fall, and the irritation of hours in the saddle kept the bone inflamed."

"If he went away immediately —"

"It's too late."

"How long —"

"Years possibly. Or the condition may gallop."

"He'll be in pain all the time and get less and less able to do the things he loves?"

The doctor nodded.

It was one of the stiffest jolts of my life, but I could almost hear Dad's voice saying, "Steady," and I knew I must not fail the person I loved best on earth.

Life ticked on its way. Twice a week, Dad drove to the hospital for violet-ray treatments which the doctor said might help. The house was always full over week-ends. A rodeo outfit from the States arrived in Maui, and Dad had them all stay with us. The kids rode in their show and Dad looked on like an eager boy. Lorna carried off most of the honors to the delight of everyone, including the visitors.

Autumn crept up with breathless days of beauty. The family doctor went to the Coast for a trip, and a young Russian took his place. One day after Dad had been to the hospital he called us together. He was dressed in his best boots and breeches and his eyes glittered excitedly. "Saddle Playboy for me,

"we're going for one more real ride."

Playboy was a handful to ride. The kids and I went to the corrals, feeling solemn and empty. We all suspected that Dad was convinced he'd never get any better and was going for one last family fling on horseback while he still could. But I never guessed that the new doctor had frankly told him the real nature of his condition.

Mounted on our best horses, with the pack of fox terriers running ahead, we rode up among the hills, then started home at full speed, dashing down steep gullies, tearing across flats, Dad in the lead. Watching his rigid back, I knew no matter what he might be suffering, he was happy to hear again the wind in his ears and feel a proud horse stretching out under him.

We halted once and Dad sat gazing across the broad acres of the ranch. His eyes had a faraway expression, not of sorrow, but rather a sort of fierce exultation. It took all the strength of will I could muster to keep from breaking down — Dad was on his old throne, and the afternoon and island were rejoicing with him. We must not spoil it with tears. As we raced on down, I knew that Dad was re-riding old races, roping bulls. The tears stinging my eyes hurt like blood but behind was a boundless gladness that he was having it all once again — first hand.

When we got home, he was

green with pain and drenched with sweat. "Wasn't it ripping, kids?" he said, and for a moment looked like a god again. That night we sat late around the fire, while Dad's reminiscences spread before us the rich harvest of his full past.

Later this last gallant ride was to remind me of an occasion, long past, when Tradewind, Holomalua's beautiful top-horse, had been fatally gored during the reckless sport of wild-bull-roping. Dad had said, "Don't grieve, Holomalua. Tradewind has gone like a god, on the flood tide. To outlive your usefulness, to feel life passing you by, to sense your hold is slipping — that's tragedy. But to leap from Here to There while life's still a rich song, is a blessing!"

The end came swiftly and suddenly. One day Dad sent us off on errands which involved an hour or two. When I got back Adaji, the house-boy, was sobbing at the gate, incoherent. I dashed into Dad's room.

He was bent over at his desk. On the front of his shirt were two smoke-edged bullet holes, dully fringed with red. The pistol which had mercifully released many an animal from the bondage of age or wounds, lay on the floor.

On the desk was a note. It was a brief scrawl. "I'm spavined, broken-winded, and have stringhalt. Just another old horse sent on his way before life's a curse instead of a joy. You kids understand."



RAIN ROARED triumphantly on the roofs and savagely assaulted the island, filling the night with an immense rending sound. Elemental, lawless force was in the colossal downpour, a hint of majestic hosts assembling. Our house, which had always echoed to the strong sound of men's voices and jingling spurs, was silent. Daddy was dead, and the Rain of the Chiefs was falling to salute him. According to Hawaiian legend, only when a member of the Royal Family dies do torrential rains fall, signifying that the gods are saluting the new member joining their ranks. Something wild and joyous, something passionate and strong, stalked triumphantly through the streaming dark. Dad's gay valiant spirit, which had been chained for five

years in a crippled body, was free, again, and the drenched garden and island were chanting a paean of victory. How could I grieve? With outflung arms he had voluntarily leaped across the abyss between Here and There, as he leaped a horse, without doubt or fear that he'd make a landing.

My overstrung sensibilities responded to some stirring quality in the deluge — strained to understand the message, repeated over and over, of the strong voice rushing out of the sky.

Illumination came. The paradise which we'd enjoyed here on earth must end with the man who created it. But the flag of gaiety and gallantry which Dad had hoisted must never be let down as we, his fledglings, flew on to whatever destinies awaited us.

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The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTIETH YEAR

MARCH 1941

VOLUME 38, NO 227

William Allen White — the local boy
who made good without leaving home

Sage of Emporia—and the U. S.

Condensed from The American Mercury

Webb Waldron

EVERY weekday morning at eight, William Allen White, smile on his moon-face, hat on the back of his head, pushes through the front door of the Emporia Gazette, sings out a greeting to the staff in his high fluty voice, navigates the busy business department to his sanctum awash with books, galley proofs, photos, letters, magazines, and instantly begins to dictate his first editorial of the day. It may be about Dr. Higgins' zinnias, or the need of a new college library, or an obituary of black Tom Williams (philosopher, jailbird and Will White's good friend), or a warning to isolationists, or some reflections on the fancy New York wedding of a former Gazette reporter and what the young man's old-busting pic-

neer Kansas grandparents would have thought of it.

By nine o'clock White has three, maybe four, editorials finished. Then he sits back, unwrapping a book, glancing at a letter, or consorting with his soul—a little tired now at 73, but with something puckish in his innocent-looking face. The walls of his office bear testimony to his part in our national life—photographs of Teddy Roosevelt "with regards of his sincere friend"; of Coolidge, "I value your friendship very much"; a framed telegram from the President, "I have done it," meaning that F. D. R. had appointed Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court, as White had been urging him to do.

The phone rings—a call from

New York. In comes the managing editor to discuss a news story about the waterworks. Then the business manager with the report on an advertiser who is flirting with bankruptcy. Then a woman who pours out a tale of domestic woe, pleading for counsel. Will's office is open to the whole staff, the whole town.

Will White emphatically is the leader of his community. How he achieved that leadership, and held it for over 40 years, is a story that touches the secret of all leadership.

Even as a very young man, politics was an essential part of Will White's daily existence. When he bought the *Emporia Gazette* in his late twenties, he deliberately, he told me, picked the Republican Party as a vehicle for converting private sentiment into public opinion. Not because he thought Republicans were better than Democrats, but because in Kansas "there were more of 'em. No use stringing along with the Dems; they never got anywhere."

He got himself named chairman of the county delegation to the state Republican convention and soon became a force in Kansas and, as time went on, in national politics. But he has never given blind loyalty to the Republican Party, and he tells why he never could.

His father, a country doctor, was a congenital Democrat who pioneered to Kansas in the 1850's; his mother was dour Irish, black aboli-

tionist, Republican to the core. Will's father died when Will was 14. Two years later when Cleveland was elected — the first Democratic victory after the Civil War — the local Democrats asked Will's mother if she'd illuminate the house for the Democratic parade. "The doctor would want you to," they suggested. She put a lighted candle in every window, then went down cellar and sobbed her heart out. "So you understand," says Will, "why I never could see one side all black and the other all white."

Will's first newspaper job, in his teens, was in El Dorado. His boss was perpetually running for office, trimming his paper to his own political ambitions, never getting elected, never getting his paper anywhere. Out of that came a fundamental tenet of Will White's life: The way to stay in politics is to stay out of office. Once elected to public office you are open to attack from all quarters, and you and your paper are finished.

White's scathing denunciation of Populism, "What's the Matter with Kansas?", was widely circulated in the presidential campaign of '96. Mark Hanna considered it instrumental in Bryan's defeat and was astonished at White's philosophy. In a note introducing the young editor to President-elect McKinley he wrote almost incredulously: "He wants no office."

Only once did White break his rule. In the 1924 Kansas campaign Republicans and Democrats alike pussyfooted on the Ku Klux Klan. Aroused, White announced his independent candidacy for the governorship, stumped the state attacking the Klan's un-Americanism. He wasn't elected, didn't expect to be, but his fight gave the Klan a jolt from which it never recovered.

White has discovered still another principle of leadership — never claim credit for your good works. "If you initiate a movement in your paper," he says, "and then when it goes across, yelp that you did it, why the next time you start something people will say, 'He's doing it to boost his paper' and won't take any stock in it." His policy is to propose an idea, then step aside and let the community take control — and the credit.

White chose a small-town newspaper career because he wanted to be his own boss. He had been a brilliant reporter and editorial writer on the *Kansas City Star*. But he didn't like it. He headed back to his home town and bought the *Gazette* with \$3000 borrowed on his cherubic face.

In Kansas City he had found the girl of his choice, Sally Lindsay, and married her, though Sally insists to this day that she did the choosing. "Will had everything I admired," she says. "The minute I set eyes on him he had no chance." Sally became full partner on the

Gazette. Will had employed a big Negro who helped turn the presses when the power failed, as it often did. When Sally first saw the huge black man she exclaimed: "Great Heavens, Will, who is that?" "That's the power," said Will, "and I'm the glory."

When young Bill, the first born, came along, the baby used to lie in a clothesbasket by Sally's desk while she wrote copy, corrected proof.

The paper, when Will bought it in 1895, had a circulation of 425 copies, partly paid. Today it has 7500, all paid. That means that three fourths of the families in the county take the *Gazette*. How many newspapers, city or small-town, can show a like coverage?

When White took over the *Gazette* it had a weekly payroll of \$45, and he had to do some scratching to meet it. Today it has a payroll of \$1100. "Most of my employes have better automobiles than I have," said Will, "and I'm glad of it." There's a family atmosphere about the *Gazette* shop. Gene Lowther started carrying papers when he was nine years old. Now Gene is business manager, and when White is away he writes most of the editorials.

And then there's Martha. For nine years Martha was cook for the Whites, until Sally White persuaded her to take a course in business college. Martha developed an unusual aptitude for figures, now

has charge of circulation at the *Gazette* and seems to be the pivot of the whole office.

When a person has been on the staff 25 years, White awards him a bonus of \$1000. Ten people have received that bonus from the *Gazette*. Three have been there more than 40 years.

White is deluged with applications from young journalists willing to work for nothing in order to gain the prestige of having been on the *Emporia Gazette*. He used to take some of them on, but NLRB regulations prevent him from doing so any more. There are a dozen newspaper editors and owners in Kansas today who got their start on the *Gazette*.

"Did you ever want to own a chain of country newspapers?" I asked White.

"I should say not," he said. "Running a string of newspapers is like running a string of wives. It won't work. A newspaper should be the expression of a man. You can't put your personality into more than one paper."

The *Gazette*, being the expression of this one man White, records in its political editorials over 46 years the swing of that man from smug conservatism to humble liberalism. White once ridiculed Bryan for having said that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, that prosperity will pervade the whole social structure. Now, seeing the trend toward this very philosophy,

White generally approves. He has no concern for consistency. He wrote long ago: "Of all the cowards, of all the wobbly pussyfooters, the man who is afraid of his own record is the worst. The thing that should govern a man is not what he has said, but the truth as he sees it. Consistency is a paste jewel."

There were always two lines in White's development, parallel, related, yet distinct — his genius as a newspaperman and his talent as a writer of books. Just about the time his fiery editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" put him on the national map as a newspaperman, he published his first book, *The Real Issue*, a collection of sketches of small-town life. The royalties on the book helped pay off the mortgage on the paper. Since then he has published 14 books — fiction, biography, social comment. His most popular novel, *A Certain Rich Man*, sold 250,000 copies. "I might have been more famous if I'd devoted all my time to writing books," White confesses, "but I wouldn't have had half as much fun."

Every time Will White has gone beyond Emporia to do a job he thought ought to be done, he has come back to be more than ever a part of his town. Early this year he resigned the chairmanship of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, telling the world that the committee needed a

younger, more vigorous head. But in a *Gazette* editorial he apologized to his fellow Emporians for having devoted so much time to a cause not confined to Emporia and Kansas, confessed that of late he had not kept up his end in the Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce, and promised to give the years that might be left to him to chores around home.

His organization and chairmanship of that committee, nevertheless, were part of his lifelong fight in defense of the way of life he knows and loves. He believes that here in America, especially in Kansas, we have worked out the best system that man has yet devised. He is fond of telling you that Kansas has fewer millionaires and fewer relievers than any other state, and that in a town like Emporia a family can have most of the conveniences common to our civilization on \$1000 a year. He realizes, also, that we take our blessings too much for granted, and says that one of our important jobs is "to give to American youth the same joy and enthusiasm for the benefits of freedom that the Germans have instilled in their youth in the form of race arrogance and international hatred. What good," he asks, "will it do to defend Britain to save our own hides and have our youth insensitive to our precious rights?"

On Christmas Eve high school carolers gathered in front of the

White home. Sally invited them in. Will, doing his homework as a judge for the Book-of-the-Month Club, rose from his armchair in front of the fire as the gang streamed in. "Come on, let's sing," he said. Girls and boys crowded around him as he sat down at the piano. He was part of his town, rejoicing.

Will White is a noteworthy American, not because he has known Presidents and played a part in national political counsels, but because he has pictured incomparably in his editorials the glories, hopes, tragedies, comedies and foibles of a typical American country town, because he has made that town mean something to the nation. Maybe Emporia isn't typical because not every town can boast of a Will White, but we would all like to believe that our town is as sound, generous and progressive. He sets us an ideal America we'd like to live up to.

He is a demonstration to the small-town American that perhaps it's better to stay at home than go to the city; and to the city man who yearns for small-town simplicity Will White, with his Rotary Club, his concern with community affairs, the affection of his friends and the respect of a nation, is the fascinating figure of a small-town boy who has not only made good without leaving home but has lived the good life as well.



London Fire, 1940

By

William L. White

THE NIGHT the Nazis tried to burn London I was at a matinee of the Charlie Chaplin

movie with Marguerite, who is 25 and very good-looking. She is half English and half French and speaks both languages with just a trace of accent. She used to work for the *Matin* but got out of Paris just ahead of the Nazis and came to London where she now holds a newspaper job.

The show started at 4:30 and about the beginning of reel four we heard the air-raid sirens. A notice was flashed on the screen that anyone who liked could leave and go down into the shelter but no one did. We were sitting in the balcony and about 15 minutes later we felt the entire balcony waggle back and forth slowly and majestically, which meant a big one had dropped some distance away. Neither of us mentioned the wagging, but we knew that outside it must be getting pretty hot.

By cable to The Reader's Digest comes this vivid firsthand account of the experiences of an American reporter on the night that fire-bombs rained on the ancient city of London.

The show was over at seven and we stepped out into the weirdest city I had ever seen.

London looked like a technicolor production of *The Burning of Rome* by Cecil B. De Mille. The whole sky was pink, with splotches of bright orange on the horizon. It was so garish as to be a little bit overdramatized and in bad taste. Though long after dark, there was enough light from the sky for me to tell the tone of Marguerite's lipstick.

We were going to have dinner but first Marguerite had to drop by her office to check on a story she had written that afternoon. The whole building was empty and we finally located the staff down in the basement with the presses and big rolls of paper. They were correcting proofs. The building was a rattle-trap and they had been sent below until the stuff dropping thinned out a bit. Marguerite checked on the story and then we started out

to find a restaurant which might be open.

People along the streets were a little nervous, and at times someone would break into a trot or a run when there was a good bomb whistle nearby. Marguerite made a point of not running. Because of this crazy Cecil B. De Mille pink over everything you could see the faces of the people, see which ones were scared and just how scared. A few of them weren't liking it at all.

THERE WAS so much pink in the sky by this time that we both knew this was a big night for London and maybe was going to get bigger. So Marguerite suggested we walk over by the Embankment to see just how big it already was.

When we got there we found the Thames was the same kind of baby ribbon pink as the sky, except for yellow flames from a barge that had caught fire and high yellow flames in two patches from what might have been warehouses. But most of the trouble was apparently on our side of the river.

There wasn't a taxi in sight. Most of the people were off the streets now, except for policemen and air-raid wardens. Suddenly stuff began bouncing all around us on the pavement. At first I thought it was shrapnel, but when each piece as it struck burst into a ball of flame about the size of a cat and

the greenish color of a mercury vapor lamp, we knew they were incendiaries. Two landed within three yards of us. They were bouncing all up and down the street, and we could see air-raid wardens running to put them out, and hear the watchers on the roofs calling for help.

It was those immediately around us, burning harmlessly on the sidewalk, which infuriated Marguerite's sense of tidiness, and I turned

around just in time to see her give one of them a healthy kick which sent it spinning into the gutter. It had fallen close to some glass set into the sidewalk, and the glass was still bubbling. As I glanced at it

Marguerite was holding one foot in her hands and hopping around on the other. We took off her shoe. The leather was burned through, but the stocking beneath was only scorched. She said it probably would only raise a blister, and anyway, she said, it was worth it.

Then we went across the street to a bank which had a lot of sandbags around it protecting people's investments, and took half a dozen of the bags, one at a time, and dumped the contents over the rest of the burning incendiary bombs around us. The contents turned out to be ashes and clinkers instead of sand but it was almost as good.

On both sides of the street we could see roof fires starting. First



there would be a curl of smoke above the eaves, then a flickering orange-yellow glow would appear behind the top-story windows. Because this was the downtown commercial and financial district of London, most of the houses were vacant and there were few roof watchers. So the air-raid wardens in the street below had no way of knowing where the fires were until these lights appeared. Then I remembered something I had picked up in Berlin a year ago and forgotten until now. A Nazi newspaperman, blowing off in front of a bunch of us after a foreign office press conference, was bragging that large areas of London — the docks and the older parts of the City district — could be burned off like weed patches from the air any time they decided to do it.

SO THEN Marguerite said that maybe this wasn't just a cute local fire but a real story, possibly a big one which might take most of the night. I said in any case now was the best time to eat.

Everything in the neighborhood was closed but the Savoy. Down in the dining room, one of London's most expensive restaurants and safest air-raid shelters, the people were well dressed, many of them in uniform. They had placid Munich-looking faces. Marguerite and I agreed how easy it is to get very fond of the British people, on the whole so brave, so truly courteous

and tolerant, if only you stay out of the Savoy.

When we went out into the street after dinner the orange light was even brighter. There were no fires near us but the glow from fires half a mile away was reflected on a smoke and fog bank several thousand feet above. There were Nazi planes buzzing around in this, and presently we heard the long, slow, steadily rising whistle of a really big bomb coming down. Ahead of us were some soldiers, about to cross the street at the intersection. When they heard the bomb coming they threw themselves flat on their faces, in the middle of the crossing. This of course is what they were trained to do when a shell comes over. They were on leave in the city and didn't know it is the wrong thing to do in London, where you avoid intersections (because the blast can hit you from any one of four directions) and duck into doorways instead. However, nothing happened, as the bomb hit at least 200 yards away.

Then suddenly we saw a taxi coming lickety-brindle down the street from the direction of the pinkest glow in the sky. We hailed him and he pulled up. He was a very scared, rat-faced young man with flaring ears. His taxi was splattered with water from fire hoses. He was very shaky and excited, and when we said we wanted to go to the fire he told us that he would not go back there for anything in

the world. He said the entire city was alight and out of control and would burn to the ground tonight and he was getting out. Marguerite said she didn't want a frightened man around anyway, so we started out to walk.

ABOUT 10 o'clock we found a young taxi driver with thick black hair slicked down with grease who said he would like very much to see the fire himself and would go for whatever we thought it was worth. He had heard the flames were moving onto St. Paul's and that the Guildhall was going and maybe would be gone before we got there.

We told him to drive toward where the sky was reddest and when he got into the thick of it to steer for St. Paul's.

We rolled down the rear windows to hang out and watch the sky. We smelled the first whiff of fire as we rounded a corner. The smell of a city fire is usually strong with the stench of rubber or the odor of scorched tar roofing. There was none of these in this smell, which was even rather pleasant.

Soon we found police lines blocking off a street. The driver pulled up and we held our press passes out through the window. The policeman touched his hand to the brim of his blue steel helmet and waved us through. This impressed the driver greatly. He said he thought

we were only a couple of crazy sightseers and had not guessed we were reporters. After that every time we came to a police line he would lean out and say, importantly, "We are the press," but presently we found the street way blocked with fire engines so we told the driver to park his car and we would walk. We were a little surprised to find the fire was in a building we both knew — a six-story affair



which housed a newspaper and a press association. The top story was ablaze and we could tell the roof had fallen by the way the sparks rose. We had both been in that building half

a dozen times, sitting on desks piled with copy, talking to newspapermen we knew. The bottom windows were dark, and it was silent now except for the hissing of the nozzles and the frying noise as water hit the red-hot roof timbers.

The firemen told us the worst fires were further into the City and that half a dozen churches were burning. Marguerite suggested we walk to see if her favorite church was all right — a beautiful little Christopher Wren structure nestled among ratty old office buildings. As we got near, it looked like a Christmas card picture of a church at night, a black silhouette with a holy light streaming from its windows. But this light flickered uneasily; someone, probably firemen, had left the front doors open and light

streamed out of them too. Standing as close to the doors as the heat would let us we looked into a great furnace. The roof had come down and glowing beams were sprawled over the red embers that had once been pews. As we watched the work of Christopher Wren crumbling away, we thought that after the war people with money would give lavishly so that architects would restore the church even better than it had been before. And yet, as Marguerite pointed out, it was sad to stand here and see it go, because it had been such a sweet little soot-stained church with perfectly balanced classical lines like a minuet in stone.

The smell of fire was all around us now, and Marguerite remarked how curious it was. This was not the ordinary smell of fresh wood smoke. It was almost like incense, spiced with the odor of mellowed oak beams put into place 250 years ago, after London's first great fire. And with this haunting odor was blended the charred smell of the ancient records of business firms whose columns of figures have supported the British Empire for centuries. Surely no attar of roses could ever be so expensive as this scent you got by burning the city of London. It clung to our clothes as we walked back to the car.

TRYING AGAIN to reach St. Paul's, we went bouncing along a street over fire hose coiled like giant

strands of gray spaghetti. We drove cautiously, with frequent stops, through a traffic jam the like of which I hope I will never see again. With the exception of our taxi, all of it was fire engines — hose carts, pumps, hook and ladder trucks — slowly oozing into the fire zone ahead.

Now we turn into an alley where we can leave the car. The courteous British police don't make us stop, and our passes would carry us further, but conscience gets the better of us. The taxi driver says he has never seen anything like it and never will in his life again, and do we mind if he comes with us? Of course we don't. So he follows along, keeping deferentially about two paces behind.

The minute we get out we notice the high wind which snaps Marguerite's skirts, picks up bits of paper in a mad dance and makes me hold my felt hat firmly on my head. I hadn't bothered to take my steel helmet to a movie matinee. Has this wind come up suddenly? We didn't notice it a few blocks back.

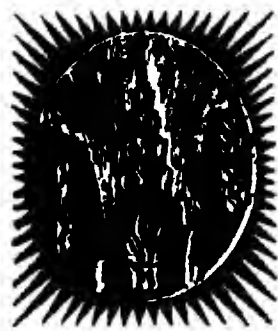
We turn into the cathedral square and see that the great church itself is so far safe. We can make out the tiny outlines of St. Paul's roof watchers just below the dome. But the street behind it is in flames, and the buildings on the right may break out any minute. Their fronts facing the cathedral are still dark, but light glows

ominously from an occasional window.

Walking under ladders and stepping over writhing lines of fire hose, we go around for a look at the burning street behind.

This is a shabby business district, and as we stand in front of a little jewelry store we are surprised to see a light turned on. Only it's not that — it is a tiny white inquisitive tongue of flame which licks out through a hole in the back wall and lights the room like a dim electric bulb. As we watch, another bit of plaster falls out and another white tongue follows it. We watch more little tongues appear until the whole back wall is aflame, until the silver and gold plated stuff in the showcases glitters in the flickering light. It is a poor little shop with the sad jewels which the poor can afford and then only rarely. But there are wedding rings in the window which soldiers give their girls, and pigskin frames which the girls buy to frame the pictures of their soldiers.

Here and there in the showcases we see a sudden small burst of very pure white light which quickly dies down. It must be very hot in the little shop. Now there are white will-o'-the-wisps dancing on the counters. Perhaps these are jewels exploding — more likely not jewels, but the celluloid in cheap comb and brush sets leaping suddenly into flame.



In the display window the straps of wrist watches writhe like snakes in the heat, and the pigskin on the picture frames is cracking and curling. Where is the man who owns this shop? What will he do tomorrow when he sees it? If we broke a window to save some of his precious tawdry stock, how would we know what was valuable? So we stand there in the empty street and watch the glass showcases crack and the wedding rings melt in the growing heat. It seems so much sadder than the Christopher Wren church because no prosperous and pious people are going to get a spiritual lift out of rebuilding it with loving care exactly as it was.

FARTHER DOWN the street people are streaming out of a cellar. They are very tired and very poor. Air-raid wardens are helping them carry bundles of bedding. They stand on the sidewalk bewildered. They tell Marguerite that at first they were in a shelter a quarter of a mile from here. But presently wardens told them the building above them was aflame and they must pick up their quilts and pillows and move to another. They had been here only an hour when they were told to move again. This is the third time. Where are they going now? They don't know. Yet there is no grumbling and no hysteria.

The wardens are sturdy Londoners, tired with work and responsibility but held up by those steady British nerves we had been watching all evening.

As we walked down a winding street, we noticed that again a steady wind blew past us into the glare. Round a bend we came on a double rank of fire fighters lined up with their backs to us, looking down the street at a Niagara of flames. We could tell they had been brought in from distant boroughs of London by the insignia on their collars. They let us through, although they shook their heads dubiously at letting Marguerite pass and warned us to look out sharply for falling bricks. The breeze rose to a March gale. Marguerite's hair streamed straight out in front of her forehead, her skirts whipped and snapped before her knees. I held my hat on my head against the torrential draft of cool air rushing down this narrow street to fill the vacuum left by the millions of cubic feet of hot air hurled each minute high into the sky by the burning buildings. The fire roared like a thousand great chimneys, creating its own draft.

The shop fronts in this block were narrow — and the buildings about seven stories high. Relentlessly the fire was moving toward us. The heat from one burning building would burn out the wall

that separated it from its neighbor. Above the deep rumble of flames we could hear the curious jingling clink of glass falling from upper windows in a steady musical drizzle.

The draft and fire rose in a high red column of sparks. At the end of the street the heavier sparks were showering down against the blackness of a tiny square in which stood a little church. This slow fall of fiery flakes, coming gently down in lovely curving spirals, was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

WE WERE dangerously far into that burning street and behind us the firemen were watching us uneasily. But I knew they were really looking at Marguerite. And a part of the picture of this whole fantastic night is the fact that Marguerite is a strikingly handsome girl. She was without a hat, and all that curly red-gold hair was being blown about by the wind. One of the pleasantest things about being out with Marguerite is that other men always turn to look at her — admiringly but with respect. She isn't the kind of girl that an Italian would whistle at, but even a Swede would turn around to look. Something in her carriage shows she is also brave.

Bravery in a woman counts for little in time of peace. She may not need it once in a lifetime. A knowledge of shorthand is infinitely more



useful. But war changes this and bravery — real steady courage — becomes the nicest quality any man or woman can have, and people who don't have it suddenly don't count.

The firemen were looking at Marguerite, but Marguerite was looking down the flaming street into that beautiful snowstorm of sparks. "But it's magnificent," she said. "It's Wagnerian. It's a blizzard of fire. I want to run through it."

"That's not sensible," I said.

"It's not sensible to be a fireman," said Marguerite. "It's not sensible to be out at all tonight. It's not even sensible for less than fifty million English to be fighting almost a hundred million Nazis. All the sensible people in London are down under the Savoy Hotel tonight. Are you coming?"

"Yes," I said.

"I'm coming with you," said the taxi driver suddenly. "This is my town and I'll never see anything like this again." He didn't say "sir" and we were both glad he didn't.

So we started running down that flaming street. I put Marguerite on the side of me opposite the crackling buildings and took hold of her arm to steady her as we ran over the piles of hot bricks. The driver, instead of walking two paces behind, came up and took her other arm.

THE FIRE was terribly hot; I could feel it roasting the oil out of my right cheek. I turned up the collar of my trench coat, and with

my free hand turned up the collar of Marguerite's tweed coat. The driver turned it up on his side. He was looking after her too. The burned-out shop doors were like openings into blast furnaces. They were a shimmering bluish red inside, which it hurt you to look at. Sparks began coming down — bits of burning wood about the size of your thumbnail. We had to brush them off quickly or they would have burned holes in our coats.

All at once a cracking sound behind us swelled into a clattering roar. We glanced back to see that the entire five-story front of the building we had just passed had collapsed and lay piled several feet deep over both sidewalks. We were cut off, and had to go forward into the blizzard of fiery snowflakes before another building collapsed in front of us and trapped us for good.

Then we passed the last burning building and came out into the darkness of the little square where the big sparks were showering down. But we could hardly see them, because of the acrid smoke that burned our streaming eyes. The sparks were so thick I was afraid Marguerite's hair would catch fire so I clapped my hat on her head. Both her eyes were closed and so were the driver's. I could keep one eye open by propping it with my forefinger and thumb, so I led them across the square, telling them when we came to curbs.

At last we found a dark street

where there was no fire and from there we made our way back to the car. It was four o'clock in the morning and Marguerite decided she had better go home as she had to get to work at seven-thirty.

"Wasn't it beautiful and weren't the people nice?" said Marguerite.

"I never knew nicer people."

"Nice and clean and brave and steady and beautiful people," said Marguerite. "And now I want to go to sleep."

So we took her home and then the driver took me home. When I paid him he said quite solemnly that he wouldn't have missed it for anything. And he didn't say "sir."



¶ The blockhead who puts his creator in the shade

McCarthy — \$500,000 Chunk of Wood

Condensed from Stage

J. P. McEvoy

AFTER DINNER Edgar Bergen said, "Would you like to see Charlie's room?"

"You mean he has a room all to himself?"

"And bath," said Bergen, earnestly. "Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Small enough concession to a partner who is

J. P. McEvoy got hold of a typewriter when he was a small boy and has never relinquished his grip. His education, he says, is a 1910 model reconditioned by himself. He was a sports reporter at 15 and has since become a top-notch writer of revues, movies, radio programs, short stories and magazine articles. One series of articles, called *Father Meets Son*, consisted of advice so sound that he wishes now he had followed it himself.

chiefly responsible for an annual income five times that of the President of the United States.

Upstairs we looked at Charlie McCarthy's full-sized double bed and peered into his clothes closet, where 45 suits and uniforms of every description (cost: \$75 each) hung on padded hangers. His dresser drawers are stacked with custom-made shirts, neatly slit down the back for Bergen's manipulative hand, and silk shorts, monogrammed by devoted fans.

I looked around for Charlie. "Over here," said Bergen. A small steamer trunk stood on end. Bergen opened the clasps with loving care.

"What's going on out there?"

Charlie growled in a muffled voice.

"A visitor to see you," said Bergen.

"What, no privacy?" snapped Charlie. "Let him wait downstairs."

"Charlie likes to take a nap after dinner," Bergen apologized as he lifted McCarthy out of the trunk and removed the cellophane hood which protects his complexion while traveling to and from the broadcasting studio. Charlie is 38 inches high and, with his newly articulated body, which can stand and walk, weighs 40 pounds.

There are several Charlie McCarthies. Physically he consists of several heads and a half-dozen bodies, while mentally he ranges from juvenile precocity to lascivious senility. The original head—the real McCarthy—was carved by Theodore Mack, a Chicago bartender, for \$35. Mack was inspired, for this is no blank-faced dummy. The eyes are bold, impudent, leering. The face is asymmetrical, the right half bland, the left half dissolute. The cheeks have an apoplectic flush. The hair is coarse, red, and unruly. The close-up impact is that of a pleasantly poisonous personality.

This original McCarthy has some indefinable quality that cannot be reproduced. Bergen has tried vainly for years to duplicate it. Failing, he has insured it for \$5000. When the original Charlie travels, it is on a full ticket, for the insurance company insists Bergen must share a

drawing room with him, so that a locked door will protect McCarthy.

Bergen has several substitute heads for such pedestrian purposes as posing for publicity pictures, smiling at autograph hunters, and acting as stand-in under movie lights that might blanch or blister Charlie's complexion. It was one of these substitutes that was kidnaped some years ago in New York. Practically everyone in the country was upset except Bergen, who knew that the real McCarthy was resting safely in a bank vault in Hollywood.

Probably the most famous of Charlie's feuds was with W. C. Fields, who tried vainly to shatter Charlie's aplomb by gross allusions to the woodenness of the McCarthy face and form. "A flophouse for termites," was one of Fields' choicest epithets, and he tried to finish Charlie off with, "I'll cut you up into a Venetian blind."

"Oh, Mr. Fields—" cooed Charlie into the microphone, "you make me shudder."

Professional wits have fared no better than comedians. When the genial and overstuffed Irvin S. Cobb appeared on the program McCarthy murmured to Bergen, "Doesn't the room seem small today?"

"Shush," shushed Bergen, and then, turning to Cobb, said, "Irvin, I warn you, you'll find Charlie quite a match for you."

"A match?" sneered Cobb. "Why;

I've scratched better matches on the seat of my pants."

"That," observed Charlie, "is a broad statement, Colonel."

Charlie is neither impressed by fame nor humbled by hauteur. When introducing Lou Gehrig, the home-run champion, Bergen explained that Lou had played in 2130 consecutive games, a world's record. Scoffed McCarthy: "The guy's in a rut."

When Annabella said to him, "Then from your way of thinking I still speak with an accent?" Charlie replied, "Well, either that or I listen with one."

Presented to Emily Post, he called her "a vulture for culture," wound up the program with, "Mrs. Post, you don't have a toothpick, do you?"

And when Beatrice Fairfax told him, "Lucky is the man who wins the love of a woman who is a good companion and one who is a good cook," Charlie cackled, "Yeah — but ain't that bigamy?"

He is regularly rude to male movie stars, but he adopts an Old World courtliness in addressing comely actresses. To Virginia Bruce he purred: "Every day you look lovelier and lovelier, and today you look like tomorrow."

Charlie has his own opinion of Bergen's status: "Every time he opens my mouth he puts my foot in it," and "I am Bergen's *pièce de résistance*; translated from the French, that means bread and but-

ter." On their NBC dressing-room door hangs a sign: "Charlie McCarthy and Stooge." When Northwestern University conferred an honorary degree of Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comeback, McCarthy received the accolade, not Bergen. Charlie is proud of the degree, but changes the subject when you read the citation by Dean Dennis of Northwestern's School of Speech: "... Prince of Parasites, violent in company, churlish in behavior, acid in conversation, wooden-faced in all relationships, and thus in many respects a typical product of higher education in America."

Charlie's personality so dominates the studio that sometimes when Bergen loses his place in the script during a broadcast the script holder comes running to McCarthy instead of Bergen.

Edgar Bergen (born Berggren, in Chicago, 37 years ago) is Charlie's better self, courteous, kindly and self-effacing. Also he is wistful — because he hasn't the ease and popular appeal that Charlie has. "I wish I could win people over as quickly as Charlie does," says the radio entertainer with the highest Crossley rating on record. "People take to him at once and he's never at a loss for something to say." Charlie, sitting on Bergen's knee, grins evilly at this but offers no helpful advice. Bergen always wanted to be a comedian, but no one would laugh at his jokes. On the other hand, anything Charlie

says is greeted with gales of mirth, with the result Charlie is insufferably cocky.

Bergen came up the hard way, through 15 years of small-time vaudeville, Chautauqua, cruise ships and night clubs. Charlie went along for the ride and copped all the notices. Only recently, when Charlie went to New York for a personal appearance, 60,000 requests for studio passes to the broadcast came in, his train was mobbed at Grand Central Station, and photographers elbowing their way through the milling fans shouted, "Get that guy out of the way." "That guy" was Bergen.

Bergen is constantly embarrassed by Charlie's insolence and gaucheries. Recently Charlie was made an honorary Master Sergeant at March Field, in California. It was the new Colonel's first day, and he was being very starchy about the whole affair as 5000 men marched solemnly for Charlie. This was the time, if any, for Charlie to show the good effects of his Chautauqua upbringing, but he moved right in with: "Now that I am officially one of you, I'd like to make a few suggestions for improving this man's army. Wouldn't it be a good idea," he said, "to put hostesses on the bombers?"

Charlie, who admits his grandfather was a whiffletree on the Covered Wagon, has been loaded down with honors. He was appointed the world's first International Fore-

Chief, was mayor of San Francisco for a day, was Grand Marshal of the Tournament of Roses. There was a special McCarthy Day at both the San Francisco and New York World's Fairs. Charlie received a special wooden Oscar ("for the outstanding comedy creation of 1938") from the Motion Picture Academy, and has had frequent write-in votes for public offices of every description, from the Presidency down.

Alarm clocks, sweatshirts, dolls, and dozens of gadgets have been named after Charlie, netting a paltry \$100,000 a year for his piggy bank. But officially, Charlie complains of Bergen's Swedish thrift. "All I get out of your icebox," gripes Charlie, "is an echo." He has publicly stated that "Bergen is a man of rare gifts," and further revealed that "Bergen buys cups that are rough inside on the bottom so when you put your spoon in you think the sugar's in already."

Charlie receives an allowance of 75 cents a week, painfully raised from 25 cents. Bergen explains that if he gives Charlie too much money parents complain of trouble with their youngsters, who quote Charlie's allowance as an example.

One of my visits with Charlie ended abruptly. It was getting late, and Charlie piped up: "You'd think he'd have sense enough to get the hell out of here and let the little boy get some sleep!"

¶ What has dictatorship to offer against the power of Christianity in action?

Americans: Heirs of the Future

Condensed from "New Directions in the New World"

Adolf A. Berle, Jr.

ALMOST 2000 years ago man was given a plan of life which still remains the only solution to the basic problem of government. By it, for the first time, men were related not only to their God but to each other, and through each other to the organized processes of society. Christianity launched three ideas whose driving force, spiritually, politically and socially, changed the face of the world.

Foremost was the conception that every individual was included in the love of God. No individual was forgotten, none left out.

The second principle was not a

privilege but a demand. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" — and the attendant insistence that one's "neighbor" was everyone in the broad earth implied a burden to be assumed. The insistence that privileges and burdens go together was as new as it was powerful.

The third principle was the driving force behind the other two. There must be faith. No mind was great enough to understand the endless possibilities of an infinite universe. By consequence, there must be incessant, even blind faith in the moral law, and the unshakable determination to translate "love thy neighbor" into tangible action and institutions.

We know what happened. The world empire of the time, governed by the greatest organizers in history and backed by the most powerful military machine ever known, found itself conquered in short time by the new faith.

We know why this happened. The material achievement of the Roman system was resplendent. But there were constantly groups which were left out, reduced to

ADOLF AUGUSTUS BERLE, Jr., is an outstanding exception to the rule that infant prodigies never carry their brilliance into later life. Graduating from Harvard with honors at 18, in his early twenties he attended the Versailles Conference as an expert on the Caribbean. After building up a successful law practice in Boston and New York, and teaching at the Harvard Business School, he became, in 1927, associate professor of corporation law at Columbia. With Gardiner C. Means he wrote a standard work on economics, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. Since 1933 Mr. Berle has served the administration in Washington in various capacities. He is now Assistant Secretary of State.

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slavery, or merely discarded and left to themselves. The new faith could say to a centurion or to a slave, to an empress or to a harlot, "There is a place for you; there is something you can do, here, now, with other people; you have a place in the world, and a place in the hearts of everyone around you."

As long as men retained this sense of great and enfolding love, there was progress. The barbarians who conquered Rome were themselves conquered by that driving, almost implacable idealism. But in time the idealism grew weak. By the 18th century, prelate and noble, captain and clerk, accepted the positions they had attained, without feeling the obligations that were imposed. The result was tyranny, justified merely by material advantages.

And material conditions, important though they are, may become minor as compared to spiritual conditions. The free pioneers on the American continent, while the French Revolution was brewing, probably lived a life of hardship just as unhappy as the life of a French serf, if the only standard of comparison were living conditions and the pressure of great toil. The difference was precisely that the one was bound, the other free. The universal and all-embracing system had lost the qualities of faith and obligation. Hence there came about a revolution toward individualism, emphasizing

the free soul: the right to worship, to hold property, to give consent to the form of government.

Of this revolution the United States is the oldest, and today the greatest remaining, monument. And it is impossible not to believe that the revolution achieved success only because of the overwhelming devotion which the country had to the Christian principle. The civilization of the United States included everyone in its religion, its politics, and its economic life, reconquering the theory of universality without conquering the free soul in the process.

And yet, as the 20th century opened, discerning students here and in Europe began to look beneath the surface of this magnificent achievement. They saw that some people were again being left out: the workers in the collieries dying of accidents and disease; the children called into factory labor; the women brutalized by inhuman work. In Europe especially there were those who said, "This will not work. Let us have a dictator." A counter-revolution against individualism at length came to dominate Russia and, in only slightly different form, Germany and Italy.

This counter-revolution, whether we call it Communist or Nazi or Fascist, has already failed — even though it has produced systems which claim to be impregnable, and thrown out battle lines dominating much of the world. For it

has already denied one of the essential qualities which alone can make a system strong: the quality of individual love and individual obligation, the one thing which can differentiate a man from a slave. It says today, in effect: "Negate your humanity, forget your manhood. You do not accept obligations; you perform tasks which masters set you." The counter-revolution, designed to include all who were forgotten, has ended by forgetting all those which it included. Decay has already set in.

Yet, as a realist, one must remember that there will be no change in the counter-revolutionary triumph unless the conception opposed to it is stronger. We have that concept, if we but remember what for a time we may have forgotten, if we but live that which we have too often said without belief.

It is necessary, first, to demand of every individual that he reconsider his own obligations to himself, to his fellows, to the institution in which he lives, to the divinity which alone can give his life meaning. This is an act of will; but it is also an act of faith. The mere doing of it causes the discovery of unsuspected qualities and possibilities. Never yet has anyone lived through even a casual meditation of this kind without suddenly realizing that life means more than merely passing a short span between birth and death. It be-

comes worthy only as it respects other men: the only joy in the day, or the year, or the lifetime, consists in sharing in some measure whatever is at hand.

But this requires translation into effective action. Even the humblest person can spend a little of his strength in making his tiny corner of the world a little cleaner and pleasanter. A powerful financial, political or industrial figure would find huge things which had to be done, some part of which he could attack. The act of contribution is the act of assuming a place in the scheme of things. There is no other way in which an individual can become a part of society.

Too often the opportunities for improvement of our social structure have been lost, not because we did not know how, but because no one really wanted to make them effective. In finance, for example, there are techniques which are as able to rebuild and rehouse the United States as they are to equip an army. They have not been used primarily because there was no compelling desire to use them.

A friend of mine put it simply, not long ago, as we went through a depressed area in New York. We had been working at housing, and had recited all the usual obstacles: the high cost of land, the corruption in certain labor unions, the greed of certain financial interests. My friend observed that if an earthquake were to level that area,

at once it would be rebuilt, and probably on a finer model. The disaster would create the compelling desire; greed would vanish in the face of an overmastering need.

Is it too much to ask that the driving quality which can be called forth by a cataclysm might be made available for continuous and steady action? Clearly it is not, if there is a common pressure, inherent in everyone, to use the best of his mind and will in dealing with the human problems at hand.

Once this spiritual process is gone through, the resources which now lie unused will leap into sig-

nificance. For we have the men, the materials, the technique to give to the country a civilization more superb than any yet known, a strength beyond parallel in history; and to give to every individual powers and duties larger in scope than have ever been offered to any people in the world. Beside this possibility, the pale dreams of a dictatorship are ridiculous; for the liberated talent of millions, coördinated by a common will to make a common civilization, infinitely transcends both the vision and the power of any single man or of any oligarchic group.



As Others See Us

"CONGRESS is so strange," reported Boris Marshalov, the Russian actor and dramatic coach, after a visit to the spectators' gallery of the House of Representatives. "A man gets up to speak and says nothing. Nobody listens -- and then everybody disagrees."

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

WHEN asked how she made her soft voice heard above the notorious roars of her husband and eight sons, Rider Haggard's delicate little mother replied: "That's very simple. I whisper. In the Haggard family a whisper is so unusual that everyone listens to it with profound surprise."

— Princess Kropotkin in *Liberty*

THE MAJORITY of us are for free speech only when it deals with those subjects concerning which we have no intense convictions.

— Edmund B. Chaffee

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

MARCH wind, brisk as a broom.
(Vance Carmichael)

RAINDROPS bouncing up from the pavement like little ballet-dancers.
(Jan Struther)

TREES practicing curtsies in the wind.
(Motion Picture, *Arise My Love*)

AN OLD barn, leaning on the weather.
(Margie Alice Davis)

A BABY's smile with two teeth in it.
(Dorothy Baker)

HER spirits a-tiptoe.
(Stewart Edward White)

SHE GOT ON easily with strangers; there were few things she enjoyed more than that first tentative groping among wave-lengths.
(Jan Struther)

HER womaneuvers. (Elizabeth Nicholls Troy) . . . The newspaper's front-page screamlane.
(Time)

IT BROUGHT back reminiscences from the banked fires of memory.
(Clarke Robinson)

WHEN she talks there's a wide gap in the conversation.

Colored maid: I strolled past the shops, window-wishing.

HE PACED up and down the cell of his thoughts hour after hour.
(Phyllis Bottome)

THE POLICEMAN strolled over with an exquisite sense of delayed torture in his march.
(Stewart Beach)

SHE's so attractive no man can resist tipping his heart to her.
(Jimmie Fiddler)

IN AN agony of suppressed information.
(Beverley Nichols)

HE's terribly frank — burns the candor at both ends.
(John D. C. Boland)

MANY a train of thought is just a string of empties.
(C. L. Edson)

A TRUCK, laboring up the hill, grew a tail of traffic.
(Julia E. M. Neilan)

A MAIDEN lady in the prim of life.
(Wickes Wamboldt)

I'M LIVING so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart.
(H. H. Munro)

SHE's a one-way person. Her way.
(Louise Gooch)

HE's rusting on his laurels.
(Walter Winchell)

CHILDREN accompanied by their don'ting parents.
(Paul R. Carmack)

WOMAN begins by resisting a man's advances and ends by blocking his retreat.
(Oscar Wilde)

Indian to tourist: I am Brave Eagle. This is my son, Fighting Hawk, and my grandson, Low Wing Bomber.
(Detroit Lakes Tribune)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

Q Citizens banish shame and submit to tests,
health authorities battle the plague and get
results in a sensational all-out campaign

Chicago Against Syphilis

By

Paul de Kruif

Author of "Microbe Hunters," "The Fight for Life," etc.

THOUGH syphilis has become a public word it is still a secret sickness. Health men generally do not know how many people in their communities are tainted with the pale terror. Their estimates are only glorified guesses. And how can you fight an enemy when you have no notion of his strength or where he is?

Chicago was the first American city to attack this situation with bold and wholesale methods. Combining science and ballyhoo in a spectacular campaign, Chicago tested the blood of one out of every five of its inhabitants. This giant sampling — which still continues — revealed an army of unrecorded cases of syphilis. The mass treatment thus made possible has brought immensely encouraging results. Chicago's achievement is a challenge to the whole country now threatened by an upsurge of syphilis — that upsurge heretofore thought inevitable whenever hosts of young men are mobilized.

The campaign began in 1937, when battle plans were drawn up by three fighting public-health men: Dr. Louis E. Schmidt, dean of Chi-

cago's urologists; Dr. O. C. Wenger of the United States Public Health Service; and Chicago's energetic health commissioner, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen.

Dr. Wenger proposed a dragnet-sampling of Chicago's millions, high and low, white and colored, sick and well. To this plan there were formidable obstacles. Money, for one thing — and the city's finances were already strained to the limit. For another, how to organize the city's physicians and hospitals so that all the cases discovered, especially the early contagious cases, would be given treatment? How to cajole an important proportion of the tens of thousands of victims to stick through the months-long ordeal of 20 shots of arsenical and 20 shots of bismuth? For the cure of syphilis is heroic. It is as painful as it is powerful against the spirochete. Five of the best clinics in the country report that only 16 out of every 100 patients persevere with this tough treatment long enough to be deemed not dangerous to others!

Gravest doubt of all: would not Chicago's millions take the sug-

gestion of a mass blood test as an insult? In June 1937, Wenger proposed a public poll of Chicago's citizens, asking whether they'd submit to free tests for syphilis to be taken in confidence by their physicians. "When do we start?" said Health Commissioner Bundesen, with fire in his eye.

On a blistering August day a "syphilis parade" of several thousand National Youth Administration youngsters, carrying huge banners — *Friday the Thirteenth Is an Unlucky Day for Syphilis* — marched through Chicago's Loop to the city hall where Bundesen exhorted them to fight the sickness. Pictures of spirochetes and their grim consequences were plastered about the city. Newspapers, radio broadcasters, sandwich men on the streets urged citizens to vote *Yes* on the blood test. A million ballots were mailed. More than 100,000 were returned. The answer was *Yes* — 99 to 1.

So now for what Wenger called Chicago's blood bath. The city was syphilis-conscious with a vengeance, and the battle was joined in earnest in the summer of 1938. Along with health department doctors, nurses and laboratory workers, the practicing physicians of Chicago volunteered; and all were now mobilized to uncover syphilis, to smash it with arsenic and bismuth bullets.

The last trenches of indifference were assaulted by a huge public meeting. The president of the city's

federated women's clubs was photographed exposing her arm to the blood-test needle. To set an example, Health Commissioner Bundesen had his own blood drawn 18 times. Blood-testing stations were set up all over the city, even in the lobby of City Hall. A crew of doctors and nurses stood with their tubes and syringes in the lobby of a theater — at the syphilis play, called *Spirochete*. I shall never forget the faces of hundreds of people, conquering shame as they bared their arms in this public place.

This blood-testing ballyhoo opened hitherto unexplored ground to Chicago's venereal fighters. In 1938-39, more than half the city's elementary school children were tested for congenital syphilis. Private physicians and hospitals, up to then lethargic about the menace, turned in nearly 150,000 blood specimens. Municipal clinics and blood-testing stations added another 128,000. From factories, colleges, city employes, hotels, restaurants and scattered homes — both hovels and houses on the gold coast — came 322,000 more. In two years nearly 700,000 people were tested. So our searchers, for the first time in American record, found facts about syphilis in a large city that would mean something.

The facts revealed were not pleasant. More than 42,000 hitherto unreported cases of syphilis were discovered. The percentage of positive blood samples among colored people

tested in 1938-39 was 18.9; among white, 3.2. Over a thousand congenital cases were discovered among 148,000 of the city's elementary school children.

Among Chicago's white and colored men from 21 to 31 — the age limits originally planned for the draft — 6350 cases were brought to light. From this sample we can be pretty sure that at least 15,000 of the city's young men of draft age — 21 to 35 — were syphilitic. Over half the cases found were in the infectious stage. This meant, said Wenger, "7500 individual little fires just waiting for a chance to spread."

Before the drive began, only 200 private physicians a year, out of the city's 6000, were sending blood for test to the municipal laboratory. By 1940, 4700 were. But these volunteers did more. Remember that the best clinics in the country had been able to hold only one out of every six early cases under treatment till no longer contagious. Now Chicago's private physicians and private clinics held two out of every three — unprecedented for any large community.

The great Chicago Municipal Clinic, treating 2000 sufferers daily, even though operating among the city's poor, did nearly as well — keeping over half of them under treatment till they could no longer give the disease to others. Field workers followed up the truants. For those malnourished — who notoriously stand antisypilitic treat-

ment badly — large doses of the C vitamin, ascorbic acid, were found to counteract the poison of the arsenic bullets.

The results were most encouraging. Comparison of the 1938-39 and the 1939-40 blood-test dragnet reveals a striking down trend in positive blood tests for every group where the figures are scientifically comparable. Instead of 18.9 percent, the next year's dragnet of colored people showed only 14.9 percent to be infected. The rate for whites dropped from 3.2 to 2.4.

Most significant of all, as evidence that Chicago is really breaking the deadly chain of infection, is the remarkable drop in Chicago's case load of early syphilis — the syphilis spreaders — from 8 per 10,000 to 5.

Of course Chicago's fight is far from finished, and Bundesen, Schmidt and Wenger are not resting on their success. They plan a powerful campaign of venereal prophylaxis. They are intensifying their drive to uncover all syphilis in Chicago's expectant mothers, a weak spot in their war. They predict that if all the agencies, local, state and federal, continue the battle, within five years no syphilitic babies will be born in the city. Dr. Wenger declares: "*It is entirely possible that syphilis can be exterminated in a city the size of Chicago.*"

While all this is hopeful, the nation should remember the vast number of young men within the

draft age found infected in Chicago. If America had genuine concern for the vigor of the men who will defend us in this time of peril, why did not our Selective Service authorities take measures to test the 27,000,000 registered last autumn?

Dr. Wenger made an effort to sell this plan to the federal authorities. He pointed out that such a super-dragnet would uncover nearly half the contagious syphilis in the nation. Alas, the usual objections were raised. Such compulsory testing would cause riots among registrants. There would not be enough doctors to draw the 27,000,000 blood samples. There would not be enough laboratories to test them.

Of all our states, only North Carolina and Alabama responded with a modified voluntary dragnet. The figures for Alabama have not yet been tabulated. In North Carolina, 95,928 young men volunteered for testing and the blood of 8.6 per cent was found positive for syphilis.

In the face of the facts, proved by Chicago, that the ordinary citizen is not ashamed to take the blood test, that the great majority of infected people can be got to stick through the treatment, what community will now rest content to tolerate the shame, the pain, the insanity, the stillborn children that are the consequence of the pale terror?



A GANGSTER rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left, yelling, "All you dirty skunks get outta here."

The customers fled in a hail of bullets — all except an Englishman, who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink. "Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," remarked the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there!"

—*Tit-Bits*

MRS. LOTTIE MYRONS was granted a divorce when she told the judge that since their marriage her husband had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

—*Los Angeles Times*

Faith for These Times

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Sir Norman Angell

IF YOU examine the many explanations of the tragedy which we have witnessed during the last year or so, you will find that the most obvious, the most elementary and concrete, the most unquestionable reason of all, is almost always completely ignored.

We are told commonly that the democracies have fallen because democracy had failed to fulfill men's hopes; that liberty had come to mean for millions merely the liberty to starve; that the time was ripe for redistribution of territory which the democracies had failed to make peacefully; that this great upheaval is but the process of history, the "wave of the future," which it is futile to resist.

An eloquent expression of this

SIR NORMAN ANGELL has devoted most of his life to promoting peace and international sanity. Since 1910, when he wrote *The Great Illusion*, he has produced a score of books and delivered innumerable lectures discussing the cause and cure of war. He received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933. As a youth, Sir Norman spent several years in the United States as a rancher, miner and newspaperman. Returning to England, he continued his newspaper career while he built up his reputation as an author. He was a Labor M.P. from 1929 to 1931, when he was knighted. Among his recent books are *For What Do We Fight?* and *America's Dilemma: Alone or Allied*.

very widespread view is presented by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.* "I do not believe we need to be defended against a mechanized German army invading our shores as much," she writes, "as against the type of decay, weakness, and blindness into which all the 'democracies' have fallen since the last war." This country is in danger, she insists, "not so much from bombing planes as from those very conditions which brought on trouble in Europe and will inevitably bring on trouble here if we do not face them."

She presents, as do many others, this readiness to "conform to the future," to make changes and undertake reforms at home, as the *alternative* to coöperation with other democracies for mutual aid in defense against violence. "Instead of crusading against an inevitable 'revolution' or change in Europe," she writes, "we ought to work toward a peaceful 'revolution' here, or rather a reformation — to reform at home rather than crusade abroad."

Here indeed is a strange confusion. For the only condition upon which a society of men can ever be sure of making the necessary

*The Reader's Digest, November, '40.

changes peacefully is that it shall, as a body, resist violence and terror as the instrument of change. It is the whole story of law, of constitutional government, of the growth of freedom.

The question is not whether civilization can be saved by going to war but whether civilization can be saved without going to war if it happens to be threatened by ever-increasing barbarian violence; whether change for the better by peaceful means is possible at all unless change for the worse by the violence of a small minority is not resisted by the unity of the majority.

It is precisely because the democracies have, like Mrs. Lindbergh, neglected or pushed into the background that final question, that so many lie stricken and prostrate.

Make a list of the democracies which have fallen. There is, for instance, Finland, which was rapidly becoming a model for the world in orderly progress. Certainly the Finnish people were not refusing to meet the "wave of the future." They were engaged upon reform and change, with all the sense of responsibility, all the labor and sacrifice which Mrs. Lindbergh would have the American people show. And Finland was not alone: Norway, Denmark and, in large degree, other small democracies were meeting the "challenge of the future" with similar labori-

ous courage and with similar order and peacefulness. And they have all been destroyed.

The question is whether the Finnish method, or the method in any of the half-dozen states that Russia has now absorbed, gave better hope of a free and humane civilization than the Moscow method; or whether the really great social and economic educational changes which Denmark and Norway have been carrying through this last half century will be better continued under their own methods than under the methods of the Nazi party.

However much these democracies had overcome any internal weakness, they would still have been utterly helpless to avoid destruction so long as they rejected the precise truth, which, alas, Mrs. Lindbergh does reject, the truth that unless civilization recognizes that it makes a corporate body, that we must assume obligation to one another, it will be unable to defend itself against the violence of evil minorities.

When the 13 small states which formed the nucleus of the United States faced what they deemed to be tyranny, one of their leaders expressed in homely terms the truth on which their survival in the struggle depended: "We must hang together if we are not to hang separately." The young republic saw that truth again when it extended this principle of collective

defense to the hemisphere; when it declared that an attack from Europe upon any American republic was an attack on this republic; as Lincoln saw it when he asserted, at the cost of one of the bloodiest wars of history, that freedom and democracy depended upon the maintenance of the principle of unity.

That truth the European democracies failed to apply with faith and persistence.

The hazards of history and geography have made of Germany a large population mass occupying a strategically strong position. She is flanked by a number of much smaller states. It should have been quite clear that, so long as each one of these lesser nations of Europe took the line that it would defend itself but not others, they were all at the mercy of Germany, far less powerful potentially than the sum total of non-German Europe but much more powerful than any single national unit in it. Ten men can destroy a thousand if the thousand will only defend themselves one at a time.

Had Britain recognized earlier that violence is the common enemy and that only by helping to aid the weak in their resistance to the strong can violence be eliminated from the human family; Britain would not herself today be the victim of ruthless violence. Today Britain offers aid to China; had full aid been offered in 1931, vio-

lence would not have spread like a pestilence over the world.

Because the British turned their eyes away from the blazing homes of China, their own homes are now shattered rubble heaps. Because they closed their ears to the cries of the children in Ethiopia and in Spain, they now hear the cries of their own children.

It was only when Ethiopia followed Manchuria; when China followed Ethiopia; when Spain followed China; and Czechoslovakia, Spain, that the common people of Britain began to say: "This is not peace and cannot give us peace. We are trying to save ourselves by sacrificing the innocent weak to the guilty strong. This is not only morally contemptible, it is politically imbecile. For the appetite of the aggressors is unlimited; it grows by the very ease of the triumphs we facilitate."

The stand was made over Poland — perhaps the very worst place at which a stand against aggression could be made. And now the Britishers fight alone. With greater wisdom, with an earlier moral insight, they could have had half a world standing with them, standing so that the evil thing perhaps would not have raised its head at all.

It is the day of their atonement, nobly borne.

The people who now fight are not the people who entered the war. Their values have been changed.

Regeneration has come because the common people have come to see in a flash of moral insight that they now fight for a common and universal Right — the right of the obscure and helpless everywhere — to be free; that in fighting to resist

violence they fight for reason and progress to have their chance. They realize that, until somehow the unity of moral forces is found, no other virtue can save the mass of men of good will from domination by an evil minority.

Hexing Hitler

IF Adolf Hitler pines away in the near future, it may be because of a bit of doll magic practiced by a group of part-time witches in Washington, D. C. It started when William Seabrook, author of *Witchcraft* and student of black magic, received a letter from one Richard W. Tupper, of Washington, asking for instructions for working doll magic against Hitler. "It would help pass the long winter evenings," Mr. Tupper wrote. "And the movement might grow to tremendous proportions and end up successfully, if Hitler learns that thousands of people are hexing him." Mr. Seabrook, delighted with the idea, explained that in jungle witchcraft you make an image of an enemy and then sit in a circle singing incantations and sticking pins into the doll. This was really effective, he said, because the victim gets wind of it and worries himself into a poor spell, if not into his grave. Mr. Seabrook described the incantations as "vicious, repetitive, singsong doggerel"; and to get Mr. Tupper started, he composed one, to be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

Istan, come and help us, we are driving
nails and needles,
We are driving pins and needles into
Adolf Hitler's heart.
We are driving nails and needles, we are
driving pins and needles,
Cats will claw his heart in darkness, dogs
will bite it in the night.

Istan, he explained, is a pagan witch god worshiped in Central Europe during the Middle Ages.

Reports from Tupper indicate that things are going fine. He and 20 friends get together after dinner once a week and work on Hitler until midnight. "The girls, as might be expected, are the best witches," Tupper wrote. "They get all big-eyed and excited and rasp out the incantations fit to curdle your blood as they stick things into the doll's vitals." The sessions begin in an embarrassed, tongue-in-cheek atmosphere, and end in terrific intensity. "It makes no difference whether you are serious about it or not," Seabrook told us. "The main thing is that as many people as possible do it, and that Hitler learns it's being done." He expressed the hope that this very article might be the means of letting Hitler know it's all up with him. "After all," he remarked, "it was Hitler who invented psychological warfare."

— *The New Yorker*

☞ Loud laughter bespeaks the empty mind—but Sam Adams has based a flourishing industry on crazy gadgets

From Gags to Riches

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Joel Sayre

SUCH crazy gadgets as the Dribble Glass and the exploding cigar do not convulse the cerebral-humor crowd. But there are those who love them. Americans spent \$8,000,000 last year on such dandy little mirth provokers as the Lapel Rose, which shoots a merry jet of water into the sniffer's face, and the Joy Buzzer, which gives your pal an electric shock when you shake hands with him. It seems that during periods of crisis people try to forget their troubles by making each other itch, ouch and sneeze.

The leader in this prankster industry is a quiet, God-fearing family man, Soren Sorensen Adams ("Sam" to his fellow Rotarians). His discovery of sneeze powder, around 1905, determined his career. As salesman for a coal-tar product, Adams noticed that his product possessed a tremendously high sneeze potential—higher than pepper. Sprinkling this sneeze generator around, he unnerved his competitors at a trap-shooting contest, discombobulated a wandering brass band, and sent occupants of hotel rooms into paroxysms.

In 1906 he decided to market the sneeze powder commercially—under the name of Cachoo at \$1 a bottle. One Philadelphia retailer promptly bought 70,000 bottles. Sneeze powder became a burning issue, town fathers passed ordinances, school principals preached sermons, editorial writers inveighed. But a laugh-hungry populace demanded more.

Within two months, however, the stripling sneeze magnate discovered that pirates were murderously underselling him. So he went into a quick brown study and came up with an even more side-splitting contribution to American culture, the Bingo Shooting Device.

This gadget, still a good seller after 35 years, is a small metal box containing a mouse-trap arrangement that explodes a percussion cap when moved or disturbed. Adams installed the device in decks of cards, cigar boxes, and books with saucy titles. Thousands screamed with laughter.

But if you want to stay on top of the jokers' novelties business you have to think them up faster than the other boys can swipe them. So

in 1908 Adams dreamed up the Racket Wireless Message, handed to the jokee in the shape of a telegram. When the message is lifted from its envelope a whirling, rattling mechanism propelled by a rubber band is set in motion against the paper, startling the jokee nearly out of his wits. It startled the jokers' novelties business even more. Adams made \$150,000 on it in six months.

Adams then rose to new heights with the Dribble Glass. Today the Dribble Glass with four holes concealed in the grape design around its collar, enabling the contents to cascade down the drinker's front, is almost as familiar as the safety pin. Scarcely a state legislature can convene without one. Indeed, when the pressure of legislative anxiety has risen to well-nigh intolerable heights, a solon has only to substitute one of Sam's dribblers for the tumbler beside the speaker's water pitcher and the crisis is past.

In breath-taking sequence came the Bleeding Finger ("a compact bandage made like a thimble: when worn it looks like a badly cut finger"), the Shiner, that phony telescope which gives the dupe a black eye, and the All-Metal Ink Blot. The man's rivals must have felt toward Adams as other dramatists have felt about Shakespeare.

There is not space to tell how he developed a soap which dyes the victim a harmless though horrible

green. We must glide quickly over his invention of the rubber-pointed pencil, the rubber nail and rubber clothes hook, and his failure with that wonder of realistic glass-blowing, the Imitation Poached Egg. "Everybody roared," Adams says, "but I couldn't give the damn thing away."

Adams' son Joseph steered his father onto one triumph. Mrs. Adams took one look at Joseph the night he came home from his first party and exclaimed: "You've been playing kissing games!" Whereupon Sam made a rubber stamp in the form of nature's own cupid's bow, useful in implanting kiss marks on any susceptible surface. Very damning on shirt-fronts.

Adams discovered early that it is useless to patent an easy-to-imitate item. Nine years ago he created the explosive Bingo Book Matches, patented them, and offered them at \$7.50 a gross. But the Japanese soon were passing around sleazy facsimiles at \$3.50 a gross, and when federal authority lumbered to its legs Bingo Book Matches were dead.

On the other hand, whenever he concocts a joke that is difficult and expensive to manufacture, Adams withholds it from the market until he has patented it. Notable among these are a butterfly which zips from the center of an unfolded greeting card and flies 25 feet; a tin frog that jumps five feet straight up; a squirting cigarette lighter; a

little gem called the Stick-Um Bell — a push button that jabs the finger of the pusher (attach it to your door when you next throw a party) — and three super-dupers grouped under the heading of Surprise Boxes and Packages.

The first of this trio is the Shooting Pop Ball Box: "When opened there is a loud explosion and from one to four dozen four-inch paper balls jump out, a small box the size of your hand will produce enough balls to fill a bushel basket." Second is the Explosive Bouquet (a favorite, it is said, of the late T. Coleman du Pont): "A package about the size of a box of cigarettes — when opened there are four explosions and four dozen paper flowers jump out." Third and most dazzling is the Explosive Package: "Three packages tied within each other; during opening there are 18 explosions and a five-foot snake jumps out of the last package."

But the darling of Sam Adams' heart is the Joy Buzzer, a gimmick which you wind up and wear as a ring; when you shake hands with your dupe it gives him a spurious electric shock. The Joy Buzzer definitely established Sam as the Ford of his industry, enabled him to buy a \$250,000 factory at Asbury Park, N. J., and during dismal 1932 fetched in \$144,000. It is patented as tightly as the U. S. bomb sight, and retails at 25 cents. So far 2,500,000 have been purchased. It was due to the Joy

Buzzer that Adams never cut a salary or laid off an employe (there are now 70) through the depression.

There's one thing about Sam. He is a paragon of restraint. He doesn't play tricks on his friends. You can shake his hand without getting a shock, he won't put a rubber frankfurter on your plate when you dine at his house. He occasionally tests a new device on a fellow Rotarian and notes the reaction with a coldly objective eye.

Despite his genius, he has been known to fumble a good idea now and then. Witness his failure to snap at the Razz Cushion — that impudent little rubber pillow which gives a hearty Bronx cheer when sat upon. In 1930 a Toronto rubber concern offered him exclusive rights to it. "The whole idea seemed too indelicate," Sam says wistfully today. "So I passed it up, and the first year I threw away \$50,000."

About 6000 retailers in the U. S. handle Sam's goods. Among the biggest are B. Shackman & Co. of New York, James Sherman of Chicago and George Zorn of Philadelphia.

Adams' closest rival is Richard Appel of New York, daring innovator of the backfiring carving knife, and spoons that melt in your mouth. Appel's star number this year is Jumping Candy. Though no tycoon as yet, Appel is progressive, scrappy and fast on his feet. Steady old Sam, however, still has his nose well out in front.

¶ Even our slightest impulse toward prayer has
a dynamic, beneficial effect upon our lives

Prayer Is Power

By

Alexis Carrel, M.D.

PRAYER is not only worship; it is also an invisible emanation of man's worshiping spirit — the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands. Its results can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, greater intellectual vigor, moral stamina, and a deeper understanding of the realities underlying human relationships.

If you make a habit of sincere prayer, your life will be very noticeably and profoundly altered. Prayer stamps with its indelible mark our actions and demeanor. A tranquility of bearing, a facial and bodily repose, are observed in those whose

DR. ALEXIS CARREL has long been impressed by the fact that many of life's phenomena cannot be scientifically explained. He knows, for example, that miracles of healing are possible; he spent weeks at Lourdes studying them, and will never forget seeing a cancerous sore shrivel to a scar before his eyes. Dr. Carrel concluded 33 years of brilliant biological research at the Rockefeller Institute in 1939. Among his many honors are the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research and the Nobel Prize for success in suturing blood vessels. His *Man, the Unknown* was a best seller in 1935.

inner lives are thus enriched. Within the depths of consciousness a flame kindles. And man sees himself. He discovers his selfishness, his silly pride, his fears, his greeds, his blunders. He develops a sense of moral obligation, intellectual humility. Thus begins a journey of the soul toward the realm of grace.

Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. It is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the so-called "laws of nature"; the occasions on which prayer has dramatically done this have been termed "miracles." But a constant, quieter miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power in their daily lives.

Too many people regard prayer as a formalized routine of words, a refuge for weaklings, or a childish petition for material things. We sadly undervalue prayer when we conceive it in these terms, just as we should underestimate rain by

describing it as something that fills the birdbath in our garden. Properly understood, prayer is a mature activity indispensable to the fullest development of personality — the ultimate integration of man's highest faculties. Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human reed its unshakable strength.

The words, "Ask and it shall be given to you," have been verified by the experience of humanity. True, prayer may not restore the dead child to life or bring relief from physical pain. But prayer, like radium, is a source of luminous, self-generating energy.

How does prayer fortify us with so much dynamic power? To answer this question (admittedly outside the jurisdiction of science) I must point out that all prayers have one thing in common. The triumphant hosannas of a great oratorio, or the humble supplication of an Iroquois hunter begging for luck in the chase, demonstrate the same truth: that human beings seek to augment their finite energy by addressing themselves to the Infinite source of all energy. When we pray, we link ourselves with the inexhaustible motive power that spins the universe. We ask that a part of this power be apportioned to our needs. Even in asking, our human deficiencies are filled and we arise strengthened and repaired.

But we must never summon God

merely for the gratification of our whims. We derive most power from prayer when we use it, not as a petition, but as a supplication that we may become more like Him. Prayer should be regarded as practice of the Presence of God. An old peasant was seated alone in the last pew of the village church. "What are you waiting for?" he was asked; and he answered, "I am looking at Him and He is looking at me." Man prays not only that God should remember him, but also that he should remember God.

How can prayer be defined? Prayer is the effort of man to reach God, to commune with an invisible being, creator of all things, supreme wisdom, truth, beauty, and strength, father and redeemer of each man. This goal of prayer always remains hidden to intelligence. For both language and thought fail when we attempt to describe God.

We do know, however, that whenever we address God in fervent prayer we change both soul and body for the better. It could not happen that any man or woman could pray for a single moment without some good result. "No man ever prayed," said Emerson, "without learning something."

One can pray everywhere. In the streets, the subway, the office, the shop, the school, as well as in the solitude of one's own room or among the crowd in a church. There is no prescribed posture, time or place.

"Think of God more often than you breathe," said Epictetus the Stoic. In order really to mold personality, prayer must become a habit. It is meaningless to pray in the morning and to live like a barbarian the remainder of the day. True prayer is a way of life; the truest life is literally a way of prayer.

The best prayers are like the improvisations of gifted lovers, always about the same thing yet never twice the same. We cannot all be as creative in prayer as Saint Theresa or Bernard of Clairvaux, both of whom poured their adoration into words of mystical beauty. Fortunately, we do not need their eloquence; our slightest impulse to prayer is recognized by God. Even if we are pitifully dumb, or if our tongues are overlaid with vanity

or deceit, our meager syllables of praise are acceptable to Him, and He showers us with strengthening manifestations of His love. .

Today, as never before, prayer is a binding necessity in the lives of men and nations. The lack of emphasis on the religious sense has brought the world to the edge of destruction. Our deepest source of power and perfection has been left miserably undeveloped. Prayer, the basic exercise of the spirit, must be actively practiced in our private lives. The neglected soul of man must be made strong enough to assert itself once more. For if the power of prayer is again released and used in the lives of common men and women; if the spirit declares its aims clearly and boldly, there is yet hope that our prayers for a better world will be answered.



Flank Attack

*I*MPATIENT with President Lincoln's order that detailed reports from the front be dispatched to the White House, General McClellan sent him the following telegram:

President Abraham Lincoln
Washington, D. C.

We have just captured six cows. What shall we do with them?

George B. McClellan

The President immediately answered:

General George B. McClellan
Army of the Potomac

As to the six cows captured — milk them.

A. Lincoln

— *Coronet*

The Only Way to Shorten the War

By

William Hard

Veteran political correspondent and commentator

ALL AMERICANS agree that it is to our national advantage that the war should end as soon as possible.

A minority of Americans want to end it through a compromise peace between Britain and Hitler. An overwhelming majority think otherwise. More than two thirds of all Americans — according to the latest polls — think that we should coöperate with Britain against Hitler even if it means getting into the war ourselves. They agree that a compromise between Britain and Hitler would be like a compromise between a fire department and a fire. Every peace with Hitler has meant more war. We do not want more war. We want less. That is the reason why we support Britain.

WILLIAM HARD has been a prominent writer and lecturer on politics, economics and international affairs for more than 20 years. In his article *Our Next Step Toward a Safer World*, in last month's Reader's Digest, he urged all-out aid to Britain, provided Britain in turn grants us full partnership in writing the peace and agrees to coöperate with us in defending South America, resisting an aggressive Japan, and promoting fairer and fuller opportunities for all nations to engage in world trade.

Surely we are not supporting Britain in order to enable Britain heroically *to lose*. We must be supporting Britain *to win*. And for a very good reason. We are vulnerable. Our two-ocean Navy — capable of protecting our shores on all fronts — will not be ready for five years. We are building fast; but, even in 1943, the naval score in number of warships will be

Germany, Italy, Japan: 962

United States: 422

American Ajaxes may thump their breasts and defy the Axis lightning. But sober naval opinion is that of Admiral William H. Standley, former Chief of Naval Operations, who says: "If Great Britain is defeated, the United States will find it impossible to cope with the combined sea strength of the Axis powers."

Britain therefore must be made to win — and win fast. This war is distorting and disrupting our domestic economy. It is causing us stupendous governmental expense. It is leading us toward a catastrophic postwar depression. Above all, it is giving us a colossal military

establishment.' Thomas Jefferson was eternally right when he said that a fleet is no menace to democratic institutions but a great permanent army can be. We are on our way toward a very great permanent army indeed. The only reason is fear of Hitler. The sooner the British win, the sooner we can stop going militaristic.

We can enable Britain to destroy Hitler only by a crushing volume of airplanes, tanks, guns, and other naval and military necessities. *But the time is fast approaching when the British merchant fleet will not be large enough to carry these supplies in the volume requisite for victory.*

I am prepared to give the figures which sustain that statement.* The critical figure is the total tonnage of merchant ships actually plying to Britain. They have suffered great losses. Hundreds of thousands of tons have had to be taken over by the British navy for strictly naval purposes. Four-and-a-half million tons have been sunk. The total tonnage left and now actually plying to Britain can be put at approximately 18,000,000.

That is approximately what the British were using in the last year of peace to supply their ordinary needs. But now they have addi-

tional needs; and now the routes that the ships have to traverse are longer and the pace slower. Things that used to come from France, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian countries, now have to come from the uttermost parts of the earth. Things that used to come from the Orient through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean now have to come all the way around the southern tip of Africa. Moreover, they have to approach Britain in convoys, in which the speed of the fastest ship has to be brought down to the speed of the slowest.

It will be a feat of almost sublime efficiency if Britain with 18,000,000 tons can import the goods necessary to keep her alive and also the goods necessary to overwhelm Hitler. Already American supplies for Britain are accumulating on certain American wharves vainly awaiting ships. And Britain soon will have fewer ships. This is evident from the figures of sinkings and of prospective replacements.

During this second year of the war, the average weekly sinkings have been 90,000 tons. That is at the rate of 4,680,000 a year. With the return of good weather in the spring and summer, the submarines will be really active again, and more numerous, and the rate will go higher. British bombers have been trying to destroy the yards where submarines are built; but the British Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle admits that the Germans soon will

* Mr. Hard's sources are: a special report to The Reader's Digest from London, checked and rechecked by the British Admiralty; British information offices in this country; independent studies by American shipping experts; reports by agents sent to Britain by the U. S. Maritime Commission.

have double their present number of subs in action.

American experts just back from London calculate that sinkings during 1941 are likely to total at least 5,000,000 tons. This estimate is indirectly and independently corroborated by Sir Arthur Salter, of the British Ministry of Shipping, who says that he is looking for 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 additional tons of ships right away.

Where can he get them?

1. He can withdraw ships from remote regions. He has already withdrawn a number from New Zealand, causing trouble there. By withdrawing ships from other far-away places, abandoning those places to whatever difficulties may follow, he can get perhaps 500,000 tons.

2. From British shipyards, if they escape German bombers, he can perhaps get another 500,000 tons.

3. He has ordered 60 ships from new yards in the United States. He may — with luck — get 30 of them this year, 300,000 more tons.

4. President Roosevelt has ordered 200 cargo vessels to be built for Britain in other new yards. Fifty of them will be finished this year, 375,000 tons.

5. The U. S. Maritime Commission has just sold the British the last remnants of its laid-up fleet, approximately 100,000 tons.

6. In our harbors there are foreign merchant vessels, largely Danish, which we could high-handedly grab on British behalf. We could

not do it legally; but, for argument's sake, suppose we did do it. It would produce 500,000 tons.

Now add these six items: 2,275,000 tons, less than half of this year's prospective sinkings.

Now let us vault boldly into the blue. On behalf of replacements let us imagine the very maximum that can be expected until we realize our real stake in this war.

1. The Maritime Commission will this year produce some 50 new merchant ships. Suppose we hand them over to the British. It will mean, roughly, 375,000 tons.

2. And suppose we amend the neutrality law and say to our merchant ships which used to ply waters now in the war zone: "Go ply there again." The Gallup poll asserts that 48 percent of Americans with opinions on the subject are in favor of such a course. Suppose this increases to 51 percent and our political "leaders" in Washington thereupon authorize the amendment. It would produce a violent economic dislocation. Most of those ships are now usefully busy on other routes. But suppose they all went back into the North Atlantic and started carrying supplies to Britain. They would comprise, roughly, 500,000 tons.

Adding these two items to the previous sum, we get a grand replacement total of 3,150,000; *and we are still almost 2,000,000 tons shy of replacing the prospective German submarine sinkings of this year.*

If this kind of thing keeps on we shall find ourselves backing a loser — a magnificent last-ditch loser, but a loser nonetheless. A losing Britain is of no use to us. For our safety we need a winning Britain and for our best interests we need a fast-winning Britain. What should we do?

There are two alternatives:

One is to pepper our coasts with new shipyards and start launching new merchant ships on the scale we reached during the last months of the last war. We might get out several million tons a year after a while. But the Germans might get out more submarines, too. If you have rats eating grain in a mill, you do not try simply to produce more grain than the rats can eat. You try to kill the rats.

That is what was done in the last war. Our new merchant ships did not win that war. It was won (so far as this present point is concerned) by destroyers. They learned how to kill the submarines. In 1918 the destroyers and their depth-charges finally reduced the merchant ship sinkings by 75 percent.

Why are they not now doing so? Simply because there are not enough of them.

Britain ended the last war with 435 destroyers. Because of her foolish appeasement policy toward Germany she found herself, at the start of this war, with only 185. She has lost 35. She has gained 50 from us. She has built — it is

thought — some 20. She now has approximately 220, which is just about one half of what she had in 1918. And the job is much bigger.

The true trouble with British propaganda is that the British keep their chins up long after their knees have started wobbling. The noise of their destroyer knees knocking together now is louder than all their propaganda of British invincibility.

In 1918, to keep German submarines out of the Atlantic, Britain had to blockade only the Straits of Dover and a short stretch of the North Sea between Scotland and Norway, a total of about 230 miles. Now the submarines are reinforced by aerial spotters and the British have to blockade the shores of Europe all the way from Narvik in Norway to St. Jean de Luz at the frontier of Spain, a total of about 2000 miles. And yet the full story of Britain's present task is not told.

Toward the end of the last war Britain, besides her own 435 destroyers, had the coöperation of 229 others under the American, French, Italian and Japanese flags. These allied destroyers helped to look after the Mediterranean and the Pacific Ocean. Now, with only 220, the British, besides patrolling the North Atlantic, must themselves patrol the Mediterranean and the Pacific. It just cannot be effectively done.

We come thus to the second alternative. It is simply destroyers

and more destroyers and more and more destroyers.

We have 159 destroyers in existence and an additional 205 in prospect. The only quick and sure way to shorten this war is to feed destroyers to the British as fast as we can build more.

Hitler may call it "war." What difference do his words make as long as the British stand between him and us? When we gave the British 50 destroyers, was it "war"? If we give them 50 more and then 50 more and then 50 more, will it be "war" more? Whatever it is that we are in, we are in it. Our only safety is to persevere in it to the finish. As I once heard Theodore Roosevelt say, "To start something and then go soft is the one certain way to destruction."

The American people never do it. Some politicians do. In the course of our history we have lost two major political parties. The Federalist Party, the party of Alexander Hamilton, flinched from the struggle against Britain in 1812. It dissolved and died. The

Whig Party, the party of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, flinched from the struggle against slavery and the South. The Democratic Party, which mostly fought in gray, did not die. The Whig Party, which flinched from fighting on either side, did die. All politicians in Washington who have bet on the proposition that Americans are flinchers have ultimately lost. History should teach them not to make that bet again.

We are in a situation today in which it is much more dangerous to go backward than to go forward. Admiral Standley expresses it by saying: "Short of active coöperation by our American naval resources, the survival of the British Empire is a desperate gamble. Failure to give that coöperation is therefore a desperate gamble with American security."

The best chance of safety therefore is to push forward with speed and without stint. Build merchant ships, yes. But, above all, build destroyers and destroyers and destroyers.



"Old Glory"

A WOOLWORTH STORE in New York offers patriotic fingernails, the Stars and Stripes in decalcomania — you know, transfer pictures. "Be sure the stars are at the tip; that's the way the President wants it," the salesgirl warns.

— *The Newspaper PM*

They Dramatize Their Teaching

Compiled by George Kent

THE TEACHER whose pupils will remember him and his lessons the rest of their lives is always somewhat of a showman. All the great teachers have been showmen, whether they used slapstick, or unforgettable metaphors, or bizarre methods of presentation. The following stories illustrate how some of these inspired Barnums of the blackboard hold their students.

THE STUDENTS of social studies at the George School, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, were not convinced that democracy was the superior way of life. Democracy was ponderous, inefficient. Dictatorships got things done.

"Well," said the teacher, Richard McFeeley, "the only way to find out which is better is to experiment. As a starter, for the next two weeks this class will operate as a dictatorship."

Thenceforth, discussion was forbidden; questions were frowned upon; failure was severely punished. In addition, Mr. McFeeley organized a small Gestapo: four boys were appointed to circulate secretly among their fellows and take notes of what was said out of class. Then, without warning, the teacher read aloud from their reports, quoting remarks boys had made in private about him and other members of the faculty, gossip about fellow students, violations of rules: an entire catalogue of intimate revelations never meant to be made public.

The students sat there stunned by the impact of dictatorship in all its ugly reality. Democracy was restored, by acclamation, at the end of the fifth day.

A LIKE INGENUITY can make dull subjects spring to life. Distressed by classroom yawns, a New York teacher had the students fit newspaper headlines to the poems they were reading. *Eloping Pair Evades Pursuit* was one youngster's scarehead for *Lockinvar*. Paul Revere turned up as *Midnight Rider Warns of Foe's Approach*. The best was for *Robin Hood: Brawl on Bridge Swells Ranks of Outlaw Gang*.

THE FOLLOWING technique, used in a journalism course at the University of Missouri, is probably too sensational for most classes. A student suddenly rose, pulled a revolver from his pocket, and shouted at the instructor, Professor Roscoe Ellard: "You can't do that to me!" Thereupon he fired, and Dr. Ellard slumped down behind the lecture

stand. Then an assistant went to the blackboard and wrote: "Describe in complete detail the murder which has just occurred."

TO A DROWSY CLASS in English, Dr. Wayne Colahan, the Superintendent of Schools of Woodstock, Illinois, announced that he would teach them a little poetry. Unperturbed by the students' audible groans, Dr. Colahan had the five snare drummers of the school band brought into the room. Without further preliminaries, he began reading Vachel Lindsay's *The Congo*, which has a pulsing rhythm marked by a thundering chorus: "With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, *boom!*"

As the reading proceeded, the drummers beat time and Dr. Colahan pounded on the desk with his fist. The students glowed with excitement. "Beat it out on your desks," cried Dr. Colahan, "tap it out with your feet." They obeyed with gusto.

From Lindsay's jungle tempo, Dr. Colahan led the boys to more temperate poems, until by the end of the period they were listening raptly to the subtle cadences of Wordsworth.

THE GREAT TEACHER can drive home a point by using the commonest objects. George C. Klinefelter, of the U. S. Office of Education, picked up his coat that was hanging on a chair and said to his students, "We all know how to put

on a coat. But imagine that I am a South Sea Islander who never saw a coat before. Tell me how to put it on." Not one of the class was able to give wholly correct directions.

Try it yourself, keeping your hands perfectly still. This little trick, as amusing as a parlor game, is also an unforgettable exercise in clear thinking and the accurate use of words.

AT THE opening session of Dr. Earle E. Eubank's class in sociology at the University of Cincinnati, each member is given a Lincoln penny; then Dr. Eubank writes on the blackboard the date "A.D. 3000" and says:

"This special meeting of the International Ethnological Congress has been called to discuss a great discovery concerning the lost civilization of 1941. A thousand feet below the surface we have found some copper disks, one of which each of you holds in your hand. Using nothing but our knowledge of ancient languages, what can we deduce as to the civilization of that year?"

The class is then given five minutes to examine the penny and jot down observations. Here are some of the things sharp eyes and minds can find:

1. This is evidently a coin, so the civilization of 1941 surely had a system of finance, business and exchange.
2. Since copper is used, there was a knowledge of mining.
3. Metallurgy was also known, for

the disk has been refined and stamped. 4. A written language existed. 5. Agriculture was practiced and was seemingly important, since they put stalks of wheat on the money. 6. Since they raised wheat, the climate must have been temperate. 7. Art and esthetics were part of their culture, since the coin is designed with an eye to form and beauty. 8. This culture had knowledge of previous cultures because there is a date on the coin — indicating a calendar — and a

Latin phrase. 9. The words *United* and *States* show that a system of government existed; the word *Liberty* suggests that it was a government directed by the people. 10. Civilized clothing was worn. 11. They believed in a monotheistic religion.

Here is a happy marriage, in the so often dry and dusty classroom, of entertainment and information. Here is teaching at its best, using the flame of imagination to weld knowledge to young minds.

A Contest for Teachers

IN THE HOPE of finding other ingenious teaching techniques, The Reader's Digest announces a prize contest, *open to teachers only*, for striking instances of showmanship in the classroom. For the ten best contributions describing a dramatic teaching method, or an ingenious (but not freakish) device to kindle student enthusiasm, The Reader's Digest will pay \$100 each upon publication. Contributions should be vivid, brief, typewritten, and mailed to George Kent, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y., before April 1st, 1941. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed.

"Why I Go to Church" Contest

SUPPLEMENTING the announcement (page 38, February Reader's Digest) of prize winners in the "Why I Go to Church" contest, the editors have, after carefully weighing the merits of the 21 best letters, decided that at least one more — written by William A. Smith of Toledo, O. — deserves development as a full-length article for which \$1200 will be paid.

Mazie

Condensed from The New Yorker

Joseph Mitchell

A BOSSY little blonde named Mazie P. Gordon is a celebrity on the Bowery. In nickel-a-drink saloons and dime-a-platter restaurants she is known by her first name. Drunks slap her on the back and call her sweetheart. She has a wry but genuine fondness for bums and is undoubtedly acquainted with more of them than any other person in New York.

Mazie has presided for 21 years over the ticket cage of the Venice Theater, a small, seedy movie house which opens at 8 a.m. and closes at midnight. The Venice is highly esteemed by its patrons because its seats get a scrubbing three times a week. "Nobody ever got loused up at the Venice," Mazie says.

On the Bowery, cheap movies rank just below cheap alcohol as an escape, and most bums are movie fans. There are drunks in practically every Venice audience. When the liquor in them dies down they become fretful and mumble to themselves and during romantic pictures they make loud, utterly frank remarks. But they are not as troublesome as a class Mazie calls "the stiffes" — the listless bums,

blank-eyed and slow-moving, who have no desire for anything but sleep. Stiffs go to the Venice early and slumber in their seats until driven out at midnight. "Some days I don't know which this is, a movie-pitcher theater or a flop-house," Mazie once remarked. "Other day I told the manager pitchers with shooting in them are bad for business — wake up the customers."

Most Bowery movie houses employ bouncers. At the Venice, Mazie is the bouncer. She is small but fearless, and has a frightening voice. When a drunk snores too loudly, or gets in a bellowing mood, women and children in a specially reserved section stamp on the floor and chant, "Mazie! Mazie! We want Mazie!" Mazie locks the cash drawer, grabs a bludgeon made of rolled-up copies of *True Romances*, strides down the aisle, peering this way and that. Women and children point and cry, "There he is, Mazie!" Mazie gives the man a resounding whack on the head, and utters a series of fierce but incoherent threats: "Outa here on a stretcher! Knock your eyeballs out! Big baboon!" The women and

children enjoy this, particularly if Mazie gets the wrong man. As the man scampers up the aisle, with Mazie right behind him, whacking away, they applaud. Her animosity usually lasts until she has driven him out to the sidewalk, then she becomes contrite and apologetic and is likely to let him in again.

The Venice is owned by Mazie and her two sisters. It was built by a brother-in-law, a race-track gambler, now dead. Mazie's sisters do not often show up, and she runs things to suit herself. She is profoundly uninterested in movies — "They make me sick," she says. Mazie could afford to hire a ticket girl, but she enjoys her job. From her cage she has a good view of Chatham Square, promenade of Bowery drunks and eccentrics. "The things I see, by God, you wouldn't believe it," she says proudly.

Sitting majestically in her cage, Mazie is one of the few pleasant sights on the Bowery. A bosomy woman in her forties, some people believe she has a blurry resemblance to Mae West. Her hair is the color of sulphur, her face is dead-white with a smudge of rouge the size of a silver dollar on each cheek. On duty she often wears a green eyeshade. She almost always has a cigarette hanging from a corner of her mouth, and this makes her look haughty. Like a movie croupier, she can smoke a cigarette down to the end and not take it from her

mouth once, even while talking.

Mazie is a native of Boston, a fact which gives her a lot of satisfaction. Once when a drunk stumbled into an "El" pillar in front of the Venice and skinned his nose, Mazie went to a nearby saloon and yelled, "Gimme some hot water and a clean rag!" "You want to take a bath, Mazie?" asked the bartender. This remark enraged her. "Don't you talk like that to me, you yellow-bellied jerk," she said. "I come from Boston, and I'm a lady."

Mazie's hours would kill most women, seven days a week from early morning until 11 p.m. Her cage is not much more spacious than a phone booth, but she makes herself comfortable with two pillows on a swivel chair and wears bedroom slippers. In winter she uses an electric heater, and holds in her lap her wheezy old Pomeranian.

When a bum with an exceptionally grimy face steps up to buy a ticket, Mazie hands him a towel and some soap and says, "Look, buddy, if you'll go in the gents' room and wash, I'll let you in free." Most of them go. Occasionally she gives one 15 cents and sends him to a barbershop. If in a good humor, Mazie will admit a bum free without much argument. Ordinary citizens who have heard of her generosity and try to get passed in outrage her. "If you haven't any money," she tells such people, "go steal a watch."

On Mazie's top shelf is a pile of paper-backed books including a number on the interpretation of dreams and a worn copy of *Spiritual Reflections for Sisters*, which she borrowed from an Italian nun. Lately Mazie has been reading a page of this book every day. She says that she understands hardly any of it but that reading it makes her feel good.

Mazie is Jewish, but she has been entranced by Catholicism ever since 1920, when a drug addict-prostitute came to her cage one night and asked for help. "I knew this babe was a junky," Mazie says, "so I followed her home just to see if she was lying about having two kids. She had them all right, and they were starving in this crummy little room. I tried to get everybody to do something — the cops, the so-called missions — but all they said was the girl was a junky. That excused them from lifting a hand. So I seen two nuns on the street, and they helped me straighten the woman out. I liked the nuns. They seemed real human."

The mother superior of a nearby Catholic settlement knows her quite well. "On the Bowery it's probably an asset to have a reputation for toughness," she says. "Mazie isn't really tough. At heart, she's good and kind. We can always count on her for help."

Mazie encourages people to visit her while working. In the morning,

practically all her callers are bums with hang-overs who come, scratching and twitching, to ask for money to get their first drinks of the day. She passes out dimes regularly to about 25 of them. Because of this, she is disliked by the hard-shelled Bowery evangelists. One of them, a grim, elderly woman, came to the cage not long ago and shook a finger at Mazie. "We sacrifice our nights to come down here and encourage these unfortunates to turn over a new leaf," she said. "Then you give them money and they begin using intoxicants all over again." Mazie leaned forward and said, "Par'n me, Madam, but it sounds like your guts are growling. What you need is a beer."

Most of the bums take her dimes with quivering fingers, mutter a word of thanks, and hurry off. Two of them, however, invariably linger a while. One is a courtly old Irishman named Pop and the other is an addled, sardonic little man who says he is a poet and whom Mazie calls Eddie Guest. She says she likes Pop because he is so cheerful and Eddie Guest because he is so sad. At night Pop sings ballads in Irish gin mills on Third Avenue. Mazie thinks he has a beautiful baritone, and every morning, in return for her dime, he favors her with two or three ballads. Sometimes Pop dances a jig on the tiled floor of the lobby. "Pop's a better show than I got inside," Mazie says.

Eddie Guest is a gloomy, defeated, ex-Greenwich Village poet who has been around the Bowery off and on for eight or nine years and is taken to the Bellevue psychopathic ward for observation about once a year. At the Venice one night last winter he saw *The River*, the picture in which the names of the tributaries of the Mississippi were made into a poem. When he came out, he stopped at Mazie's cage, spread his arms: "The Alabama Hotel, the Comet, and the Uncle Sam House," he said, in a declamatory voice, "the Dandy, the Defender, the Niagara, the Owl, the Victoria House and the Grand Windsor Hotel, the Houston, the Mascot, the Palace. All flophouses. All on the Bowery. Each and all my home, sweet home." Mazie thought this was extraordinarily funny. Now, each morning, in order to get a dime, Eddie Guest is obliged to recite this chant for her.

Mazie's afternoon visitors are more respectable. People who stopped to talk one recent afternoon included the rector of a nearby church, two detectives, two nuns who wanted to thank her for buying a phonograph for their settlement, a flashily dressed young Chinese gambler, and Fannie Hurst, the novelist. Miss Hurst has known Mazie for 11 years. Mazie calls her Fannie, and likes to tell about their first meeting.

"One night," she says, "a swell-

looking dame came up and said she often takes walks in the Bowery and would like to meet me. She said her name was Fannie Hurst. 'Pleased to meet you, Fannie,' I said, 'my name is Mary Pickford.' Well, she really was Fannie Hurst. Since she promised not to write no books about me, we been pals."

Each time Miss Hurst comes, Mazie looks at her dress, fingers the material, asks how much it cost, and tells her she got gypped. Miss Hurst does not mind this. "I admire Mazie," she said. "She is the most compassionate person I've ever known. No matter how filthy or drunk a bum may be, she treats him as an equal."

Mazie hears considerable gossip about the sleazy underworld of Chinatown. Detectives know that she has many Chinese friends and sometimes stop at her cage and ask apparently innocent questions about them; she shrugs her shoulders and says, "No spik English." In general, however, she coöperates with the police. Drunken tourists often come down to Bowery joints to see life, and when she notices them she telephones the Oak Street station. "Such dopes are always getting rolled by bums," she says. "I got no sympathy for out-of-towners, but bums are the clumsiest thieves in the world. They always get caught, and it's best to get temptation out of their way."

Mazie closes her cage when the final show is under way, and after

a half hour in an all-night diner she makes a Samaritan tour of the Bowery and its environs. She carries an umbrella and a large hand-bag containing flashlight, cakes of soap, and a supply of nickels, dimes and quarters. If it is cold, she goes first to an alley where bums keep fires going in discarded oil drums, distributing some change. Then she inspects Columbus Park, where every winter a few bums pass out on benches and die of exposure. The police say Mazie has rescued scores of men in this park. Passing through Chinatown she returns to the Bowery, pausing whenever she recognizes a bum and giving him enough money for a meal, a drink, or a flop. Frequently she also hands out soap. "*Please* use it, buddy," she says pleadingly.

Here and there she gets out her flashlight and peers into a doorway, looking for bums who have fallen asleep. She tries to arouse them and stake them to flops. In warm weather if they don't stir she leaves them where they are. "A sidewalk is about as nice as a flophouse cot in the summertime," she says. "You may get up stiff, but you won't get up crummy." In winter, however, she punches the drunk with her umbrella or gets down on her knees and slaps his face to wake him up. Then she pulls and pushes him to the nearest flophouse. She pays the clerk 30 cents for the man's lodging and insists on his

having two blankets. With the help of the bouncer she takes off the man's shoes, unbuttons his collar, loosens his belt, and puts him to bed. This is usually a tumultuous process, and sometimes many of the lodgers are awakened. They stick their heads out of the doors of their cubicles. "It's Mazie!" they shout. "Hello, Mazie!" Now and then an emotional bum will walk out in his underwear and insist on shaking her hands. "God bless you, Mazie, old girl!" he will cry. Mazie does not approve of such antics. "Go back to bed, you old goat," she says. Flophouses are for men only, and Mazie is the only female who has ever crossed the threshold of many of them.

Most nights, after her tour, Mazie makes brief stops in several saloons and all-night restaurants, not to eat or drink but to gossip with bartenders and counter-men and listen to the conversation of drunken bums. She has found that bums do not talk much about sex, sports or politics, the usual saloon topics. She says most of them are far too undernourished to have any interest in sex. They talk, instead, about what big shots they were before they hit the Bowery. "To hear them tell it," Mazie says, "all the bums on the Bowery were knocking off millions in Wall Street when they were young. But, poor fellers, the most of them wasn't ever nothing but drunks."



At last when he thought his life was finished,
this father's man found to his joy in living

On Staying Young

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Maurice Maeterlinck

AT THE AGE OF 60, I thought myself approaching death. My mind seemed to have lost its alertness, its interest in new ideas, its capacity for work; I felt — or imagined I felt — physical indications of the body's last weariness. It was as if a veil had dropped between my eyes and all the color and beauty of the world.

Today I am 78. The harmony I now feel between body and mind would have seemed a miracle to me when I was 60. I know it is nothing of the sort. It is simply this: If the mind is young, the body is young.

I did not learn that myself; someone taught it to me. It is to him, perhaps, that I owe my life today.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK is known throughout the world as author of *The Blue Bird*, written in 1909. But he was even then a successful dramatist, his *Pelléas and Mélisande* having rocketed him to fame and fortune 17 years before. During the past quarter century he has written books noted for their mystic beauty and keen observation, including *Magic of the Stars*, *The Life of the Ant* and *The Life of the Bee*. Count Maeterlinck was born in Belgium but has spent most of his life in France, recently living in seclusion on the Riviera. He came to the United States a few weeks ago.

One morning I went for a walk along a country path. Across the fields I saw a farmhouse, a pleasant-looking place that held out an irresistible invitation for the passer-by. A boy of ten ran out as I approached, and presently we were talking together on a bench beneath an old apple tree.

Soon, above the boy's sprightly chatter, I became aware of a voice from the cottage — a woman's voice, querulous in tone. I looked at the boy, and he smiled broadly. "That's Mother," said he. "She's arguing with Granddad."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, because he wants to go to town to see the new fire engine but she says he'll lose his way or be run over or something, and she says it's silly anyhow." He gave an excited little hop. "But I want to go too, and Granddad'll take me, you watch!"

At that moment, scorning further argument, Granddad stepped through the cottage doorway. He was a very old man, but with lively blue eyes and a frisky manner. He nodded to me pleasantly, and I told him I had stopped to rest awhile, if he did not mind.

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"As long as you want!" he said. "It is a nice place to sit. A good view, don't you think? I'd like to stay and point out some of the interesting things around here, but the boy and I are off for town, and we'll miss the bus if we don't hurry."

I asked if I might walk to the corner with them. "Come along!" he said; and off we started.

I glanced back and saw the boy's mother standing in the cottage door. There was an expression of melancholy foreboding on her face and she shook her head disapprovingly. It occurred to me that I had recently seen that same expression somewhere else, and then the sudden realization startled me — yes, in the mirror that very morning, and the face was my own.

"Poor woman!" the old man said. "She thinks I should tuck my scarf around me, sit in the sun like an old donkey and never stir. If I heeded her, I'd be dead in a year!"

When we parted he asked me to come soon for another visit. I did, many times, for I felt that I had found not only a friend but a counselor — and physician. He had always lived in this small farming section and the "town" he visited occasionally was not much more than a village. But to him this small sphere was as wide as the world, because he knew it so well. He paused to talk with its people and inquire about their affairs; he crossed their

lives with his. If he noticed that a shopkeeper had decked his store with a new fitting, he paused to compliment him; if he had an idea he thought might benefit that man's business, or help a housewife in her labors or make her garden prettier, he gave it for what it was worth. Of friendship he was spendthrift.

And so it was impossible to think of him as an old man. He had never permitted the years to wither his mind, and therefore in great part they had spared his body.

His one secret was his unconquerable interest in life. His second was as simple. On excursions to town or merely on walks along neighboring roads, his usual companion was the little boy. He never lost touch with childhood.

It was to this, I think, that the Biblical patriarchs owed their long, sound years. In that pastoral life the family remained closely knit, no matter to what size it grew. There were always children around the elders. Children through whose eyes they might see again the wonder and beauty of the world, through whose questions they might find once more their own far childhood.

After my meeting with my old young friend, I took stock and swept the shelves. I realized that I must unburden myself of the precautions of old habit, the poisons of resignation and fear. Previously I had cringed before the prospect of a journey, thinking myself too old to venture from my safe warm corner

in the sun. I had resisted the friendly advances of younger people. I had shuddered at facing unfamiliar things — people, scenes, ideas.

Now, with that old man before me as a model, I welcomed all these, knowing that only by welcoming them could I live. I tried to touch life with all my senses, as the blind man illuminates his mind by the blessed touch of his fingers on the raised letters.

Today as we listen to the roar of history, it may seem impossible at times to hold to one's belief in life. But joy in living can be reaffirmed and renewed by things so close at hand that we scarcely see them at all; the changing fields and trees, the colors of first dawn and last evening light, the child that plays next door, friendly contacts with those around us. And belief in life is the essence of youth. *



America's Foster Children

*Contributed by
Graeme Lorimer*

¶ AN ENGLISH father wanted to get the news quickly to his little son in America that a baby sister had come into the family and cabled the American host of his son, ending, "The little fellow is a solemn owl, so break the news gradually."

The American called in the little English boy and told him he had just heard from his father of a wonderful thing that had happened. His father had noticed a large stork circling around the house. "It went around and around," he said, "with its big feet dangling and its big wings flapping. Around and around —"

"Jove!" exclaimed the little English boy. "I hope Mother didn't see it. She's pregnant, you know."

¶ A PHILANTHROPIC New York matron who wanted to do her bit for England offered to take care of two boys, provided they were not little gentlemen. She said she wanted underprivileged youngsters on whom she could really do a job, and the adoption center took her at her word.

They sent her two little Cockneys whose first and most obvious need was a bath. While the maid filled the tub, she had the boys stripped, and as soon as the tub was filled popped one of them into it. Then she instructed the maid to take the pile of filthy clothes away and burn them. The poor youngster in the tub looked big-eyed at his trembling, naked companion and wailed, "Blimey, the old bitch is goin' to drownd us."

I Learned About America from Deadwood Dick

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Percy Waxman

THE FIRST influence that aroused my interest in America, back in the days of my Australian childhood, was a long-decried and now extinct form of literature — dime novels. Before I had reached the age of 12 I was familiar (in a way) with many phases of life in America and those colorful volumes gave me an intense desire to visit the United States and meet as many of its remarkable inhabitants as possible.

The frenzied rapture that poets speak of is a pale anemic thing compared with the joy of that moment when a dime novel first fell into my hands. The book contained 32 pages and dealt with the glorious exploits of a noble son of the plains named Deadwood Dick. A more versatile, ingenious, courageous and

PERCY WAXMAN, formerly editor of *Pictorial Review*, has been an associate editor of *Cosmopolitan* since 1935. He is a radio literary commentator and the author of several books of verse and biographies, including *Napoleon's Madcap Sister*, published last year. Why Mr. Waxman left Australia and became an American citizen is told in his article *I Chose America*, *The Reader's Digest*, December 1940.

handsome hero has never yet appeared on my horizon. The man existed solely for the doing of good and doing it in a most picturesque manner. Furthermore, he was blessed with a remarkably capable feminine partner in the thwarting of villainy, named Calamity Jane.

And he certainly needed her help to frustrate the diabolical depredations of a cur named Piute Dave. This inhuman wretch, by a detestable stroke of deception, captured Dick in the very first chapter, and tears filled my eyes when I read how Dave and his gang hanged Dick, riddled his body with bullets from their six-shooters, placed it in a sack filled with stones and then with ghoulish glee hurled the whole grim package from the dizzy height of a yawning precipice into the boiling cauldron of a stream several hundred feet below!

I was horror-stricken to read of this cold-blooded treatment of so noble a hero, and couldn't quite make out what the rest of the book could deal with when the leading character had been so summarily dealt with in Chapter One. How-

ever, on I read, hoping that Calamity Jane might be able (in a girlish way, of course) to do something about avenging her pal.

In Chapter Two a bearded stranger mysteriously appeared in the gambling hell attached to the Bloody Gulch Saloon and made things pretty hot for Piute Dave and his dastards — to say nothing of the excitement he gave a panting 10-year-old reader.

After some of the cleverest outwitting and thwarting of devilish plots you ever heard of, this bearded stranger eventually rounded up, not only Piute Dave himself, but his whole cowardly mob, and turned them over to the minions of the law. Not till then did he remove his beard, and who do you think he turned out to be? You'd never guess in a million years, so I'd better tell you. It was Deadwood Dick! He hadn't been killed at all! He had been unconscious the whole time he had been in the sack and it needed just the cold chill of the river water for all his faculties to shift from neutral to normal, so to speak.

Later on, when I learned that Deadwood Dick "ran" through an entire series, I didn't care what happened to him in the first chapters of whatever "number" I was reading. I knew he'd reappear safe and sound in the final round-up, with all the villains swinging from handy trees or else in the hands of the sheriff.

Not being sophisticated enough to know that I was reading "pernicious" literature, I made no at-

tempt to hide my first *Deadwood Dick* from my family and great was my surprise when a much older brother told me never to bring another one of "those things" into the house. I was shocked, but as my brother was what was called intellectually inclined I felt instinctively that he didn't know the true inwardness of such matters, and the only notice I took of his warning was to take care that my precious volumes did not fall under the gaze of nonbelievers.

At home I would read one of my thrillers carefully concealed behind a large edition of *Paradise Lost*. My continuous absorption in that Miltonian masterpiece excited surprise in the bosom of my family. At school my favorite literature fitted nicely in the pages of my geography, and while apparently deep in my studies I would be helping Deadwood Dick round up a gang of cattle rustlers somewhere in Arizona. So long as my teacher was honest enough not to approach me from the rear I was safe from detection. Those were the days!

My chief pal and fellow addict was the son of the headmaster of a famous public school in Melbourne, a merry young rip who was just as keen on "pernicious" literature as I was. One evening, while visiting his home, I saw his father seated in front of the fire reading a little paper-covered book. It looked familiar and my heart gave a thump of delight when I discovered that

it actually was one of our *Deadwood Dick* series. Without a word of explanation I dashed from the room and ran all the way home to find my highbrow brother.

"You told me," I panted, "that those books I read have a wicked influence on boys."

"So they do," said my literary mentor.

"Well, you're wrong," I said triumphantly. "Dr. Morrison reads them, and if they're good enough for him they're good enough for me."

One result of my interest in the *Deadwood Dick* series was the formation of a secret club. With the modesty of youth, I appointed myself its head, and on dark nights I paraded around the neighborhood in a get-up that approximated my hero's as much as the contents of rifled wardrobes permitted. The six-shooter I carried was totally inadequate as an engine of destruction, a sissy-looking spring pistol intended by its manufacturer merely to shoot rubber darts at a target. Not being able to get a bowie knife, I had to be satisfied with a fruit knife, thrust into a scabbard that had been my mother's spectacle case. I was Deadwood Dick. The dominie's son was Sunflower Sam. There was no girl of our acquaintance considered worthy to represent Calamity Jane.

A young financial genius in our neighborhood conceived the idea of a lending library and purchased

two dozen copies of our favorite books and allowed us addicts to pay him threepence a week for the privilege of reading as many as we could devour. Imagine a kid of 12 thinking up a scheme like that!

During the years that I was a Deadwood Dick fan I little knew that I was modestly contributing to the building up of a large fortune, but the fact remains that the publisher of my glamorous dime novels left an estate of several millions. There is nothing mysterious about the success of these books. They offered stories of action and adventure to a group that had never before been catered to. And at a price so low that virtually anybody could pay it. They were never intended for persons of culture. They were meant for boys, soldiers, sailors, artisans and others whose taste in reading matter was based on instinct.

My *Deadwood Dick* books were sensational in the same sense that all stories of action and conflict are sensational. But in no sense were they immoral, for the simple reason that their readers would have dropped them quickly if they had been.

And as for the blighting influence of such books, all I can say is that after exposing myself to this "pernicious" literature for three or four years I managed to grow up without any marked inclination to rob a bank or to commit murder or forgery.

The Art of Saving No

*Mark Twain refuses permission
to dramatize "Tom Sawyer"*

Hartford, Sept. 8, '87

DEAR SIR:

When 1364 sweeter and better people, including the author, have tried to dramatize Tom Sawyer and did not arrive, what sort of show do you suppose you stand? That is a book, dear sir, which cannot be dramatized. One might as well try to dramatize a hymn.

Now as I understand it, dear 1365, you are going to re-create Tom Sawyer dramatically, then put me in the bills as father of this shady offspring. Sir, do you know that this kind of compliment has destroyed people before now? Listen.

Twenty-four years ago, I was strangely handsome. I was so handsome that human activities ceased as if spellbound when I came in view, and even inanimate things stopped to look — like locomotives and district messenger boys.

Upon one occasion, when I was traveling in the Sonora region and stopped to rest, all the town came out to look. A Piute squaw named her baby for me; other attentions were paid me. Last of all arrived the president and faculty of Sonora University and offered me the post of Professor of Moral Culture and Dogmatic Humanities. I accepted gratefully and entered upon my duties.

But my name had pleased the Indians, and in the deadly kindness of their hearts they went on naming their babies after me. The University stood it for a couple of years, then felt obliged to call a halt, although I had the sympathy of the whole faculty. The president himself said to me, "I am as sorry as I can be for you, but you see how it is: there are 132 of them already, and 14 precincts to be heard from. The circumstance has brought your name into most wide and unfortunate renown. It causes much comment, some — by patrons who know only the statistics without the explanation — offensive and even violent. Nine students have been called home. The trustees of the college, growing more and more uneasy — along with the implacable increase in your census — have charged me with the unpleasant duty of receiving your resignation."

I know you only mean me a kindness, dear 1365, but it is a most deadly mistake. Please do not name your Injun for me.

Truly yours,

(This letter to No. 1365 was never mailed.)

*From "A Treasury of the World's Great Letters," edited by M. Lincoln Schuster.
Copyright 1940, and published at \$3.75 by Simon & Schuster, Inc.,
Rockefeller Center, N. Y. C.*

My Father Was a Soil-Builder

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Angus McDonald

MY FATHER, James Angus McDonald, was an Oklahoma preacher. He was also a fanatic — on soil conservation. He was always telling his neighbors to plow in dry weather and build dams in the gullies, and they were always laughing at him. He had a theory about holding the moisture in time of drought, but nobody listened. He, a preacher, telling them how to farm!

Our place was one of the hilliest and poorest in eastern Oklahoma. The old man called it his rock-and-air farm. The first summer after we moved there (in 1912, when I was nine) was the driest I can re-

ANGUS McDONALD left his father's "rock-and-air" farm at 19, spent several years wandering about the country as a salesman, meat packer, farmer and manual laborer. "At the age of 27," he says, "I decided to go to college with only \$20 in my pocket. Four years later I had two degrees, one wife, one child, and \$20." That was 1934. After that he taught history and economics for a year and a half and then went into the Soil Conservation Service of the Department of Agriculture. An ardent conservationist, he has written many articles for government publications and academic journals. He says his great ambition is to get back to the farm.

member. The ground was so hard you couldn't stick a plow in it. Our hired man, Charley, tried to argue the old man out of breaking that ground until it rained. But the old man paid no attention.

"We'll break it, and when it does rain it'll store up water. The main thing is to get your land in condition for the rain."

It took some time to break the eight acres that had been in oats. Sometimes the plow would jump out of the ground and you would have to stand it on its point to get it back in. Charley cursed and said he was going to quit, but he stuck it out. "You know," he said to me one time, "if the old man wasn't so stubborn he wouldn't work so hard. He preaches the same ideas. He believes the Lord wants everybody to work all the time." Charley was telling me that, as if I hadn't known it.

Two or three days later came a gully washer. That afternoon some people came to get married and we couldn't find the old man anywhere. My mother said, "Last time I saw him he was headed toward the eight-acre piece. Go and find him."

The old man was standing bare-headed in the pouring rain by the fence that divided his land from Cassidy's ten-acre field. "Come here," he said. "I want to show you something." Cassidy's field had the same slope as ours. It had cotton off it, with the rows running up and down hill. Between rows there were little streams of water, which lower down joined together to form a brook that washed out the knee-high stalks of cotton. In our own field, little or no water was running off the broken ground. It seemed to soak right in.

The old man grew angry. "These improvident farmers are ruining the land. Yes, ruining it world without end. The foundation of civilization is being undermined."

He went on in that vein for some time. It seemed silly to see him standing out in the rain preaching a sermon, but I wouldn't have dared to say what I thought.

Every year our land got better and Cassidy's got worse. One day the old man walked Cassidy all over our farm and showed him his dams and retaining walls, and the way the rows ran on the contours of the hill. Despite lack of rain our pea vines were dark green.

"Look at that land," said the old man. "Four years ago you said it wasn't worth cultivating. I got a good crop of oats off it and the peas will be ready to pick soon. We'll pick what we need and then make hay of the vines."

"Brother Mac," said Cassidy, "you are the damndest dam builder in the whole damn country. But I ain't got time to be hauling rock."

"Well, why don't you at least run your rows with the lay of the land?"

"I can't be turning my cultivator round every 20 feet. Why, if you was to run rows across the hill you wouldn't get no work done at all — you would be turning round all the time."

The old man snorted. As he turned and stamped off toward the house I heard him mutter, "Churn-headed fool!"

In his walks over the farm the old man got so he'd stop and look at the Cassidy ten more and more. One day I heard him grumbling something about the foundation of civilization being undermined. Then he said, "Son, we'll buy this land. We need more land anyway."

"But this land is poor and thin," I said. "Besides, Cassidy is so contrary he probably won't sell it."

"He'll sell," said the old man. I knew then that he would have that land; when he once made up his mind he never changed it.

The next day Cassidy came over to borrow a hame-string and he got to talking about his crops. "My land ain't good like yours, Brother Mac. It washes so bad."

"You're right," said the old man. "Your land is awful sorry. It'd pay you to let that north ten go back for taxes."



"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Cassidy. "I might sell it, though."

The old man laughed. "Who'd buy it? Come, boys, it's burning daylight; we've got to finish pulling fodder."

One reason the old man's ideas didn't go over so well was because it took so much work to put them in practice. The neighbors thought it was foolish to pull fodder. We had to pull it in the hottest weather and then about dusk when the dew had begun to fall go out and tie it into bundles. If you tried to tie it before dusk the brittle blades would tear to pieces.

"Brother Mac, you shore do like work. Why, you can get hay a lot easier than that."

"Cassidy, I heard you had been buying hay. I have never bought a bale of hay and never expect to."

"Seems like my medder didn't turn out so good on account of the drouth," said Cassidy. "Brother Mac, if you hear of anybody that wants to buy that land let me know. I'd sell cheap."

"Any price would be high for that land," said the old man.

Weeks went by, and Cassidy kept bringing up the subject and the old man kept discouraging him. But one night at supper the old man was beaming. "Well, boys, I just bought the Cassidy ten."

I never saw him work so hard as he did on the Cassidy land. He hired two extra hands, and of course my brother and I worked

too — from daylight till dark. We built eight big dams in the biggest gully, about 25 yards apart, and a lot of little dams in the smaller gullies. The old man was everywhere, supervising, often getting down and rebuilding the dams so they'd be just right. When he had completed a dam to his satisfaction he would "hist" his foot on the wagon hub and give a lecture on the soil.

The hands didn't pay any attention to his lectures but they enjoyed the rest. Although the old man was getting along toward 70, he could work down any hand I ever saw. After a week the new hands quit. Even Charley threatened to leave. The old man got some new hands and put in more dams and ditches. Then he built a lane down to the spring and a trough where the stock could get water at all times.

The farmers didn't laugh at the old man any more. They had to admit his crops were better than theirs. And we had a good life on the farm. Our barns were overflowing, our cattle were fat, our farm was a well-ordered little universe.

One spring the old man was plowing in the three-acre field, the best land we had. He stopped plowing and went into the house. My mother was cooking dinner. "Wife, come down to the field. I want to show you something."

"I am very busy," said Mother.

"Oh, come on. I want to show you something."

When they got to the field the old man started his team. He had pulled off his shoes and socks and was walking along in the moist loamy dirt in the furrow behind the plow.

"Look at that, Wife, look at that rich brown dirt. Isn't that fine? I tell you this is the only life."

My mother without a word went back into the house. "Your mother," said the old man, turning to me, "is a city woman."

During the ten years we lived on our rock-and-air farm the old man kept buying land. He couldn't resist a bargain, especially when he saw a chance to build more dams. One day he walked me over some new land he had bought for taxes. We walked for two hours, climbing up and down. "Let's sit down and rest. I am not as good a man as I used to be."

Going home in the buggy I looked at him. Something was wrong. The old man was tired. It was unbelievable. He had never been tired in my memory. Suddenly he seemed shrunken and bony like an old horse who has lost his teeth. He had changed in the past year and nobody had noticed. The truth dawned on me. He was getting old.

He had always seemed old to me, not in the sense of decrepitude but in the sense of permanence. He was one of those unchangeable things in our lives which, like the hills and the sky and the land,

would always be there. He had been too busy to treat me as a son, except on rare occasions; yet I could not imagine life without him.

In the months that followed I watched his last fight. He worked as he always had. He was everywhere, directing the hands, building dams and fences, storming about, more impatient than ever. Finally, from sheer weakness he was forced to take to his bed part of the time, but every day he spent some time in the fields. When we tried to help him to the house he flung us aside roughly.

I think toward the last he realized the truth. When they came to take him to the hospital he did not create a fuss. For the first time he took orders and obeyed the doctor and the family. But when he was tucked in Cousin Jim's car the old gleam came back into his eyes. "These cars are bankrupting the country. Half these farmers' cars are not paid for. Look at their places. Window lights out, fences down, not a cow or a chicken or a pig on the place, but a car sitting in the yard."

He died a few nights later in his sleep. The nurse who held his hand said that his pulse beat strongly up to the last.

The funeral service was held in the old church in Fort Smith, where he had once been the pastor. The minister told what a good man he was and how many souls he had saved. He didn't mention the soil he had saved.

4. You won't recognize him--if you meet a business detective trailing down facts

Sherlock Holmes in a New Role

Condensed from Advertising & Selling

John Allen Murphy

HIS DISGUISE was worthy of Sherlock Holmes. Frayed pants, grimy old wind-breaker, greasy cap, face and hands smeared with dirt from the garage floor. He had bought a disreputable secondhand truck with terrible tires and was going out to play the role of small-time truck driver.

He wasn't a detective. He was a business-research man finding out for tire manufacturers if retailers were breaking their agreements not to cut prices. For weeks he drove his rattly truck from dealer to dealer, always haggling for bargains. In the end he had three truckloads of new tires bought at bootleg rates — and a highly interesting report, with names, dates and other significant data.

For years another sleuth has been going to barbershops for a

JOHN ALLEN MURPHY is himself a business research expert, sometimes enacting sleuthing roles of the sort he describes in this article. During the past dozen years he has made more than 550 studies for companies large and small. Mr. Murphy is also a journalist; his articles have appeared in business publications for a quarter century, and he was for 10 years an associate editor of *Printers' Ink*.

haircut, shave or massage several times a week. He is fussy about his hair, too. He always has hair tonic applied — for his client is a hair tonic manufacturer and his job is to spot cheap substitutes in his client's bottle. He does his detecting with his nose, can smell a spurious tonic a yard away.

Ask a man what he thinks of you, your product or your company and he will not tell the whole truth. Hence, many businesses use research detectives to discover facts they could obtain in no other way. For instance, the employers of a dignified, prosperous-looking gentleman who spent months strolling around stores, making small purchases. Whenever he spotted the proprietor he would say, casually, "I notice that you handle so-and-so. I have been thinking of buying stock in that company. Is it a good buy?" Flattered, the merchant usually talked frankly. The caller learned that while most retailers regarded this company fairly well, some of its policies were inconsistent, some of its methods out-of-date. The company soon learned what dealers thought of it.

A serious-looking man haunted New York's second-rate office buildings. In each he got into an elevator, went to the top and took another down. On the way down he would insist the elevator was not working properly and would demand to see the renting agent. "I was considering renting an office here," he would say, "but that's out now. If the elevators are in such bad shape the whole place is probably run down." The visitor was finding out for an elevator service company what elevators needed attention and was making the agent vulnerable to later salesmanship.

Proprietors of numerous paint stores recently gave a stranger much advice on repainting his house. He was finding out what paints small retailers were recommending. This same business detective on another assignment claimed to have a sick puppy and anxiously described its symptoms to hundreds of dealers in dog remedies. What would they recommend? He was finding out whether they were pushing his client's goods.

Another sleuth evinced an astonishing curiosity as to the time of day, stopping man after man on the street. He was making a study for a watch manufacturer who wanted to know what percentage of well-dressed men were carrying his watch, how many of them used wrist watches, and whether the

timepieces were accurate. The investigator could tell the brand of watch at a glance.

The automotive product researcher often rides the ferries. Motorists then are at ease, willing to talk oils or greases or tires to the inquisitive passenger who happens to stand nearby and starts the conversation in an offhand way such as, "You can't beat that brand of tires, can you?" Often other motorists join in and several interviews are obtained in one effort. The secret of such interviewing is to be casual.

One magazine maintains a research staff to learn what sort of folk read it, what kind of story they like best. The research women of this staff represent a dummy philanthropic organization. They call upon people in their homes and offer to buy old magazines, to be turned over to hospitals (and this is actually done). Housekeepers respond enthusiastically and are then willing to talk. The company thus finds out in which homes its publication is read, what other magazines go into those homes, and what the householder's reactions are to the periodicals she reads.

One of the cleverest research bloodhounds is a woman who disguises herself as a shopper. If she is doing a job on coffee she is always undecided as to which brand to buy, timidly asking other women shoppers for their advice. If a dress manufacturer asks her to determine

how new styles are going over, she shops for dresses, trying them on by the hundreds and listening to the reactions of other shoppers.

Some of the most effective research is done in retail stores. Clerks are asked to wear novelties in pins, scarves, hair ornaments or costume jewelry. A score is kept of remarks made or questions asked. Those that get the highest tally are stocked by the store. If customers were asked outright which of these accessories they preferred, they would become self-conscious and not register true preference.

A famous Baltimore company asked its employes to find out casually how housewives regard flavoring extract bottles — tradi-

tionally tall and thin. Women volunteered that they tipped over too easily. A bottle with a wider base was the result of this sleuthing.

The prize assignment of one of these snoopers for facts was to eat and drink his way across the United States, patronizing soda fountains exclusively. Perhaps 25 times a day he would order coffee, a sandwich, a milk shake. At each store he would converse with the attendant, watch what other customers were ordering. He was finding out for a food manufacturer what food soda fountains were neglecting. It proved to be soup. And the manufacturer thereupon launched a successful soup-for-soda-fountains campaign.



Everyone Will Talk About "Out of the Night"

Condensed in this issue, beginning page 125

DON'T miss it! This amazing autobiography, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February, will be one of the most discussed books of 1941.

— "The most exciting personal document to come out of the tragic years between two wars." — *The Atlantic Monthly*

— "A book of peculiar power, reporting weird, harrowing, unfamiliar things." — *Time*

— "Its suspense is such that you will not be good for anything else until you have turned the last page."

— *The Nation*

Two ladies and some red flannel underwear made Cedar Springs, Mich., a better place to live in

The Clipper Girls

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

Michael Costello

THE GUARD of honor wore red flannel underwear, ladies-in-waiting wore red flannel capes, members of the band wore red flannel uniforms. The Queen's train was of red flannel, too.

The occasion was Red Flannel Day (Nov. 9), the annual homespun fiesta at Cedar Springs, Mich. (population 1200), which calls itself the Red Flannel Town. Five thousand visitors watched contests in wood sawing and piling, spitting at the knothole, telling tall tales, eating blueberry pie. You recognized the natives by red flannel underwear blushing at their wrists.

Busiest natives on Red Flannel Day — or any other day for that matter — are two middle-aged spinsters who arrived eight years ago from New York. Nina Babcock had been on the staff of *The Nation*, Grace Hamilton secretary of the Long Island Real Estate Board. Neither had ever lived in a small town. The two girls had met in New York several years before. Each confessed that, like many other big city newspaper people, she dreamed of owning a small-town paper some day.

So they pooled their funds, kept hunting for a paper that could be bought cheaply. Finally they found the Cedar Springs *Weekly Clipper*, 60 years old and dying of dry rot. They paid a little cash, signed a mortgage, put what was left in the local bank. Almost at once the bank blew up, and the new editors found themselves with a decrepit paper, stacks of unpaid bills, and \$2.40 in cash.

"I'll solicit ads and learn to run the press," Grace Hamilton said.

"And I'll take over the linotype and the news," Nina Babcock agreed.

One thing they knew. Cedar Springs was as hard hit as they were; their paper would not prosper unless the town did. So they started to build both. Natives mistrusted them at first, whispered that they were city slickers, socialists, tools of Wall Street, cigarette smokers, atheists. The two women pretended not to hear, went on setting type, gathering news, running editorials suggesting ways to make Cedar Springs pleasanter and more prosperous.

Five years ago they read a New

York columnist's complaint that nobody wore red flannel any more. He had sent as far west as Cleveland, he said, and couldn't even buy any there. Walking home that noon the two editors counted a dozen suits of honest red — long-sleeved, long-legged — flapping on back yard clotheslines. They interviewed storekeeper Jack Pollack.

"Sure," he said. "Got plenty of regular customers. Red flannel's warmer than most underwear. I got quite a stock."

That night the "Clipper Girls," as the townspeople had begun to call them, wrote an editorial answering the columnist, charging him with provincialism, inviting attention to Cedar Springs' red-flanneled he-men. They ran it in bold type on page 1. Local readers liked what they said . . . these newspaper girls were all right after all.

An Associated Press reporter picked up the editorial, put it on the wire, and within a week letters, orders, checks began to pour into the *Clipper* office. City dwellers from coast to coast, stirred by nostalgic memories, wanted to buy red underwear.

The Clipper Girls turned the orders over to local merchants. The merchants dressed their help in red flannel, filled their show windows with crimson drawers, blouses, gloves. The whole town became red-flannel minded. Today your restaurant waitress, the boy who

drives the town taxi, high school students, teachers, preachers, doctors, storekeepers, farmers, all patriotically wear red coats, jackets, shirts, caps. Last fall businessmen joined the Clipper Girls in organizing a company to make red flannel products.

Red Flannel Day, of course, originated with the Clipper Girls. When they suggested it in an editorial, the merchants said it sounded all right — but who'd run it?

"We will," the Clipper Girls replied, and did.

This is only one of the community projects they started. Cedar Springs had no public library. So the editors set aside a corner of their print shop, put in shelves and tables, gave their own books, asked for donations and acted as librarians. After two years the library took so much time, used so much room, that they asked the village fathers to take it over.

The politicians howled. They had no money, no place to house the library, and, anyhow, who wanted it?

"There's the calaboose above the fire station," the Clipper Girls replied on page 1. "We don't need it as a jail any more. The library will cost in taxes only one half cent per \$100 of valuation. And if you put it to a vote, you'll discover who wants it." The editorial added that the *Clipper* would pay the library tax for any citizen who felt he

couldn't afford it. The town voted 2 to 1 for the library. One taxpayer did demand a refund. The editors paid his share — 15 cents.

They sold 400 memberships to villagers and farmers, at 25 cents each, to get the first \$100 of library funds. The American Legion tore out the old jail cells and put in bookshelves. Carpenters and electricians gave evenings and Sunday afternoons to the job, women scrubbed and painted the rooms. There are 3000 books on the shelves now and 645 citizens have library cards.

Last year a delegation of high school students came to the shop where "Miss Nina" still runs the linotype and "Miss Grace" the press.

"We've a fine big gym at the school," the students said. "But the grownups won't allow us to have school dances in it. We wonder if maybe . . ."

"Sure!" the Clipper Girls agreed, and the paper came out in favor of supervised school dances. "Better than having our youngsters dancing in beer parlors," they said.

Scores of wrathful citizens replied that dancing was indecent, threatened to "quit the paper." But the editors brought the question to a town vote. Dancing triumphed, 2 to 1.

Next day the boys and girls were back at the *Clipper* office.

"We'll sweep out or run errands, anything to show our appreciation," they said.

"Show it by keeping your dances clean," the editors told them. "If you don't, we're likely to write an editorial."

The Clipper Girls have profited with their small-town paper. Circulation has grown from 400 to 1300 — more than the population of their town. They have paid off the mortgage, bought for cash the town's largest building, moved their office into it.

They have found, too, certain items that do not show on the books. Their pride, for example, in having the *Clipper* rated as one of the four best country weeklies in a national contest conducted three years ago by *The Country Home Magazine*. And . . . well, ask the postmaster, or the restaurant keeper, or any merchant, these days, whether the Clipper Girls are natives of Cedar Springs.

"They sure are!" you hear. "Just like the rest of us. See 'em hanging onto the fire engine, ready to pump or carry buckets, you'd know they're natives! Those Clipper Girls sure belong."

Local businessmen last fall formed a club. They call it "The Association for Finding Proper Husbands for the Clipper Girls."

"And, mister, we'll do that yet!"



Q Lewis and Clark didn't know where they were going—but they got there, and clinched our title to a continental empire

Our Greatest Expedition

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Richard L. Neuberger

FROM St. Louis, the edge of American civilization, Sergeant John Ordway of the United States Army wrote to his father and mother in New Hampshire: "Honored parents: I am now on an expedition to the westward with Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark, who are appointed by President Jefferson to go through the interior of North America. We are to ascend the Missouri River and then go by land to the great Western Ocean."

A courier went through the camp collecting such messages from men

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is a young man with a love for his native Northwest. He has written one book about it — *Our Promised Land*—and is at work on another. He climbs its mountains and camps along its rivers and has tramped over much of Lewis and Clark's route to the Pacific. Mr. Neuberger, born in Portland 28 years ago, has been a newspaperman and writer since he was 16. He is now the Northwest correspondent of *The New York Times*, a feature writer for the *Portland Oregonian* and a contributor to leading magazines. Last November he was elected a member of the Oregon legislature.



who were not sure they would ever be heard from again. Then, late on the rainy afternoon of May 14, 1804, the 29 members of the party embarked in two long, trim row-boats and a 55-foot bargelike bateau. They were voyaging into the unknown.

At St. Louis geography ended and myth began. The Indians whispered of the Shining or Rocky Mountains that scraped the sky. Was this merely one of their legends? Jefferson when minister to France had heard mariners who sailed with Captain Cook on his Pacific voyages describe evergreen forests as boundless as the oceans and peaks high as the Alps, to be seen on America's western shore. Were their tales true? Jefferson's lively imagination had been fired and thenceforward he dreamed of sending brave men to "explore the great wilderness beyond the Mississippi and form a line of communication from sea to sea."

As soon as his envoys had bought from Napoleon for \$15,000,000 the million square miles of territory that France claimed on the sundown side of the Mississippi, Jefferson asked Congress for \$2500 to finance its exploration. "And let us search out even that which lies beyond," he urged.

To lead the expedition the President selected his private secretary, 29-year-old Meriwether Lewis, believing that this young Army captain had a determination that nothing could conquer. Such a man was needed; there might be more than dangers of the wilderness to face and temptations to turn back might be many. A race for empire was in prospect, for the British were talking of sending men to hoist the Union Jack at the mouth of the Columbia.

Jefferson suggested that Lewis select an alternative commander and Lewis named his best friend, William Clark, a 34-year-old artillery lieutenant.

They were in strong contrast. Lewis's thin countenance, with defiant jaw and slate-gray eyes, had an eaglelike intensity. He was taciturn, almost gloomy. Clark, red-headed, red-faced, was never stern or silent. His cheerful chatter often had revived the spirits of troops weary on the march. He liked to dodge officers' mess to eat with the men; he hailed colonels and corporals alike by their first names. He got along with Indians

better than anyone else in the Army, possibly because he treated them as equals.

Clark went from post to post on the frontier, asking picked men if they wanted to plant their country's flag on the Western Ocean. Lewis arranged for supplies, which included presents for the Indians — mirrors, red cloth, needles, beads, calico shirts.

Men picked for the journey were enlisted in the Army at \$10 a month for privates, \$15 for the three sergeants, \$80 each for Lewis and Clark, and as a bonus they were promised parcels of land. Whether any of them would survive to enjoy these rewards was doubtful. Their eventual destination was so indefinite that Jefferson gave them papers bespeaking the good offices of "our consuls in Batavia, in Java and at the Cape of Good Hope."

As they rowed up the sluggish Missouri, under the flag with fifteen stars, the party was a cross section of the expanding nation. The oldest was Patrick Gass, 33; the youngest, John Colter, was 16. Alongside Kentuckians chosen for their woodcraft were hunters from Virginia, farmers from Vermont, carpenters from Pennsylvania. There were Irishmen, Scots, Dutchmen and Frenchmen. Near Lieutenant Clark in the first boat crouched his brawny Negro servant, York.

The explorers had not gone far

before they realized that the map the President had supplied was useless; it did not even indicate the correct direction of the river. All they could do was to follow the Missouri to its source. From there dead reckoning might take them to the sea.

For the first few months it was an idyllic journey — comfortable camps at night, days uneventful save for sight-seeing. By firelight the two leaders worked painstakingly on their journals, for the President and Congress wanted complete reports on plants, trees, beasts, birds and Indians. One evening Lewis wrote: "In addition to the common deer, which were in great abundance, we saw goats, elk, buffalo, antelope, blacktailed deer and large wolves." They counted 52 herds of bison in one day.

Three months out of St. Louis, the adventurers had voyaged 850 miles and were not far from what is now Sioux City in Iowa. The going got harder. The clumsy bateau repeatedly lurched aground on sandbars. One man collapsed from sunstroke. Sergeant Charles Floyd died of colic in the choking heat of an August afternoon. They buried him on a high bluff, the first American soldier to die west of the Mississippi. The boats went on, the men silent, Lewis wrapped in thought. A man dead, many sick, the real perils just begun.

That night, instead of appointing a new sergeant, Lewis told the men themselves to elect a successor to Floyd. Amid much oratory three soldiers were nominated. Grizzled Patrick Gass was chosen. Next morning the party took to the boats with renewed zeal; Lewis had turned the men's minds from brooding over the loss of their companion.

Misadventures multiplied. Nineteen-year-old George Shannon, on scout duty, got lost and almost



starved. A riverbank crumbled and nearly destroyed the precious supplies. Lewis, habitually scouting ahead, had several narrow escapes from stampeding buffalo.

Most of the Indians they met were friendly, grunting with pleasure over trinkets and delighted with whisky dealt out in judicious doses. Whenever possible, chiefs of nearby tribes were summoned to powwows under a sailcloth canopy, the flag flying, and told about the Great White Father in Washington to whom they now owed loyalty. Council Bluffs takes its name from one of these powwows.

A lazy half-breed, Toussaint Charbonneau, interpreted. The party had picked him up along the

route. With him was his 19-year-old Indian wife, Sacajawea, slender in figure, with long braids and dark eyes. Six years before, she had been stolen from the Shoshones by marauding braves, and Charbonneau had won her in a gambling bout. A woman on the expedition? Lewis and Clark had hesitated, but they desperately needed Charbonneau. Besides, Sacajawea's tribe was said to dwell beyond the high mountains. Maybe this Indian girl would know the way.

Meadows and prairies gave way to rolling hills, the hills stiffened into plateaus. But the horizons still were land. Where did it end? Where was the Western Ocean?

The first heavy snows fell in November, trapping the party near the site of Bismarck, N.D. In the half year they had made 1600 miles, all up the Missouri. A few traders had been thus far but no white man had ever gone farther. They built a stockade, calling it Fort Mandan for the friendly Mandan Indians, and here during the long dreary winter a baby boy was born to Sacajawea.

April 7, 1805, the last ice having drifted down the river, Fort Mandan was left behind. So was the bateau, too big for the narrowing Missouri and no longer needed for the dwindling supplies. Six canoes made of buffalo hides and willow branches took its place.

The country grew wilder, the landscape less hospitable. Mos-

quitoes and gnats were a curse. Buffalo were scarce and, without buffalo hide for patching, clothes and moccasins began to shred.

But the ragged frontiersmen now were unlocking the secrets of the continent. They came upon huge, ferocious grizzly bears that it took half a dozen musket balls to kill. They spent weeks of back-breaking toil portaging goods and boats past thundering cataracts which they called the Great Falls of the Missouri. And on May 26, a Sunday, Lewis, who had been scouting ahead as usual, came back to camp excited. He had glimpsed majestic mountains.

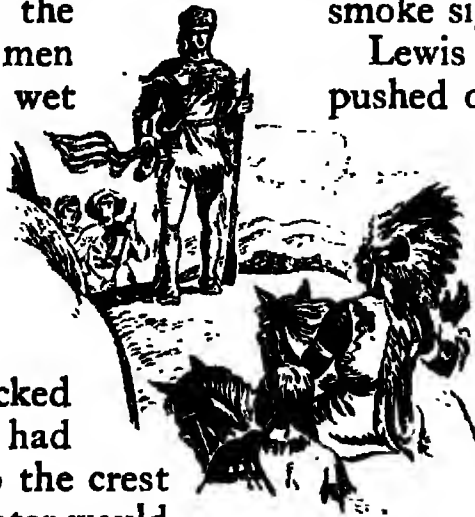
Independence Day, 1805, was celebrated at the foot of the Rockies, 2500 miles and 14 months from St. Louis. Wistfully they drank the last of their brandy. Other supplies, too, were running low. Lewis wrote in his journal: "We all believe that we are about to enter upon the most perilous part of our voyage."

Only the Indian girl, her baby strapped to her back, had the vaguest notion where they were. From out of the memories of her childhood Sacajawea recognized a creek at which her people had collected clay for painting their war parties. When the dwindling Missouri abruptly forked into three branches her memory again helped. She sent them up the swiftest fork, which they named Jefferson River.

The stream twisted through a

labyrinth of volcanic walls at which it clawed with white-capped talons. Sometimes the boats upset and their loads were swept downstream. The men waded through the glacier-fed water, pulling their leaky craft on long ropes, for they could not walk on the steep banks. "The men by being constantly wet are becoming more feeble," the Captain noted. Sharp stones cut to pieces what remained of their moccasins and drops of blood flecked the stream. They had journeyed as close to the crest of the continent as water would take them. Wherever they looked the skyline was a jagged row of pinnacles, "mountains piled on mountains," such peaks as Americans never had seen. Each ridge surmounted brought a glimpse of a ridge higher still. Eventually they reached the region where now Montana joins Idaho, where the Rockies and the Bitter Root mountains run parallel in a vast maze. Lewis sent scouts scattering to find some way across. They came back baffled, four of them nursing injuries from falls.

By now Lewis realized that he must find the Shoshones or give up the expedition. His fatigued men could not drag themselves over those summits, let alone carry burdens; they must have horses.



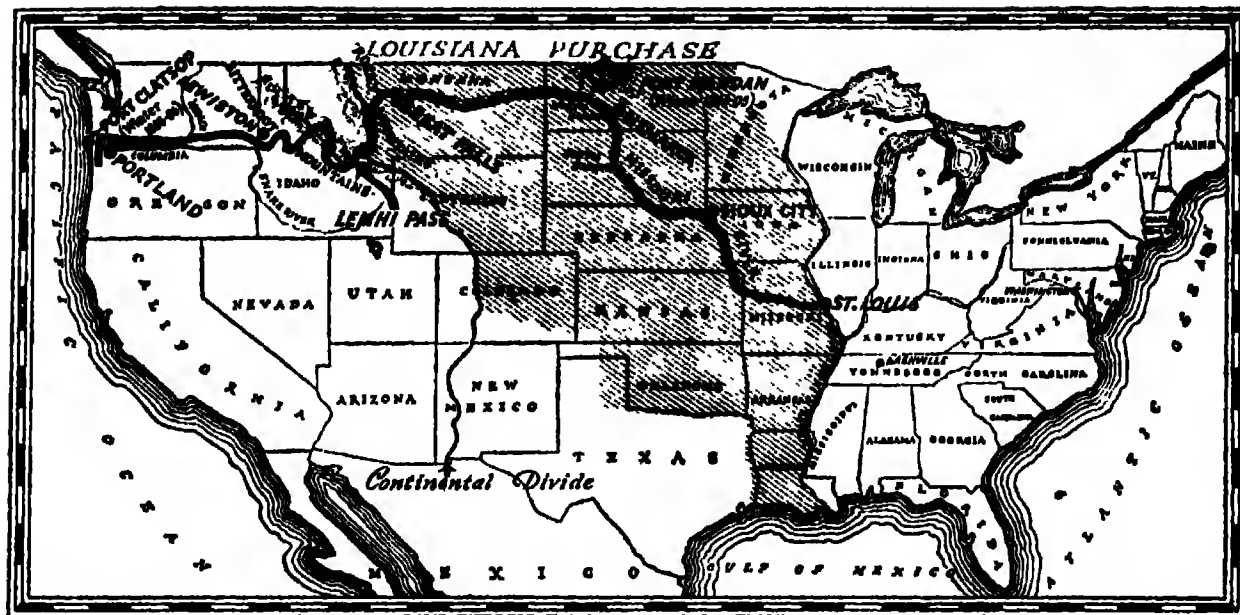
Rations were low and they could not survive a Rocky Mountain winter. Soon the snows would start and it would be too late even to go back. They had not seen an Indian for four months though Sacajawea insisted that she twice had seen the smoke signals of her people.

Lewis chose three men and pushed on ahead. Every morning when they broke camp they left beads and mirrors as tokens of friendliness to any Indians who might stumble onto the dead fires. At last, ragged and exhausted, they crawled to the top of a high ridge and looked down the Pacific slope of the Rockies. Here, on the Continental Divide, they unfurled the flag. They had two pounds of flour left.

As Chief Cameahwait and 60 mounted Shoshone braves jogged over the crest of Lemhi Pass late in the afternoon of August 13, they saw tottering toward them a tall, ragged stranger with pale skin. In his right hand he carried a cloth of red, white and blue. Half a hundred paces to the rear were three other strangers with long black sticks.

"*Tabba bone* (white man)," the hollowed-eyed stranger said.

"*Ab bi e!* (I am much pleased!)" the young chief replied gravely. There on the roof of the continent the feathered savage and the Vir-



ginia gentleman embraced and slapped each other on the back.

Game had been scarce that year and the Shoshones were hungry, yet they shared with the white men. The Captain's pulse quickened when the chief offered him roast salmon. Salmon from the sea!

Lewis bartered ornaments, coats, blankets and knives for 38 horses, which were sent back to bring up the main party. A dramatic incident marked the reunion of the two parties. Sacajawea, meeting Cameahwait, greeted him with affectionate cries. They were brother and sister! Nevertheless, when the party went on, Sacajawea chose to stick with her husband rather than return to her people.

A withered old Shoshone, whom Clark christened Toby, volunteered to act as guide. He was not much help. They wandered in the Bitter Root range like men in a

rockbound fortress, while snow began to plug the passes. Provisions ran out. They had to kill some of the horses, which were starving, too, with ground bare of fodder. One day there was only a brace of pheasants for 32 mouths to eat. They scraped the bed of Hungry Creek for crawfish; they grubbed for roots. One wretched night they ate a timber wolf Lewis shot. Lewis gave up his mount to one of the men and struggled ahead on foot. A horse loaded with winter coats slipped, screamed in terror, and vanished over a precipice.

Finally they reached open country. They looked like skeletons, and now even the inexorable driver, Lewis, collapsed. While he lay ill beside the Clearwater River, the others trimmed pine logs and burned out the cores to shape rude canoes. The work was hard for exhausted men and it went slowly.

In the canoes they floated down the Clearwater and into the Snake, at the spot where Lewiston, Idaho, stands. They paddled down the Snake and about the middle of October came to a mighty river which surged out of the north and bent westward. This was the Columbia, the "Great River Oregon," which for two generations adventurous souls had dreamed of exploring!

For three weeks more they stroked the bulky canoes between mountains and grassy meadows and fir forests. One quiet night a soldier heard a far-off roar. Soon long swells rolled up the river from downstream. Gulls flew overhead. The water was full of salmon. There was a tang of salt in the air.

Fog cloaked the Columbia on the morning of November 7, 1805, but around noon it cleared and in the distance a wide expanse of tossing breakers was visible. For a moment the men looked out to sea in silence. Then they cheered. In his queerly spelt diary Clark scrawled: "Ocian in view! Oh the joy! We are in view of the ocian, that great ocian which we have been so long anxious to see!"

For the first time Americans had spanned the continent they would one day inhabit from coast to coast. On that lonely shore, the flag flapping at his back, Captain Lewis thanked the soldiers in behalf of President Jefferson. They had reached their goal ahead of any na-

tion with rival ambitions, covering 4100 adventurous miles in a year and a half. Just 125 years later one could board a plane at St. Louis after daybreak and be in Portland before dark.

Near present-day Astoria the expedition built a stockade, Fort Clatsop, that sheltered them during the second winter, and in the bark of a tall pine that overlooked the sea Lieutenant Clark carved this record:

WM. CLARK DECEMBER 3D
1805 BY LAND FROM THE U.
STATES IN 1804 & 5

LATE in March of 1806 the expedition began the long trek homeward. It required only a third of the time consumed in traveling west, for now they had landmarks. Again Sacajawea was invaluable, riding at the head of the column with Lewis, unerringly pointing the way. "She has equal fortitude and resolution with any member of the party," Lewis wrote. They arrived in St. Louis on September 23, 1806, six months to the day after abandoning Fort Clatsop.

The nation had given them up for dead. They had been gone two years and four months. Cheering crowds escorted them through St. Louis. Jefferson wrote his congratulations and triumphantly informed Congress of the expedition's success. They had traveled 8000 miles through wilderness, had reached their objective and re-

turned, had lost only one man. People were amazed by the information brought back: fierce bears which weighed 1000 pounds, mountain ranges three times as lofty as the Alleghenies, buffalo herds measured by horizons, wild sheep with horns shaped like cornucopias, goats that leaped from crag to crag. The *New York Gazette* predicted that the region would probably never be traveled through again, but President Jefferson visioned "a great, free and independent empire on the Columbia River."

The Lewis and Clark Expedition still stands as the most important ever undertaken by the United States, clinching our title not only to the vast Louisiana territory but later to the Oregon lands as well.

Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana and Clark was named Indian Agent for the region and promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. Lewis, always a lonely man, was unhappy in political

office. In the autumn of 1809, on his way to Washington to answer criticism of his administrative methods, he stopped for a night at an inn near Nashville, Tenn. Shortly after midnight a pistol shot awakened the household, and the tavern-keeper found the 35-year-old explorer on the floor with a gaping wound in his side. He died at dawn. Jefferson, stunned with grief, always believed the Captain had committed suicide. Tennessee folk maintained that he had been murdered. The mystery has been satisfactorily solved.

Not far from where Lewis died a granite shaft stands, graven with the words of the President who sent him westward:

His courage was undaunted. His firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibility.

Trees overhang the grave, and on stormy nights the wind roars through them like breakers crashing on the Pacific's distant shore.



THERE never has been a system devised to ascertain definitely whether an unborn baby will be of one sex or the other.

Neither is there a way to foretell the sex of a child before it is born.

—Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D., in *N. Y. Journal & American*

No, and it's *practically* impossible to tell whether it's going to be a boy or a girl.

— *The New Yorker*

□ A former commercial attaché
evidence of German trading methods

Could We Do Business with the Nazis.

Condensed from an address delivered
before the Institute of World Affairs

Douglas Miller

For 15 years commercial attaché at Berlin; now professor at the University of Denver

ASSUMING that the totalitarian states win the war or at least maintain their position in Europe, can we advise ourselves to dealing with them? *Fortune* magazine held a poll on this question among business executives. Two thirds of them replied "Yes."

The mere fact that we do not approve of the European dictators, these men argued, need not stop us from satisfactory trade relations with them. True, but a question deeper than our feelings and prejudices remains to be settled: Can we do business with Hitler and maintain our free economic system? To answer this, let us examine the trade methods the Nazis would apply to us.

A totalitarian Europe would operate its economy through highly organized, centralized control. We should not be able to negotiate agreements with individual firms there. Everything would be dictated through a government agency. This is an essential part of totalitarian economic practice. We should have to operate under the

regulations laid down by dictators famous for insistence on their own way. The Nazis believe in 100 percent or nothing — and 100 percent for them and nothing for us would be the usual arrangement.

I well remember how American firms who completed business negotiations through the Nazi government up to last year were compelled to ship their goods on German ships, use German insurance companies, make a contract enforceable under German law and in German courts, provide at their own expense for German inspectors who came to this country in advance of shipments. The Nazis even insisted that contracts made with German firms should carry a printed clause to the effect that "This contract is made under National Socialist principles." No American knew what National Socialist principles were, and we were never able to find out in advance. In practice, however, this meant that the American firm was strictly bound to the contract but that the Germans were able to get out of it any time by quoting such versions

of National Socialist principles as they cared to apply at the moment.

We must get this straight once and for all: there is no such thing as having purely economic relations with the totalitarian states. Every business deal carries with it political, military, social, propaganda implications.

About three years ago Goebbels' ministry of propaganda arranged for the president of the German Film Chamber to visit my office to discuss an exchange of motion pictures. The propaganda ministry proposed that American companies bring their productions into Germany, sell pictures for what they could get, and take out their profit without restrictions. In return, Goebbels demanded the right to one quarter of the playing time of the largest picture theater in each of our 25 largest cities for pictures sent over by the ministry of propaganda. I found it impossible to convince the propaganda ministry that the United States government had no power to compel theater owners to display any particular pictures.

An American government official can easily turn down such a proposal, but can we allow private firms to enter into such negotiations with a foreign minister of propaganda? What such ties may mean can be seen from the present setup of our newsreel companies in Germany. In order to secure pictures of the Nazi leaders and of

German troops in action, our companies must agree to distribute German propaganda through their newsreel releases in South America without changing one word or one foot of film. This arrangement is a business deal on our side, but the Nazis use it for political and military purposes.

Some time after my experience in the film transaction, Dr. Goebbels approached another American official in Berlin with a proposal for a better understanding regarding newspaper publicity and radio broadcasting. He was pained by insults offered to the Führer in the American press and radio broadcasts. To show his good will he proposed to our embassy that we select some Nazi journalist or radio broadcaster whom we disliked. As a friendly gesture, Dr. Goebbels promised that he would arrest the offending Nazi within 24 hours and give him just the sort of punishment we suggested. "Now why can't we have the same sort of friendly coöperation on the part of the American government?" said he. Such incidents illustrate how difficult it would be to come to an understanding with the totalitarians.

Now this was before the war broke out, and the Nazis thought they were treating us well. We were really being given special consideration. To imagine the sort of treatment we would get from a victorious Germany, examine the

methods they use in dealing with Sweden, Switzerland, and other weaker countries. A Swedish firm which sells goods to Germany often is called upon to submit a complete list of its employes. These names are checked against reports from Nazi undercover agents in Sweden, and all persons whom the Nazis consider undesirable must be fired. Otherwise the firm cannot continue to sell to Germany. Such a Swedish firm must also submit details regarding advertising accounts and promise to drop all advertising in newspapers which have carried anti-Hitler news. How could we maintain our freedom if individual American firms were compelled to discharge employes in order to win trading concessions in Europe?

What the Nazis really hope to do here is to play one section of our country against the other. A German foreign office official opened his heart to me thus: "Instead of the United States we would like to deal with different areas, treating them as separate countries. We would not do much business with the country of New York, but we would buy cotton from the country of New Orleans and sell finished goods. We would buy fruit and lumber from the country of San Francisco and sell manufactured goods. We would buy packing-house and agricultural products from Chicago in exchange for our manufactured goods." You see what the Nazis really would like:

to unify Europe and divide America.

It is an illusion to suppose that after the war we could get rid of our surplus agricultural commodities to a totalitarian Europe on any advantageous basis. Any products of which we had a surplus would be just the product they would not buy. For example, in the last few years the Germans put a maximum price of six cents per pound on United States cotton while at the same time they were buying cotton of inferior quality from Latin America, Africa, and Asia at nine to ten cents per pound. They did this to divert trade from this country and to put us in a more difficult trading position.

Nor could we expect to secure from Europe the products which we happened to want. We might find that all those items were on the *verboten* list. Recently the Nazis have not been willing to sell us what we wanted to buy in the way of scientific instruments, Diesel engines, and certain types of factory installations. On the other hand, they set up a list of 253 special items — largely small handmade things like Christmas tree ornaments and novelty goods — that we could buy, provided they were paid for in dollars and not in marks.

In prewar business with Germany there were always three parties to any business arrangement: the American firm, the Germans who were interested in the com-

modities in question, and the German government which made all the rules and had the last word. In large-scale transactions after the war, we would have to have four parties for every deal, adding a representative of the United States government to protect the interests of the American people. We would have to put all our foreign trade on a license basis and require an official permit from Washington before any deal was concluded. We should not welcome a situation of

this kind with its extension of federal bureaucracy.

Let us never forget that the existence of a democratic, Christian, civilized society in the Western Hemisphere represents a persistent threat to the success of the totalitarian states. We can never be entirely safe so long as Hitler thrives. But neither can Hitler feel safe so long as we remain unconquered. There is no possibility of permanent peace until one or the other gives way.



Track Meet in the Air

E. Newman Eveslade *in* Youth Today

WITH 15,000 college students earning wings, aided by the government's civilian flying program, a thrilling new sport, the "Airathon," may win as great a public following as collegiate football. Flying teams of colleges and universities all over the country are holding sectional meets and sending their champions to a tournament for U. S. titles. Seventy-five registered pilots from 25 schools competed in the 1940 National Airathon, sponsored by the National Aeronautics Association and the National Intercollegiate Flying Club.

The five tests used in intercollegiate competition require skill, speed and daring; yet not a single accident occurred in 284 take-offs and as many landings at the meet. A contestant first drops a small balloon at 2500 feet,

then dives and punctures it by flying into it. Next, from 1000 feet, he glides to a 360-degree spot landing. Third, at 2500 feet he tosses out a roll of paper and cuts it twice, as fast as he can. Then he leans out and drops a "bomb" (flour- or lime-filled sack) at a spot marked on the field—a feat which tests his eye, and judgment of speed and air currents. Point scoring gave the national championship to the University of Michigan's team, whose Earl Rottmayer was the highest individual scorer. Girl flyers from six colleges, though they broke no records, did well enough to keep in the running.

Collegiate flying and the Airathon are developing what America needs—good pilots, ready not only for national defense but for commercial careers and for flood and forest fire emergencies.

Singing Patriots of China

Condensed from Asia

Lin Yutang

Chinese philosopher; author of "My Country and My People,"
"The Importance of Living," "With Love and Irony," etc.

ONE OF the most inspiring sights today in free China, whether at the front or in the rear, is the mass singing of patriotic songs by thousands of people. Such mass singing never existed in China until recently. There was no community singing, as in western churches, and the Chinese operas had only solos. But now one hears mass singing everywhere — among the common people, the refugee groups, the guerillas and the soldiers at the front.

At a refuge up in the mountains, I heard a girl of 12 direct 100 war orphans in the most amazing group singing of such popular war songs as *The Heroes of the Lone Battalion*.

The movement started in 1934 when Liu Liang-mo, a student at Shanghai College, saw one day on the cover of an American songbook the words "Music Unites People." That gave him an idea. Being a singer himself, he tried to start mass singing in the Shanghai Y.M.C.A. Sixty people joined his club: office boys, clerks, storekeepers, apprentices, and later even rickshaw coolies. Their long and weary faces were suddenly transformed by the power of music. Within a month the chorus had

grown to 300, and at the end of the year there were 1000 voices at a mass singing concert, with 4000 people in the audience.

Other Y.M.C.A.'s took it up. The movement spread like wild-fire. Liu then conceived the plan of training leaders in different cities, and by the time the Chinese War broke out in 1937, more than 300 had been trained. Immediately these leaders went into the interior to teach soldiers and others to sing in groups. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides helped. A stirring example was set by a band of refugee children, 40 boys and 20 girls between the ages of 8 and 18, who started from Shanghai and toured through eight provinces, singing songs, putting on plays, preaching resistance to the invader.

This mass singing spread to schools, colleges, and remote villages. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek called Liu to teach mass singing at the front, and for the past three years Liu has been with the people and the soldiers in the trenches. In one demonstration he led a rousing chorus of 10,000 soldiers singing as one.

The new Chinese war songs are invariably bound up with national

defense, guerrilla fighting, the roles of young men and women in the war. Perhaps the most interesting text is to be found in the *Guerrilla Song*:

In all the thick forests,
There you can find camps of our comrades,
On all the high mountains,

There are thousands of our brothers.
Not enough to eat, not enough to wear,
The enemy will send these things to us;
Not enough guns, not enough rifles,
The enemy will manufacture them for us.

We are all raised up on this land,
Every inch of it belongs to us,
Whosoever dares to take it away from us,
We will fight them to the end!



First Call for Spring

By Stephen Leacock

I HAVE an acquaintance who is one of those unfortunate beings, a "Lover of Nature." All through the winter he is an agreeable, quiet fellow, quite fit for general society; but spring occasions in him a distressing disturbance: he suddenly desires to make himself a channel of information between the animate world and me. From the moment the snow begins to melt, he keeps me posted as to what the plants and birds and bees are doing.

This is a class of information which I cannot use. I know only two birds, the crow and the hen. For the first day or so in spring I can say, "I saw a crow yesterday," or "I noticed a hen out walking this morning." My friend, however, keeps his information running for weeks, through a whole gamut of animals. "I saw a gopher the other day," he says. "Guess what the little fellow was doing?" If he only knew, I'd like to

answer, "I don't care what the Hades the little fellow was doing."

Now that spring is upon us I should like to suggest that this year we meet it firmly and quietly. And I wish to give this simple warning: If any of my friends has noticed a snowdrop, will he mind not telling me? If he has noticed that the inner bark of the oak is blushing a faint blue-red, will he keep it to himself? If any man has stood rooted to the ground and watched a dear little pair of orioles starting to build a nest, will he please stay rooted and say nothing?

There are signs of spring that any sensible man respects: the first timid appearance of the asparagus just peeping out of the melted butter, the first soft blush on the Carolina strawberry. Viewed thus, I am as sensitive to the first call of spring as anyone.

— *Over the Footlight* (Dodd, Mead)

¶ Twenty years of effort to develop a vaccine against influenza failed — then four ferrets died of distemper and science stumbled on success

Fate Joins the Flu Fighters

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Lois Mattox Miller

IN THE SPRING of 1919, when the third wave of the world-wide influenza epidemic subsided, nations tried to compute the casualties. World War I had taken some 8,000,000 lives; but in less time influenza had killed an estimated 21,000,000 people — 550,000 in the United States alone. Flu had become a Pale Horseman capable of outriding even war.

Scientists mobilized their resources for a new attack on the problem. They searched for the cause of influenza. Unless they succeeded they feared another holocaust was inevitable. For historical research showed that for centuries the disease had recurred according to a baffling cycle. Every year influenza, or something closely resembling it, strikes somewhere in the world on an epidemic scale. At intervals it explodes in pandemic form, more virulent and widespread, leaping from continent to continent. Several times in each of the preceding centuries it had engulfed most of the civilized world. Contemporary chronicles reveal the disease striking concurrently in

widely separated places, and tell of London with "not a family missed and scarce a person," Saxony with one fifth of the population felled, and Italy with seven out of eight persons stricken.

The last pandemic prior to 1918-19 had occurred in 1889-90. Studies of the known cycles led scientists to prophesy that the next one might strike early in the 1940's. Back in 1920 it sounded encouraging that researchers still had 20 years — a whole generation — in which to solve the mysteries of influenza. But there was much to be done. For centuries the disease had been clouded with superstition. Italians had believed that it came from some mystic influence of the stars — hence the name "influenza." Londoners thought it was fog-borne. Until 1919 scientists suspected a germ known as Pfeiffer's or *B. influenzae*. Then investigators found whole epidemics of flu in which this germ was entirely absent.

Research became more and more focused on



a possible virus. Viruses, tiny in comparison with even the smallest bacteria, were invisible under the most powerful microscopes. Until the new electronic microscope brought them into view recently, the only way to detect the presence of viruses was to pass a fluid through a filter of unglazed porcelain — thus removing all the microscopically visible bacteria — and then test the bacteria-free fluid on animals to see whether it would still cause the disease.

Gradually bacteriologists accepted the theory that a virus caused influenza. But no one was able to prove it. Investigators sped to epidemics in all parts of the world and returned with fluids obtained from influenza victims. They tried to reproduce the disease in laboratory animals by using cultures from these fluids, but time and again they failed.

And soon the 20 years which, in 1920, had seemed such a comfortably long respite were more than half gone!

But in 1933 three British investigators, using throat washings which had been obtained from influenza victims and filtered bacteria-free, isolated a virus which would induce a similar disease in ferrets. Then healthy ferrets, placed in the cage with the little flu victims, contracted the disease.

This was a great step forward, and others followed which carried the virus theory deeper into the

demonstration stage. At the National Institute for Medical Research in London, Dr. C. H. Stuart-Harris picked up a flu-infected ferret and the animal sneezed in his face. Dr. Stuart-Harris developed a typical case of flu. Bacteriologists of the Pasteur Institute in Leningrad went a step farther by using the virus to induce experimental influenza in human volunteers. The virus had been captured, and the theory proved.

Surely now the white-coated laboratory workers would have smooth going. The next step was to develop a preventive vaccine. So the scientists proceeded along classic lines, infecting ferrets with doses of virus, inducing influenza, then preparing vaccines from the flu victims, and vaccinating healthy animals. Vaccines stimulate the system to create disease-killing antibodies in the blood stream. These antibodies attack the invading bacteria or viruses before they can do the body harm. Sometimes they patrol the blood stream long after the invader has been destroyed; and so long as they remain sufficiently numerous and potent the body is immune to the specific disease.

But in their quest for a vaccine against the influenza virus the investigators seemed doomed to failure. Vaccines taken from influenza-infected ferrets proved wholly ineffective; vaccinated ferrets succumbed to flu as readily as the rest. Doggedly, the doctors went on

trying. Time grew short; and by 1939 doctors conceded that they were as powerless to cope with flu as they had been 19 years before. Worse still, war rode the world again. Millions of people crowded in cold air-raid shelters — London subways, Stuttgart basements, Dover cellars — were ideal prospects for the return visit of the Pale Horseman. Aware of this danger, Britain talked gamely of the expected “blitzflu.”

Then, as so often in the history of science, fate took a hand.

Foremost in American influenza research are the laboratories of the Rockefeller Foundation. There, on hundreds of costly little ferrets, doctors for years had been trying over and over again the cycle of flu inoculation, vaccine extraction, vaccination, flu inoculation, without ever attaining the long-sought immunity.

One day in November 1939, four ferrets recovering from experimentally induced flu developed distemper and died. That caused a real scare — distemper might spread through the cages and kill all the ferrets!

Drs. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., and Edwin H. Lennette, pioneer flu fighters, hurriedly extracted a vaccine from the lungs and spleens of the ferrets dead of distemper and vaccinated the rest of the animals. The distemper was checked. Later the doctors resumed their influenza work. With practiced routine they

inoculated a group of ferrets with flu virus. But nothing happened!

Hmm! Some slip-up, probably. The ferrets received another massive dose of flu. They remained healthy, even frisky. Blood tests showed that a high count of powerful antibodies in their blood protected the ferrets against flu.

Had these Rockefeller scientists discovered, by sheer chance, the long-sought anti-flu vaccine? Was the distemper virus the missing element needed to render the influenza vaccine effective?

“Your scientist leaps to no such conclusions. For many months ferrets were vaccinated with the new *mixed* distemper-influenza vaccine. It wasn't easy to find the right method for making the vaccine, and producing it in quantity, but the doctors persisted. Some preparations proved ineffective. But others made the ferrets resistant to enormous lethal doses of the infectious virus. The scientists pushed on toward the final objective: a vaccine that would be effective, not sometimes, but always — and in human beings, not laboratory ferrets.

Viruses, unlike bacteria, cannot be cultivated in broths. They will grow and multiply only in the presence of living cells and tissues. The doctors turned to fertilized eggs containing living chick embryos. The influenza virus and the virus of canine distemper were introduced into the shells by nee-

dle shot, there to incubate on the chick embryo and produce the mixed vaccine. Finally machines were perfected to perform these operations mechanically and produce the vaccine in quantity.

But would it work on human beings?

Through the laboratories went a call for volunteers. One hundred doctors and technicians responded and gambled on a possible dose of experimentally induced flu. They were vaccinated with the preparation of mixed viruses. After about three weeks, tests showed that their blood was rich with the influenza-fighting antibodies — about 70 times the amount normally present. There is evidence now that this immunity lasts for many months.

American scientists had stumbled upon success none too soon. They had been told in 1920 that they would have just about 20 years to do the job. As it worked out they had scarcely a month to spare under that time table.

The phenomenon by which the virus of dog distemper changes the influenza virus and renders it more effective in producing antibodies is still under investigation. As yet the doctors offer no adequate explanation of it. But the mixed vaccine is being produced in quantity and shipped out to meet its first broad-scale tests in the field.

Last December the first half-million doses intended for the population of war-torn Britain were aboard a ship that was sunk at sea. Later, when an epidemic of flu broke out on the West Coast and rapidly spread eastward, vaccine for 2000 persons was flown West to immunize doctors and nurses constantly exposed to the disease. Since then the supply has become increasingly available to communities threatened by epidemic.

Now, for the first time, the medical profession feels that it has the jump on influenza. Even if the disease gets out of hand, it is unlikely to decimate the world as it did in 1918-19. People rarely die of flu alone. They die of diseases that swarm in after flu has weakened the body's defenses. Nine times out of ten it is pneumonia that sneaks in. But this erstwhile champion among killers has itself met two new opponents, each packing a knockout punch — pneumonia serums and sulfapyridine. With the latter available even in the smallest towns, there is good ground for the statement that today pneumonia is licked!

Thus the 20 years which so tragically failed to bring lasting world peace have produced, at least, a new arsenal of medical weapons with which to combat war's pestilent partners.

The Most Unforgettable Character .

I Ever Met . . . [XVIII] *By* HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HE WAS old when I first knew him, and I was a boy on vacation in the Pennsylvania hills. Gaunt, gray, in plain Quaker clothing, he had an eye that warmed at the sight of children. He found me crying. I was collecting birds' eggs, and had hurt my foot trying to reach a bluejay's nest.

He comforted me; asked me if I loved birds; found that I did, and hoped that I never took more than one egg from each nest. Then, grasping my hand, he led me to a mossy slope where we sat and talked. He spoke of the great naturalists with reverence, as one might of the saints, and, shutting his eyes, and never letting go my hand, recited in his Quaker singsong from Longfellow's poem on Agassiz:

And nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY devotes his working hours to writing and literary criticism, his leisure to hunting birds—with field glasses—and searching for rare rock crystals. "That sort of thing," he says, "gets in the blood." In 1939 he wrote a biography of Henry David Thoreau, the naturalist, which Clifton Fadiman terms "the best life of Thoreau now available." Dr. Canby has been a member of the Yale English faculty since 1900 and has lectured at many other universities. He has written a dozen books on composition and criticism. He founded and still helps edit *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and is chairman of the Book-of-the-Month Club board of judges.

Saying, "Here is a storybook
My father has written for thee."

I did not know it then, of course, but I learned later that Thomas Seal was one of that simple and earnest American generation to whom nature and the new sciences had become a kind of religion. He had no children, and when he asked me to visit him my parents let me go. His home was a mansion of brick set in a fine planting of shrubs and trees on a hill above the Brandywine Valley, evidently a show place though the house itself was a square box as plain as its owner's clothes.

He gave me an affectionate welcome, and led me over the place, calling each tree by name and patting the bigger ones as if they were old friends.

"Today is the day for bird-nesting," he said. Leading me into the shade, he stooped and felt among the fir needles, bringing out a little ball of hair. "This," he said, "was once a mouse. I hate killing, but God's owls must live; and perhaps their gratitude for food means something to their Maker. Bubo, is thee at home?" He rapped a tree trunk sharply and from a crevice out popped a feathered head with blinking yellow eyes.

"But thee wants eggs, not birds." Then he took me to a thicket and

sent me in, like a terrier. I came out an hour later with a wood thrush's blue egg in one cheek and a catbird's greenish one in my left fist.

Next morning we went off in search of minerals, in a buggy with a lean Quaker horse. The reins dangled over the horse's rump while, with one arm around me, Thomas Seal talked of nature's mysteries. He told me about minerals, and where they could be found. No life, he said, was destroyed in collecting them. Sometimes he seemed to forget I was there, sometimes he hugged me with an emotion that I did not recognize as an old man's loneliness; but when we came to an old corundum mine he was down on his hands and knees as fast as I, searching for specimens.

As we strolled back some bird flopped up like an old hat thrown into the air, and looped away out of sight. Mr. Seal was on his hands and knees again in an instant. "Wait!" he said. "Keep behind me." With his coat-tails dragging, his long nose turning right and left, his eyes close to the ground, he seemed like a gaunt old hound smelling out a fox's trail. Then he rose and looked at me in quizzical satisfaction. "Can thee see it?" and he pointed to a spot in the bare burnt grass. I could see nothing. "Get on thy knees, it is one of the wonders of nature." I brought my face close to the ground. Almost

indistinguishable from the grass and pebbles lay a long narrow egg, mottled in light and shade, so precisely like its surroundings that, at a blink, it would blend with its background and disappear. "It is the egg of the nighthawk, laid where all can see it, yet no one sees it. Is it nature that protects the nighthawk's egg, or has the nighthawk learned to imitate nature? I do not know. No one knows — yet." There was a challenge in his question.

A kind of passion passed from him to me. I felt that this science of natural history was something to which one could devote a life.

That afternoon we drove to a limestone quarry. Here, said my friend, could be found the butterfly crystals called chesterlite, frosted with tiny prisms of quartz; but though I followed his gray coat-tails up and down the heaps of waste, we got only imperfect crystals. Dusting his knees, he told me that failure was good for the spirit since it taught the mind to look inward for content.

On our way back we came upon the weedy graveyard where were buried paupers from the county poorhouse. A new grave lay open. On the pile of dirt beside it was a rough pine box which one man was steadying while another tried to hitch a rope around it. "Could you give us a hand?" they asked. Mr. Seal stepped up to the coffin and took off his gray hat. "I will gladly help thee," he said, "if we may

have quiet for a moment in the presence of this poor dead friend." He bent his head and closed his eyes for a full minute; then took one corner of the coffin, and, while I timidly helped, it was lowered into the shallow grave. "We shall all be friends in heaven," said Mr. Seal, putting on his hat again. Then, taking my hand, he led me up the hill.

I was sent home the next morning with bulging pockets and a heavy bag. A letter followed, full of pleasant Quaker admonitions. A boy should be quiet sometimes so as to feel nature about him. A boy who was to become a scientist should not be careless, ought not to leave his slippers and a bird's egg behind him when he visited.

For some years Mr. Seal wrote me every few weeks, and I still have his letters, written with quaint capitals on yellow lined paper. He told me of the quarrels of owls and robins in his fir trees. He told me how nearby farmers, lifting a heavy boulder, had found it encrusted with rough white crystals which proved to be one of the rarest of minerals, diaspore. There was no smug piety in his letters; nothing that I recognized as religion. But they gave me a sense of something powerful and mysterious and orderly in the universe which made me reverent.

I became an eager student and collector, and each year took my

new finds and new knowledge to the brick house on the hill. As I grew older I sometimes wondered where he got those scarecrow clothes and the low loose collar out of which his scrawny neck and long face rose like the head of an amiable stork. When the hired man told me he was rich, I was surprised. What could money mean to him?

I drifted away to college and other affairs, and gradually the yellow letters stopped coming. One summer, when I was 20, I went to see him again. I found him, grayer, gaunter, his neck sunk in his loose collar, sitting alone in the sun under his fir trees. He did not look up as I came over the lawn, but when I was beside him he lifted a hand and pointed to a chair. "Whoever thee is, I am blind. I cannot see thee." I told him my name. "I am eighty-five years old," he said, "and it is hard for me to remember some things. But I am quite happy. As one grows older the inner light gets stronger. I shall die soon, and then I shall have another world to study. Nature may be very wonderful there. I am sorry I cannot take thee to look for corundum again. My sight is gone. But I shall have another."

When he dozed into an old man's sleep, I tiptoed away and rode off on my bicycle, deeply touched and excited. I had seen a man happily expecting death, certain that his life would nevertheless go on.

¶ The JayCees inject new spirit into a thousand communities by tackling neglected civic jobs

“Let Us Do the Dirty Work”

Condensed from a radio broadcast

Charles E. Hewitt, Jr.

IN 1021 American communities the JayCee (Junior Chamber) is the George of “Let George do it.” This organization of 121,000 young men, aged 21 to 35, owes its rocketlike rise to a unique principle: Do the dirty work. Its Betterment Blueprints — records of jobs accomplished — provide the nation with an unparalleled loan library for civic service.

Its formal title, U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, is seldom used, for the JayCee’s concern is not to promote business but to inject new spirit into tired towns and put through needed civic projects. It attracts schoolteachers, physicians, lawyers, ministers and newspaper reporters, as well as young businessmen.

Founded in 1915 by Henry Giessenbier, Jr., a young St. Louis bank clerk, the Junior Chamber grew slowly and steadily for 15 years, simply on its reputation for “getting things done.” But it really caught on in the depression, when community problems overwhelmed the older generation and traditional civic organizations. The number of Junior Chambers jumped from 81 in 1931 to 382 in 1937, and the

roster is now increasing at the rate of one community a day.

The Junior Chamber is a young men’s organization run by young men; all its heads and supervisors are chosen from its own ranks. Men between 21 and 35 have a rare combination of qualities for a civic group. They are enterprising and energetic, and they have a matchless *esprit de corps* carried over from the “old class spirit” of school and college. Young men don’t know when a thing can’t be done — and so just go ahead and do it.

In 1935 Tampa, Florida, was in the grip of a gambling ring that controlled the polls by means of hired gunmen. Since no other group dared touch the situation, the Junior Chamber called the racketeers’ bluff. A voting-machines bill was introduced by its representative in the state legislature. On referendum day the JayCees mobilized 30,000 phone calls, three radio broadcasts and 200 automobiles to get citizens to the polls in record-breaking number — and by a 14-to-1 majority installed the voting machines, broke gangster control.

In February 1937, mounting tax arrears in Dayton, Ohio, had

forced city and school administrations to cut salaries and pare services. Civic leaders, mobilized at a mass meeting, gloomily discussed raising further taxes from a depressed public. No older organization presented a plan. JayCee leaders electrified the gathering by volunteering to conduct a personal drive to bring in huge sums of unpaid taxes.

During the ensuing campaign, each of the 198 members made an average of three public speeches. They distributed 50,000 pamphlets explaining graphically the immense savings which Ohio's Bargain Back-Payment Law extended to tax debtors. Every lamp post in the county was plastered with posters. Letters were sent to each delinquent, the envelopes addressed by JayCee volunteers. Results were tremendous. During 1937 alone, \$3,500,000 of back taxes came in. Dayton was able to restore salary cuts, resume playground services, and pay off large flood assessments. The citizens themselves saved nearly half a million dollars in penalties and interest.

Chambers of commerce usually throw the spotlight only on the assets of a city. Not so the JayCee. In Buffalo, New York, it shocked the city by distributing 80,000 packets of rat poison — ending a nuisance nobody wanted to recognize. In Washington, D. C., it offered a prize for the person reporting the most unsightly lot; 928

were reported. Where the owner failed to clean up, the job was done by cleanup squads made up from 6000 boys and girls decked out with big Community Volunteer buttons.

In Mobile, Alabama, it took the Junior Chamber to see that the section's greatest asset — azaleas — was growing wild. They established their own "azalea factory," mammoth central beds where the big bushes can be nursed through the three years prerequisite to transplanting, and annually distribute 40,000 plants to citizens who will guarantee their care. In 12 years of systematic labor, the JayCee has produced Mobile's marvelous 17-mile Azalea Trail, one of the wonders of tourist America.

The imagination of San Francisco JayCees raised up fabulous Treasure Island from the bottom of the bay. The Junior Chamber's Aviation Committee, wrestling with the problem of a city airport, found it could be solved only by constructing an artificial landing field inside the Golden Gate. Publicizing the idea hammer and tongs, the JayCee soon had press and public crying for it so heartily that the World's Fair was born to speed the "manufactured miracle."

Polk County, Iowa, was overloaded with abandoned farmland from which it could raise no taxes and unable to balance its budget weighted with heavy welfare costs.

The Des Moines Junior Chamber saw the connection and created "thrift" gardens. It arranged for loan of garden space from the county to 1500 selected poor families. Polk County estimates that through lower relief costs its taxpayers were saved \$65,000 the first year.

Kansas City was bedeviled by a downtown parking problem, particularly around movie houses. The JayCee organized a Courtesy Club, inviting merchants and employes to pledge to park their own cars outside the area, leaving it clear for visitors, tourists and shoppers. With a bright sticker reading "I Volunteer" on his windshield, the most hardened permanent parker blushed to resume his space-hogging.

In Texas City, Texas, where only 10 percent of the homes were numbered, JayCees went around with stencils and buckets of paint, and themselves put correct numbers on the curbs.

The Junior Chamber has led several vital campaigns from coast to coast. It has been spear point of the antisiphilis drive, most JayCees themselves undergoing Wassermann tests to "set the style." It has also pushed J. Edgar Hoover's drive to fingerprint everyone, making it a game for the kids and taking close to a million prints from school children with kits loaned from G-men. Yes, they file their own, too.

Gadsden, Alabama, JayCees surveyed auto accident causes and fought through a plan for proper lighting on the Gadsden-Attalla Highway, a man-eater. Simultaneously a publicity drive with the slogan "Slowdown at Sundown" was loosed on the public. They reduced the six months' average of 71 night accidents on the highway to *no accidents whatever*. This Safety with Light Drive has been taken over by insurance companies and senior chambers throughout America.

To knit its diverse energies, the JayCee has perfected a unique information system. After every successful local job a report is written, recording in full detail its financing, publicity, administration, research, unexpected problems and their solutions. These working blueprints for community betterment are filed at national headquarters in Chicago. Thus, whenever a local JayCee tackles a new job, it has at its finger tips the record and advice of similar projects accomplished somewhere else. The best current Betterment Blueprints are mimeographed and sent to the 1021 chapters without request, as idea stimulus. Prizes are awarded annually to the JayCees hanging up the best records in dozens of civic categories, and competition is keen.

Nothing is more heartening than to compare the JayCees in this last decade with the dispirited young men of Europe who rallied behind the dictators to accept one dogma,

one program, one boss. In the colorful, ingenious, many-sided activities of the Junior Chamber is the dynamic strength of individualism, cracking explosively and constructively in a thousand American communities.

The JayCees' formal slogan today is "Making Democracy Work." They believe in the theory of democracy, and they know that democracy remains only a theory unless each community labors daily to make it effective.



Isn't Nature Wonderful?

¶ WHEN the Peruvian llama takes a dislike to the person riding it, it stops dead in its tracks, twists its head round, and ejects with considerable force and excellent aim a portion of its acrid saliva. A llama at the London Zoo developed a strong objection to top hats, and whenever one got within spitting distance the unfortunate owner received a charge of malodorous saliva, delivered with the force of a garden syringe, full on his offending headgear.

— Frank W. Lane, *Nature Parade* (Jarrolds)

¶ A SEVEN-INCH chameleon can capture a fly 12 inches away without moving. His artillery consists of a tongue longer than himself — a lightning-like sticky-tipped weapon which is shot out of the mouth in much the same way a watermelon seed can be shot from between the fingers.

— *Natural History*

¶ WHEN a species of small crab inhabiting the Great Barrier Reef is hungry, it seizes an anemone and holds it aloft. The anemone waves its tentacles distractedly, and presently catches a tidbit. The crab promptly takes this away, eats it, and again brandishes the anemone until his hunger is satisfied.

— Frank W. Lane, *Nature Parade*

¶ THE ARCHER FISH of Malaysia shoots its insect prey with pellets of water. The deep groove down the roof of its mouth becomes, when the tongue is placed along it, a natural blowpipe, and the fish can expel water in single drops or in a continuous jet. Its aerial vision is so keen that it can pick out small insects lurking in the vegetation along the banks of a stream, and usually one or two pellets bring down the victim. — Frank W. Lane, *Nature Parade*

¶ CERTAIN lizards are equipped with one of Nature's strangest safety devices. When danger threatens, the lizard operates special muscles and ligaments which perform a bloodless amputation and leave its highly colored tail flipping about on the ground behind it. The severed tail will squirm and wriggle for about an hour, and while the lizard's pursuer is investigating it, the owner escapes and shortly grows a new tail. — Frank W. Lane, *Nature Parade*

Underwater Wonderland

Condensed from The Elks Magazine

Frederick W. Clemens

THE PRIVATE LIVES of Mr. and Mrs. Fish have been an open book since the world's first and only oceanarium was opened three years ago at Marineland, south of St. Augustine in Florida. In two enormous tanks 40,000 fish now live together, eating, wooing, fighting, sleeping before the eyes of a curious and often excited audience.

Along a corridor 200 observation portholes are arranged at different underwater levels. Through these you see the drama of under-ocean life in a realistic setting: a seven-ton living coral reef, a huge rock ledge, even a sunken shipwreck resting forlornly on the sands. And whereas in other aquaria marine life is separated by species and kept in different tanks, here fish mingle as they do in the open sea: sharks swim side by side with a school of jackfish; an ugly six-foot green moray coils up under the rocky home of a shy, tiny angel fish.

"Why don't the fish eat each other?" is inevitably asked. By maintaining a steady and sufficient food supply and having the sharks, tarpon, and other hearty eaters individually fed by divers, Marine-

land's curators keep the cannibalistic instinct fairly well subdued.

Four times a day a large brass bell is lowered into the oceanarium and rung. Its reverberations bring the fish flocking. Sleek porpoises leap out of the water, mouths open, fins flapping, ready for fun and food. They make their dinner an aquatic ball game. All are expert catchers and some even rise out of the water to snatch mullets from the attendant's hand. A diver descends, not only with a basket of food but with a short spear and a shield of heavy wire. To insure peace, the diver feeds the sharks first. He places a mullet on the end of his spear, thrusts it toward a shark and — whoosh! — it's gone. With his shield he fends off other sharks that crowd him too eagerly.

"What would those fellows do if the sharks should attack them?" I asked the diving attendant.

"They'd come up," he said. "And mighty quick, too. Their diving suits, unlike regular ones, have no heavy weights in the shoes. All they have to do is throw their helmets off and they pop to the surface faster than a hog can squeal."

The stony-looking jewfish, which loaf most of the time near the rocks along the sides of the tank, do not come to the diver when he dishes out food. They demand room-service, so he makes his way from one to the other, handing mullets to each. Spotted whip rays get large, juicy clams. They crack the shells with their powerful jaws, swallow the clams, then spit out the shells. Even through the thick walls you can hear them munch their meals.

The toughest, yet most popular, inmate in the tank is Grumpy, a 300-pound loggerhead turtle. There is nothing Grumpy loves more than to sneak up behind a diver at shoulder height and attempt to bowl him over or take a snap at his legs.

Grumpy discovered early that by browbeating his competitors for food from the diver's hands he could get more than his share. To teach him table manners, a wire muzzle was made, and for several weeks Grumpy was compelled to wear this until his companions had been fed. Now he has developed a more neighborly attitude. Grumpy will eat anything — including sunglasses, cameras and pocketbooks accidentally dropped into the tank.

The divers look after their charges in many odd ways. For a while, a diver went down three days a week to wash with a silvol solution the sore eyes of a giant

shark-eating jewfish. Once when a baby porpoise seemed sluggish, one diver gripped the baby's jaws while another poured a pint of castor oil down its throat. Another time, with the aid of a net and a 10-foot piece of lumber, a dozen men pried open the jaws of a 1500-pound manta ray, who had gone on a hunger strike after its capture, and administered a forced feeding.

One of the divers' most important jobs is to wage war on the ever-present *algae* — the tiny plants that would soon reduce tank visibility to zero. Every day the walls are scrubbed, the observation windows washed with rubber sponges. Every two weeks the carpet of stone, sand and shells is swept up by a deep-sea vacuum cleaner. This "carpet," which fills three two-ton trucks, is sterilized in a huge boiler to kill all plant and bacterial life; then it is spread again, through a pressure hose, over the floors of the tanks. Five million gallons of fresh sea water are pumped into the tanks directly from the ocean every day.

Flagship of the little fleet that collects specimens for the oceanarium is the *Porpoise*, a 48-foot cruiser with a tank 17 feet deep set into the stern. A large specimen, attempting to escape, is likely to dash itself against the tank walls. Injuries result, sometimes death. So Marineland has developed a method of putting fish to sleep by drug injections administered with a

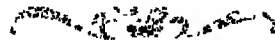
hypodermic harpoon. In addition, experiments reveal that it is possible to induce mass-sleep in a small tankful of fish by pouring drugs into the water. These discoveries have proved valuable not only at Marineland but in safely transporting fresh-water game fish from hatcheries to lakes and streams.

To be sure that a 500-pound shark will not come to before he is safely in the big tank, a quantity of the drug is injected while he is still in the net. Often when he reaches his destination he must be artificially brought out of his slumbers. Divers go into the tank and give him a general mauling. This is the most dangerous part of the diver's work, for no one can predict

what a newly awakened shark will do.

Thousands of people have visited the Marine Studios. The question most frequently asked is whether fish ever sleep. "We have found," Curator McBride said, "that some, such as Goutoi triggerfish, retire to a boudoir between two coral heads. Groupers settle down for the night in beds among the sea-plumes. Mulletts are the nocturnal playboys, flashing around until the wee hours of the morning."

Biologists are finding at Marineland the best conditions in the world for controlled experiments and study of the mysteries of undersea life. And for everybody every day the Marine Studios furnish a continuous good show.



Don't Miss "Out of the Night"

Condensed in this issue, beginning page 125

LIKELY to be the most sensational book of 1941:

— "Its account of Gestapo horrors is almost unique in detail and intensity."

— Vincent Sheean in *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

— "The whole enormous narrative plays in an infernal atmosphere of conspiracy and violence."

— Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*

— "An autobiography the like of which has seldom been written."

— Henry Seidel Canby in *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

It includes air battles, dive bombing, lurking mines and shellfire from Calais—but it's just the same old grind to the crew

A Day of Sweeping Mines



American War correspondent; joint owner with his father, William Allen White, of the *Emporia Gazette*

“A FINE little doggie!” says the Captain, taking the dachshund into his arms. “Her name is Bombproof Bella. She’s made every trip since I was given command of the *Stella Orion*. Been dive-bombed, machine-gunned, blown about by mines. Simply loves ’em. Gives tongue like a foxhound when we explode one.”

We are standing on the bridge of a fishing boat, now a mine-sweeping trawler in the Royal Navy. The bridge is really the roof of the wheelhouse, enclosed by an armored steel railing. Peering over the port side I see a balcony out of which peeps an anti-aircraft machine gun. There’s another one on the starboard side. At bow and stern are platforms mounting four-inch guns.

Turning to the Captain, I said:

“I suppose you duck behind the railing when you’re dive-bombed.”

“Complete waste of time. You never know where a bomb is going to strike a ship and wouldn’t know where to crouch. Might as well stand up and watch the fun. But it’s wonderful when you’re being machine-gunned. You know from what direction the stuff is coming, and can do some efficient crouching.”

The trawler is under way now, leading three other trawlers. Above the Channel the air is any man’s sky, for the blue is combed into great swirls of white by constant air battles. Thirty thousand feet up we see the misty spoor of a squadron of Messerschmitts which recently flew over in even formation.

We also see the exact point where a few minutes ago half a

dozen Hurricanes dived into the squadron, breaking the even parallel line-up into a dozen wavering spirals. The battle is still going on. At that great height it all seems infinitely slow — hard to realize that the microscopic planes which make those tiny hairlines of mist are doing better than 300 miles an hour.

The waters beneath this battleground are equally any man's ocean. The British control the surface by day. But at night the German minelayers come out to sow the seeds of death in the shipping lane. Among these we move now.

The First Officer points to the French coast. "Might let us know if you notice any flashes coming from over there. A Hun battery fired more than 100 shells at us last Wednesday. Maybe mistook us for a convoy, because they seldom bother with trawlers."

"How many ships did they hit?"

"They've never hit a ship yet although one shell landed in our wake, not 20 yards astern."

"What do you do when you see a flash?"

"Glance at your watch so you'll know when it's time to duck behind the railing. You see, the battery is 20 miles away. To get a shell that distance takes one minute and 20 seconds after you see the flash — time to light a cigarette before sauntering over to the shelter."



OUR trawling tackle is about 200 yards of steel cable unreeled over one side of the boat. At its end is a hollow floating tin fish slightly longer than a man. Suspended vertically under this is a thin steel plate, called a door because it is shaped like one.

This door is an underwater kite — also attached to the cable — kept about 12 feet below the surface by the floating tin fish. As we steam ahead at a steady speed, this apparatus moves out from the side of the ship until the cable is stretched tautly at a 45-degree angle with the ship's wake.

The cable, woven of special steel, acts as an underwater saw — a cutting blade 200 yards long. It moves under the mines, cutting quickly through their anchor cables — as you would snip off the stem of a toadstool — thus letting the mines bob to the surface where they can be destroyed.

We are the leading ship in our flotilla. Back of our float comes the second ship — its course is just inside the wake of our tin fish, so the ship itself is traveling in water which we have just swept; the trawl from this second ship extends another 200 yards into dangerous water; the third and fourth ships are in similar positions.

Suddenly the bridge shivers. Bombproof Bella opens her long brown little muzzle to scream with joy. Halfway between us and our

bobbing tin fish, a short, thin column of water rises into the air.

"Damn!" says the First Officer, and orders our engines stopped.

Our tin fish is dropping rapidly astern, its cable broken.

"Bloody bore!" the First Officer says scowling. "That was an explosive cutter — a filthy little thing contrived by Jerry to irk His Majesty's minesweepers. It's a tiny mine moored so that it will just touch our cutting cable when we are trawling for big ones. Now we have to stop and sling out a new gear.

"One of us will probably strike a whopper of a mine soon. You see, when Jerry lays a really big one, he usually protects it with a cute little bed of explosive cutters."

I marvel at the accuracy with which these men can sweep a given area of trackless sea. First they divide the Channel into tracts on a chart. Then each minesweeper locates the boundaries of his tract by constantly taking careful bearings. An error of a few hundred yards might leave unswept a mine field which would destroy a precious cargo ship.

These men insist their job is not very dangerous because if properly handled a minesweeper need almost never go into unswept water. The ship itself travels within the band swept the previous day. The cable and float project out into the danger area. But the smallest mistake in navigation or failure to allow for

drift of wind and tide brings great danger.

"AIRCRAFT off the starboard bow, sir!" calls the lookout. We rake the sky with our glasses and spot a black dot — high — at least 15,000 feet.

"It's the German spotter plane," the First Officer says. "Comes out every afternoon to see what we are up to. If there's a convoy moving through, it sends the position by wireless to the long-range batteries around Calais. Now and then it dives down to rake a ship with machine-gun fire just for pure deviltry."

The plane starts a big circle around us. "We had better look sharp — she may go into a dive," says the Captain.

I watch the plane complete a second circle. Now she straightens out and continues on toward the English coast.

Just then the ship quivers like a plucked fiddle string — whereupon Bombproof Bella gives tongue in hysterical delight from the scuppers. About 100 yards out from the side of the second trawler stands another slim ghostly column of water — this one higher than the trawler's masts.

"Jolly close!" said the First Officer excitedly. "Twenty yards nearer and it might have stove her in and tossed the chaps on the bridge into the



water. She must have had her cutting cable too near the surface so that it tangled in the mine's prongs."

"How many types of mines are there?" I ask.

"Can't tell you. Jerry'd like to know which types we have learned how to render harmless so they can abandon them and bring out new models."

"Are the Germans so ingenious?"

"Occasionally. More often Jerry is a creature of habit. Perhaps you've heard of Monday, Wednesday and Friday? It's a classic in all trawlers. Supposed to have happened on the Thames estuary. It seems this Jerry minelayer came out regularly every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night to lay exactly the same number of mines in exactly the same places. So regularly every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday our chaps would sweep them up. Went on for weeks, until finally our chaps decided to skip a day to see what would happen. Just as they thought, the Jerry minelayer came out Wednesday night and blew himself to bloody bits on one of the mines he had laid Monday. Our chaps went out and pulled in a dozen Jerries including the Captain. He was furious."

"At being outwitted?"

"Not at all. Wouldn't believe for a minute we had done it purposely. Very bitter at us for neglecting our duty in not sweeping up the field. Said such sloppiness would

never be tolerated in the German navy."

"HOSTILE AIRCRAFT off the port beam, sir!" calls the lookout.

"It's the German spotter coming back," says the First Officer. "Seems to be heading for us."

The gun crew is standing around the breech of their guns, looking upward. I find that I am unconsciously measuring my distance from the steel railing. Now we hear the plane's airscrew — a venomous tearing buzz which drowns the noises of our ship.

"She's starting to dive, sir," shouts the First Officer. Pivoting on one wing, she comes straight down at us — the sun glinting on her black cowling like an angry eye. I move toward the steel railing.

The Captain says, "Better give her the first round now."

The shouted command rings out, the ship shakes with the report, and a round black cloud appears midway between us and the plane. As suddenly as it dived, the plane veers off. It is as though we had tossed a sack of soot in the eyes of an eagle. It swerves, twists into a climb and circles out of range.

A sailor climbs to the bridge with a folded paper. "Signal from Number Three ship," the Captain reads. "They've brought a mine to the surface. We're at the end of our run so perhaps you'd like to watch them sink it."

Suddenly I see about a mile ahead what apparently is a water-spout, 100 feet tall, shaped like a snow-covered spruce.

"By Jove," says the First Officer, "they're shelling us! That filthy little spotting plane has sent our position to the long-range batteries."

We watch two more huge water-spouts rise, slowly fade into mist and silently dissolve, as we complete the big turn which points us back toward Dover. But Number Three ship stays motionless until the *Stella Orion* comes alongside, when we can hear the zip of rifle bullets fired by an officer from her bridge — each one flicking a feather of spray from a wave. Among these bobs the shiny black round mine. The range seems quite long to me.

The First Officer explains: "You see, now and then the bullet, instead of puncturing and sinking the mine, explodes it. I've seen a big mine open the seams of a trawler at 100 yards. At 50 it might

chuck the chaps off into the water."

When the mine is sunk our flotilla reel in their tackle, and follow the white cliffs back toward Dover. The misty trails of an air battle going on above us thicken into huge ropes of fleece, the snarls fused into a cloud bank blood-red in the setting sun.

"You know, I'd like to come out again," I say.

"Afraid you'll find it the same old grind," says the Captain. "Mine sweeping is only exciting in the newspapers."

PERHAPS. Only three days later I see in an evening paper a small item which chronicles the sinking in action of HMS trawler *Stella Orion*, and the rescue of all of her crew. And I am sure that as her big blue-eyed captain was pulled grunting into the lifeboat, the reproachfully forgiving black eyes of unsinkable little Bombproof Bella were peeping out of his life jacket, just under his chin.

AT A CONFERENCE of Negro ministers the question of how a sermon should be planned was asked. An old man with silvery hair arose with dignity and deliberation, and said, "Bred'ren, I tells you how I does it. I takes ma tex' and 'splains hit; den I mystifies hit until I can sprangle out for a while, and den I puts in de rousements."

— Contributed by Homer C. Lyman

Negro preacher in a funeral sermon: "Now he wa'n't what you call a good man, because he never gave his heart to Jesus; but he was what you'd call a respected sinner."

The Mystery of Aging

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

George W. Gray

A HUNDRED YEARS ago Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked how to attain long life. "Some years before birth," he advised, "advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families."

Dr. Holmes had no scientific data to go on; his prescription was based on observation only. But today many records confirm his wisdom. Professor Raymond Pearl and his associates at Johns Hopkins University collected pedigrees of 365 persons of 90 years and older, and found that the average life span of their parents was from 12 to 17 years longer than that of the parents of an unselected group. One 100-year-old man was descended from parents who had lived to be 97 and 101, from grandparents whose spans were 104, 98, 106 and 93 years. Pearl expressed the conviction that persons who live to be 90 are individuals whom nature has chosen by its law of survival of the fittest. They survive because they have "organically superior constitutions, resistant to infections."

Progress in medical science has been largely in the techniques of

postponing death. We live longer than did our forefathers, but eventually the body's mechanism deteriorates. Even if a person could wholly escape all ills, he would nevertheless finally die of old age.

Some students doubt, however, if anyone ever died of old age. In more than 19,000 autopsies, Dr. Howard T. Karsner of Western Reserve University found no record of such a death. And since appreciable numbers of young people, even children, suffer from cancer, arteriosclerosis, heart disorders and other so-called degenerative diseases, it may be argued that aging cannot produce these ailments — it simply increases their probability. As a life's span lengthens, more time is allowed for the encounter with germs or other accident which must happen for death to occur. We do not die; we are killed.

Aging may be only the consequence of a lifetime of conflict with microbes, poisons, starvation, overstrain. By this theory there is no biological necessity for senility, and the possibility exists of prolonging human life in health far beyond the present span.

Fortunately, medical men are be-

ginning to specialize in the problem of old age. In 1939 a comprehensive book, *Medical Problems of Aging*, was published with contributions from 26 leading medical men, a landmark in the systematic study of the problem. Last year 20 physicians, biologists and chemists formed the American Club for Research on Aging; they meet periodically to report experimental results, to develop leads for new attacks. In 1940, also, the United States Public Health Service started research work on the subject, and several foundations are financing projects.

It is not mere increase of years that is sought, but health in old age. Most of those who dread old age are thinking of the decrepitude which so often accompanies it — failing senses, uncertainty of the muscles, stiffness of joints. Are these infirmities necessary?

There was a dog at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research who bore many marks of senile decrepitude. He was so feeble he could hardly stand to eat. Dr. Alexis Carrel decided to see what a fresh circulation would do. In a series of operations he removed nearly two thirds of the dog's blood, separated the red cells from the serum, mixed the red cells with a solution containing the salts normally found in blood, and injected the new blood into the animal. After recovering from operative shock, the dog ran and barked, a thing

he had not done for years; his eyes were clear, his eyelids normal, his coat began to come in again and, most important, he was no longer indifferent to the charms of the other sex. He was regenerated.

Dr. Carrel explored this matter further through his tissue-culture technique, the procedure by which he kept a piece of chicken heart alive for more than 25 years by immersing it in a nutrient solution. He found that if he added blood from a young chicken to the solution, little change occurred in the growth of the tissue culture. But if he used the blood of an old chicken, growth was retarded in direct relation to the age of the chicken.

Dr. Carrel believes that the slowing down of the healing process which comes with the years is a result of the aging of the blood. But merely replacing old blood serum with fresh is not alone sufficient. The aging tissues are continually pouring into the blood stream their hormones, enzymes, wastes and other compounds. This outpouring reached an appreciable accumulation in the dog within a fortnight of the operation, and repeated removals of the old blood and its replacement with new serum effected only temporary rejuvenescence.

The aging of the blood is apparently a secondary effect, a reflection of the aging of the tissues which manufacture the hundreds of compounds that are released

into the circulation. Even the digestive juices of the aged appear to be different from those of the young. For example, in persons of 80 the quantity of ptyalin, the starch-splitting enzyme in saliva, is only one thirty-fourth that in persons of 25. No wonder many oldsters find starchy foods a difficult morsel!

Medical history records various efforts to attain rejuvenescence, practically all concerned with the sex glands. Brown-Sequard 50 years ago administered gonadal extracts to himself at 70; but the effects were transitory and he died. Other famous rejuvenators are Steinach, with his ligature of the glandular duct as a means of stimulating the gonad to activity, and Voronoff, with his operation for grafting the sex glands of chimpanzees into human beings. Each procedure was followed by cases of improvement in general condition and revival of the sexual function — but the grafts withered, the other changes relapsed, and rejuvenescence was temporary. Indeed, in the light of modern knowledge, one could hardly expect that renewal of these glands alone would give a longer span of life, since so many organs are involved in the inner balance that is health.

What causes the tissues to change with age?

Dr. Karsner finds that post-mortem examination of the hearts and arteries of elderly victims of endocarditis, pericarditis and arterio-

sclerosis — the most frequent causes of death in the old — often reveals inflammatory and degenerative lesions left by earlier injuries. He suggests that tissue changes attributed to old age may be, in part at least, the consequence of diseases long past.

Dr. Gregory Schwartzman, of Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, discovered that substances released by bacteria in the course of their growth cause blood vessels to become fragile, gather clots, and rupture — conditions similar to those of thrombosis and hemorrhage which afflict old people. His findings suggest that bacteria may contribute to that aging of the blood which Dr. Carrel reported, and fix the pattern for eventually disastrous tissue changes following repeated encounters with the bacterial wastes.

Another agency long suspect is diet. Actual extension of the life span has been demonstrated in animals by Professor Henry C. Sherman and Dr. Harriet L. Campbell of Columbia University, who for 20 years have been experimenting with rats and controlled diets. They find that rats fed a diet rich in Vitamin A, riboflavin and calcium live 10 percent longer than rats of the same stock fed less fortified diets. Professor Sherman is convinced that direct human application is justified. "The chemistry of human nutrition and of rat nutrition is strikingly similar," he points out. He believes that effective hu-

man life may be increased 10 percent by foods rich in Vitamin A, riboflavin and calcium — fruits, vegetables (especially the green and yellow ones), and milk (including cheese and ice cream).

Professor A. J. Carlson of the University of Chicago has suggested that part of the hereditary factors in longevity may consist in "the capacity to overcome or to adjust to unfavorable environmental factors" — such as infections, diet, work, poisons. A modification of these unfavorable influences may affect the longevity of large numbers of people, perhaps of everyone.

Overwork, too violent exercise and prolonged emotional strain all consume energy, accumulating excess fatigue products which encumber the body's natural processes of repair. Fatigue, apprehension, despondency are signals set to warn us.

Professor Pearl found emotional

stability the predominant trait among nonagenarians and centenarians. "A vast majority of these extremely longevous folk," he said, "were of a placid temperament, not given to worry. They had taken life at an even, unhurried pace. The length of life is generally in inverse proportion to the rate of living — the more rapid the pace of living, the shorter the time that life endures."

Intense feelings release potent chemicals into the blood, quicken the heart beat, constrict the muscular walls of arterioles, heighten the blood pressure, concentrate the blood in certain areas, and generally speed up the pace of living. Such reactions, oft repeated, may inflict irreparable injuries.

It would be a judgment on our high-gearred, high-priced civilization if the chief cause of aging should prove to be our suppressed fears, our overstrained emotions, our habitual attitude of anxiety.



Don't Stop Me . . .

A MAN named Finkelberger went to court to have his name changed to Kelley.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Business reasons," was the reply.

"So ordered."

In a year he was back, before the same judge. He wanted to be known as Murphy.

"Why?"

"Because whenever I tell anybody my name he looks at me and asks: 'What was it before it was Kelley?'"

— Contributed by Donald MacGregor

Fame and Fortune Await You

Condensed from The American Magazine

William D. Coolidge

Director of research, General Electric laboratories

With Gordon Gaskill

A FRIEND of mine was rhapsodizing about man's wonderful ingenuity. "Just think!" he exclaimed. "We've conquered the air, enslaved lightning, destroyed space . . ."

"True," I put in; "but remember the barnacle."

The barnacle is a symbol of all those things we have *not* done. For centuries that tiny marine organism has taken expensive joy rides on the bottoms of our ships. He slows down our sea defenses and costs us millions yearly. A fortune awaits the man smart enough to outwit him.

THE MYRIAD incandescent lamps which light the world at dusk proclaim the genius of Dr. William D. Coolidge, who invented and developed the ductile tungsten filament. During his 35 years in the General Electric research laboratory, which he has directed since 1932, Dr. Coolidge has again and again made original contributions to scientific knowledge. Radiology, in particular, has made long strides as the result of his hot-cathode type of X-ray tube, his new types of X-ray generating equipment. A Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Coolidge has received many medals and awards from scientific societies both here and abroad.

Sherlock Holmes never tackled a mystery as baffling as the Strange Case of the Cathode Ray. One day I decided to see what would happen if I hurled streams of these high-speed electrons, usually kept tightly sealed in evacuated tubes, out into the open. Under their bluish ray the skin of a fresh apple turned brown. Flies died. Acetylene gas became a fine yellow dust that we have not been able to dissolve in anything.

Here is a miraculous power. Yet so far it has eluded us. But before you label it "useless" remember that when Michael Faraday first demonstrated electricity to Gladstone, the British prime minister remarked, "Yes, but what earthly good is it?"

The cathode ray is not useless; it is merely unused. Some day someone will discover its field of application, and perhaps a new world will open before us.

The other day a newspaperman told me that a million dollars awaits the one who discovers a swifter way to make newspaper engravings. I can tell you how to go

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about it: find a ray which, when projected through a photographic negative onto a plate, will quickly etch out the plate. But I can't tell you what ray to use, nor what plate. Another million should go to the man who invents a simple, cheap way to make good paper prints of color photographs.

The word "impossible" is to a scientist much like a spur to a horse. One of the impossibles for years was a perfect union between glass and metal, because under the influence of cold or heat they contract and expand at different rates, thus pulling apart. But not long ago Dr. Albert Hull, of our laboratory, walked into my office with a large glass cylinder fastened tightly to a metal cylinder. He had found a *combination* of metals that had exactly the same contracting rate as a special glass he had developed. Now that we can marry glass and metal many articles can be made better and more cheaply.

Recently a customer returned an electric motor because, he reproached us, "this is wound with bare wire." We had a hard time convincing him that the "bare" wire was safely insulated. Nor could we blame him for being skeptical. For 30 years there had been almost no innovations in insulating wire; we had to use cumbersome cotton or paper, varnishes and enamels which easily cracked. Only lately had we learned of an insulating substance, made from

coal and lime, that we could so apply to a wire that it seemed to become a very part of it. Wire coated with it could be smashed flat or twisted thousands of times; still the coating was intact. Already this magic coating is spreading through industry.

In 1916 America had only 19 industrial research laboratories. Today, in nearly 2000 laboratories, a vast treasury of ingenious brains and intricate mechanism is hard at work on our national defense, improving the supercharging of airplane engines, developing searchlights so powerful that, by the beam of one of them, a newspaper was easily read in an airplane 12 miles from the searchlight. Other projects are too secret to mention.

I've been wondering what we should do if our immense hoard of gold becomes valueless, as some economists predict. Gold, pampered aristocrat among metals, is of little practical good. Some day we may have to take it back to the laboratory and work out some useful, menial task for it. The man who discovers what to do with gold may make a fortune.

Perhaps one day you will buy food in silver-plated cans. Already a scientist I know has produced some of them. We have lots of silver, which could substitute for tin in cans, a factor of vital importance to defense should our supply of tin be cut off.

There is a shortage of well-

trained organic chemists and metallurgists, and limitless opportunity in both fields. Chemists, mechanical engineers and electrical engineers have great jobs to do. So, too, have the physicists. There is Uranium 235, the "wonder metal," one pound of which will give as much energy as millions of pounds of coal, when someone discovers how to separate that pound from the common variety of this element with which it is associated in nature.

The new fluorescent light demands better materials. Television

demands a more sensitive camera tube. Aviation demands a reliable way to make blind landings. And there is the old dream of harnessing sunlight. We have already used it to generate steam and small electric currents, but perhaps some day some wonderful new material, extremely sensitive to sunlight, will fully open this magic door.

The list is endless. Nothing is anywhere near perfect. Industry and research are crying for good men, and fame and fortune hide in every test tube, under every microscope.



Imagination as Accident Insurance

THE closest call Carl Akeley ever had came high in the bamboos on Mount Kenya, where he had gone to make photographic studies of the elephants' habitat. "Suddenly," he wrote, "I was conscious that an elephant was almost on top of me. My next mental record is of a tusk right at my chest. I grabbed it with my left hand, the other tusk with my right hand, and swinging in between them went to the ground on my back. The action was purely automatic — the result, many a time on the trails, of imagining myself caught by an elephant's rush and of planning what I would do.

"The elephant drove his tusks into the ground on either side of me, with his curled-up trunk against my chest. As I looked into one wicked little eye above me I knew I could expect no mercy. I heard a wheezy grunt as he plunged down and then — oblivion.

"Of course, I should have been crushed as thin as a wafer if his big tusks had not struck something in the ground that stopped them. Apparently he thought me dead, for he left me and charged after the boys, who had scattered like a covey of quail.

"I firmly believe that my imaginings saved my life. If a man imagines and plans what he would do in a crisis, he will, I am convinced, when the occasion occurs, automatically do what he planned."

— Mary L. Jobe Akeley, *The Wilderness Lives Again* (Dodd, Mead)

¶ Army and Navy, shackled by horse-and-buggy traditions, have failed to achieve air power. But it's not too late!

Why We Must Have a Separate Air Force

By Alexander P. de Seversky

Major, U. S. Air Corps Specialist Reserve

IN EUROPE to-day a flaming scroll bearing a military message of tremendous import is being unrolled before America's eyes. That message is ominously clear: Vast armies lie immobilized in England and Europe; once-proud navies venture forth in peril of destruction from the skies; and, plainly for all to see, *the air has become the decisive arena of combat.*

In view of this indisputable fact, I pose two simple but vital questions:

MAJOR Alexander P. de Seversky, an authority on the tactics and strategy of aerial warfare, is also an outstanding aircraft designer. He commanded Russian air squadrons in the World War, lost a leg in a crash in 1915 but received special permission from the Czar to return to his command. He shot down 13 planes and was decorated many times. After the war he came to the U. S. and was appointed consulting engineer for the air service, becoming a citizen in 1927. He invented the first fully automatic bomb sight and made many improvements in navigation instruments. For 10 years past he has designed and manufactured planes for the Air Corps. He holds many speed records, and won the Harmon Trophy as 1939's foremost airman.



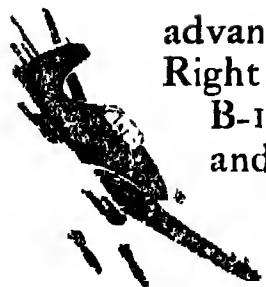
1. Are the men responsible for America's defense program sufficiently aware that the airplane is the dominant weapon of the future?

2. Are they spending America's defense billions, and guarding the safety of our people, with intelligent vision of this new role of air power?

It is imperative that these questions be canvassed frankly and fully, before our program for national defense becomes congealed in obsolete and ineffectual patterns.

The dominant role played by air power in Europe today gives only the merest hint of its complete ascendancy in the future — the future for which we should be diligently preparing right now. While we solemnly debate a "two-ocean Navy," the increasing range and striking power of aerial warships promises to reduce all navies to a secondary role within the very five years that it will take to complete our new naval program.

The tactical reach of bombers has been raised from 1000 miles to 7500 in the last five years — an



advance of 650 percent. Right now our Douglas B-19 can fly to Europe and back with 36,000 pounds of explosives. This is a true dreadnaught of the air — but unfortunately we have only *one* of them. Any nation possessing a fleet of such bombers could quickly end all question as to the ability of aircraft, single-handed, to win decisive victories on land or sea.

Within the next five years we shall witness a further step-up in bombing range, to 25,000 miles. This, equalling the earth's circumference, is a mere 233 percent advance on present ranges. Germany is already racing furiously toward that goal; her gigantic *Kurier*, capable of a 10,000-mile range, is in production, and she is desperately re-tooling to turn out machines with ever increasing range and bomb load. Soon the Atlantic and the Pacific will be no wider than the British Channel for the nation which dominates the skies. Within five years we can bomb any spot in any nation — or be bombed by it in any part of our anatomy.

To America the lesson of all this is brutally clear: unless we are to risk destructive onslaughts by enemy air power, we must completely revise our thinking in matters of national defense. No longer dare we rely on the leadership of old-line strategists who, reared in cavalry

tactics and infantry maneuvers, still think of military aviation in terms of yesterday — as only an adjunct to armies and navies. In the name of common sense and common safety we must begin now to prepare our aviation for tomorrow! And the first step is the establishment of an independent Air Command, possessing the imagination and audacity to wage all-out war in the air and operating on terms of equality with the Army and Navy.

I have studied, as far as I am aware, all recent attacks on the idea of an independent air force, whether emanating from official or unofficial quarters. The common denominator of all the objections is the claim that the U. S. *has* built a fairly creditable air force under the aegis of the two older services.

The rebuttal is simple. It is that at present the U. S. has *no air power at all!* We have a miscellany of warplanes but no air power. We have an effective naval air-arm, plus an amorphous mass of Army aircraft. Neither of them nor the two together constitute air power.

No matter what the departmental "brass hats" affirm or deny, the present war discloses one basic principle of air power: *no land or sea operations are possible where control of the air is in the hands of the adversary.* Dunkirk is a superb demonstration. The withdrawal operations there were accomplished primarily because the British had

established *local superiority* in the air. British Spitfires and Hurricanes, masters of any German pursuit plane by reason of a mere 25-mile-per-hour margin, were able to control the air over the Channel; without such control the evacuation would have been a shambles. This supremacy, however, applied only within a radius of 150 miles—the effective range of land-based British pursuit planes.

This same *local superiority* accounts for Hitler's inability hitherto to invade England. The Battle of Britain is an almost perfect laboratory case of pure air warfare. Out of it one blood-red fact emerges: Hitler cannot invade Britain so long as a swift British fighter command maintains its margin of superiority in the skies over the British Isles.

In the light of these facts, no one contradicts the assertion that America needs a vast number of planes. We have the inventive genius and the productive power to turn them out. But the unvarnished truth is that we are not likely to get the kind or quality of planes we need while our air program is in the hands of men unconsciously loyal to their own older services and shackled by the red tape of military tradition.

The leather medal for all-time futility should go to those who keep up the argument about the

relative merits of naval power and air power. The battleship, the admirals are fond of emphasizing, is still master of the sea. It *is* (beyond the range of aircraft), just as the lion is still master of the jungle. But it's an abandoned jungle. Who pays any heed to lions when crossing by airplane overhead? True, sea power is still our chief defensive reliance, and will remain so until we achieve an adequate air armada. It would be dangerous to switch from an old form of national defense before a new one is perfected. And even when the transformation is complete there will be special tactical purposes for surface and undersea craft.

However, even today, naval fleets can operate only beyond the reach of warplanes based on a given shore. When land-based planes can strike, the ships are doomed. The recent engagement between warships and dive bombers in the Sicilian Strait demonstrates this. Only a handful of German planes was used in the initial encounter, yet the cruiser *Southampton* was sunk and the aircraft-carrier *Illustrious* and the destroyer *Gallant* limped away disabled. It is reported on good authority that anti-aircraft fire from the British ships brought down not a single Nazi bomber! The 12 Stukas bagged by the British were shot down by land-based pursuit planes, coming from Malta 60 miles distant.

The area of naval control is being





narrowed with every enlargement of the striking range of military aeronautics. Formerly the North Atlantic was immune from air attack. Today great German bombers scour the ocean lanes 500 miles west of Ireland, attacking British naval and commercial targets. Soon naval immunity will be wiped out entirely. Thereafter, the navies of the world, like the armies in the greater part of Europe at this time, will be able to swing into action only under the canopy of land-based air power.

Let me define the concept of true air power as evolved in the present European conflict. Its prime function is to ignore and overreach fleets and armies and to reduce the enemy to helplessness by striking directly at its most vital spots — aircraft industries, public utilities, munition plants, harbors, airdromes. The perfection of this new strategy will render obsolete the mile-by-mile surface struggle for forts and territories. An enemy so thoroughly battered from the air that it loses the strength to strike back will not have to be occupied.

But the old-school army and navy mentality, nurtured in textbook strategy in terms of naval blockade and infantry development, hasn't the air-mindedness to grasp such concepts. It is this diehard adherence to outmoded principles, rather than any inability on our part to

produce airplanes or pilots, which has prevented the creation in the U. S. of a true air power capable of protecting us, whether by offense or defense, against annihilating air attack.

Of course, in the future, as now, aircraft used in common tactical operations with land forces ought to be under direct command of the Army. The same is true of the Navy. Our aviation with the fleet is splendid naval aviation, precisely because it has been developed by the Navy. But aviation developed by the Army and Navy, no matter how strong it may become, always remains a weapon of these services, unfitted for the major task of pure air power.

In the very nature of the case, aviation tied to an older, slower service is destined to become inbred. New ideas are slowed up and frequently doomed to premature death; the channels through which they must move are clogged by the prejudices, ambitions and fixations of the older services. Talented air strategists and designers, of whom we have plenty, cannot contribute their best when condemned to work within fallacious plans of strategy.

As far back as 1917 I personally fought in pursuit ships that carried three machine guns; and in 1918 cannon were mounted in French air fighters. With this experience in mind, I submitted to the U. S. Army Air Corps in April 1938 two

designs of fighter planes that carried up to six machine guns and one cannon, as well as armor protection. Yet, until forced out of their inertia by the experience of the present war, our authorities continued to specify only two machine guns for pursuit planes. And this, mind you, at a time when German and British pursuits were carrying not only eight machine guns but cannon also.

Characteristic of the infantry viewpoint which dominates our air program is the fact that, while European nations had machine guns and cannon strung from one wing tip to the other, our regulations placed the guns within 14 inches from the eye of the pilot — simulating the army sharpshooter with the rifle-butt on his shoulder.

For years the Army Air Corps could not convince Army Ordnance that machine guns on aircraft should be fed ammunition from either side. Machine guns used on land were fed only from one side. Army regulations therefore permitted no deviation from this standard. It was only recently that this situation was corrected.

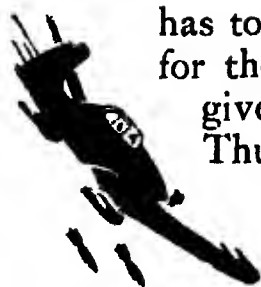
For an illustration of our present unimaginative conservatism, take the Army's P-35 pursuit ship. It carries two machine guns and 100 pounds of bombs over a range of 1000 miles. This is a pitifully



small utilization of the plane's potentiality. Modified for export under less exacting regulations than our Army's, the same plane carries four machine guns and a 1300-pound bomb load nearly 2000 miles. The increase in fighting capacity is evident.

The limitations imposed by the Army mule on the eagle of our air power help explain the inferiority of American military aircraft as now disclosed by the present war. In Great Britain and Germany, where air power was independent, such anachronisms did not occur.

So much for the technical side. The unreality of tying air power to the older services is also reflected in our truly fantastic organizational set-up. Our Air Corps has two parallel chiefs, both Major Generals, who are in charge of equipment, personnel and training. One of them is at the same time Deputy Chief of Staff for the Air in the General Staff of the Army. Our striking aviation is known as the General Headquarters Air Force and is headed by a Lieutenant General who outranks the Chief of Air Corps twins. Nevertheless he has no authority in the selection of equipment and personnel, and must work with what the Chiefs of Air Corps decide he should have. As far as tactical disposition of his units is concerned, he cannot move without approval of the Chief of the General Staff of the Army. The latter, not being an aviation man,



has to consult his Deputy for the Air before he can give intelligent orders. Thus a Major General really gives orders (without taking responsibility) to a Lieutenant General who outranks him but has no authority.

Does this sound complicated? Well, it is. No military machine can function efficiently under such a crossword-puzzle system of authority, though our Air Corps officers are gamely doing their best, without a murmur, under such conditions. But only an independent air force based on a straight line of authority can really be effective.

The Navy also has its pet foibles which hamper the development of genuine air power. The illusion that sea power can carry its own "umbrella" in the shape of naval aircraft operating from carriers is an instance of horse-and-buggy thinking. Naval planes based on ships are encumbered by landing and arresting gears; their performance is inferior. At Skagerrak, as in the recent case of the *Illustrious*, it was tragically demonstrated that the air protection carried by the fleet is nothing but a clay pigeon for a land-based air force.

The British fully realize this now. In the Mediterranean, therefore, they begin to support their fleet with *land-based* planes at Crete, Malta and Greece. Only under the protection of air power that com-

mands the entire theater of naval operations will any navy be able to function in the near future.

The objections to an independent Air Command add up to a puzzling zero. Unless men high in our national councils break through the blind traditionalism that is clipping the wings of American air power — unless they free it to attain its rightful independent stature — the nation will pay dearly in blood and money for their failure.

What, specifically, are the first steps we should take? To begin with, airmen of proved vision should be placed in charge of the aviation branch of our national defense, and be permitted to translate tactical lessons into mechanical improvements. There is no dearth of such men. We have at least a thousand experts in military aeronautics, with nearly a quarter of a century of active experience, whose skill, inventiveness and creative vision are unsurpassed. We also have an aviation industry capable of giving us world supremacy in design and production.

An independent Air Department staffed by such experts and backed by this industrial capacity would call for and could produce:

Long-range bombers able to do more damage in a single raid than the Nazi armadas have inflicted on England since the beginning of the war.

To protect the bombers, specially designed fighters, capable

of speeds 50 percent greater than the bombers' and equipped with fire power surpassing the enemy's.

Today we have no such planes. The present tendency to adapt the armaments of older services to aerial warfare must be abandoned; new concepts growing out of the special problems of aerial battle should be developed. For instance, future pursuit planes may be armed by a weapon comparable to the naval torpedo, capable of knocking out the largest bomber with a single projectile.

Again, an independent Air Department would provide long-range interceptor fighters, to head off enemy planes long before they even approached American targets; and short-range, fast-climbing pursuits for local protection of military objectives. The disposition of these local pursuits would be logically related to such objectives; they would not, as at present, be located as though they were cavalry units.

Also, we should transfer to the Air Command the entire anti-aircraft defenses of our nation, including anti-aircraft artillery, listening devices, etc. This the British and Germans have been compelled by experience to do.

These are but a few of the essentials.

Were we to build, as we could, an independent air force such as this, no nation would venture to attack us.

And it is not yet too late for us to plan such an all-round, independent air force. The cheering fact about the air situation in Europe is this: Both Germany and England are making practically a second start, from scratch, in an all-out attempt to make aviation a weapon *capable of functioning on its own*. Even Hitler's huge and vaunted *Luftwaffe* was built to blast the way for invading armies and not to replace them. Both nations now realize that victory will go to the country that becomes supreme by air power alone.

In this race the U. S. is favorably situated as regards brains, plant and money. But if we allow the outworn, terrestrial-minded thinking of the Army and Navy to dominate, we shall find ourselves fatally handicapped — losers in the race for air supremacy, which we ought to win.

Our national security depends, then, on an independent and hard-hitting air force, with a personnel completely divorced from Army and Navy supervision, trained upon the new principles and conditioned to the new strategy, tactics and psychology of air war.

It should be organized immediately, before we commit ourselves irretrievably to a program of error which can only result in our ultimate humiliation at the hands of the enemies of democracy.



Presents for the President

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Donald Wilhelm

THE LAST TIME I visited the White House mail rooms, the air was athrob with the cheeping of 100 downy yellow chicks, a gift to F.D.R. A young bulldog was barking for release from his crate, and a baby alligator was sprawling in its carton. There were several paintings, one executed by a child with 25-cent water colors, another by an eminent artist. There was a horned toad, a plum pudding, an ancient manuscript, and several tables piled high with other gifts. Yet it was an ordinary day's mail.

These gifts are, for the most part, tokens of esteem, sent by people who want to do something nice for their chief executive. Some of these donors are destitute, yet they send their most prized possessions. White House attachés, quick to detect the motives behind gifts, return the article with a note of appreciation if they think the donor is making too great a sacrifice. A few of the givers have an ulterior motive — publicity. Such angling is doomed to disappointment; no firms can advertise "By Appointment, Purveyors to the President."

Some gifts are strictly seasonal. Each April, for example, the President can count on receiving the first salmon caught in a pool near Bangor, Maine. During the hunting season the gifts run to venison, bear meat, game birds. At Christmas there are cakes, pies, preserves, prize turkeys, candy.

Just after the President was inaugurated in 1933 came the huge, carved mahogany table that now stands in the lobby of the executive offices. It was so big that the front doors had to be removed to get it inside. With it came expressions of esteem from the Philippine insurrectionist General Emilio Aguinaldo, captured by General Funston of the U. S. Army in 1901. Once a 101-pound watermelon was delivered, and another time six white horses pranced up to the White House drawing a 1250-pound cheese.

Because Americans are great animal lovers the President has been sent almost everything from live sheep and a live eagle to fancy lizards and guinea pigs. A New York woman once sent her dog to the White House and wired that she was leaving for Europe and

knew the President would take good care of him. The mail room wired regrets and the dog was returned. Falla, the recent gift of a personal friend, is the only dog F.D.R. has accepted and given the run of the White House. This little black Scottie has wagged his way onto the front pages — and brought on the White House an avalanche of booties, blankets, collars, flea soap and fan mail. The most gorgeous animal the President ever received was an Arabian riding horse named "New Deal."

The President is America's No. 1 hobbyist, a recognized expert and collector in a half-dozen fields. Many gifts cater to these personal interests. Loyal fishermen everywhere send their newest lure to F.D.R. with a "report." He gets all sorts of tackle, even score cards on one of which, hand lettered, was the familiar fisherman's prayer: "Oh, Lord, give me a fish so big I'll never have to lie about it!" And one day a White House aide, opening a package, ran her hand into a wriggling mass of fishworms sent by a boy in Connecticut.

Once a picture of the President was published showing him poring over his stamp collection, licking a stamp. For days his mail was full of stamp moisteners. Every mail brings him rare books for his personal collection. He receives many canes, of all shapes and woods. One came from Persia; another was carved from a gnarled oak by a

boy in Ohio. The most serviceable he sends to Warm Springs and various hospitals, along with the many articles of clothing sent him.

Gifts to the President come from the great as well as the humble. He received 38 small, exquisite paintings of scenes and men in American history from the former President of Poland, and two marine pastels from the former Prime Minister of Denmark.

But of all the gifts, the most expressive are those which have no rhyme or reason — oddments sent just because people want him to have a certain little keepsake. From a once famous actress, now well along in years, he receives every Christmas a single pack of cigarettes of an almost forgotten brand, in a handmade box on which a wavering hand has written, "Happy Days Are Here Again!" One day there came from a New Jersey boy a model of an ocean liner, sawed from a plank, with rubber tires from a toy auto serving as life preservers. An Italian girl in Texas spent three years carving from wood the intricate face of a cathedral. A grange in Utah sent a covered wagon made, even to the wheels, of salt crystals. And soon after the last election came a watch-chain ornament — a tiny gold boxing glove inscribed: "To F.D.R., the Champ, 1940."

Every gift to the President is entered in a ledger, with a careful record of where it came from and

what was done with it. To every donor goes a letter of thanks, often signed by the President. The perishable items are immediately sent where they'll do the most good. Tons of delicacies go to veterans' hospitals and old folks' homes.

Some time ago the President, wondering what final use to make of his collections and gifts, planned the finely appointed field-stone museum at Hyde Park. Built with

funds raised by private subscription and presented to the government, this building will house all Roosevelt's letters, papers and collections, and enough collateral material to be a research center for future study of this momentous era. Here, too, will be displayed gifts selected from the President's astonishing assortment. They will be a record of the thinking, customs and interests of our time.



matter

❧ "I'VE HAD a wonderful evening," said Groucho Marx to his hostess as he was leaving a dull Hollywood party, "but this wasn't it!" *

❧ BEATRICE LILLIE made a quick and graceful exit from a stuffy party. "Don't think it hasn't been charming," she said to her hostess, "because it hasn't."

— Robert Minton in *Collier's*

❧ AT A PARTY given in honor of Thomas Mann, a noted Glamor Girl found herself dancing with the eminent author and was duly thrilled. She smiled up at him and purred: "I just love culture, don't you?" *

❧ AT A HOLLYWOOD wedding reception, one woman remarked how lovely the star looked as a bride, and another said sweetly, "Oh, she always does. She's thrown a bridal bouquet often enough to have pitched a nine-inning game." *

❧ CALLED UPON for a speech at a dinner in honor of W. C. Fields, Jack Benny said: "I'm very happy to be at this dinner tonight to pay tribute to our guest of honor — and besides, it's the cook's night out." *

❧ WHEN ONE of the town's most important movie producers had his secretary call John Barrymore to invite him to a party, Barrymore politely murmured into the telephone, "I have a previous engagement, which I shall make as soon as possible." *

* Contributed by Eddie Cantor



WINGS AT MY WINDOW

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Ada Clapham Gowan

From a handful of crumbs tossed to a hungry chickadee sprang new hope for a family

THE DAY on which this story begins was cheerless; the air was thick with swirling snow, and my heart was heavy. We had within three years lost two baby daughters; David, our young son, had been so ill that for months his life hung in the balance; and I, suffering from arthritis, was faced with life as a housebound invalid, a burden to those I loved.

As I sat staring out into the dusk, a tiny gray bird lit on the icy porch railing. He was battered by the storm, and probably had known scant rations for days. Yet he clung there singing at the top of his lungs: "Chickadee-dee-dee!"

His courage and need pulled at my heart. Every motion that day had been agony; but somehow I dragged myself to the door with a handful of crumbs. He ate just enough to refresh himself, then flew off. In a few moments he was back with every relative and friend he could gather. With quickened interest, I tossed out crumbs by the handful.

Next morning I forgot the pain of arising in my anxiety to get to

the window. Would *they* be there? They were, bless them. My heart was flooded with gratitude that I, so nearly helpless, had been able to give help. I *was* good for something. That moment marked the rebirth of hope.

Soon birds by the dozen were waiting for me on that small porch every day, bright-eyed, hungry, expectant. As spring advanced and they came in ever increasing numbers I read every bird book I could find. David built window trays, feeding stations, and birdhouses; and we planted mountain ash, cranberry bushes, a crabapple, Virginia creepers and pokeberries. By summer the birds had taken possession of our back yard — and my heart as well.

I still remember a pair of wrens who lived in one of our houses. When their young were almost old enough to set out on their own, Mr. Wren abandoned his wife and showed up at a second house with a lady of questionable character. Mrs. Wren, however, sailed into her rival and mopped up the back yard with her. Then she dragged the bedding from house No. 2, and

scattered it to the winds. Next she cornered her husband and gave him a dressing-down that fairly seared my eardrums. After that, she whisked back into her own house, threw her full-grown children out into the world one by one, and returned to take possession of house No. 2. It was a quick job, but very thorough.

WITH AUTUMN came the excitement of watching the clans gather for their fall migration. As many as 50 robins, flickers and scarlet tanagers would be at the birdbaths at once. Each day there was the thrill of identifying new species as they stopped for rest and refreshment.

By January 89 species had visited us, and we had used 500 pounds of wild bird and sunflower seed, besides hemp and millet, meat bones, bread crumbs, peanut butter, and suet. Fine ashes or grit were provided when the ground was covered with snow, for birds have no teeth and the gravel is necessary to digest their food. They die without it, in the midst of plenty. We suspended doughnuts by strings from the clothesline: it's amusing to watch a small acrobat swinging, singing, and eating his trapeze all at once. All winter we kept one water pan free of ice. This meant constant attention with a teakettle, but weariness and pain seemed unimportant in saving the birds real suffering.

One catbird was especially devoted to raisins. But one day the raisins were hard; the one he trustingly chose nearly gagged him to death. He spat it out and, eying me from the edge of the tray, hollered at me the tale of his misplaced confidence. It was time to come to the rescue. I steamed the remaining raisins, and the rapturous squeals that greeted the rejuvenated fruit would have melted a heart of stone. "Ah," observed my husband politely, "so you're cooking for them now!"

David's enthusiasm had matched my own from the start. But Father hadn't much interest until one spring morning his curiosity was aroused. On the plank we had run from the piazza railing to the feeding station was a gallant figure in deep wine satin, wings of dusky bronze, a gorgeous crested head, a striped waistcoat shaded with raspberry and delicate rose. He was a male purple finch in the full glory of his courting regalia, his eyes fixed on the farther end of the walk. There, facing him, a demure little lady devoted herself to breakfast, apparently unaware of the vision not four feet away.

A tremor rippled his shining bronze wings. Soon they were vibrating almost like the wings of a hummingbird, although otherwise he had not moved. To the very tips of his toes rose the gallant lover, like a huge butterfly standing upright. Then, using his wings as a

dancer uses a scarf to tantalize by partly veiling her charms, he swayed back and forth, slowly advancing to within a few inches of the loved one. And she? She turned her back.

He returned to his starting point, the rhythm unbroken, then once more moved down the pathway. He had been dancing for nearly ten minutes, and still that little lady seemed indifferent. But her indifference was all fake. She had been rolling that last sunflower seed on her tongue for nearly five minutes. At last her wings began to vibrate, slowly at first, then faster. As he approached her again she threw indifference to the winds and advanced a few steps toward her bridegroom. His breast shaped itself like a bow. Back went the head until he was a perfect crescent. Thus he waited.

The lady cast herself on his breast and gently, sweetly joined her bill with his. So they stood shoulder to shoulder, beaks joined. Father coughed. His gruff voice observed huskily: "I never would have believed that love-making between birds could be such a lovely thing."

IT WAS David's idea that we get a federal birdbanding permit and help the government solve questions of how often birds change wives, whether they return to the same nesting place each year, what proportion of the babies survive.

We made our own trapping cages — feeding boxes with glass sides (for a frightened head might get caught in wire), a hinged end controlled by a string from my window, and a trap door in the roof through which the bird can be removed.

In six years we have banded 3635



birds of 42 species, and have recorded 580 returns. I never fail to be moved by the experience of holding in my hand again some lovely bird wearing my bracelet on his leg, of feeling a bird's heart lose its fear-driven throb under my friendly stroking, its slender toes curling around my finger.

Birdbanding has given me all sorts of experiences. One was furnished by two common little chipping sparrows. The husband had been self-possessed when I took him from the trap and banded him a year ago. He was still unruffled this year when I picked him up to read his band; and daily he returned to the trap to feed. But when his dainty wife appeared in

the trap door he barred the entrance firmly. He did not fear for himself, but not one step inside the trap would he permit his mate to take.

One February day I accidentally left a saucer of seeds in my room near an open window. When I came back I found a tree sparrow in the saucer, enjoying the warmth and food. Though he was poised for flight, my voice reassured him: he relaxed and returned to his dinner. Filled, he lit on the sill and let me pick him up and band him.

The next day three tree sparrows fed at the seed saucer. One, when he had satisfied his hunger, started on a sight-seeing tour of the room. When he alighted on the warm radiator, a puzzled expression swept across his face. Gingerly he lifted one foot and pecked at his toes. Then he swapped legs and pecked at the second batch of toes. For a time he stood there, switching from foot to foot. Then he flew to a chair rung, where, without any beatings of wings, he let me take him in my hand and band him. I have since banded hundreds of birds, merely



picking them up from the feeding tray.

For seven years our kingdom has flourished. Only once was it threatened: in the midst of the depression my husband lost

his job. One day I sat staring at \$6.44 — all we had in the world. And my birds! Sixty dollars would be needed for their winter food.

I went to the window for comfort, as always. Then I sat down and wrote a story about my birds. To my amazement, an editor used it as the feature article for his Christmas issue — for a price that would fill our coal bin and put bird food in every feeding box. In less than seven weeks I sold eight other articles. All through the trying months before my husband found employment, the birds that we had helped without thought of reward helped us. They paid for their own food and for ours too!

But more than the material returns from that first handful of bread cast upon the snow are the spiritual satisfactions our gentle companions have brought us through the years.



LISTED on current best-seller lists in Germany: Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

—*Newsweek*

The Shape of Everyday Things to Come

123

Experts are convinced, is
Condensed from The New Republic of the process of
more elevated
and tun-

Bruce Bliven

Editor and president of The New Republic

WHAT SORT of world lies just ahead, if things that already exist in the laboratory can be brought into everyday life? Let us begin with the most familiar of all environments — the home.

"Houses today are still built on plans created in the Middle Ages," says one of the leading exponents of improved housing. "The architect should consider a house a 'machine for living.' Thoreau had 20 things which he regarded as essential at Walden Pond; the average American family has 9000. The house of the future should contain adequate storage space for these 9000 things, a super-filing case where everything is put away systematically and is instantly accessible, perhaps in standardized closets used as the walls between rooms.

"Today we have learned to heat a wall, a ceiling or a floor, either with a mass of hot-water pipes or with electric wires laid in the plaster. Steel strips, curved into a parabolic shape, can be used to reflect heat from one spot into an entire room or any part of it; they also produce an interesting structural pattern. Radiant heat, from such sources, warms a room with-

This is the fourth article in a series based on interviews with leading research experts in the United States. Under pledge that they would not be quoted by name, these men — Nobel Prize winners, heads of departments in universities, directors of research for industrial corporations — talked freely with Mr. Bliven of their hopes and expectations for the future.

out drying the air as do many present types of heating, which encourage colds and sinus infections. Radiant heating is economical, for the heat need not be turned on until one enters. The room will be comfortably warm in a minute or two.

"Rectangular room shapes are a hangover from former limitations in materials and techniques. There is no good reason why they should be continued except for those who are happy only when following tradition.

"Great strides have been made in lighting. The architect today can use germicidal lamps, cool light from fluorescent lamps and polarized light with no glare. He can also use black light — invisible rays which cause fluorescent chemicals in carpets and other furnishings to glow with beautiful iridescent colors. In motion-picture theaters black light and special

the trap door he barred the entrance firmly. He sent rays go around did not. Thus it is possible to 'pipe sunlight' from the roof down into any part of the house. Houses with these new types of light can employ glowing masses of color such as have never been possible before."

The house of the future will have no electric outlets of the present type — you can make an electric connection at any point along the baseboard. Such a house will be built from standardized, mass-produced parts, assembled in any shape and size that the prospective owner desires, and will cost one third as much as houses today. Already on the market are prefabricated steel houses which can be erected in a single day. They are cheap, proof against fire, earthquake, hurricane and termites, and depreciate slowly. And plywood, a promising new building material, is even stronger than solid steel per unit of weight.

Lately, from the simplest materials — air, water, coal, limestone — scientists have brought an extraordinary variety of synthetic products into the life of man. Not long ago I stepped into a display room that made me feel as if I had walked into the jewel case of Lorenzo di Medici. The room was a mass of objects of all shapes and sizes and colors, ranging from a lipstick holder of gorgeous coral

to an armchair that looked as if it were made of blue-green glass. Everything was composed of some sort of plastic. These plastics are now created on order, elastic or rigid, translucent or opaque. Before long, eyeglasses may be pressed cheaply from plastic to suit your prescription. Powerful binoculars or cameras at a dollar or two are not impossible. Within a year or two, automobiles with scratch-proof and dentproof plastic bodies will be on the streets. You can swing an axe with all your might against one and leave no scar.

Among the new synthetics are fabrics superior to anything heretofore known — mothproof rugs, unshrinkable blankets, clothing and draperies woven from glass and therefore fireproof, unfading and practically everlasting. A substance called pliofilm is so water-resistant that a thin layer spread over the inside of a carton will permit liquids to be held indefinitely. This substitute will save tin urgently needed in our war effort.

Scientists looking at many aspects of our civilization — cities, highways, the social structure of the community — are agreed upon this much of the future:

Cities and towns will be planned by governmental authority, to make certain that every inhabitant has plenty of light and air, easy transportation, parks and other recreational facilities.

Highways should be entirely rebuilt, on the principle of minimum interference with movement. This job for the whole United States would cost \$15,000,000,000, or about two months of our national income. We would soon earn back the investment by savings in the time of individuals and interest on the money tied up in automotive equipment which would be unnecessary — if, for instance, because of higher speeds, 10 trucks could do work now performed by 15. Some years ago a careful study indicated that traffic congestion in New York City was costing \$5,000,000 a day; the figure is probably higher now. Authorities say that parking automobiles in the street will soon be entirely prohibited. Cars will be parked on roofs (as is now done by some western department stores), or in basements (a practice being rapidly and widely extended), or in parking lots constructed by the municipality.

Visitors to the New York World's Fair who viewed Norman Bel Geddes' "Futurama," with its vast network of super-highways, its spacious, airy cities, its double-decked thoroughfares, perhaps did not realize that this vision was wholly scientific, based on the best current thought of city planners and traffic experts. Unfortunately, no large-scale revamping of cities is likely because of the immense cost. What we shall see, the city-

planning experts are convinced, is a continuation of the process of patch and repair: more elevated automobile highways and tunnels; more great transcontinental express boulevards which bypass the cities altogether; and above all, increased decentralization into a multitude of small self-contained units near the metropolis, each with every required resource for community activities, including parks, libraries, churches, theaters, and each with sufficient opportunity within its borders for nearly all its members to earn their livelihood. To keep each community small, so that its inhabitants will not lose their sense of neighborliness, the community would own a wide belt of land around its outskirts which could be turned into parks or rented (but never sold) to farmers.

Communication in the future will be even more rapid and universal than it is today. Before long, good television sets — even sets receiving images in full color — will be low in price and widely bought. A machine now in use could set type simultaneously in a thousand newspaper offices all over the country, speeding up the publication of important news. New processes of sending pictures by wire or radio make it possible to photograph the pages of a metropolitan newspaper and transmit them, 10 minutes to a page, to any part of the country.

The future foreseen by the scientist for man himself is equally exciting. Only a few diseases remain unsolved riddles, chiefly cancer and the common cold. A promising line of attack on colds lies in new types of air-conditioning equipment — eminently valuable in public gathering places — in which the air is exposed to ultraviolet rays. Here the bacteria count is lessened, sometimes as much as 90 percent.

Dental science believes it is on the verge of abolishing the bulk of tooth decay, to be achieved partly through a diet rich in fats and Vitamins A, C and D, and low in carbohydrates, and partly through the synthetic production of an urea called carbamide. Used in toothpaste and mouthwash, this will combine with an enzyme in the mouth to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

At this point someone may ask: "How are these things to be realized in a world where people are killing each other in senseless wars?"

Scientists are well aware that, unless we can overcome the present lag between the mind of the

technologist and that of some political leaders, the future looks grim. Yet even on this matter they offer some hope. Enormous strides have been made in recent decades in the understanding of the psychology both of the individual and the crowd. Today scientists are beginning to understand the mass impulse to be ruled by someone, which makes a population accept a dictator — to understand it and to know how to prevent it.

The scientists are keenly aware of the immediate dangers in today's world. At the recent convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science I listened to outstanding leaders testify to the role that technology and the scientific discipline must play in reclaiming our civilization. As one speaker put it, science has got into the hands of the ape men, and it must be restored to the representatives of humanity. Practical proposals were made there to keep alive the last dying ember of the scientific spirit in Europe, and to make sure that in America scientific progress and the democratic way of life go hand in hand.



Neighbor

ACROSS the river from President Roosevelt's Hyde Park estate, Father Divine's haven at Krum Elbow flaunts two neon signs. One announces "PEACE"; the other, lit only when Father Divine is there, consists merely of the initials "F.D.R." This means, the caretaker explains: "Father Divine in Residence."

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

Out of the Night

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK *by*
Jan Valtin

Not often has a first-hand story been told of the secret revolutionary network, directed from Soviet Russia, which spreads its tentacles into every land. Made up of fanatics pledged to terrorism and destruction, its deeds have shocked the world whenever they have come to light.

Jan Valtin, a German communist, was a leader in that movement until he was caught by Nazi man-hunters. What he suffered, what he saw, in the torture chambers of the Gestapo, forms one of the grimmest passages in literature.

Out of the Night will be one of the most-discussed books of 1941. From this amazing, turbulent, 752-page autobiography (carefully authenticated by the publishers) certain highlights are here presented.



I AM German by birth. But the years of my childhood were scattered over places as far apart as the Rhine and the Yangtsekiang.

My father spent most of his life at sea. During the decade preceding the World War he was attached to the nautical inspection service of the North German Lloyd. One result of this nomadism was that by the time I was 14 I spoke, aside from my native language, fragments of Chinese and Malay, and had a smattering of Swedish, English, Italian and the indomitable Pidgin-English of the waterfront. Another upshot was that I acquired early a consciousness of inferiority toward boys who had experienced their boyhood in one country. In the face of the challenging bigotry of those who had taken root — “This is *my* country; it is the *best* country” — I felt a certain sad instability. I retaliated by regarding with a childish contempt the healthy manifestations of nationalism.

Another result of this life was invincible wanderlust. I ran off on hot afternoons to explore the harbors and to watch maneuvering

ships and toiling stevedores. I knew the smells of godowns and of ships’ holds; I could distinguish the aroma of jute or copra or tropical woods a quarter of a mile away. I liked to read books of exploration and bold voyaging. When I played, I was either a skipper, a boss of longshoremen, or a pirate. I liked to sail the little boat I had when I was 12 through squally weather in the estuaries of the rivers Weser and Elbe. I had my proudest moment when the master carpenter at the boatyard said of me, “That curly-head, he sails like the devil.” Impatiently I waited to be old enough to strike out on the high seas on my own.

During the two years I spent in a British school in Singapore I became aware of the vast gulf which separated me, the child of a worker, from the sons and daughters of colonial officials and the white merchants of the East. I had no access to their parties, and they shunned the humble home of my family. The little “imperialist” snobs of my class coined a nickname for me which even made some of the grownups smile. It was *Lumpenbund* — “ragged dog.”

We were in Genoa when Italy declared war on Germany. It was here that I first learned what mass hatred could be. Every news kiosk was plastered with posters showing German soldiers bayoneting children, or tearing out the tongues of beautiful young women. On the way to and from school, I and other boys suspected of being German were bombarded with stones and manure, beaten with sticks, spat upon, and hounded even through the broken windowpanes of our homes by bands of young Italian hoodlums.

With the declaration of war, my father, to avoid imprisonment as a German naval reservist, had fled. Soon afterward, the others of us were ordered to leave Italian soil within 12 hours. Abandoning most of our possessions, we boarded the Milan express and crossed the Alps into Germany overnight.

During the war years while my father served in the Imperial fleet, we lived in Bremen. My mother fought incredibly hard to keep her brood alive on the meager allowance allotted to families of men in the service. My clothes were made of paper, my shoes of wood. Our staple food consisted of turnips and dismal bread, with potatoes rare and horse meat a luxury. We came to know the meaning of steady hunger, and in the winters, of fierce cold. We collected beechnuts in the woods to have oil, and acorns to have coffee. Like a pack of wolves

we boys would prowl at the edges of estates and army depots, stealing food and fuel as we could. Repeatedly I was caught and punished, and I soon came to regard everyone who wore a badge of authority as an overbearing foe.

When I was almost 14, an older friend brought me into one of the youth groups of the Independent Socialists. These groups used the name of Spartakus Jugend and were illegally organized by young revolutionists from Berlin. Except for the constant hunt for food, this new atmosphere of secretiveness, collective action and rebellious talk quickly became the most important thing in my environment. A scraggy band of child rebels, we met secretly in attics, in abandoned houses and even on roofs. We were taught by our leaders to hate the rich, to tell the poor that they must rise in a body and fight, to disrupt patriotic school meetings with itching powder and stink bombs. We gave articulation to our contempt for established authority by hurling dead rats through the open windows of police stations.

The Armistice had been signed when the news came that my father had died in a distant hospital. My grief-stricken mother put the younger children in charge of a neighbor and left at once to attend to his burial. Two days later, my youngest brother, five years old, was found dead in his bed. No one saw him die.

I ceased going to school, and with the Young Spartakus group distributed leaflets in the harbor, at factory gates, and in tenement districts. When, in January 1919, the Spartakus Bund became the Communist Party of Germany, I was in my 15th year, and already hardened to disorder and rowdiness.

In those grim days a sack of flour was worth more than a human life. Hunger wiped out the lines between adolescents and full-grown men. When a fruit cart was turned over in the street and a middle-aged man tried to shoulder me aside in the scramble for the winter apples, what was there to do but hit him in the face? In the plundering of a wholesale fish store, tons of fish were dumped on the cobblestones, and people grabbed the fish and ran. When a policeman interfered, what was there to do but to slam a codfish into his face? When for a fish or a piece of leather a boy could have the body of a girl not older than himself, what meaning was there in the pratings of "decency"?

WHEN German shipping began slowly to recover from its war paralysis, I signed on a ship as ordinary seaman. In contrast to the strife-ridden Fatherland, the thought of earning my living on the good clean sea made me almost weep with joy.

After three years as a sailor, I

returned to Hamburg to study navigation, with the intention of obtaining an officer's ticket. But the minute I set foot on German soil, I found myself sucked back into a whirlpool of hate and distress even more fierce than the one I had left.

The country was sick. During my years at sea, which had almost made me forget the old hates, it had had no peace. There had been a succession of strikes and armed insurrections. In 1923, Allied armies had invaded the Ruhr to enforce payment of war reparations. Now inflation stalked the land. The country's industrialists produced for gold and paid their wage-slaves with almost worthless paper. Foreign scavengers descended upon Germany in droves, exchanging for a pittance the products of native toil. Prices leaped ahead of wages in a mad dance. One day a loaf of bread cost 100,000 marks. Some days later it cost 1,000,000.

One night, on my way to my dingy room, I was accosted by two women. One was about 40, the other barely 16. The older woman tugged at my sleeve and said, "You have a good face. Please give us a place to sleep."

They were refugees from the Rhineland. The older woman's husband had been arrested for helping to blow up a railway line to prevent shipment of German coal to France. Their home had been seized, and they had wandered

for weeks, pushed on from town to town.

"I have only a small, cold room," I explained.

The woman's eyes lit up. "We can sleep on the floor," she said. "We are thankful just to have a roof over the head."

When I took them to my room, the woman said: "My daughter can sleep with you in the bed and I will sleep on the floor."

I was not astonished. In the degeneration of postwar years, respectable refugee girls all over the land had to peddle their bodies for bread and a place to sleep. But I said no. I thought of their man languishing in some distant French prison. He had blown up a railway. In such times, it seemed to me, the best thing one could do would be to blow up the whole world. I told the women to take the bed.

All night I walked aimlessly through the cold streets, wondering whether I should run away from this diseased country, or join the forces which were attacking the wrongs that made my blood rebel.

A few days later I was a prisoner in the Hamburg city jail. I had tried to stow away in a ship, had been caught, and sentenced to seven days for trespassing. Among my fellow prisoners was a communist agitator who was tireless in his efforts to win imprisoned proletarians over to the communist cause. His explosive enthusiasm was contagious. The clear sincerity

of his devotion thrilled me. More and more I became convinced that dedication to the revolution was the only worth-while thing in life.

When I was released, a police officer ordered me to leave Hamburg immediately. "We want no vagrants in this town," he said.

"Who, indeed," I thought, "is making vagrants of us?"

In the second week of May 1923, I joined the Communist Party.

I Strike Out

AT COMMUNIST headquarters, a short, wiry man with strong eyebrows and a salient jaw received me, and asked a few pointed questions. Evidently he considered me a fit recruit, for he signed me up at once, and gave me my first assignment.

"We believe in pushing young blood to the fore," he said. "We need youth, bold, disciplined youth."

"I shan't disappoint you," I replied.

"Remember, a campaign is not a matter of leaflets and meetings, but of action. Action means strikes — the prelude to armed insurrection. We must bring conditions to a revolutionary boiling point, with all means at our command. Is that clear to you?"

"Very clear," I answered.

"You know," he went on, "that shipping — exports and imports — is the jugular vein of German capitalism. If we make harbors and ships into fortresses of the Com-

munist Party, we've got that jugular vein in our grip. We can break it and the bourgeoisie will bleed to death. You'll report to the Comrade in charge of the Maritime Section."

I was ordered to join one of the communist "activist" brigades in the harbor of Hamburg. Disguised as hawkers of neckties or as laundrymen, we boarded ships, distributed our leaflets, launched discussions, and endeavored to enlist the young militants among the crews in the Communist Party. Our immediate aim was to arouse discontent among the seamen, discontent against rations, wages and ship's discipline. Wherever a crew was receptive to our agitation, we formed an action committee to prepare for coming strikes.

As I gained experience in the Party, I gradually began to understand the place of our task in the master plan for a communist-dominated revolution. The crew of every ship, German or foreign, was to have its communist unit, which was to include, whenever possible, the radio operator. A list of suggestions of maritime sabotage technique had been worked out by experts. A handful of fine sand, judiciously mixed with lubricants used in a steamer's engines or cargo winches, would cripple for days the largest craft afloat. Other methods were: destruction of compasses and sextants; starting bunker fires by pouring kerosene and water

over coal; sawing through rudder chains at sea. Soaking grain and soya bean cargoes with water, either by drilling small holes in the underwater portion of the vessel, or by secret use of a hose, would expand them to three times their normal size and burst the sides of the best-built ship.

The culmination of the sabotage drive was to be the seizure of ships by their crews, destruction of the wireless apparatus, imprisonment of officers as hostages, and a dash into a Soviet port. When the time came, the theory was, world shipping could thus be turned into a shambles at a signal. Other forces working simultaneously on land would complete a chaos which would paralyze the capitalistic system and pave the way for revolution and a communist dictatorship. The theory proved a fallacy. Nevertheless, communists continued to tighten their hold on world shipping, and many of their techniques of destruction were applied in a long series of sporadic strikes and mutinies all over the world.

I PITCHED into Party work with a high fervor. Nothing mattered outside the communist offensive. From early morning, when the stevedores went to work, until the ships' crews went ashore at nightfall, I went from ship to ship, from wharf to wharf, in fulfillment of Party duty. And in the evenings there were meetings and discussion

circles and political courses to attend which rarely broke up before midnight. I had no thought of clothes, amusements or girls. I felt myself a living wheel in the Party machine. I grew leaner, harder, and was supremely happy.

I was on the way to become a professional revolutionist, part of that inner organization of men and women who are ready for any personal sacrifice, whose single aim in life is to work for the revolution. I regarded every communist leader as an heroic idealist, an officer in the great army for freedom. All concepts of moral obligation toward men and groups outside of the movement were utterly weeded out.

My attitude toward conventional respectability was a derisive one. Policemen were enemies. God was a lie, invented by the rich to make the poor be content with their yoke. Class-consciousness had been ground into me since childhood. Every employer was a hyena in human form. I dreamed of the approaching revolution, and shied at no lawless deed as long as it would further the cause.

My devotion was noticed by my superiors, and one promotion rapidly followed another. Within a few weeks I was placed in charge of all Party work aboard Hamburg-American Line vessels — some 50 ships manned by more than 2000 seamen. That night I was so elated I could not sleep! All night I made

plans — I thought of the 50 ships as *my* ships. Such responsibility was sweet. But it was soon to be even further extended. I was detailed to the Party's undercover military organization, which at that time included some 1200 men in Hamburg alone. My formation, chiefly composed of seamen, proudly called itself the "Red Marines," and was considered one of the best shock-brigades along the North Sea coast.

In the bloody Hamburg rising of October, my unit fought for three days on the barricades. The Hamburg insurrection was to have been part of a country-wide rising, long planned by the Party. One night, in a temper over a political setback, a communist leader in Berlin had given the order for the rising, then had cooled down and at the last minute called it off — without notifying the Hamburg units! Hamburg communists fought alone and over 400 were killed or wounded. We were crushed; the Party was outlawed in Germany, and I was forced to flee.

But a year later I was back in Hamburg. In the interim I had shipped as a deckhand to Liverpool, then to the West Coast of the United States, via the Panama Canal. Through my knowledge of English, I found work in Hollywood as a movie extra. Once I was a pirate in a picture starring Milton Sills; on another occasion I drove a covered wagon in a western

picture. While in Hollywood, news came to me from Germany. The German courts were grinding out wholesale sentences against communists for treason, insurrection, rioting, conspiracy and murder. Many had been sentenced to life imprisonment.

I boiled with helpless rage and hatred of a system which, I felt, destroyed the best sons of the working class. Over there in Germany comrades went into dungeons for life, and here was I — well on my way to enjoy the Hollywood humbug. I threw away a fair chance for a peaceful life. I journeyed to San Pedro and pestered the skippers of every ship bound for Europe, until finally a captain signed me on — eastbound!

I reported to Party headquarters in Hamburg and received my instructions. I was to keep my berth aboard my ship, the *Montpelier*, return to the Pacific Coast, and study the possibilities of inciting sabotage and strikes among American workers, particularly those engaged in the vast West Coast lumber industry and on the tankships of the Standard Oil Company. My working budget was to be paid to me through American communist agents.

I Attack the Pacific

I PAID OFF from the *Montpelier* in San Francisco, and started out on my career as an underground worker. I haunted the Coast Guard

pier, struck up acquaintances with sailors from the cutters, and prepared a report to Hamburg, detailing the possibilities of communist penetration into the Coast Guard service. I roamed the West Coast from Puget Sound to San Diego, distributing the propaganda literature which was arriving in a steady stream from Hamburg. I brought the Hamburg bureau into contact with small but fairly stable "activist" groups in Seattle, Grays Harbor, Portland, Astoria, San Francisco and San Pedro.

Then I decided to invade Hawaii. I had been given the name of an official of the American Shipowners' Association who, it was said, would ship any man on any desired ship for a fee of \$10, and I now put him to the test. It was easy. I slipped an envelope containing \$10 on his desk, together with a request for a sailor's berth to Hawaii, and within a week was en route, aboard an American luxury liner. In Hawaii I launched another propaganda crusade, armed with the earnest illusion that some day the Soviet banners would flutter over these beautiful islands.

When I returned to San Pedro I found a letter from Hamburg awaiting me at the Soldier's and Sailor's Y.M.C.A. A world-wide campaign against seamen's missions was being planned, and material was needed on the doings of the Seamen's Church Institutes of America. In February 1925, after arranging to continue the smuggling of

propaganda leaflets to Honolulu, I tackled this assignment.

In ports all along the Pacific Coast I won the favor of the mild-mannered directors of the Institutes by offering myself as a voluntary worker. I undertook to clean reading rooms, to visit ships in search of sailors able to sing at entertainment evenings. In this way I gained an insight into their organizational structure and their methods, and was able, in unguarded moments, to glance over the correspondence on the managers' desks.

My work was pioneering — a study of how the Institutes were organized and how they might be destroyed. Later some of the suggestions made in my reports were followed, and communism made steady progress along the American seaboard. International Seamen's Clubs were established, with Russian funds, to compete with and disrupt the established Institutes. These clubs formed a national organization which was called the Marine Workers' League. A special monthly subsidy was granted for a communist newspaper for American seamen, and Moscow engineered into existence a Red trade union of American waterfront workers.

My next job was to spy out the possibilities for communist activities aboard Standard Oil tankers. Communist control of oil transports was a major issue in our program, as these vessels would play a vital role in future wars.

I bribed my way on board the Standard Oil Company's *El Segundo*, and went to work upon the sailors' minds with gusto. I induced two of them to carry on disruptive work inside the International Seamen's Union. But the rest of *El Segundo's* crew were unresponsive. Standard Oil sailors were well fed and well paid and, as a rule, indifferent to communist arguments. Of the many American tankship crews I harangued during a year on the West Coast, only one established a communist ship unit.

A year of singlehanded campaigning now left me feeling like a man shoveling water into a bottomless barrel. I dreamt of being able, some day, to lead vast armies of workers into the firelines of revolution. But revolutions, it seemed to me, were made, not in America, but in Europe and Asia. I decided to return to Europe.

The Road to Leningrad

IN THE WINTER of 1925-26, I was selected for a term of special training at the Communist University in Leningrad. I despair at describing my emotions when the first dim landmarks of the Soviet Union rose out of the mist. No devout worshiper could have entered a holy shrine with greater reverence. No one came to tell me: "Turn! Flee, you innocent, you ridiculously happy fool!" Had someone said it, I should have struck him down.

Over 600 students, young communists of both sexes, attended the Communist University that winter. Of these, from 300 to 400 were foreigners, hailing from every country in Europe. Orientals had their own "University of the Peoples of the East" in Moscow, and a smaller one in Vladivostok. American communists had their special department in the "University of the Peoples of the West," also in Moscow.

The courses did not aim at educating academic scholars, but dealt almost exclusively with aspects of class war. Armed risings, strikes, the strategy of street fighting, were analyzed to guide the student in similar actions of the future. Revolution was not *one* way out—it was the *only* way out. All courses were directed toward the seizure of power through revolution, and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat under communist leadership.

Part of our afternoons was devoted to gymnastics and target practice. The instructors, from the Red army, were superb examples of physical perfection. Individual athletic stunts were taboo. Everything was done collectively, and the pace was that of the slowest. One of the exercises consisted of doing gymnastics while standing under icy showers, a test of self-control in which the girls invariably outdid the hardest of the male students. All our reading, our conversations,

our personal associations were supervised by undercover agents of the G.P.U. At regular intervals, all rooms in the students' homes were thoroughly searched while their occupants were absent.

The student group to which I belonged counted 53 members. Our meals and entertainment were free; we were given clothing when we needed it. We slept on collapsible army cots, seven and eight to a small room. Usually the lights were kept burning all night, for there was always one who wanted to study. Small oil lamps, samovars and even candles were used to battle the grim cold of winter. There were broken window panes patched up with paper or pieces of old cloth. We took pride in showing that no hardship could daunt us.

We despised the bourgeois ideals of a settled existence, of marriage and love, of ownership and law and order. We were the youth of international conspiracy. Our job was destruction — utter, uncompromising destruction — of capitalist society, an overturning of all standards grown out of the basic conceptions of *my* land, *my* country, *my* wife, *my* factory or ship or railroad!

Marriage was discouraged because men and women with families are too likely to become lovers of peace. In the face of the tremendous revolutionary goal set before us, cultivation of a permanent emotional alliance between one man and one woman seemed trivial. But

we were no celibates. A student who felt himself drawn to a certain girl would tell her frankly: "I desire you. Be my companion as long as the Party permits us to be together." When the feeling was reciprocal, the matter was settled. Often two or more young men shared the intimate friendship of one girl. No secret was made of such an agreement. The recreation rooms, where we danced and drank vodka and played chess in the evenings, became toward midnight the inalienable reservation of the lovers.

The master craftsmen in the Kremlin could not have wished for better tools. We dismissed the distress of today, the human wreckage littered all about us, the terror and the militarism prevailing in the country, with the stereotyped belief that we were marching forward with giant strides: "The power is ours — and the future, too!"

From Shanghai to San Quentin

IN THE SPRING, I asked to be sent into the field. The request was granted, and for several months I carried out Party orders in China, where I collaborated with Chinese communists in propaganda activities on the Shanghai waterfront. Then, in July 1926, I was ordered to the United States. I stowed away aboard a ship bound for Vancouver and hitchhiked to Los Angeles. My "contact" was a Russian who went under the name of Getsy. He was a slender gray-haired man in

his forties, with a quiet, intellectual face. We had a fateful conference in his hotel room.

"There is a serious job you must do," he said.

"All right. What is it?"

"An execution," Getsy said mildly.

I was suddenly on guard. This was not what I had expected. Getsy's eyes avoided me. In a barely audible monotone he went on:

"The most dangerous enemies to the revolution are those individuals whom we accepted as sincere revolutionists, and who saw fit to betray our trust, for money. Such creatures must be hunted down and destroyed. To leave them alive would be a crime to our movement. This you surely understand."

"It's murder, Comrade Getsy."

"Nonsense. Suppose a man who enjoys your hospitality takes a butcher knife and cuts the throats of your children and steals your possessions. Is it murder to kill such a man?"

"No."

"Very well."

"Where is the fellow?"

"Here in Los Angeles," Getsy said.

He brought out a photograph.

"Look at it."

I scrutinized the photograph. Fear, anger and a stubborn sense of duty battled inside of me. "Suppose I resign?" I said irately.

Getsy stiffened. "Resign? I trust you said that rashly. Once in a

while we dismiss a man — for cowardice, for disloyalty, maybe for unproletarian conduct. But resign?"

"I did not mean it."

"I know you did not."

"But if I am to take a man's life, I want to know why."

Getsy put his hands on my shoulders. "My dear comrade," he said. "This man is a traitor — and that's enough. Traitors must die."

I sat in a deep chair, my hands cupped over my head, trying to straighten out the turmoil in my brain: I had accepted the principle of Red Terror as a necessity. Counter-revolutionists, speculators, spies, traitors had no right to live. What then was my objection to sending a traitor to the devil with my own hands? And yet something within me kept saying, "It's murder."

Getsy was pacing to and fro, talking, talking, his voice pitiless and impersonal. Must it be reported to Moscow that I refused to carry out a revolutionary task? That I indirectly strove to shield a traitor to the cause? Did not the Comintern possess the status of an army at war? Was it not everywhere understood that a soldier in the front line trenches who refused to level his gun at the foe had forfeited his own life?

"All right," I said at last.

The following days were filled with a mad exasperation, a wild craving for escape, and futile efforts at self-hypnosis to shut out the agony of doubts and hesitations.

The struggle left me in a mutinous daze. Clumsily, I tackled the assignment. I found the man whom Getsy's spies had tracked down, and assaulted him in broad daylight on a crowded street, knowing beforehand that the assault would end in failure. I struck him once with the butt of a revolver, in a gesture of violence that was more a blundering appeasement of a perverse sense of duty than an intent to destroy. My astonished quarry roared for help, and I ran like a man in a trance.

A truck driver was running in my direction. Barbers emerged from a nearby barbershop. They rushed in pursuit of me, swinging scissors. I darted into a small hotel, and up the stairs toward the roof. But I fell on the stairs, and my pursuers caught me.

I made no attempt to resist them. Complete indifference and weariness engulfed me. The police arrived.

For weeks I languished in jail, refusing to answer questions. Then one morning I had a visitor — a dapper young man who told me he was a lawyer, come to prepare my defense. I took him for a special sort of spy for the police.

"I need no lawyer," I said. "Please go away and leave me alone."

He smiled. "I see you have not weakened. Getsy sent me."

Startled, I was still distrustful. "Getsy?" I answered. "Oh, I re-

member. He likes to wear loud neckties."

"No," the lawyer said promptly. "His ties are gray, always gray."

That convinced me, for Getsy's suits and ties were invariably gray. I asked my visitor what I should do.

"At any price, avoid questioning. The Communist Party wants no more inquiries. Don't wait for a trial. Plead guilty, and get it over with."

That was all. A few days later I pleaded guilty to the charge of



"assault with a deadly weapon," and the judge sentenced me to from one to ten years in San Quentin prison.

A THOUSAND DAYS I lived behind the gray walls of San Quentin. During that time I settled down to defeat the purpose of imprisonment by making myself stronger and more capable to fill my place in the revolutionary struggles of the future. In my second year I was given the job of prison librarian, and later I became a teacher of languages and mathematics in San Quentin's educational department.

Prison gave me far more than it took away. It developed in me a

passionate reverence for the universe of letters. I read almost everything I could lay my hands on, from *Lord Jim* and *Jean Cbristophe* to Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Bowditch's *Epitome of Navigation*. I mastered English, learned French and Spanish, studied astronomy, journalism and map-making — courses made available to the inmates of San Quentin by the University of California. I contributed to the prison magazine, and became proficient in typesetting. Throughout this period I remained loyal to the Comintern.

I established a secret prison library of revolutionary literature, and had organized Marxist schooling circles among the convicts. Despite the prison censorship, I

maintained contact with the Comintern network outside. So immersed was I in my self-imposed tasks that I at first regarded my release as an unwelcome disturbance of an engrossing life. However, the Comintern expected my return to Berlin. I left San Quentin in the first days of December 1929.

"Luck to you," grinned the guard at the front gate.

Three days later I boarded a steamer for Europe.

THERE had been great changes within communist ranks while I had been away. Zinoviev and Trotsky had been purged by Stalin, who now dominated Russia. He

had launched his gigantic Five-Year-Plan, and those who opposed him were trampled into the gutter. The world-wide economic crisis of 1929 was hailed as the collapse of capitalism. From Moscow sounded the cry: Capitalism is sick! Let us not permit it to recover! Let us prepare the *coup de grâce*!

The whole Comintern was lashed to feverish action. The chief motive was perhaps Stalin's fear that imperialist powers would solve their troubles at home by attacking the Soviet Union. The task allotted to the Communist Parties abroad was to prevent such an attack by aggravating the internal difficulties of all nations, by paralyzing them through strikes, civil strife and disruption of national morale.

Pending my next assignment, I had the run of Party headquarters in Berlin for over a week. I read much to catch up on developments, talked with many members of the staff, and studied the official Party reports of the past two years. So I found my bearings in the most colossal communist machine as yet built up outside the Soviet frontiers.

The Communist Party of Germany had at that time a quarter of a million members. It published 27 daily papers, with a total circulation of about 5,000,000. It also maintained a dozen publishing houses, large numbers of workers' clubs, theatrical groups, vacation camps, schools for military training and civil war technique, a motion-pic-

ture company, and even a corporation for the manufacture of pulp paper. Each department was directed by a special emissary from Moscow, invested with dictatorial powers.

Berlin was more than the center of German communism; since 1929, it had become the field headquarters for the whole of the Communist International. A Western Secretariat of the Comintern had been established in Berlin, and was directed by Georgi Dimitrov, who was responsible only to Molotov in Moscow.

I met Dimitrov. He was a large, soft, flabby-faced individual, stout and dark, dressed like a dandy and smelling of heavy perfume. He wore a thick ring on his left hand. His well-manicured fingers held a black cigar. His eyes were large and bold. I soon found that he was a driving, domineering personality. He spoke German with remarkable fluency. His words came loud and hard as he outlined my future work.

"We must push ahead in the shipping industry," he said. "When war comes, we must have capitalist shipping in our hands. The Soviet Union needs peace. Nothing is better for taming a capitalist shark than to cut off his exports and imports. You'll continue in the Maritime Section."

I was supplied with an alias and a counterfeit Danish passport, and commissioned to go to Antwerp to take charge of the activities of the communist waterfront units in Rot-

terdam, Antwerp, Ghent and Dunkirk. My monthly salary was \$100; my monthly organizational budget \$750. I was glad to return to the firing lines.

Firelei

IN ANTWERP I met Firelei. She was not connected with the Party in any way. I met her quite by chance, in the Museum of Art, where I occasionally went to enjoy a quiet hour away from strident reality. She was blonde, slender, beautiful. The first time I saw her I responded with the breathless excitement of a half-starved wanderer who sees lighted trees through windows on a raw Christmas night, feeling empty-handed and poor. I returned eagerly to the museum day after day, to see and talk with her.

Firelei was half German, half Flemish. Her father was a businessman in Mainz on the Rhine. She had studied art in Munich and Paris, and then had come to Antwerp to continue her studies while she lived with an uncle, a retired sea captain.

I fell hopelessly, vehemently in love. I had considered love a hypocritical habit of the bourgeoisie. But now I wanted Firelei to be my mate and comrade at any price. Tossing and muttering in sleepless nights I came to the point where I decided to discard even the Comintern, if need be, to win the girl I loved. But the hold of the Comin-

tern on the minds of its indentured servants can be compared only with an extreme form of religious fanaticism. My sense of duty toward the revolution plunged me into painful inner struggles. Had I the right to draw Firelei into a life of conspiracy and violence? The Comintern was the earth that gave me life and purpose. And there was Firelei — rooted in a different soil.

One night I told her I was in the employ of the Communist International, that I had been in prison, that I was proud to be a revolutionist, and that I would never be anything else. I described a scene of world injustice and misery brought on by a handful of rich men. She was not equipped to challenge this Marxist interpretation of poverty, mass-joblessness and war. She idealized me and I her. We were together now night after night, engulfed in a wave of delirious happiness that surpassed in intensity all conceptions we had had of the human capacity for unrestrained self-surrender. Not many days passed before she said: "Let me help you in your work."

Firelei was not a communist; she volunteered her help out of an altruistic desire to alleviate the suffering of helpless people. I strove to keep her away from the ugly phases of communist practice. We discovered we had in common a love for the sea, of growing things, and of a life of motion. Each week I deserted my Comintern duties

for one day to hire a boat and go sailing with her on the lower reaches of the Schelte. We swam, won friends among the fisherfolk, made love, dug clams, and I taught Firelei what I knew of the stars and planets overhead. For the moment we asked no more. We belonged to each other.

Firelei left her uncle's home to live with me. We had never spoken of marriage. We both believed that a union between a man and a woman cannot be made holier or more enduring by official blessings. We also believed it was a crime to have a child — though we both wanted one — when the possibility of bringing it up in security and happy surroundings was lacking, and when the parents lived in constant fear of sudden flight or a prolonged plunge into prison. Furthermore, the wage of a revolutionist was pitifully slim, even for one. Fortunately, Firelei had a small income of her own.

The more Firelei learned of the underground machine of the Comintern, the more pronounced became her distaste for the communist movement as a whole. The single-track fanaticism, the matter-of-fact callousness, and the intolerance of many of the communists she met appalled her.

"How can people who talk of nothing but destruction and bloodshed lead humanity to freedom and happiness?" she asked.

"You must understand that we

are at war," I answered. "The purpose of war is to annihilate the enemy. We must destroy before we can build anew."

"But why must we borrow the methods of Russia? Everything you do is aimed at violence. I don't like violence."

"Every birth is like a revolution — violent! Even the gentlest child enters life amid screams and blood."

"I have so much to learn," Firelei said.

"You must learn to hate," I told her.

"I wish we could go away and lead our own lives," Firelei concluded.

The end of this period came like a sudden awakening from a dream, in the form of a messenger from Berlin. I met this messenger on the street, and he said: "Take me to your quarters. I have instructions for you."

We mounted the six flights of stairs to my garret quarters. Firelei was there. The messenger shot a questioning glance in my direction:

"She is my comrade," I said.

"Party member?"

"No."

"I regret," he muttered. "Please ask her to leave us alone for one hour."

Firelei picked up a book, and left the apartment without a word.

The messenger now reminded me sharply of my Party loyalties. I had been selected for an enterprise involving the smuggling of arms.

It would be necessary for me to travel. The fact that Firelei was not a trained and tested Party member endangered — in communist eyes — every illegal enterprise with which I was connected.

"You are long enough in the movement to understand this," he said. "You must either drop your girl or make a communist of her. If she loves you — and does not want to lose you — she will become a member of our Party."

But Firelei obstinately refused to join the Party, which to her was an alien, impersonal monster. Yet it was Party law that I should discard Firelei or win her unconditionally to the cause — and Party law was my law. I was worn out from overwork and lack of sleep, and from this conflict. My nerves were frayed, my attitude toward Firelei became unfair.

Shortly after that I was sent on Comintern business to South America. There was little time to prepare for my departure. Firelei came in as I was packing. Without saying a word, she put her arms around my neck.

"Please leave me alone," I said.

"Grumpy one," she said. "A pleasant welcome you give me. . . . Or is it farewell? Are you going away?"

"Yes."

"Where? I am going with you."

"I'm going for the Comintern. I must go alone."

MONTHS later, I returned to Antwerp. No letter from Firelei had reached me while I was away. This deeply worried me. As the liner hammered northward, no man aboard her was more impatient to get home than I. In Antwerp a wet wind was howling in from the North Sea, and rain water gurgled in the gutters. I stormed up



the stairways to the garret where we had spent so many happy hours. At the top landing I stopped for breath. My heart pounded. I drew the key, unlocked the door, and entered. The place was empty. A thin layer of dust was on the floor.

There were no books, no clothes, only gaping, depressing emptiness. Firelei had left no message.

I began a frantic search. The landlord knew nothing. I raced to the house of Firelei's uncle, but the door there was slammed in my face. I questioned the neighbors; none of them knew where Firelei had gone, except, finally, the large-bosomed and large-hearted *madame* of the Café Banana, where Firelei went at times to sketch waterfront types.

"She is in the hospital, the poor *meisje*," she said in her masculine voice. "She was very ill. But she is better now, nearly well. Why in

the name of the Saviour did you not take better care of her?"

"What happened? Tell me quick!"

"An abortion," the woman said. "*Godsverdumme*, she was brave enough to do it herself. She nearly bled to death before they came for her."

Intense remorse, self-accusation, pangs of conscience racked my whole being. I fought them with gnashing teeth. Such mental agony was the attribute of weaklings. I tried to think: "Daily, throughout the world, men and women stumble and fall. Shall we stop our advance because of personal calamities inevitable as sunrise?"

Firelei loved flowers, so I bought some, and with them I tiptoed to her bedside. How could I ever forget the expression of joyful relief on her face when she saw me? A long time we looked at each other, holding hands, not saying a word.

Firelei spoke first, after a long, radiant smile.

"You have come back," she said.

I talked of many things that I knew would please her. And then I asked: "Why did you do it?"

"I thought you'd never come back," she answered softly. "I have learned how it feels to die."

Day after day I lingered in Antwerp. Firelei's recovery was like the coming of spring. I writhed when a wire from headquarters recalled me to duty.

"*Proceed to Germany without delay*," the wire said.

"I must go," I told Firelei.

"Soon I shall be well enough to follow you," she said happily. "It will be good to share life with you."

"All our life we will be comrades," I said.

The color in her cheeks had disappeared. Her face looked thinner, harder, more determined.

"Yes," she said. "I will be your comrade. The day I come to Germany you must make me a member of the Communist Party."

Inadvertently I recoiled. I knew that it was not her acceptance of Bolshevism, but her love for me, which brought her to this decision.

Bondage

THERE had been times during our life together when I tried, half-heartedly, to break my bondage to the Comintern; when I thought of seeking a more reasonable existence. One night I had found Firelei poring over a sheaf of manuscripts I had written, partly in San Quentin and partly during odd hours, to take my mind off the often sickening pressure of Comintern business. The stack included the manuscript of a book, and a number of short pieces on life at sea. Firelei's voice was tinged with jubilation.

"Why have you never told me that you write?" she exclaimed. "I think these are really good! Let's send them out to be published."

I saw at once that Firelei hoped

that my writing could open for us a life away from the Comintern.

"They are not Marxist," I said. "I just wrote them because I dream sometimes of going back to sea."

Next morning she went to the city library to explore publications likely to accept material on ships and sailors. The following days she toiled at my typewriter, putting the manuscripts she had selected into shape.

Weeks flew by. And then came one triumph after another to the girl I loved. Several manuscripts were accepted, and the editors asked for more. I stared at the checks, bewildered by such unlooked-for success, and apprehensive of a publicity I did not want. Writing for bourgeois publications was like trading with the enemy. But Firelei did all she could to overcome my foolish resistance.

"Go on writing," she urged. "In this way we will win freedom."

"Freedom from what?"

"From people who hold you in their hands like a pawn."

"I belong to the Comintern."

"Let us be ourselves," she pleaded. "We are fit enough to shape our own destiny. We need not rummage in secrecy and ugliness."

"What is on your mind?" I asked her brusquely.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Do."

"I want a baby."

I could not find the answer to

give her. "I am bound to serve the cause as long as I live," I said, well aware of waverings inside.

"Write, all the same. You may change your mind some day," Firelei said quietly.

I played with the idea of breaking away and striking out on my own the way a soldier toys with the thought of deserting his muddy trench to return to a distant homestead, never earnestly believing that it can be realized. Nevertheless, I found time to write, with Firelei at my side.

But this bid for freedom was doomed. As my Comintern activities multiplied, I came to regard such writing, being outside the Party, as traitorous. My dreams of independence now looked insipid and false. On orders from above, I cut short Firelei's efforts to have a book of mine published in the United States. When I wrote, I wrote for the Party press.

Another near-break with communism occurred after Firelei had recovered from her illness. Without neglecting my Party duties, I enrolled as a student at the Nautical School in Bremen. I made excellent progress, for I had mastered the essential mathematics and nautical astronomy in San Quentin, and my sailor's life had taught me much of practical seamanship.

As the examinations approached, I often studied all night, keeping awake with black coffee, and struggling with the theory of magnet-

ism, dead reckonings, spherical trigonometry, salvage laws, wireless operations and all the rest. I emerged second in a group of 17, and was presented with a document which gave me the right to serve as navigator on ships of any tonnage on any ocean.

I looked long at my navigator's certificate. "You scrap of paper," I thought. "To me you are of no greater worth than a share in rubber plantations on the moon!" Was I not on the blacklist of every shipowner in the land?

Yet I did have a chance. I was asked to call at the offices of the North German Lloyd, and there Captain von Thuelen, chief of the nautical division, explained to me that his company was always on the lookout for talented young men. Gruffly he deplored my alliance with communism, advised me to break with radical politics, and offered me a job as junior officer on one of the Far East liners.

This was an opportunity which did not come twice in the course of a lifetime. A good, respectable job, security, and the prospect of an honorable career were within my grasp. I had to choose between the realization of my boyhood dream and the perilous uncertainties of the life of a professional revolutionist. For several minutes I fought a violent inner battle.

In the end, I declined. Bourgeois honor was not my honor. I was bound up with the Comintern, and

live and die with the Comintern I would. I thanked the captain for his kindness. He could not grasp why any young seaman would reject such an offer. To him, I was an utter, unredeemable fool.

Like a blind man I stumbled down the thickly-carpeted stairways of the North German Lloyd building. Out on the street, heedless of the stares of passers-by, I wept like an unhappy child, overwhelmed by a wave of helpless, terrible anger at myself. I had burned behind me the last bridge to the normal world.

Firelei was pale and silent when I told her what had happened.

"Must it be so?" her sadness seemed to say. "Everything for the cause — and nothing for ourselves?"

A Son Is Born

I now plunged into a series of Party affairs that kept me outside Germany much of the time. I supervised the delivery of two new vessels, just completed in Germany on order of the Soviet government, to Russian officials in Murmansk. I directed a seaman's strike against German vessels in Leningrad. After every trip I hastened back to Hamburg, where we now lived, to be with Firelei. On one of these visits we were married.

A year later our son was born. As I stood at the head of Firelei's bed on that momentous day, I thought her more beautiful, more

lovable than ever. A Party physician and nurse attended.

"A boy," the doctor grunted at last.

"A boy," Firelei cried in wondrous exhilaration. "Do you hear? A boy! Oh, how beautiful!" And then, whispering fearfully: "He doesn't cry! Why doesn't he cry?" And a moment later: "Oh, did you hear? He cried! He got spanked and he cried! Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!" Firelei's gentle, happy voice filled our Spartan apartment and all the universe with the cry: "How beautiful!" Then she relaxed, contented.

We called the child Jan.

FOR MANY WEEKS I did not see Firelei or my son again. We were torn apart, as many lovers in the movement had been torn asunder before our turn came. The Party sent me on an extended mission to Scandinavia — Denmark, Sweden, Norway.

On January 30, 1933, I was in Trondheim. A telegram arrived.

"Come back. Urgent. Firelei."

I felt strangely disturbed, and returned home at once. Firelei was awaiting me on the railway platform.

"The Party ordered me to wire you," she said. "Your mother has died."

Grief flooded me. But as the first wave of emotion passed, I wondered why the Party had taken such notice of my private tragedy.

Was there something else behind the recall?

Firelei met my questioning glance and said softly: "Hitler has just become Chancellor."

Communists and Nazis

THE HITLER movement had swept the country like a storm flood. Because it was my business to fight it, I studied its methods. The Nazis waged their campaigns with unlimited courage and ruthlessness, with devotion and cynicism. They promised higher wages to the workers, higher profits to industry, and well-paid jobs to the unemployed. They promised land to the farmhands, tax-exemption and higher income to the farmers, and government subsidies and cheap labor to the large landowners. They promised to outlaw strikes and at the same time supported every strike to curry favor with the toilers. They ranted against capitalism and bargained with captains of industry behind the scenes. They held out the promise of careers and of power to students and intellectuals, who rallied to the Nazi banner by the thousands.

At home and on the job, in the city and in the country, one heard Nazi harangues and encountered Hitlerite agitators. Hand in hand with this propaganda went a superbly organized terror. Brown-shirted raiding detachments, schooled in the technique of terror, clubbed, stabbed and shot opponents in

daily affrays. Merchants were terrorized into surrendering part of their profits to the Nazi Party. Liberals were terrorized until they dared not hold public meetings. The middle groups, from the "Social Democrats" to the "Catholic Center," were numerically strong, but they preferred to fight the Hitler tide with pitifully ineffective "spiritual weapons," the weapons of persuasion.

There was only one force in Germany capable of countering the Brown terror with equal ruthlessness, and that force was the Communist Party. In the spring of 1932 a working alliance between the powerful Socialist and Communist Parties of Germany would have damned the Hitler tide and changed the course of world history.

Instead, communist chieftains decreed quite a different line of attack. Though we raised the slogan, "Strike the Nazi wherever you meet him!", it was a secondary motto for us. The paramount aim of the Party was still the destruction of Social Democracy, the "principal foe" blocking the road toward a Soviet Germany.

The blind hatred for the Social Democrats took a decisive turn about the middle of January 1931, when Dimitrov issued secret instructions to all communist leaders. Summed up in one sentence the instructions were: "*United action of the Communist Party and the Nazis to accelerate the disintegration of the*

crumbling democratic bloc which governs Germany."

When this astonishing order reached us, my chief aide, a leather-faced engineer named Salomon, and I stared at each other in consternation.

"Coöperate with the Nazis?" Salomon muttered. "Who is crazy? We — or the Central Committee?"

Though Nazis and communists voted, agitated and fought side by side against the middle parties, they continued to fight each other even more viciously. Storm troopers struck at the communists with murder and terror; communist guerrillas took their vengeance with equal horrors. Early one morning a squad of seven young Nazis were on their way to distribute propaganda to the dockers at the harbor gates. A communist terrorist crew sauntered up behind them and shot all seven in the back. Another morning, members of the Hitler Youth were marching toward an excursion steamer chartered for a holiday trip. Near the approaches to the piers, the same crew lay in ambush. Boys and girls, none of them over 16, were hit indiscriminately by dum dum bullets from the guns of the Red Marines. On another occasion, a group of young Nazis were pounced on and lacerated with knives. One Nazi had his eyes stabbed out with a screw driver. Another had his genitals slashed off. I and other comrades with me were stiff with

horror on hearing of these exploits. But we had learned to hold our tongues. In the Party, heresies were discovered with an ingenuity that outrivaled the Spanish Inquisition.

The purpose of these instances of screaming terrorism — to frighten the Brownshirts away from the waterfront — was not achieved. The Hitler bands continued to push their spearheads into the working class domain. We knew that, as soon as the Nazis felt strong enough, the terror would be unleashed against us. And that time was imminent.

In the Hurricane

ON THE NIGHT of the Reichstag Fire, Nazi raiding parties occupied all Communist Party buildings in Prussia. Communists were hunted down like mad dogs. Weaklings in our ranks capitulated. The majority of the Party's top-rank leaders had saved their hides by bolting across the frontiers. But some were captured. With the disappearance of our supreme command the second; and third-rank leaders, younger men, suddenly found themselves at the head of sprawling, badly-battered organizations. They picked up the broken strands and carried on until they, too, vanished in the Gestapo maw, and others from the ranks became the leaders.

The list of anti-Nazis scheduled for arrest had been prepared long

in advance by Heinrich Himmler's machine. The Nazi raiders came in the night; prisoners were torn from their families and carried to an unknown fate. Wives, mothers and children of fugitives were grabbed as hostages. Out of the overcrowded prisons filtered gruesome tales. Comrades whom I valued as friends had leaped from windows to escape torture, or were found in parks with their throats cut, or fished out of the river with their heads smashed.

The terror tightened the ranks of the best among us. I saw it on Firelei. "We must fight on," she said. "We have no time to weep."

After the first wave of arrests, exhausting Himmler's "blood lists," there was a short lull. Then the Gestapo sprang anew, and in a different manner. Informers were appointed to ferret out the secrets of every factory, every block, and every house. An avalanche of denunciations poured in. Nazi spies who had operated in the communist ranks for years came out into the open. From dawn to dark, and all through the night, they crisscrossed the city in cars. Whenever the spy saw a communist of his acquaintance on the street, he gave a signal, the car stopped, and the comrade was arrested. In a city like Hamburg, which harbored more than 100,000 communist followers, such tactics had devastating results. One spy alone accounted for nearly 800 seizures. There were many like him.

There was a third phase in the Gestapo raiding technique. Without warning, thousands of storm troopers swooped down on a certain section of the city, forming a dense cordon around many city blocks. No one was permitted to enter or to leave the surrounded area. Gestapo agents then searched each house from roof to cellar. No room, no bed or drawer or upholstery was spared. Walls and floors were tapped for hiding-places. Men, women and children were stripped and searched. All who could not identify themselves satisfactorily were herded into waiting caravans of trucks. The hauls were huge. Secret printing presses, stores of arms and explosives, depots of illegal literature, codes, documents were brought to light in almost every block.

The only defense for myself and other known communist leaders was the furtive warnings brought by our spies inside the Nazi formation, and rarely did they come more than 20 minutes before the cataclysm descended. Those who could fled to another district until the raid was over.

I knew that my name was known to the Gestapo. I had taken the usual precautions demanded by our rules of conspiracy. Since the night of the Reichstag Fire, I had not visited the apartment which I shared with Firelei and our son, who was then five months old. I slept in the quarters of obscure communist friends. I used cover-ad-

dresses for my mail, and three separate courier-stations for relaying messages. Our clandestine conferences never took place twice at the same place. Before going to a meeting place, I would send an aide — usually a young boy or a very young girl — ahead to investigate whether the rendezvous was free from suspicious loiterers. In my pockets I carried a Belgian passport and a few harmless letters in Flemish. Never did I carry confidential material on my person. I had learned to memorize long lists of names and addresses and a conglomeration of code words. I used a different name for each district in which I was active.

A man engaged in such work learns punctuality. Waiting people were apt to attract attention. We never waited longer than one minute; if the expected comrade did not arrive by that time, an often painfully maintained contact was disrupted. With the friends with whom I lived I agreed on signals to indicate safety or danger. A flower-pot on the window sill meant: "You may come in." A disarranged curtain warned: "Keep away." When walking along the street, I always kept far to the right, thus making it more difficult for raiders speeding by in automobiles to discern my face. Before turning a corner or entering a house, I made sure that no shadows dogged me. Of the highest importance became the so-called "conspirative minute":

two or more underground workers meeting clandestinely spent the first minute of their meeting on agreeing what was to be said to the police in case of a sudden raid. Such were the rules of our underground existence. Only crafty dissimulation, aggressive cunning and steady nerves could keep us alive.

Late one night during this terror, Firelei and I had agreed to meet in a small restaurant. I arrived there at the fixed time. Firelei did not come. I waited till dawn, half mad with anxiety. Then I borrowed a bicycle and rode to the Schaarmarkt, where our apartment was located. It was seven o'clock in the morning. From the street I saw that the windows were open. Books and papers were being thrown through the windows. They were my books and my papers. Storm troopers in the street collected them and stowed them into a car. A respectable distance from the house, groups of men and women and a few children stood gaping in silence. To them a house raid was already a familiar sight.

From behind, a hand tapped me on the shoulder. I saw a familiar face — one of our men. He motioned me to follow him. We slipped away.

"Comrade Firelei is safe," the comrade said.

"Where is she?"

"Be calm. You'll see her."

He led me through several dingy streets and finally into a tenement

house. I found Firelei in a small apartment where children romped noisily. She was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, stifling her tears with a handkerchief.

"What happened?" I demanded. "Where is the child?"

Haltingly, Firelei told me what had occurred. She told it in a tone of unbelief, almost of self-accusation.

The first Gestapo agent had come alone, when Firelei was still in bed. On the pretext of going to another room to dress, she had slipped out of the house to try to warn me. But she had been unable to take the baby with her. Now she was frantic with worry.

"They put him on the window sill. He's hungry. He cried!" Firelei muttered. She clenched her fists. "*The beasts, oh, the beasts!*"

There was nothing to be done; I knew the Gestapo would use the child as bait, to trap us if we returned for him. We did not even dare to remain together. But before I left I implored her not to enter the trap, even for the sake of the child.

I met her again four days later. Her face looked drawn, but her hands were steady and her eyes serene. That she was safe for the moment seemed to me a miracle.

"You see," she smiled, "I can take care. I have done nothing foolish."

"Tell me."

She had roused a dozen people

who were not members of the Party, neighbors and tradesmen who had learned to like Firelei. Every few hours she had found someone else, and her request had always been the same: "Please get my child. Take him to your home until I call for him." One after another those friendly people had tramped up to the second floor, where our little Jan had last been seen squirming on the window sill. And none of the merciful rescuers returned.

"Our apartment was like a hungry maw," Firelei said. "Many people went in — none came out. The Gestapo just kept them there, and hoped that one of us would come in the end."

After three days of waiting the man-hunters had tired. They had slashed the beds, broken the furniture, removed all my books. They had found nothing. I had taken good care to clear my rooms of all incriminating matter. The people Firelei had sent into the house were then set free after each had submitted to a parting kick. And the Gestapo crew departed, leaving a complete wreckage.

A seamstress, a plucky girl named Lieschen, had then returned to our apartment and taken the baby.

"I gave Lieschen my last money," Firelei said, "to take our son to my relatives in Hanover."

She could not hide how hard it was for her to part from the child. I pretended not to notice her anguish. I spoke of work that was to

be done. She listened as if nothing else existed for her.

"You are my comrade," I said.

"Aye," she nodded. "Back to the trenches."

SHORTLY after that I was smuggled out of Germany. Firelei followed. For the next few months our work — and our very lives — demanded long separations and very brief reunions. Only once were we together for any length of time — we spent two whole months journeying through France, Belgium and Holland. Then, after another separation, we were allowed to be together in the safety of Copenhagen. But only for four days. Abruptly I was summoned before a high communist official.

"You are indispensable in Germany," he said. "The waterfront groups there must have a leader. For a Bolshevik it is the greatest honor to do his revolutionary duty at the most dangerous post."

I knew full well the implications of his words. I passed through a bitter mental struggle before answering.

"Very well," I said at last, "I will go to Germany."

"When you come back in six months or so, we'll celebrate the grand *Auf Wiedersehen*."

"Don't try to fool me," I answered sullenly. "No illegal worker in Germany can hope to last six months."

"We've all faced death. What of

it? Death is easy. The difficult art is to keep alive."

"Death is easy!" There was a long silence. Then I was given the details of my assignment. I memorized a long string of names and cover names, addresses and cover addresses, and prepared to take the road to the land where "death is easy."

I can never forget my evening of farewell from Firelei. "You'll never come back to me now," she said. "From Germany nobody ever returns." A little later she was brave again. We had a quiet supper, and then we went to Firelei's room which she had decorated with many flowers. She clung to me fiercely, tenderly, possessed by a gigantic determination to give me everything, the best she could give, the most any woman can give in a last embrace.

Truly it seemed the end for us. Firelei was even forbidden to know at what point I crossed the border back into Germany. When the moment of parting came, she began to sing a folksong she loved. "Farewell, green earth!" After the first line her voice broke.

Captured

I RE-ENTERED Germany on October 10th, 1933. And on November 30th, in Hamburg, the Gestapo seized me.

The seven weeks that followed my arrival in Germany were one continuous nightmare, filled with

darkness and treacherous swamps, with crouching shapes ready to spring and tear, with cautious advances, reckless leaps, a wide-awake fatalism and fatuous fervor. No longer did the Nazi Gestapo strike with wild, haphazard blows as in the early days. It had learned the deadly value of subtlety and patience. The mass raids of the great man-hunt of the preceding spring had given way to methods of precision.

Most of the sub-leaders with whom I had been ordered to make contact were either in dungeons or already in their graves; or they had simply disappeared, and their former homes had become traps. I was therefore compelled to feel my way toward the unknown comrades at the bottom of the battered "underground" machine to re-establish disrupted contacts and to select new staffs.

Each week of conspirative work had been like a minute and a century. At times I thought a man was lucky if he had the privilege of dying before a firing squad. To die in such a quick and gentle manner seemed better, by far, than to slink through interminable days pregnant with hate and fear, and with a constant promise of disaster which made one marvel at each new dawn that one was still alive.

I fought because I hated. Beyond that nothing seemed to bear importance. I knew I was a member of a suicide brigade attacking

in the face of insurmountable odds. I knew that a captured communist — particularly if the Gestapo considered him a leader — was treated with greater ferocity than any ordinary murderer.

There was, for instance, the problem of finding a place to sleep. Most of my assistants had been driven from their abodes. Each house had its watcher, every stranger was reported to the police. It was a stark invitation to disaster to rent a room or to register at a hotel. Informers infested the streets, the railway stations and cafés, the factories, the docks and the ships. They formed the army of volunteer spies which accounted for the phenomenal success of the Gestapo.

During these seven weeks I hardly ever slept twice in the same bed. The hours of daylight were the hours of rest. My work-day began at dusk, and rarely ended before five or six in the morning, at which time I began to scout for a place to rest. Sometimes it was the home of an unknown Party member, sometimes a cellar or occasionally it was a church. The safest places, however, were the lairs of prostitutes. They hated the Nazi troopers, who came most often and paid the lowest prices.

But all my precautions were for naught; doom was inevitable. On the stormy night of November 30th I went to the Botanical Gardens in Hamburg to keep an appointment with Karl Burmeister, my chief

aide, and one of the most stalwart officers in the communist underground organization. With me was a girl named Cilly. Sophisticated, well-dressed, cool, Cilly was an invaluable female worker. In the deserted park, the meeting with Burmeister came off as planned. For an hour we walked in the dark paths, talking of our work, making plans. Then we parted, each going his separate way. I left the gardens



and strode along a street which followed the old City Moat.

I saw the headlights of a car flash their beams along the street. The car slowed down as it came up behind me. I thought of turning quickly into a doorway to let the car pass by. But then I thought, "Oh, nerves!" And I took care not to quicken my stride.

I heard the sudden scream of brakes. "*Raus!*" snapped a voice. "*Auf ihn!*"

I jerked around and dived toward the entrance of a house. In my pocket the little automatic pistol Firelei had given me was tangled with a glove. I wanted to run into the house, race to the top floor, escape over the roofs, shooting to cover my retreat. More than

once this technique had been tested.

The door was locked. The pursuers were around me in a second — three young men who had jumped from the car. They jabbed their guns into my face and against my body, and snarled:

"Up with your hands!"

"One move and we plug you!"

I raised my arms and stood still. One Gestapo agent pressed the barrel of his pistol against my teeth. His eyes were curiously bright, and he growled like a dog. The hands of the other ran over my shoulders and down my arms and legs, feeling over every inch of my body and sweeping into pockets. All they found they stuffed into their overcoats. After they had snapped handcuffs around my wrists the tenseness in their faces gave way to expressions of boyish triumph.

AT THE police station they pushed me into a chair. My colleagues and I had often discussed what a comrade was up against when he fell into the hands of Himmler's Gestapo. In the democratic countries the communist rule for arrested comrades is to say nothing. If you say nothing here, I thought, they'll beat you to death. In the long run, you'll break or die. Flesh and blood and spirit can be broken. If they took care to give a man no opportunity for suicide, that man could be broken.

My brain was capable only of a single conclusion: "Tell them nothing! Cut away your limbs, one by one, rather than do a thing that could harm the cause."

One of the guards spat into my face. "Shooting is too good for anyone who works against his own country," he said.

I was silent.

There was a telephone conversation between a policeman and Gestapo headquarters, reporting my capture.

Then: "You have the lady? Good. Very good. Excellent! . . . Yes, yes. . . . Heil Hitler!"

I was hustled into a waiting car. Sentries threw up their arms in the Hitler salute as the car veered through the arched gateway of Gestapo headquarters, in the center of Hamburg.

I thought, "Whatever happens, tell them nothing."

We marched down a murky hall. An Elite Guard passed with a ringing stride, holding the end of a chain which was twisted around the wrist of a bedraggled prisoner.

Two manacled men, chained together, came bounding down the stairs. Behind them was a young trooper, swinging a rubber truncheon. "Faster," he yelled. "Run faster!"

On the next landing a score of men stood facing the wall. One guard, a youngster, had seized the scraggy neck of an elderly worker and amused himself with

banging the worker's head against the wall. Two Elite Guards stood over a plump girl. The girl's face was white as death. She threw herself to the stone floor and scrambled back on her feet. A trooper swung his arms and barked commands: "Up — down! Up — down! Up — down! We'll make you eat dirt, you bitch. Up — down! Up — down!"

Hideous shouting came from the end of the corridor. A well-dressed man was down on hands and knees. Astride him sat a grinning trooper. The man was screaming at the top of his voice: "I'm a Jew, a stinking Jew! I'm a Jew, a stinking Jew!"

We reached the sixth floor.

"Halt."

I stood in front of a heavy door, guarded by two armed troopers in black uniforms. The door opened. I was pushed into the room with such violence that I pitched headlong to the floor.

A roar went up. It was a large, bare room. At first I was stunned by the blinding glare of cluster lights. Then I saw knots of plainclothes men around me, and all of them looked at me and roared. A whiplike voice cut through the bedlam: "Up on your feet!"

Slowly I rose from the floor.

The Gestapo Breaks a Man

ABOUT ME hostile faces and threatening voices whirled thickly. A fist crashed into my face. Kicks sent me sprawling. Hands tore me

up from the floor and pushed me against a wall. A man butted his knee into my abdomen; another hit me on the head with handcuffs.

A short, well-dressed man entered the room and sat down two yards in front of me, eying me placidly. At his side stood an Elite Guard with a six-foot leather whip in his hand, and a girl holding a stenographer's pad. I recognized her; less than a year before she had been a trusted communist. Her betrayal had sent hundreds of comrades to the dungeons. Her name was Hertha Jens.

"We are going to cut belts out of your skin," the short man said. "It is not often that we catch a fish like you. Berlin will be delighted."

A snicker rose in the circle of the man-hunters about me. Their faces were taut with expectancy. The Elite Guard went to a table by the window and crashed his whip down on the table. The impact sounded like a rifle shot.

"I am Inspector Kraus," the short man said languidly.

Again the trooper smashed his whip on the table.

"Remember this — if you lie, you won't live. Is that clear to you?"

"That is clear to me."

"Whom did you meet tonight at the Botanical Gardens?"

"I met no one," I said. "I took a walk."

"Who sent you to Germany?"

"I came on my own initiative."

"Where are your living quarters?"

"I arrived in Hamburg this afternoon, and I was about to take a room in a hotel."

"Three questions," the Inspector said, "and three answers. All lies."

I was silent. I wanted to stop trembling, but I found it impossible.

"Now then," he said, "you are a member of the Communist Party?"

"No, sir."

"You *were* a member?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

"From 1923 until the National Revolution — until the Reichstag Fire."

"And you dropped out after Hitler came to power?"

"Yes. I went abroad to find a berth on some foreign ship."

Inspector Kraus curved his lips in contempt. "Oh, you're such a harmless, lovable creature. But so are we, to be sure. Now listen: I have here some excerpts from your dossier. Let's see if you're the gentle lamb you'd like us to believe. In 1923 you took an active part in an armed insurrection against the government. You were then a detachment leader of the Red Marines. Is that right?"

"Yes," I admitted.

Inspector Kraus went on: "There's a gap of a few years. Then, in 1926, you murdered a man in California."

"I have never murdered a man," I interrupted vehemently.

"Oh, no? . . . I have here," Inspector Kraus said, "an official report, checked by the German consul in New York. This report states that you were given ten years for a crime which involved the use of a deadly weapon."

In a dead-calm tone Inspector Kraus continued to read the record of my activities.

At last he muttered: "You could tell us volumes. Why not be sensible? Life can be so smooth, my friend. I implore you: are you going to be sensible?"

"Yes," I said.

Inspector Kraus jerked to an upright position. "Now we come to brass tacks," he said. "Do you think you can fool me?"

"No," I answered.

"Who is the young woman you ran around town with?"

"Which young woman?"

The Inspector turned to Hertha Jens.

"Bring the lady in," he commanded.

Hertha Jens left the room, whistling a tune, and half a minute later she returned with Cilly. Cilly's face was pale and set, and her eyes were wide. Inspector Kraus grinned quietly.

"She's a trim specimen," he said. "I must acknowledge your good taste."

Cilly stood so close to me I could have touched her. We stared at one

another without a sign of recognition.

"Do you know her now?" Inspector Kraus demanded harshly.

"No, sir," I said.

"Look well," he snarled. "She'll be a rotten old hag before we're through with her."

Cilly's lips had become a thin, straight line. They were eloquent. "Tell them nothing," they said.

Inspector Kraus grasped her arm.

"Do you know this man?"

Cilly replied steadily, "I've never seen him before."

Inspector Kraus reached out. Five, six times his hands struck viciously at Cilly's face. She gave a little shrieking gasp.

"Do you know this man now?"

"No," she said dully. "I do not know him."

"That'll do. Take her away."

All fireside talk of heroism is rot. If it were possible for a man to creep into himself and hide, hide physically, I should have done it. In front of me stood Inspector Kraus, a short dog-whip in his hand. The whip had been soaked in water. Wet leather cuts deeper. A drop of water glistened at the end of the whip. I watched it fall to the floor.

"Who is the girl?" asked the Inspector.

Dismally, I looked away. I did not answer.

Then the whip slashed across my face like liquid fire.

It was followed by a peal of melodious laughter. "That's nice," Hertha Jens said.

"Who is the girl?" repeated the Inspector.

"I — don't — know."

Again the whip ripped at me. It ripped from ear to ear, with a sudden burst of pain that blinded the eyes and pierced the brain with slow-moving daggers. I know that I moaned and staggered backward.

"Will you tell us now what the name of that girl is?"

"I can't . . . I don't know. . . ."

The Inspector's face froze in a cold fury. The whip cut into my face and bit across my throat. It bit again with bewildering speed. I tugged at my handcuffs, screamed, lunged toward the wall. Hands grasped me and pushed me back into the circle.

"Who is the girl? What's her name?"

"I met her on the train from Copenhagen," I gasped.

"When was that?"

"Yesterday."

"What's her name?"

"I don't know. I did not ask her."

"All this is a fairy tale," Inspector Kraus said calmly. "You arrived in Germany months ago. We have sufficient reports about you to bury you for life."

I said nothing.

Inspector Kraus gave me a cigarette. While I smoked, he laid his hand on my shoulder. His face

changed abruptly into a friendly mask.

"Listen," he said, "we two can make a bargain. You're finished, absolutely finished, you know that. All right. There're two ways in which a man can grow old once we've got our hands on him — a peaceful way, and a painful way. The painful way is gratis. The price for the peaceful way is to tell us what part of the Stalin machine you handled here and who your helpers were. You'll never be sorry if you do. You'll suffer if you don't."

I was glad of the cigarette. It gave me time to think. If I held out through this night, the comrades outside would have time to change their residences, meeting-places and depots. They would change their lines of communication, change their codes and even change their names.

Inspector Kraus said, "Have you thought it over?"

"I cannot give you information on matters I know nothing about," I explained. "I left Party work after Hitler came to power."

Instantly the dog-whip slashed across my face.

"Who sent you to Germany? Who gave you the money? What were you instructed to do?"

"No one sent me."

"Nonsense," he barked. "What role did Karl Burmeister play?"

The question struck me like a hammer blow. I did not know

that Karl Burmeister had been captured. He was the coolest, most reliable militant in the "underground."

"I have not seen Burmeister for six months," I said.

"No? Your comrade Burmeister says that he's received money and instructions from you a few hours ago."

"That's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible." Inspector Kraus walked out into the corridor. A minute passed; then the door from the corridor banged open. Karl Burmeister was hurled into the room. His massive chest heaved up and down, and rasping noises came from his throat. He was stripped to the waist. His face was bruised. His body was covered with livid streaks; his sides and back showed patches of blood. Blood was on his trousers and shoes.

"Tell me," Inspector Kraus, pointing at me, demanded, "is this the man who gave you the directions in the Botanical Gardens?"

Burmeister was silent.

"I only want to confirm what you've already told the gentlemen who questioned you."

All of a sudden, with an inhuman roar, Karl Burmeister threw himself on the nearest Gestapo man.

"You dogs," he roared. "You goddamn lousy dogs."

He fought like a lion. He fought with his head, his knees, his teeth, his feet, his shackled arms. He

fought and cursed and his breath came like the breath of a strong woman in childbirth. One of the police agents leveled his pistol. Inspector Kraus waved him off. Burmeister was still struggling after four men pinned him to the floor. Only when one of them crushed his shoe against Karl Burmeister's throat, did he become quiet. In the clutch of a Gestapo man, I stood there like a helpless, fascinated idiot.

They raised Burmeister from the floor and dragged him toward the door. Halfway to the door, he opened his eyes and with one tremendous effort tore himself free. He ran across the room and threw the whole weight of his body against the window. The glass splintered. Karl Burmeister pitched out into the night.

Silence.

Several Gestapo men walked over to the window and looked into the courtyard six stories below. Inspector Kraus was calm. "Two of you go down and clear away the hash," he directed. Then he turned to me. "Let's proceed," he said coolly.

I thought of Karl Burmeister. Not long ago we had talked of the will of a revolutionist to persevere through all suffering. I remembered his words: "When I feel I can hold out no longer, I shall find a way to get killed, or to kill myself before you can spell the word Traitor."

"Where is your wife?" Inspector

Kraus shot at me. "Did she come to Germany with you?"

"No, sir, she's in Paris," I replied.

"You're mistaken. Our agents have photographed her in Copenhagen."

"She's in Copenhagen," I admitted.

"What does she do in Copenhagen?"

"She lives as a refugee. She is not engaged in any sort of political work."

"Stop lying!" Inspector Kraus' eyes glinted dangerously. "I'll tell you what she does," he said dryly: "She's got a crew of cutthroats under her command. She sends these cutthroats aboard German ships as they come into Scandinavian ports, and they bribe German seamen to smuggle subversive propaganda into Germany. Our agents have watched her and brought us some of this material."

"Firelei is no revolutionist," I persisted.

The whip came into my face like the swift stroke of a red-hot knife.

"Tell us Firelei's address in Copenhagen!"

"No . . . I don't know."

Again the whip. There is a pain that is worse than death. I sagged to my knees, groaning, and then my head was on the floor. I heard the whip sing and bite around the back of my neck.

"Get up!"

I remained on the floor, eyes

closed, refusing to believe that I was still alive.

A man grasped the thumb of my left hand, bending it backward. I felt the bone of my thumb snap. . . . I jumped straight up. The man who had broken my thumb, leaped back; he seemed startled by my unearthly howl. In the same second, the whip came slashing once more into my face. My lips were devoid of feeling. The front of my shirt and coat were full of blood. I know I swayed to and fro like a drunken man, wondering why I did not fall.

"Go easy," Inspector Kraus commanded. "I don't want this specimen to lose consciousness. . . . Will you tell us now what Firelei's address was?"

I mentioned a street in Copenhagen.

"We'll check up on that."

Inspector Kraus was pacing up and down the room. A Gestapo man sat on the window sill, smoking, to prevent me from taking the same road that Karl Burmeister had chosen. The Elite Guard had brought a pail of water from the lavatory and was soaking his long whip in it. After that, he took a jar of vaseline from a shelf and began greasing his whip.

I was in a fever. On the wall the portrait of Adolf Hitler seemed to break into a gleeful chuckle. Nothing was left for me to hold on to except my hatred — a hatred which fills the veins and lungs and the

head. In Gestapo headquarters at night, a man's strength depends upon the measure of black hatred he is capable of raising in himself.

Inspector Kraus asked me more questions. I refused to answer.

"I am famed for my patience," he said. "But my patience is limited. I am a mortal. Give him *Kaschumbo*. Thirty to start with."

"In a few minutes you will be a cripple," I thought. "They are going to smash your kidneys. Pray that you fall unconscious before you tell them what they should not know."

Yet I was calm. The inevitable had come.

A tall young man ordered me to take off my clothes. Two Gestapo men grabbed me and threw me across the table, face down, shackling my wrists to the table legs. With leather straps they tied my ankles to the other table legs. The tall young man with the sandy hair gave a signal. I heard the whip whistle through the air and I closed my eyes.

The spurt of pain made me groan and jerk upward.

"One," counted the man with the sandy hair.

The whip sang through the air and struck, and with each blow the world was blotted out. The strokes did not come fast enough to make the blackness last. My senses crawled back into place just in time to be aware that the next stroke was ripping down from

the height of the ceiling. The measured ferocity of that flogging filled me with screaming despair. The screaming gave way to a moan. I heard myself moan in a dull, continuous whine and I heard the crashing impacts of the whip and I felt its stab and bite, and the pain was so great that I thought my brains were oozing out through my nose.

A voice, sonorous and lazy, was counting in the distance. "Sixteen . . . 17 . . . 18 . . ."

Back. Buttock. Thighs. Then the back again. Unbearable was the agony when the whip cut twice into the same strip of flesh. . . . The legs of the trooper, the table, the floor and my arms and hands dissolved into red and black spots.

"Twenty-two . . . 23 . . ."

I was floating in a dusk. There were voices and the tramping of feet and a blinding light. Cold water was poured over my head. I tried to raise my head because the blood hammered hard into my brain. Inspector Kraus walked slowly around the table.

"Your spread-eagle carcass is no object of beauty," he said mildly. "How do you feel?"

"All right," I said after a while.

Again, the questions. After every evasive answer I gave, Kraus struck me mercilessly. I had heard that men could end their lives by sheer force of will. Just close their eyes and wish hard: "Death, come!" It was a futile thing. Each

time, Inspector Kraus waited long enough to be sure that my eyes were open and that my body was able to squirm — before he swung the whip back over his shoulder to strike again.

Out of a dull haze I heard him say, "Tell us now where you had your illegal quarters."

I gave no answer.

"Give him *Kaschumbo* again," said the Inspector; "fifteen on the legs to limber up his memory."

The whip came down in the small of my back. A stabbing pain shot through my right ear as someone kicked my head.

"Shoot me," I groaned. "Shoot me."

"Where did you have your illegal quarters? Will you tell us that now?"

Somebody poured water over me.

"This is your last chance," growled Kraus. "We'll put a hose in your behind and fill it with boiling water if you don't answer. Before we do that, we'll put salt all over you. That will make you feel fine. Salt is noble stuff."

The whip came whistling through the air.

"Where did you have your illegal quarters?"

There was a long silence and the smell of freshly-lit cigarettes.

"Give him twelve on the kidneys," Kraus ordered.

Such a flogging on the kidneys is preparation for a thousand nights of agony to come.

In the end I told them the address.

But still the questions came, each followed by the bite of the lash. Twice more I was given *Kaschumbo*. The night dragged on, an endless crawling through a hellish morass. There came a moment when the brain could still register the impacts of the whip, but the nerves ceased to respond to pain.

Later I was aware of daylight. I was aware that I lay on a narrow cot and that light came through a small barred window high in the wall. I was also aware that I was naked, that I lay on my stomach, that my wrists and my ankles were chained to the iron sides of the cot. I could feel nothing. I did not know whether this was death, or whether I was still alive. I tried to raise my head, and all of a sudden it was as if I were falling through space. And then I knew nothing more.

Hell

ONE hundred and one days the inquisition continued. They were days of bloodstained blackness teeming with merciless fiends. The prospect of a swift death was as pleasant as that of a bridal night. Twice I tried to hang myself with strips torn from my reeking blanket. I strove for hours, with my hands shackled behind my back, to adjust their ends to a waterpipe above the toilet, and finally I succeeded. The urge to die was like a thirsty man's urge for water. I

stood on the seat of the toilet, and with circular motions of my head I wrapped the lower portion of my improvised rope around my neck, and clamped the end between my teeth. "Finish it before they come again," I muttered to myself, and let my feet slip sideways. I hung. I had expected that I should struggle painfully for air; instead I felt only dizziness, and then the walls reeled, and my legs and arms were jerking uncontrollably. The blanket strips parted. Regaining my senses I found myself on the floor on my hands and knees, shaking my head like a dazed dog. I tried again two nights later, but again I failed. In a sullen fury I lunged through the length of my cell and smashed my head against the wall. But I only lost consciousness, and my head throbbed for days.

My prison, to which I had been carried unconscious after that first night of questioning at Gestapo headquarters, was in Concentration Camp Fuhlsbuettel, on the northern outskirts of Hamburg. Each morning the prisoners scheduled for questioning were herded into lorries and taken to Gestapo headquarters. There were 20 men to a lorry, and four lorries shuttling back and forth. I made that trip scores of times.

Aside from the special treatment which the Gestapo prescribed, the camp guards devised horror-shows of their own. Such enterprises ranged from forcing the prisoners

to perform exhausting physical "exercises" in the yards to artfully organized murder. One day, when I marched back to my cell after a round of "exercise" in the yard, I saw the guards bring in a Jew. He was a small man of about 40, with a fat round face and astonished eyes. They kicked him into cell 27, opposite mine.

There they ordered him to take off his trousers. He complied, trembling like a leaf. Suddenly one of the troopers put his arm around the Jew's throat and held him. The other guard, swinging his rubber truncheon, struck well-aimed blows at the Jew's genitals. The Jew fell to the floor, writhing feebly. Both troopers spat into his face.

One of the two, a blond, keen-eyed boy of 22, entered my cell.

"Did you see what happened to the Hebrew?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, I saw it."

"That slimy swine. . . . He wanted to rape a Hitler girl. Lured her into his apartment. The hound! The abominable cur!"

Hour after hour, that evening, men stamped in and out of cell 27. It was as if every guard in the camp had come to visit the Jew. Curses, blows, cruel laughter and spells of hoarse whimpering came from cell 27.

During the night the victim died.

Next morning his naked, mangled corpse was exhibited in the prison yard. Then, while the other prisoners were ordered to watch,

the Jewish prisoners were made to roll the corpse from one side of the yard to the other, shouting: "I am a race polluter!"

There was a great noise each time a corpse was dragged through the corridors. When a crowd of Elite Guards were together they strove to outdo one another in smart cruelty, for the highest ambition of each of these youngsters was promotion into the Gestapo. On Christmas Night a brewery supplied them with free beer. That night, 24 communists died in the camp.

I was one of a group considered too important to murder without the mock ceremony of a "treason trial." I prayed and begged for death, but death would not come. I still felt a dull pain in the right side of my head. My ear had been smashed; I was half deaf. My kidneys were damaged; my urine came with blood.

The Gestapo broke me on March 11, 1934. I signed a dictated confession and was taken before a Special Tribunal for trial. The sensation of the trial, for me, was the moment when four of my former communist comrades retracted their statements that I had been present at the fateful leaders' conference of the Red Marines. They accused the Gestapo of having compelled them to incriminate me in the planning of terroristic acts. Nevertheless, the Nazi prosecutor demanded for me the penalty.

of death. When at last the day came when the judges pronounced sentence, it was — ten years of hard labor. Nine of my fellow-prisoners were sentenced to be beheaded.

A few days after the trial I was awakened by a guard at dawn. It was the 19th of May, 1934. I was marched through the yard to a broad alley. There, lined up against the wall, I saw about 40 of my



comrades who had been convicted in the trial of the Red Marines. Their faces were stony, their eyes staring. They stood motionless, under heavy guard.

"Stand in this line," I was ordered, "and don't move."

Then I saw something that made me freeze with horror. Halfway down the alley stood a low scaffold. It was painted a light green. Beside the scaffold stood several long baskets the size of coffins, and a large bin filled with sawdust. A thick layer of sawdust was distributed around the scaffold. I knew then that this was execution day. As the minutes went by, more and more people arrived — judges, Nazi officials, Elite Guards.

Last to come was the headsman. He showed complete emotional indifference to the task ahead of him. He wore a stiff white shirt, striped

trousers, a cutaway and a top hat. In a barely audible voice he issued orders to his four assistants. One of them produced the ax — broad and heavy, of shining steel — and placed it into a rack beside the scaffold.

The first victim to be led from his cell was Johnny Dettmer, a hard-fighting comrade of other days. Where his right eye had been, there was now a bluish-red hole.

He looked at the sky, at the tree-tops, and swung his legs as if he enjoyed the morning saunter. They brought

him to a halt in front of the Prosecutor, who mumbled, hardly glancing up from his paper. I saw then that a clergyman was in the assembly — a little man in black, wearing the swastika badge.

"Go to hell," Dettmer told him in a loud voice.

Cries came from the many cell windows: "Good-bye, Johnny!" — "Long live the revolution!" — "*Nieder mit Hitler!*" Cries of rage and cries of terror. When the headsman's assistants seized our comrade, he fought wildly, with all his strength. But his hands were shackled behind his back. Guards strapped him upright to a board. The board was swung to a horizontal position. Johnny's head protruded over the edge. Beneath was a basket half full of sawdust.

"Farewell, Johnny," I thought. "Don't fight any more. Try to die

easily." Then the headsman raised his ax and let it fall on Johnny's neck. With an easy motion, he drew the blade toward him. Johnny's head fell into the basket.

The watchers were silent, their eyes dry and staring. The headsman's assistants unstrapped the corpse and threw it into one of the basket coffins. Others washed the board and swung it back again to an upright position. The headsman picked up the lifeless head and placed it gently between the thighs of the headless body.

The next man was led out from "Dead Men's Row."

I "Escape"

FOR THREE YEARS — from May 1934 to May 1937 — I was held prisoner. Sometimes I was kept in solitary confinement; sometimes I was taken out and beaten. The agony of my position was increased by my worry over Firelei. For over a year I had heard nothing about her. Then — through a new communist prisoner — I learned that she had ventured to return to Germany, and had been seized and jailed by the Gestapo. That message made me half mad with helpless anxiety.

Then, quite unexpectedly, on a day in September, 1936, there began an incredible sequence of events that finally led to my freedom. On this day a Gestapo man entered my cell and thrust a small photograph in my face.

"Do you know this fellow?" he demanded.

"No, sir."

Instantly his fist hit my nose. It began to bleed.

"Shall I call the boys in to give you a whipping?"

"No, sir," I said.

"Then tell me what you know about this man," he roared.

I was silent.

"Look well," he growled.

Slowly he turned the picture around in the palm of his hand. A short message had been printed on the reverse side: "Attempt entry into Gestapo. Situation favorable. Talk with caution." My visitor was a communist spy who had insinuated himself into the ranks of the Gestapo. He continued his abusive treatment until the guard, who had been watching at the spy-hole in the door, departed. Then he revealed himself, and began to outline a course of action which, though risky, had led others to freedom and might do the same for me. First, I was to ask permission to read *Mein Kampf*. Then I was to go through all the motions of a complete conversion to Nazism. I was to denounce communism at every opportunity, and indicate a fanatical admiration for Hitler. This behavior was sure to come to the attention of the Gestapo. It was possible, if I could convince them of my sincerity, that they would arrange a fake "escape" for the benefit of the Communist

Party, and send me back into communist work as a Gestapo spy.

A few days later, I asked for a copy of *Mein Kampf*. At first this was refused, with a shower of abuse. But I persevered, and my request was finally granted. I now availed myself of every opportunity to call the Gestapo's attention to my "change of heart." I scribbled notes praising Hitler and left them where the guards would be sure to find them. I wrote a long denunciation of communism, which found its way to my Gestapo dossier. Finally I was summoned to Gestapo headquarters.

Now began the most harrowing part of my campaign. I was subjected to long periods of suspicious questioning, during which my every nervous move, every change of expression, every intonation of voice was closely observed for signs of deception. Finally came the opportunity for which I had angled so long. In February 1937, I was offered work as a Gestapo spy in communist headquarters in Copenhagen. My wife was to be released from prison and her child restored to her. Of course, there was a price. My wife and child were to remain in Germany under strict Gestapo surveillance — as hostages guaranteeing my good behavior.

Counter-Spy

BEFORE beginning my new duties, I was allowed a week's visit with Firelei and my son, in a small

fishing village on the North Sea coast. Accompanied by a watchful young man from the Gestapo, I walked from the railroad station along a country lane to a small seaside cottage Firelei had rented. Birds twittered. Cows dozed in the sunshine. Somewhere a dog barked joyously. A boy amused himself by jumping over hedges, whistling his prowess. A girl called him loudly. All this, I reflected, had been here through the years while elsewhere men and women had struggled, trembled in horror, and gone to their death.

As we approached the place, the Gestapo man said, "You go ahead alone, now; I'll just hang around."

I could see our son running about the beach; Firelei sat nearby. Jan suddenly peered in my direction. His little arm flew out, pointing. His voice sailed with the wind.

"Mama — there is a man!"

Firelei turned her head slowly. Her slender shape rose from the sand. I stood still and watched her coming toward me, with Jan running at her side.

The next few minutes I experienced the highest happiness in the universe. "It is so hard to believe that you are here," Firelei said; "that we are all really here!"

I could not yet bring myself to tell her at what terrible cost we were together — that it was only part of a desperate bargain.

"You have become much quieter," Firelei told me. "I must

try to brush away that sadness."

"One cannot brush away all that has happened," I said.

"But we can build anew." Firelei's voice was gentle and insistent. "Build together."

Not until late at night, after the boy had fallen asleep, could I bring myself to tell Firelei the details of the campaign which had brought about her release, and mine. She listened, her face tense.

Gestapo arrangements required that Firelei make her new quarters in a little town on the lower Weser River, and report twice daily to the local Gestapo office. Her correspondence must pass through the Gestapo. But she could be with her child. Within the confines of the town she would be allowed to move freely. She could draw, work in a garden, or idle in the sunlight. But — we must be apart.

"We cannot give up," she said when at last she knew the worst. "We will find our way of life. You can rely on me, and I will rely on you."

The week passed swiftly. We made resolute efforts to play, and to laugh, but they petered out like artificial streams in a desert. We talked of the past; we tried to penetrate the uncertain and complicated roads of the future. Always trailing us, at a distance of some 50 yards, sauntered our Gestapo guard. We spoke of the possibility of immediate flight — and rejected it as impossible.

"You must get away first," Firelei said steadily. "I am sure you'll find a way to bring us out after you have gained a foothold."

The week's respite ended. The abyss gaped.

Out of the Night

IN COPENHAGEN I began a desperate game of double-dealing. My duties, fortunately, were not arduous. I worked in the Comintern's headquarters and three times a week I gave a Gestapo courier from Hamburg "secret" reports designed to please the Gestapo without impairing Soviet interests.

On the one project that filled my mind and heart however — Firelei's escape from Germany — I seemed to face insuperable obstacles. Weeks passed before I dared risk an interview with my chief, one of the most powerful figures in the Comintern.

"Give me four men to maneuver my wife and child out of Germany," I demanded desperately. "It has been done before; it can be done for me."

My chief answered that I sought to use the Party as a means for the solution of my private difficulties.

"Private difficulties!" I snarled. "The thousands of comrades in the Nazi concentration camps would like to hear that! The ones who had their heads chopped off, the ones who were hanged, cut to pieces, beaten to death crying 'Long live the Communist Party!'"

They all would like to hear that!"

He stood his ground. "Calm yourself," he growled.

"Don't expect me to be the hangman of Comrade Firelei and my son."

He said stonily, "The Secretariat will consider your request."

It was useless. From that day on I became in the eyes of the Comintern chiefs a Bolshevik in whom they no longer could place absolute trust. I was caught between the two most ruthless secret police organizations in the world — the German Gestapo and the Russian G.P.U.

Not long after my demand for aid to Firelei, my former comrades sentenced me in an impromptu "trial" in a Copenhagen apartment, after which I was imprisoned in a dilapidated one-story cottage out in the country.

During the next days — which grew into weeks — I caught myself wondering how many hundreds of comrades in the Soviet prison camps had begun their journey from just such little houses as this. I was in an agony of anxiety. Somewhere in Germany was Firelei, living in insecurity from day to day, waiting, waiting for the moment when she could tell me: "Now, come, come quickly, they have relaxed their watchfulness!" Her message would go to Antwerp. It would never reach me. She would wait . . . wait in vain, abandoned, cheated, utterly betrayed.

Then one quiet night I remembered a conversation I had once had with an exiled German comrade in Rotterdam. We had spoken of ways of escape. "Fire," he had said, "can be useful."

Fire. Smoke and flames attract other people. Through a crack near the roof I had seen other houses not far away. After all, I was illegally hidden in a free country. My abductors had as much to fear from a crowd as I did. Next morning I began to make preparations. I was allowed matches and cigarettes — and the lamp which dangled from the ceiling was full of kerosene!

Early one morning in the last week of January, 1938, I did it. As the flames avidly licked up the walls of my room I yelled, "Fire! Fire!" until one of my guards opened my door. In the ensuing excitement I fled toward the nearest house, still yelling "Fire!" at the top of my voice.

Men came running — workers with disheveled hair, some still tightening their belts as they ran. A few women followed. A crowd clustered around the burning cottage, running to and fro and shouting for pails and water.

Unobtrusively I walked away toward a concrete highway. Soon the burning house was well behind me. Each time a car approached, I signaled for a ride. At last a car stopped and the door swung open.

"Where are you going?" the driver asked.

"To Copenhagen," I said.

"There is a fire here?"

"Yes, a fire," I answered. "Sailors having a party. They got drunk."

The man chuckled.

OBEYING my urge to put the greatest possible distance between myself and the man-hunters, I did not remain long in Copenhagen. In two days I reached the port Esbjerg with one kroner in my pocket. The steamer *P. A. Bernstorff* lay at her pier. I boarded her and spoke to the leader of the communist ship unit. He knew me from previous trips, but had no inkling of my new status.

"Comrade," I said. "You must arrange for my passage. I have official business in France."

The comrade kept me hidden in his cabin during the 36-hour trip to Dunkirk. There I sought out another communist liaison agent.

"Comrade," I said. "I have urgent business in Paris."

He lent me a hundred francs and saw me aboard the train. When I shook hands with him, I shook hands with the Comintern.

I could not stay in Paris. The G.P.U. had spread the alarm. Men and women who had been my comrades were now duty-bound to hunt me down. One day I noticed that two G.P.U.

men were shadowing me. I slipped away; that same night I left Paris. A few days later in Antwerp I found work on a ship, bound westward to pack sugar from the West Indies. But the Comintern gave me no peace anywhere. In the end it had its revenge. Long after my flight from Copenhagen, a friend in Antwerp sent me a package. It contained copies of communist newspapers from various countries, ranging from the Pacific Coast of the United States to Scandinavia. In each publication was a photograph of myself — the photograph that had appeared on my Gestapo credentials, which I had surrendered to the Comintern upon my arrival in Copenhagen from Hitler's prisons. It bore the caption: "*On the watch! Gestapo!*" The publication of this photograph now would enable the Nazis to discover that I had duped them.

They did.

In July 1938, I learned that Firelei had been thrown into the Horror Camp Fuhlsbuettel.

In December 1938, I received a message which told me that Firelei had died in prison. Did she, herself, put an end to her life? Was she murdered in cold blood? "The Gestapo never jokes!" Neither does it give explanations. Our son, Jan, became a ward of the Third Reich. I have not heard of him again.



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TWENTIETH YEAR

VOLUME 38, NO. 228

□ A realistic appraisal of one of the crucial questions affecting our world policy today

Can Hitler Invade America?

By

John T. Flynn

Distinguished economist and journalist, who bases this article on authoritative information from military experts

AMERICANS are told that the war in Europe is our war, because if Hitler defeats England the United States is next. He will invade America. And many people believe this so firmly that they are willing to go to any lengths to help Britain defeat Hitler. A great and vital question of the day is, therefore, *can* Hitler invade America?

Let us see what Hitler would require in order to do so.

First of all, remember that the countries he has so far conquered are much smaller, all put together, than the United States. Their total populations equal 110,000,000. Ours is 130,000,000. They were seven different countries, each small com-

pared with Germany, each (except Norway) right on Germany's land frontiers. Hitler attacked each one separately. All he had to do was to roll across their borders with his vast mechanical equipment.

Germany has 80 million population, a gigantic army and an air force *three* times the size of Britain's. England has only 50 million people. But when Hitler turned on England there was the English Channel — only 23 miles wide at its narrowest point. Ten months after France fell, he still had not even attempted to cross that narrow strip of water with soldiers or tanks. When he attempts to invade the United States — or Canada — he would face the problem of crossing

with his armies 3000 miles of the Atlantic Ocean and confronting not 50,000,000 people on a small island with small natural resources, but a vast nation with 130,000,000 people and resources far exceeding his own.

Just what would be the job that Hitler would have on his hands? His armies are mighty because they are equipped with an endless supply of tanks, armored trucks, machine guns and cannon and mortars, anti-aircraft guns and anti-tank guns and motorcycle squadrons and planes. If Hitler attempted to invade America he would have to bring not only his soldiers but all this equipment. Without it he would be helpless.

German army leaders have shown immense intelligence. They are not going to attempt to conquer us without bringing enough men here to do the job. How many men would that be? When Hitler went into Poland, just across his borders, he marched with 1,000,000 men. When he moved against Holland, Belgium and France he used not less than 2,000,000 men. Is it not a fair assumption that to defeat the United States here he would need at least as many men as he took into France? Could Hitler conquer this country with less than three or four million men?

But let us suppose that Hitler might be crazy enough to try to beat the United States with 1,000,000 men. How much equipment

would he have to bring along? Figures based on the equipment carried by American army units show a staggering amount of equipment necessary for such a force, though they are very much under what the Germans carry. But, on the American system, Hitler's million invaders would have to bring with them, among other things, over 44,000 guns of various types; over 100,000 vehicles, including 4500 tanks; and nearly 10,000 planes.

Such an army would have to bring its food, its oil, its ammunition until the country is conquered. It would require, each day, 9,000,000 lbs. of rations and supplies, 1,500,000 gallons of gasoline, 150,000 gallons of oil. The quantities of shot and shell needed would be staggering. After Hitler's army got here, it would have to keep open a continuous flow of provisions, fuel, ammunition and replacements of arms and equipment. Transporting this vast army, and the equipment and supplies it would require, is beyond the power of any country.

Hanson W. Baldwin, military expert of *The New York Times*, says: "The world's tonnage facilities are such that no combination of powers could possibly transport more than 300,000 men in a month. An initial expeditionary force of 50,000 would be the maximum that could be brought against us, if the size of convoy, number of ships and planes needed for protection and the like are considered."

In the World War we sent 2,000,000 men to France. But we had the ships of twelve countries and the American, British and French navies. The Germans were without a fleet. We landed these men on a friendly shore and sent engineers and mechanics ahead of them to build ports and docks to unload the equipment.

Let us suppose that Germany has defeated England and taken the British navy. She now decides to send her army to America. Major George Fielding Eliot, noted military expert, says: "Troops cannot be transported overseas in any number save when command of the waters has been assured, since a troop convoy is a large, slow and vulnerable target and will suffer heavily if its escort be attacked by anything like an equal force."

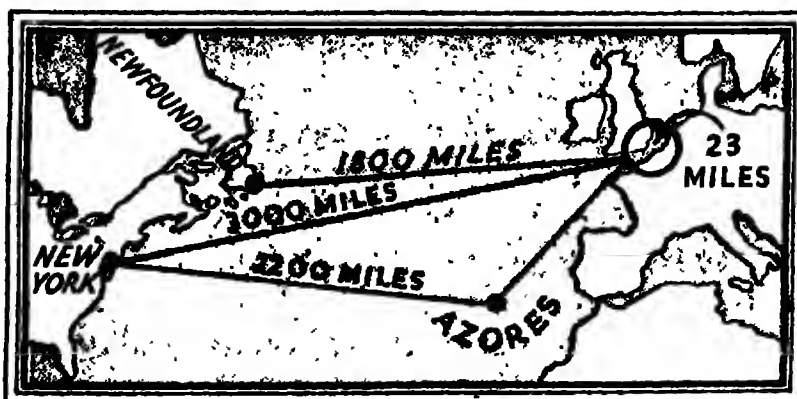
Germany, even with the British fleet, would not have complete command of the seas. The American navy would have to be wiped out. Two things must be remembered. First, at the end of this war the American navy would be larger than the German navy and the British navy combined. Second, Germany would have to do its naval fighting on this side of the ocean. Three thousand miles away from their own coasts this navy would be helpless against a navy merely its

equal in numbers but three times its strength in effective fighting power.

Much is made of the point that our fleet would be divided or wholly engaged in the Pacific, or that it could be closed out of the Atlantic by bombing the Panama Canal. This is a decisive argument for keeping out of England's quarrel in the Orient and keeping the bulk of our fleet where it might be really needed. The weight of naval opinion is that Japan would never dream of carrying a war to these shores. Her interests are in the East.

If 30 or 40 Nazi ships with 50,000 men, convoyed by warships, attempted to land here, they could not sneak in on some dark night. Plane scouts would herald their approach days in advance. They could not empty their cargo on an open beach, but must first obtain possession of a secure harbor.

Warships convoying troop transports would be open to almost certain disaster from shore artillery, always considered superior to sea-borne guns. When these coastal defenses are reinforced by shore-based



air forces no military commander would attempt a landing. The inability of the British to land in Norway once Germany had gotten there first and the deadly power of massed airplanes against British convoying warships in the Mediterranean leave little doubt on this

tons of shipping. An attacking force of 100,000 thus would require 750,000 tons. Averaging 5000 tons, this would require 150 vessels, convoyed by a flotilla of seven battleships, several aircraft carriers, seven light cruisers, a couple of minelayers and at least 70 destroy-

ers. Imagine this immense armada, moving slowly over the seas 3000 miles from its own base and at the mercy of our navy and air force, and compelled to land at a port protected by heavy guns and mine-sown seas. The idea is fantastic.

Hanson Baldwin, in *Harper's Magazine*



question. It was this which led General Hagood to say in 1937: "America is the strongest military nation on earth — that is, the easiest nation to prepare for defense." And in 1938 Rear Admiral Cook told a congressional committee: "I do not think that any fleet could make an effective landing on our coast, whether we had a navy or not, provided enough shore-based aircraft are available."

Even the planes used by this invading force must be transported to this country by ships. They cannot come as hostile craft and find a friendly landing here.

For every man transported there must be at least seven and a half

for August 1940, said, referring to an invasion of this hemisphere: "The problem seems impossible; not even a combination of Britain and Germany has sufficient shipping to divert such an enormous amount of it to military purposes. The most we have to guard against is the transportation of a small expeditionary force."

To come here after defeating England Hitler would have to set out upon a vast military adventure, using up all the resources he has. And he would leave behind him on his rear Russia, which would welcome his plight, and 200,000,000 sullen people in Europe who would be watching the moment to cause

him trouble. That moment would come when he was compelled to strip himself in Europe to fight here. Dictators don't take such chances.

The President said in his Message to Congress on January 6, 1941: "Even if there were no British navy it is not probable any enemy would be stupid enough to attack us by landing troops in the United States from across thousands of miles of ocean, until it had acquired strategic bases from which to operate." Here is a complete admission that invasion is impossible, from the lips of a man who has done more than any other to frighten us with the fear of invasion.

The President saves his point by insisting that Hitler would first have to acquire bases in this hemisphere. Those bases would have to be much closer to the United States than is Germany, otherwise there would be no sense in bases. Brazil is the South American base to which the President is fond of referring. This is because Hitler could take over West Africa and concentrate his forces at Dakar, which is only 1600 miles from Pernambuco in Brazil. Hitler will be able to cross over the Atlantic at this narrow stretch to Brazil and, as Senator Claude Pepper has described it, roll on through Venezuela, Colombia, Central America and Mexico to the Rio Grande.

This proposal is so grotesque that it hardly calls for an answer. Before

he started from Germany he would be 3300 miles from the United States. After traveling 5000 miles to Brazil he would be farther away from the United States than when he started. And he would have to march a million men with all their supplies through tropical jungles and over rugged mountains!

Others tell us he will go to Greenland, but military and aviation experts know it is impossible to build bases there to accommodate either naval or airplane units large enough for attack here. Even if it were possible, Hitler could not do this unless he had command of the seas. And if he had command of the seas he wouldn't go to Greenland.

There are, however, other bases from which attacks might be launched: Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, or any British or Dutch or French possessions in the neighborhood of the northern coast of South America. But American warships could almost the very day that England fell take possession of these places without firing a shot, spending a dollar, or losing a man.

As for Newfoundland, there we would pursue the policy we would adopt for all of Canada. We would announce that we would resist with force any attack upon that country. The same arguments which reveal the impossibility of a frontal attack on the United States apply to Canada backed by the United States.

Conquest by fifth-column penetration is suggested. Secret agents

can certainly *aid* an invader, but they could not be of decisive aid in a country as large as ours nor effect *possession* of any country in this hemisphere. Some go so far as to say Hitler could take over Brazil by telephone. I have been able to find no military authority who believes that Germany could seize a country on this continent except by military conquest and occupation.

But how about aerial conquest? Well, there is not in existence any fleet of planes that could menace us from Europe or from any base such as Greenland or the Azores. Some bombers could get over and drop a few bombs. But everyone knows by now that you do not conquer a country merely by dropping bombs on it. It must be occupied. We are not vulnerable as Britain is, which depends for food and almost everything else on shipments from abroad.

Americans are willing to aid Britain because they hate fascism, they are against Hitler, they look upon the English government, despite its aristocratic character, and its empire, as more civilized than Hitler's dictatorship. They are willing to help through a generous sympathy. But they should disabuse themselves of the panicky illusion that they must help Britain because a victorious Hitler would conquer America next.

We must provide this country with defenses that will make an invasion by any force, however great, impossible. But few Americans want to create a force capable of invading Europe or Asia and carrying on an aggressive war there. *And it is a significant fact that there is no military authority in this country who believes that an invasion of America by Germany — with or without the British fleet — is possible.*

Viewpoints

☞ MAKE IT a rule of life never to regret and never to look back. Regret is an appalling waste of energy; you can't build on it; it's only good for wallowing in. — Katherine Mansfield, *Bliss and Other Stories* (Knopf)

☞ MEET success like a gentleman and disaster like a man.
— Lord Birkenhead

☞ LOVE for the same thing never makes allies. It's always hate for the same thing. — Howard Spring, *My Son, My Son* (Viking)

☞ GREAT occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow strong or weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.
— Cannon Westcott

“Ask Mrs. Post”

Condensed from Independent Woman

Hildegarde Dolson

IN AUGUST of 1922, news breezed through the publishing trade that Funk and Wagnalls had a white elephant on their hands — an etiquette book by a novelist named Emily Post. Apprehensively, the publishers brooded over the advance sale, 40 copies. Emily Post, who hadn't wanted to write the book, confided gloomily to friends that from now on she was going to stick to novels.

Since then *Etiquette, The Blue Book of Social Usage*, has sold 750,000 copies at \$4 each, earning Emily Post a tidy fortune and the reputation of best-known authority on social behavior. Her columns are syndicated in 153 newspapers for almost 12,000,000 readers, from Hackensack to Honolulu. Londoners emerging from bomb shelters to buy the *Daily Mirror* may learn,

AT THE AGE of 10, Hildegarde Dolson started a novel about “a heroin whose delicut lashes swept her delicut cheeks,” but she abandoned the project after chapter two because it didn't sound enough like Kipling. Ten years later she started her career anew, this time in a New York picture-frame factory while she took night courses in advertising copywriting. Since then she's written advertising for five department stores, had a book published, and collaborated on a play.

to their gratification or regret, that it's no longer necessary for a gentleman to help remove a lady's galoshes. These readers, plus her large radio public, have written Mrs. Post 6000 letters a week for the last 10 years. Her secretaries answer about two thirds of the mail by sending printed slips covering every subject from Travel Etiquette to Weddings. Letters requiring personal attention go direct to the indefatigable Mrs. Post.

Letters from brides-to-be reach a peak of 3000 a week around June and October. Mrs. Post, who is partial to brides, has given advice on everything from the length of a bridal train to the proper stance for a nervous best man.

Her other correspondents vary from housewives and rebellious husbands to convicts and college boys. The most frequent S.O.S. from husbands is “How can I go to bed when company stays too long?” (Mrs. Post says it's up to the wife to drop hints, “Poor Jim has to get up so early.”) One husband wrote that he was tired of having his life run to suit Emily Post. Answering such letters, and aggrieved queries about “*Why* can't

I eat my peas with a spoon from a separate saucer?," Mrs. Post is inclined to side with the men. "Don't let her put anything over on you," she wrote to one surprised husband. When newspapers announced that Mrs. Post approved of cutting salad with a knife, men all over the country grabbed their pens to offer thanks.

Most difficult letters to answer are from women. One stated simply: "I am going to live in South America. Please tell me everything I should know." Women also write about the manners of movie stars and debutantes. "I'm enclosing a picture of a society girl in a nightclub who is combing her hair at the table. I thought you said that was bad manners," said one letter tartly. Mrs. Post replied, "It's not only bad manners, it's inexcusable." Currently, she's engaged in a lively controversy over whether young girls should wear hats in the city. Mrs. Post thinks they should.

Now in her sixties, the author of *Etiquette* is a vital, handsome woman with brown hair, delphinium blue eyes, and restless energy. She talks fast in a low, eager voice, laughs easily, makes lively gestures to point her conversation.

In the realm of etiquette, her most violent phobia is the hostess who serves herself first, a practice she condemns as "breaking the first law of civilized hospitality." Her attitude toward the wrong fork and other social lapses is elastic,

and she says that Will Rogers had more poise than anyone she's ever known. Her own worst difficulty is absent-mindedness. Three government officials arriving at Mrs. Post's apartment one afternoon for tea found their hostess swathed in an old smock and sitting on newspapers in the middle of the floor, busily painting her typewriter blue. She'd forgotten the engagement completely. Rallying nobly, she served tea with her usual aplomb, and a streak of blue paint on one cheek. On one occasion, friends who had had dinner and a pleasant evening at Mrs. Post's were startled as they rose to leave. Yawning, their hostess went around the room, switched off all the lights and started toward her bedroom. One woman recovered her voice to say reproachfully, "*Well, Mrs. Etiquette!*"

Although Emily Post doesn't smoke and has never tasted a cocktail, she pooh-poohs the idea that the younger generation is going to the dogs. This might puzzle readers who remember the warning she gave in the first edition of *Etiquette*: "A young girl unprotected by a chaperon is in the position of an unarmed traveler walking alone among wolves." But Mrs. Post has progressed with the times. Reading this passage aloud to a friend last summer, she chortled, "Imagine *me* ever writing a thing like that!"

• This staunchly modern view-

point abounds in Mrs. Post's new book *Children Are People*, dedicated to her 19-year-old grandson, which covers every problem of child-training from "Anger, two kinds" to "Yeah, when and how permissible to use," and gives realistic advice on whether 15-year-old Babsie Boycrazy should be permitted to have dates and how a boy at a dance may tactfully signal his friends that he is stuck with a lemon.

Emily Post was fitted, by birth and temperament, to write about etiquette. She was born in Baltimore, the only child of Bruce Price, a well-known architect. When Emily was five the family moved to New York, where Mr. Price was a leader in the development of skyscraper design. Since Mr. Price also built the Château Frontenac, Emily often visited in Quebec; and she accompanied her father on trips to France and Italy. Her formal schooling amounted to two years at a fashionable seminary where she got low grades in her studies and a black mark in deportment. Her real education, she says, came from her father.

In 1892 Emily Price made her debut in New York society. Within a year she married Edwin Main Post, a banker. Society artists clamored to paint the lovely Mrs. Post, and her portrait was included in a book called *American Beauties*.

Mrs. Post divorced her husband in 1904, and to the shocked amaze-

ment of New York's first families set out to support herself and her two sons. As her first effort she made miniature models of rooms for architects, so that clients could see what their new homes would look like. This was more fun than profit, so she was ripe for a friend's cliché that "Emily ought to be an author because she writes such marvelous letters." She dragged from the attic a bundle of letters she had written to her father from house parties abroad, and whipped them into a novel called *Flight of the Moth*. This being immediately accepted, other novels followed rapidly.

John O'Hara Cosgrave, editor of *Everybody's Magazine*, then hired Mrs. Post to write a piece every month. One of these stories she rewrote as a novel and won a \$5000 prize contest. Soon afterward *Vanity Fair* published a series of articles in which she poked fun at etiquette books.

By 1921 Mrs. Post had put both sons through Harvard and was hard at work on her sixth novel. Richard Duffy of Funk and Wagnalls was trying to get her to write an etiquette book. Graciously she served tea to Mr. Duffy and said "No." One day he sent her every book on etiquette that he could find. By the time she'd read "To eat an olive correctly is proof of culture," and "When you sit next to a Duke at dinner, address him as 'Your Grace,'" her indignation was at

fever pitch. At 3 a.m. she phoned Mr. Duffy to say "I'll do it."

One contract clause Mrs. Post insisted upon: the word "etiquette" was never to be used in connection with the book, for a title or publicity. She thought the word was pompous and silly. In the next 10 months she turned out some 300,000 words, writing — as was her habit — while seated on a high stool before a drafting table. At the end of that time, she agreed ruefully that the only possible title for the book was *Etiquette*.

Writing in the New York *World* of August 1922, a reviewer said: "Mrs. Post has deemed it no waste of effort to give literary style to a practical book of polite customs." Despite laudatory reviews from hundreds of newspapers the publishers were still worried. "Your book's too full of footmen," a rival publisher told them jovially.

Suddenly word reached the heads of Funk and Wagnalls that stenographers in the firm were making a mad rush to buy *Etiquette*. Then orders from booksellers arrived in wave upon wave. Housewives all over the country sat down to study proper behavior as portrayed by *Etiquette's* characters, none of whom had less than one butler. Mrs. Post was bombarded with frantic queries on what to do if you had no butler — or even a maid.

A letter came from a state executive who wanted her advice about engraved letterheads. Mrs. Post

rushed to Tiffany's to consult the man in the stationery department. Diving under the counter, he came up with her book. "We always consult this," he explained. Dazed, Mrs. Post thanked him and went home.

As fame gathered momentum, her income skyrocketed. The book itself earned at least \$400 a week in royalties, and has never dropped much below that figure. (It still sells about 40,000 copies a year.) Manufacturers of stationery and silverware offered as much as \$5000 for booklets written by Mrs. Post, and for endorsements of their products.

Fame has also brought her a certain amount of ridicule. Newspaper cartoonists have made much of stories of her supposed social accidents — such as the time she spilled cranberry sauce on the tablecloth at a banquet. Nobody enjoys this more than Mrs. Post, who collects the rowdiest cartoons in a scrapbook. Showing this to a visitor recently, Mrs. Post said with a delicate leer, "I call it 'My Day.'"

More and more "What shall I do?" letters from harried hostesses without butlers prompted Mrs. Post to do a new chapter, Mrs. Three-in-One, for the 1927 edition of *Etiquette*. Mrs. Three-in-One was a miraculous combination of hostess, cook and mother who filled all three roles with ladylike efficiency. To find out for herself just how women *did* go about entertaining without a maid, the resourceful

Mrs. Post fixed a meal featuring chicken hash and, for a surprise, ice cream in a freezer concealed under her chair. She then served dinner to seven friends, with the aid of chafing dishes, and created a mild sensation when she reached down and scooped from the freezer. Everybody had a fine time, and the hostess pointed out proudly that she didn't have to jump up from the table once.

Architecture has long been Mrs. Post's avocation. While she and her son Bruce, an architect, were remodeling an old farmhouse at Edgartown, Mass., Bruce contracted a streptococcus infection and died. After his death, Mrs. Post went at the business of decorating and remodeling with a desperate need to keep busy. She now has 22 remodeled houses to her credit. Architects who tell her it's impossible to put a staircase in a certain place are left gaping uneasily when she whips up a pattern out of brown paper, to prove it can be done. Much of this practical experience went into *Personality of a House*, published in 1939, which is Mrs. Post's favorite of all her books.

Describing Emily Post's house at Edgartown one of her neighbors wrote in the local paper: "It has what is probably the only built-in leak in the country." Faced with a chronic leak in the roof, Mrs. Post placidly solved the problem by installing a small sink expressly for

the rainy-day drip. The house is still Mrs. Post's summer haven.

The biggest event of 1930, for Emily Post, was radio. Over her loud protests that her voice would be "squeaky" on the air, an audition was arranged at N.B.C. Seven potential sponsors listening in were so enchanted they stampeded to sign up Mrs. Post. Not wanting to sound too crass, they brought up the subject of salary with considerable diffidence. Graciously, Mrs. Post said she'd be willing to accept whatever Amos and Andy got. The assembled company paled visibly. She actually received around \$800 a broadcast.

Letters from her radio public, and from readers of her syndicated column launched in 1932, swelled her mail to staggering proportions. In 1938, when Walter Winchell announced over the air that after four eye operations "Emily Post will recover her sight," telegrams, get-well cards and home-made jelly arrived in dizzying volume. In a burst of gratitude, Mrs. Post sent Mr. Winchell an orchid. "He didn't even have enough manners to say thank you," she remarked later.

During the 1940 presidential campaign, Mrs. Post had her first fling at politics and campaigned energetically for Wendell Willkie, although she admitted to friends that she did wish he wouldn't say *Amurica*. One of her speeches was given before a Philadelphia Republican Club. When she walked

out on the platform, the audience of 1200, mindful of their manners, rose as one man and gave her a courtly bow. Pleased, Mrs. Post bowed back.

She also has a bowing acquaintance with many of the brightest names in the literary world, but spends her rare leisure having dinner with a few friends, or going to the movies. Mrs. Post's day begins at 6 a.m., when she turns on an electric percolator beside her bed, and breakfasts on coffee and a Scotch rusk. For three hours she writes in bed on a big leather portfolio, turning out her daily column, magazine articles, and the newest draft of a book. (She writes painstakingly, and has rewritten a chapter as often as 38 times.) At 9 she's in her small workroom, dictating letters into a fiery red machine she calls "Susie." Luncheon guests are often business associates, nervous at the prospect of eating with an authority on etiquette.

Other visitors in an ordinary day at the Post apartment may include a worried parent seeking advice about a headstrong daughter, an architect sent by a client to look at Mrs. Post's "marvelous closets," and a dozen reporters who want Mrs. Post's view on dunking. Recently, a professor at Columbia University telephoned worriedly that 30 students who had just ar-

rived in New York on a sight-seeing tour insisted on seeing Mrs. Post. She served tea to the 30 wide-eyed girls, one of whom told her earnestly, "We wanted to see you even more than the Empire State Building."

In between work and callers, Mrs. Post finds time to act as her own business agent. She likes to say, prettily, that she hasn't a good head for business. Publishing and advertising executives who have had dealings with her roll their eyes almost reverently when they discuss her financial acumen. Most of her close friends, members of conservative New York society, choose to ignore the fact that she has won fame and fortune by "writing books." One walrus-mustached old gentleman who had known her father sat next to Mrs. Post at a dinner party last spring. Beetling his brows, he said testily, "All things considered, Emily, what you've done has been quite commendable. But I must say it was rather shocking."

In discussing her career, Emily Post says that she just wrote down everything she knew about etiquette, and tried to make it as clear as a cookbook. "When I started writing, there was a right side and a wrong side of the car-tracks," she says. "But I have torn up the car-tracks."



¶ The promise of new rubber supplies from Brazil — thanks to an idea of Henry Ford's plus perseverance in the face of the unexpected

A Native Returns to the Amazon

Condensed from *The Living Age*

Desmond Holdridge

A DOZEN YEARS ago Henry Ford announced he intended to grow his own rubber on plantations in Brazil. It seemed then a project of small importance to anyone except Mr. Ford — a characteristic Ford gesture, born of his irritation at the British-Dutch monopoly and price-fixing. After the first flurry of interest, the public forgot it. But now the Western Hemisphere's ability to produce its own rubber has become of national concern.

What has Ford been doing in Brazil all these years? There has been a great silence about the project. Did this reticence veil failure?

DESMOND HOLDRIDGE, explorer and author, is traveling through the interior of South America for "World Letters," which distributes his reports to schools. On earlier South American expeditions he has lived among Indian tribes, mapped little-known areas, journeyed through remote parts of Brazil and Venezuela for the Brooklyn Museum. In 1939 he was a member of the Anglo-American Commission which studied the possibility of settling refugees in British Guiana. Mr. Holdridge has written four books based on his observation of Latin-American life, including *End of the River*, a novel published last year.

It seemed important to know, so I went to see for myself.

I came away full of admiration for a titanic achievement. In the heart of the jungle, 700 miles inland, 3,000,000 young rubber trees are growing. Two million already have been bud-grafted with stock from the best varieties known. They will begin to yield rubber in commercial quantities by 1943. By 1948 the yield ought to be at least 12,000,000 pounds a year — \$2,400,000 worth of rubber at the present price of 20 cents a pound.

The Ford holdings comprise 2,500,000 acres. Here in well-built houses live 7000 men, women and children. They have water mains, sewers, churches, hospitals, schools, movies, ice, and paved roads. Ford's investment is reckoned at \$8,000,000. Part of that was spent on big mistakes. There was nobody in all the world who could tell Ford how to grow rubber in Brazil. The story of the difficulties surmounted is a saga of bold scientific ingenuity.

But the story of rubber has always been exciting. When Charles Goodyear in 1839 discovered how to keep rubber from cracking in

cold weather, and sticking and stinking in summer, he started a great demand for the gum. Brazilians migrated to the Amazon region by the thousands. Foreign — especially English — capital came in. Whole new towns sprang up; the hoarse bellowing of steamboat whistles made in Liverpool startled monkeys on streams where the passage of a canoe had been an event. The ancient Fortaleza de Barra turned into the golden city of Manaus with a great harbor and a famous opera house built by the rubber barons. Rubber trees were everywhere, and if you could find hands to collect the sap, your fortune was made.

The problem was solved in divers fashions, some of them not pretty. Along some rivers Indians were the victims of outright slave hunts, whole villages raided of every able-bodied man. In other places the methods were more refined: if you could get pants on an Indian and accustom him to eating salt, you had him. Then he had to work for cloth and salt and even a half-witted bookkeeper could keep him in debt the rest of his life.

During this mad hurly-burly, it is doubtful if anyone in Brazil knew that near Singapore, Malay workmen were bleeding the first latex from the first rubber trees ever cultivated.

The seed had been supplied by an Englishman who had gone to Brazil to become a planter. The

idea of cultivating rubber trees instead of depending upon wild trees fascinated Henry Wickham. In 1872 he wrote a book about Brazil presenting his ideas. The British government asked him to bring rubber seeds to England. Maybe this would be a crop for Britain's tropic colonies.

Wickham collected 70,000 seeds along the Rio Tapajoz, where the healthiest trees grew, and took them to London. At Kew Gardens, greenhouses had been ruthlessly emptied of rare plants and the moist, hot climate of the jungle had been reproduced.

Some of Wickham's seeds eventually sprouted, and the seedling trees were carefully taken to British Malaya. Quietly the British nursed them to maturity, propagated them and began to lay out plantations.

At the time, this English experiment had about it a somewhat academic air — nothing to alarm Brazil's tough rubber men who boldly outfaced fever, snakes, starvation and savages to deposit with prodigious regularity the black balls of acrid-smelling rubber on the Manaus docks.

Brazil's bubble burst suddenly. In 1910 the price of rubber reached its all-time high; the average for the year was \$2.07 a pound. That year a little rubber from the Malay plantations appeared on the market. By 1912 plantation rubber was offered in large quantities. Wild rubber could not compete with it.

Plantation rubber was cleaner, better prepared, cheaper. Amazonia's wealth went overnight, and the land lapsed into decay and tropical apathy.

At first the United States hailed the lower prices and better quality with joy. But later British and Dutch planters banded together to fix prices — a genteel holdup.

Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone were the first to rebel. Firestone chose Liberia for his experiment; Ford went back to the Rio Tapajoz from which the ancestors of every plantation tree in Asia originally came. There he obtained from the Brazilian government a free concession of 2,470,000 acres.

The concession was christened Fordlandia. Under Yankee direction, gangs fell to work clearing the jungle. Boa Vista, a modern town, was built with housing scientifically designed for the tropics.

It wasn't easy. It involved fighting snakes, insects, and hostile Indians who wanted to raid the settlement for women. Labor was a problem. Mature men appeared who, when asked about previous experience, said they never had worked before. The doctors wormed them, stuffed them with quinine and sent them out to work at wages which seemed incredible to the natives. The jungle was knocked down at a prodigious rate. Big trees were sawed into planks for housing, or for shipment to the States. Underbrush was cut and burned. Back in

the forest, crews collected wild rubber seeds to plant on the burned-over lands. Work began late in 1928; by the end of 1929 almost 1000 acres had been planted to rubber. Finally, 8400 acres were cleared and planted to 1,390,000 trees from wild seed.

Theoretically, rubber should have thrived in its ancestral home. But it didn't. In the Amazon forest, rubber does not grow in stands. You find a single tree and then, several hundred yards away, another. That there might be botanical reasons for this had not occurred to anyone. After all, rubber trees submitted to close association on Far Eastern plantations. But when Henry Wickham took rubber seeds out of Brazil he left the natural enemies of rubber behind. When leaf disease struck the sprouting trees in the new development at Boa Vista, it spread swiftly down the long rows. Insects attacked the leaves; root blights appeared.

It even began to look as if the climate was not suitable for rubber. Temperature was right, and total rainfall about the same as in Malaysia. But here the rainfall was concentrated. A wet season of torrential downpours followed an appallingly dry season when the ground grew hard or blew away in dust. Under wild conditions, the forest cover acted as a sponge which regulated soil moisture all year, but with that removed another problem appeared.

The Ford technicians began to look at their job with chastened respect. At first they had thought it merely involved money and patience; it now became plain it was a formidable challenge.

But by 1933 Ford's experts had thought things through. It was decided first to relocate the plantation. Fordlandia was worse than hilly, it was almost mountainous. Cost of operating tractors and spraying equipment on the steep terrain was prohibitive. During much of the year the river was too low for any sizable vessel to approach the dock — there is a 40-foot seasonal rise and fall.

A new location on a level plateau 84 miles downstream was chosen. The Brazilian government coöperated, swapping a tract with 39 miles of river front, and running back 31 miles, for an equal area of Fordlandia. The new site, Belterra, contains 703,750 acres. Fordlandia is now the research station. Some of it has been allowed to go back to jungle. Little is expected of its wild-seed trees.

It was then decided to import nursery stock from the Far East. Through more than a half century of crossbreeding, the British and Dutch had developed greatly improved trees. Wild trees yield three pounds of rubber a year. High-bred Malayan trees yield 10 to 17 pounds, and have developed certain immunities to disease and pests.

While the work of building a

town and clearing the jungle was being repeated at Belterra, Dr. James R. Weir, plant pathologist and rubber expert, went to Singapore to choose the best strains. From the First Families of Malaysian rubber trees, Dr. Weir selected 2046 seedlings which he carefully shepherded halfway across the world, back to their ancestral home. It was eight weeks from the time Dr. Weir left Singapore until his precious seedlings were planted at Belterra. Yet 1201 of them grew.

Then the Far East planters belatedly remembered Wickham and the disaster he wrought in Brazil. Shortly, the International Rubber Committee was organized and prohibited the further export of seeds or seedlings. Brazil had done the same thing — too late — after Wickham's exploit.

The seedlings at Belterra were not intended to become rubber-producing trees. They were used to produce shoots for grafting onto native stock. Trees from Marajo Island at the mouth of the Amazon, the Ford technicians discovered, had notable immunity to root diseases, though they yielded little rubber. So their seeds were planted at Belterra. Bud-grafting began in 1937, from the imported high-yield aristocrats onto the tough-rooted native seedlings.

Grafting, a deft operation, must be done expeditiously, and with scrupulous cleanliness. A skillful man will do 200 trees a day. But

your Brazilian rubber worker is more interested in his score of successes than in speed. If 50 percent of his bud-grafts live, he gets a stripe on his shoulder; for a 75-percent score, a second stripe, and for 90 percent, a very gaudy stripe, of which he is as proud as any general of his stars.

As a new refinement the technicians at Belterra are creating a synthetic tree with three parents -- the native Brazilian root stock, the high-yield Malayan trunk, and, above that, a top from another Malayan strain notable for fine leaves and resistance to leaf diseases.

While leaf spot appears to shun the grafted trees developed at Belterra, insects do not. But the laboratory men solved that; all about the Tapajoz grew *timbo*, the fish poison plant which is rich in rotenone, a deadly insecticide.* Today cultivated *timbo* is crushed and sprayed onto the trees by power sprayers. Once the proper sprays, dusts and gases were worked out, it proved no harder to keep the trees healthy than in Malaysia.

Test tapping will start at Belterra this year, to determine which trees are highest yielding, but two or three years must go by before the tailor-made trees can be tapped on a commercial scale. The Ford staff headed by Archie Johnston knows that a lot can happen in

Amazonia in that time, and are doing no gloating; but they look forward to the result with confidence.

Meanwhile, Belterra is growing many subsidiary crops -- mandioca, which yields farinha, the staple food of Brazilian labor; castor beans, for oil; teakwood on a forestry basis; hemp, jute, cinnamon, ginger, tea, coffee, citrus fruits, pineapples, bananas, and vegetables. Some of these may become commercially important, but most of them are grown to be eaten by the 7000 residents of the plantations.

Production of the Ford plantations will be small, expressed in percentage of U. S. needs. The Ford company itself wants to triple its plantings, for it would take 7,600,000 rubber trees to supply its own needs. The limiting factor is labor. No healthy man who asks for a job is turned down. The plantations want thousands more. But Brazil is short of labor. Not only Ford but the cotton planters of Sao Paulo are clamoring for men.

President Vargas, deeply interested in developing Brazil's rubber-producing industry, is studying numerous proposals for encouraging immigration. Meanwhile, inspired by Ford's demonstration, potential producers and U. S. Department of Agriculture men are looking over likely areas in Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama. Synthetic rubber is our second line of defense, insofar

*See "Awakener of the Amazon," The Reader's Digest, May, '40, p. 25.

as this vital material is concerned, but the much cheaper and more flexible natural product is still of paramount importance.

American cars may yet roll on American rubber, independent of the hazards of the 12,000-mile sea lanes from Asia. The Ford staff has proved that Brazil can grow rubber on plantations, successfully and economically. Costs will compare favorably with those of Far Eastern rubber, and the product will have to come only 4000 miles to market, over seas the United

States can keep safe from attack.

That may mean great things to Brazil and it fits perfectly into the ideal pattern of Pan-American relations, which calls for two self-reliant Americas. Our capital is being used to develop Brazilian resources to produce something we need. In addition, we are helping to raise living standards in Brazil and developing a market for our goods. Each country is in this way supplying the other with noncompeting products to the immense advantage of both.

Maid's-Eye View

¶ ONE EVENING, hearing the telephone ring, Mrs. Robert A. Millikan, wife of the world-famous physicist, went into the hall and found that her maid had already answered the telephone. "Yes, this is where Dr. Millikan lives," she heard her say. "But he's not the kind of doctor that does anybody any good."

— Jephtha Wade and David Cope

¶ MRS. SMYTHE was making final arrangements for an elaborate reception. "Nora," she said to her veteran servant, "for the first half-hour I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Nora's face lit up. "Thank you, ma'am," she replied. "I've been wanting to do that to some of your friends for the last 20 years."

— Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

¶ "How do you like it?" a lady asked her colored cook, who had just tasted her first mushroom.

"I can't say I like it," was the cautious reply, "but it suah do taste expensive."

— Contributed by Mrs. Thomas Hume

¶ A HOLLYWOOD hostess, giving instructions to a new maid just before a party, cautioned: "Now remember, Marie, when you serve my guests, don't wear any jewelry."

"I haven't anything valuable, madam," answered the maid, "but thanks for the warning just the same."

— Peggy McEvoy

Bomber to Britain

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

As told by a pilot to

James L. H. Peck

IN THE wintry Newfoundland darkness our Cyclone engines begin their metallic growl. Our cabin door thuds shut — the most "final" sound I have ever heard. For about 10 hours Sergeant Bennett of the Royal Canadian Air Force and I shall be imprisoned over the Atlantic in this 9½-ton Lockheed-Hudson bomber, which we are flying to Britain's RAF.

Five other Hudsons are warming up nearby. It is our first crossing. I am chosen to command, because Sergeant Bennett and I have had a bit more navigation and instrument-flying experience than the other pilots.

Only one thing worries me. We carry no armament except side arms, which will do us little good if anyone gets in our way as we let down over the Isles. But maybe that's for the best. I'm in mufti and have no combatant status. If I shot down a Jerry, were crippled in the fight and forced to land in France, it would mean the firing squad. Ben, in his RCAF uniform, is better off.

As I open the throttles I hear Ben holler something about "See

you in England. . . ." His young face is alight. I guess mine is too. There's always a thrill in taking off in a big ship, but I have never felt like this. It is a take-off into a strange land of uncertainty. We know what the ships will do and what the pilots will do. The unknown factors are the weather and what is in store for us when we reach the Isles.

Ben looks back as I swing into a shallow climbing turn. "They're all off okay." We take a last glance at the huge, partly completed base. I adjust the knobs on the face of "George," the gyro pilot, known in the States as Iron Mike. "George" is the pilot now; his mechanical mitt is steadier on the controls than any human hand. Our half-squadron of six Hudsons is strung out in a loose formation which we shall maintain unless thick weather closes in.

Moonglow glints on the plastic-glass nose of the Hudson just behind ours. The craft resembles a huge, twin-tailed, deep-sea monster as it heaves gently on the air currents, its brown-and-green camouflage suggesting great patches

of scales. There is little shimmer from the whirling propeller blades; they are specially painted to avoid it.

As we pass Windmill Head, our farewell to land, I level off at 5800 feet, the best altitude for the first part of the voyage. We hope to use only 60 percent of our power, to save fuel. We have a certain margin of safety but one can never tell about the weather.

Ben takes the Adlis gun — a signaling light whose powerful beam can be seen only by someone directly in its path — and starts checking on the other planes. These guns are our only means of inter-plane communication.

"All okay but Number Five," says Ben. "His starboard engine's running hot. He set the mixture up a bit and now it's better."

Before long, over the Labrador Current, we note a sharp drop in the outside air-temperature reading. It's getting bumpier and thicker by the minute. Examination of the weather charts reveals that a previously slow-moving "cold front" — which was 80 miles south of our course — has probably taken a not-so-slow tack to northward. We are about to become refugees from an aerological blitz. There is no out-running this offensive, but there is a slim chance that we may be able to climb above it.

Ben signals the other ships to snuggle closer, and we head upstairs in a hurry. The Hudson

climbs fast for a big ship, 2215 feet per minute. A sudden gust smacks us. The ship creaks a bit, but that is only natural. We know that the Hudson is about the sturdiest plane a-wing today. Only two have been shot down in the whole war. Others have been bent and battered, but they did reach home, even on one engine.

A "cold front" pushes beneath the warm air mass, forcing the warm air upward. That is why we are climbing. To make bad matters worse, rain sets in — and the droplets freeze! The black surface of the de-icer "overshoe" on the wings gets ashy white. The white disappears as the overshoe swells and deflates. Then it comes again. Ice is forming faster than the de-icer can crack it and the icy area is spreading back on the wing. A subtle vibration comes through the control column: the ice is changing form — for the worse. "Rime" ice rarely gets thick enough to cause vibration; it must be changing into hard, "clear" ice. Through the falling sleet I can barely make out the green running light of the ship on our left. Any number of things can happen to six planes in a mess like this. If we only had two-way radio!

We are at 11,000 feet now, getting into warmer air. It's rain again. Suddenly the rain stops and we plunge into a queer murky darkness. Can just make out our own wing light. A couple of 9½-ton ships

are flying somewhere close by, no telling how close. The thought of a marceled wing tip this far at sea is not comforting.

Then, ever so gradually, the vibration in the controls begins to change tone. The ice must be melting, thank goodness.

"Can you see anything now?" I ask Ben.

As the words are spoken, we break through the cloud layer. Ben shouts, "Here's Number Two!"

To my left, a green light appears out of the ghostly mist, and I instinctively nose the plane down. I don't know how close Number Two is on Ben's side, but Three's wing tip was not three feet from ours! Another couple of minutes in that cloud and heaven knows what would have happened.

There's a clammy moisture between my helmet and forehead. As we move back into formation, Ben checks off the other planes. "We're all here!" he cries.

Now we have emerged into a strange new world. There is a floor of bumpy pearl, and here and there billowy bits of cumulus tumble about like pieces of cotton blown by a draught. The ceiling is bluer than the ocean 14,000 feet below, almost navy blue, and thousands of glittering stars wink back and forth. This is the sky the land-lubber never sees. This is that vastness of which I thought when the cabin door banged shut more than three hours ago.

Just how far back that was I shall soon know. Ben takes his sextant and chronometer and goes aft to "fix" our position. He reports that we are approaching the "equi-time point." This is the critical point beyond which there is no turning back in the event of trouble. From here on it's keep on. The position is considerably short of the halfway mark because of the westerly winds. Should we attempt to return from beyond this spot the planes would be bucking strong headwinds all the way. Gas would run out before we reached land.

We go on and on — for so long that Ben finally breaks the silence with, "It's kind of lonesome, isn't it?" An occasional message to the other ships, an adjustment to keep "George" in line with the compass is all we have to do. The moon is down now and grayness gradually gives way to a pink morning glow.

"Gosh, that's beautiful," Ben remarks. Now we seem to be looking at a mill furnace from behind a hazy glass screen. A steel ball is being heated by raging, red-orange fires; the ball is a different shade of red. As the heat mounts, the screen becomes more and more transparent and the ball assumes a pinkish hue. Then it comes to a white heat and the fires beneath it fade out as if their job were finished. This is the airman's sunrise.

Suddenly there's a flash on Ben's signal mirror. "Number Five's heating up again!"

So, after an exchange of signals, we ease down in a steep glide, then level off at 1000 feet. Below us are three fishing smacks, the first craft sighted on the trip. Number Five's engine cooled off somewhat during the long descent, but we shall have to nurse her along until we make a landfall.

But what's that in the southeast? I give Ben rapid instructions and he starts sending with the signal gun. Still I am hoping against hope that what I see isn't what I am so certain it is. Here we are so near and yet so far from "home." I grab the glasses. *Nine Nazi Heinkel bombers are coming our way!*

I disengage "George" and boost the Hudson up in the steepest S-climb she will take. If we can get into some high clouds ahead before the Nazis cross us we can outrun them. But the Heinkels are drawing closer. They change course suddenly; their leader must have guessed our purpose. If we only had some armament I should welcome the scramble although I'm supposed to be noncombatant.

Ben switches on the radio compass, hoping to tune in a British station. Then, once we get into the clouds, we can fly on instruments until we shake the Heinkels. If we can't shake them, our only hope is that one of the trawlers is an "official boat," sees what is happening and radios for help.

Jerry has the advantage of altitude and the nine planes, in three

V's, slant down at our practically helpless ships. The Germans know the transatlantic bombers fly unarmed, so they're anxious for "combat."

I signal the Hudsons to break formation. Just then, gray tracers stream out from the leading V. There's a staccato drumming of bullets through the starboard wing. I can feel it in the controls, and something about my stomach feels vague and empty. Bullets *pang* through the plastic glass in the nose, and the emptiness in my stomach crowds into my dry throat where there doesn't seem to be room for it. I kick rudder and slip out of the fire. The Nazis scream by — hardly 20 feet overhead — with more bullets, probably from their floor guns. Then the prayed-for clouds loom up ahead.

"See the others?" I ask Ben.

"Only a couple. But here comes Jerry again!" His voice is unsteady, even as I know mine is. It's one hell of a feeling.

Tracers thread across the port wing from behind just as our ship is swallowed by the murky semi-darkness of the cloud. "We're all right now, boy!" I cry almost convincingly. Ben is pale. I don't think it was so convincing as it sounded to me.

Jerry may be looking for us to come through on top of the clouds, or maybe he expects us to drop down again. We, however, are staying right in here. I shall never

again cuss clouds, even stormy ones, so long as I fly.

I play safe for about 15 minutes more, then ease down into the clear. "There's Ireland, Ben!" I shout.

Ben just says, "Ummmm!" — in gladness and relief. Looking up from his map he says, "We can start letting down in just 50 minutes if we speed up a bit."

I open up to 80 percent cruising speed for the sprint down the home stretch. Once more land gives way to water, but soon I nose down into a long power glide as England looms on the horizon. Over the airdrome I lower the landing gear, then bring her in. The wheels touch, the Hudson bounces ever so slightly, then sits down heavily. Suddenly I feel very tired. But we have delivered the ship in good condition, with the exception of a few bullet

holes, in 8 hours and 56 minutes. And all the other Hudsons are safe and coming in for landings.

This place doesn't look like an airdrome at all. Just a few camouflaged sheds and a lot of sandbags. Men of the ground crew taxi the bombers across the meadow in different directions, and presently they vanish. Each ship is rolled into a pit bordered with sandbags, so placed that no more than one or two ships could be destroyed by a single bomb if raiders came.

Soon these planes will be rolled out again — to bomb Nazi invasion springboards. Meanwhile I have a contract which says that I am to make 23 more trips, two each month. The part I don't like is going back to Newfoundland on a freighter. Shipping is dangerous business these days.



Zoo News

BARRED CAGES no longer obstruct the view of visitors to New York's Zoo; they find themselves strolling on an African plain populous with lions, antelope, giraffes, ostriches and zebras. African drums throb in the background. Broad moats, cunningly camouflaged, separate spectators from animals and lions from grass-eaters.

The old signs, "Don't Feed the Animals," are gone, and for five cents a bag the public may buy scientifically prepared food for 12 varieties of animals at vending machines. Four thousand pounds of fish a month are used at the zoo, most of it for the sea lions, and an attendant beside their pool now sells butterfish at five cents each. Two of the sea lions always stay on the far side of the pool; if a visitor can throw a fish so accurately that one of them catches it, he gets a free fish to throw.

— John O'Reilly in *Popular Science*

Talk of the Town

Excerpts from
The New Yorker

Safe
A COUPLE motoring across Pennsylvania put up for the night at a small country inn and while waiting in the dining room for their scrapple next morning called for a newspaper. Their waitress brought it and made an observation or two about the awfulness of the European news these days. "It is awful," the lady guest agreed, "especially to think that that sort of thing may be happening right here before long."

"Oh, it couldn't happen here," said the waitress confidently. "The nearest battlefield is at Gettysburg."

Pot
IF ANY professional shoplifters have been having trouble snatching flowerpots, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. A man we know, strictly an amateur, went into Wanamaker's recently to buy a flowerpot, and after picking out one, waited patiently for a clerk to appear. None did. Finally the man just carried the pot off under his arm.

When he got home, he discovered it was too small, so next day he went back to Wanamaker's and presented the pot to a clerk, explaining that he had appropriated it the day before and would like to exchange it for a larger one, for

which he would gladly pay. The clerk said this was a serious matter and would have to be taken up with the floor manager. He disappeared. When he failed to return after half an hour, our friend picked out a larger pot and departed with it. He has it at home now, full of lovely plants.

Reference
WE HAVE another entry to make on our roll of taxi drivers who dabble in philosophy, a fellow whose cab was approached the other day by a young matron who asked him if he was free. "Madam," he said politely, "according to Plato, no man is free."

Service
A SALESGIRL in Macy's basement was approached by a middle-aged lady with a request for a knife box. "Over there by Post G 8," the girl said. "Sure of that?" the lady asked. "I've been misdirected three times already."

"I'm so sure that if you don't find them there you can come back and kick me," the girl said.

The customer went off, and returned a few minutes later. "They're nearer G 7," she said. "Bend over." The girl bent. The customer is always right.

Genius: Its Cause and Care

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

Editor and president of The New Republic

WHY IS intelligence so unequally distributed? Why are some men bold and others timid, some seemingly born with a desire to lead and others to follow, some egotistical and others humble? Above all, how does it happen that now and then an individual is supremely gifted in some one field, so that the world is blessed with a Michelangelo, a Shakespeare, an Einstein?

Science does not yet know the answers to these questions; but today it has come closer to the heart of the riddle than ever before. In America's research laboratories important information bearing on the subject has recently been unearthed.

Much of the advance that mankind has made throughout history has been achieved by persons of outstanding ability, who deserve the name of genius. Effective genius is the product of two things in happy conjunction: the right sort of heredity and the right sort of environment, especially in early life. *Intelligence* is in the main hereditary, scientists believe, though they are not yet sure enough to be

This is the fifth article in a series under the general title "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research experts.

dogmatic. When it is changed by environment, in most cases it is because the individual does not do justice to himself in certain surroundings and under certain conditions. *Personality*, on the other hand, is almost entirely the result of environmental factors, particularly in infancy and childhood. There may be hereditary factors aside from sheer intelligence; but science believes that they are unimportant compared with such things as imitation of one's elders, discipline, and early attachments and repulsions regarding other persons.

This stress upon environment represents a recent change of emphasis on the part of science. Not long ago, many experts were inclined to take a rigidly mechanistic view of the human being. He was considered the victim of his glands. "We used to hear a good deal about glands regulating personality," said a great psychiatrist. "Today you

might almost with equal appropriateness talk about 'personality regulating glands.' Each influences the other in profound and subtle ways." This new knowledge makes early environment seem important, and makes it vital that society should recognize individuals of outstanding ability early in life.

It is customary to refer to a person of high intelligence as a genius, without regard to what he has accomplished. Even scientists do this in absent-minded moments, though they prefer the phrase, "gifted individual." Roughly speaking, and using popular terminology for the sake of convenience, anyone who is 40 percent more intelligent than the rank and file is a genius. A genius is born, almost always, of parents of superior intelligence; and his children also are usually above normal. But genius does not invariably beget genius.

More than a million individuals in the United States today rate as geniuses by this definition, and approximately 2700 rank in the very highest group. The abilities of thousands of them are unrecognized, their potential usefulness partly or wholly wasted. Some live and die humble members of the community whose only public praise is, "he's smart — for a garbage collector" or "she remembers more than 300 recipes without looking in the book." How amazingly this is true is shown by a recent experiment in Chicago's bleak Negro quarter, where 8000

children were picked at random and their intelligence tested. More than 100 were markedly high on the scale; 29 of these Negroes were intelligent enough to qualify as geniuses.

How do the scientists know how many geniuses there are? What is their standard for high intellectual power? To make a rough definition, the scientist says that unusual intelligence signifies a high degree of memory, strong powers of mental coördination and logic, and the ability to summon these at will. Some years ago, specialists began creating tests which, when given to a large number of people, would indicate their relative brightness — usually simple-sounding questions (sometimes trick ones), easy puzzles, tests of memory like the ability to repeat seven or eight numbers read off haphazardly. After hundreds of thousands of tests, the scientists found that they could establish a normal level of intelligence, which they set at 100. If an individual is 10 percent below this norm he is said to have an "intelligence quotient" or I.Q. of 90; if 20 percent above, an I.Q. of 120, and so on.

In the early days, exaggerated claims were sometimes made for these intelligence tests, especially by laymen who didn't understand them. Even today, the results should not be applied too rigidly. But there is no doubt that the tests do record intelligence and that their

results are likely to correlate with achievement.

One of the most fascinating researches of recent years was an attempt to study the level of intelligence of great men by estimating their childhood I.Q. and correlating it with known facts about the individual.

Under the direction of Dr. Catharine Cox of Stanford University (now Dr. Catharine Miles of Yale), the names of 300 eminent men born since 1450 were compiled, and every scrap of information regarding the lives of these individuals to age 26 was assembled. Experts trained in testing intelligence went over all this evidence. With true scientific caution, the experts refuse to say that the results reveal the actual intelligence level of these individuals as adults. They will say that it was not lower than the figure given.

Here are some of the most distinguished names of history with their I.Q. ratings as determined by Dr. Miles' study:

200 (These are considered the supreme intelligences of modern times):

Galton, Goethe, John Stuart Mill

190-195: Grotius, Leibnitz.

180-185: Bacon, Milton, Newton, Pitt, Voltaire.

170-175: Chatterton, Coleridge, Luther, Robert Peel, Alexander Pope.

160-165: John Quincy Adams, Burke, Longfellow, Tennyson.

150-155: Samuel Johnson, Mendelssohn, Mozart, George Sand, Scott, Wordsworth.

140-145: John Adams, Emerson, Lincoln, Napoleon, Nelson, Thackeray, Washington.

Genius is often associated with precocity, but not always. John Stuart Mill, the economist, learned Greek at three, studied Plato at seven, and Latin, geometry and algebra at eight. When a little more than six, he wrote quite a creditable history of Rome. Goethe wrote his immortal *Werther* at 25; Milton had composed what has been called the most beautiful ode in English at 21; Schelling formulated his philosophy at 20; Raphael when one year older had painted the *Granda-duca Madonna*; Peel was chief secretary for Ireland at 24.

Another piece of important evidence is the monumental study of present-day genius made by Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University and his associates.

Nineteen years ago Dr. Terman began looking for high intelligence among school children of the Pacific Coast. Out of thousands who were given intelligence tests, about 1500 possessed I.Q.'s of 150 or more. At intervals ever since, most of these 1500 geniuses have been investigated afresh. On the whole, these gifted children are doing much better than their normal classmates. They marry early, get divorced less frequently, their health is good. By the time they are 30 their average income is \$3000 a year — far above that of their normal classmates and remarkable when you remember

that these young people went to work during the depression. Quite a number are earning \$12,000 or more, though the oldest is in his early thirties. They have already written 20 books, hundreds of magazine articles and have taken out 80 important patents.

In general, these gifted children, now grown up, have chosen careers that might be expected. The men are lawyers, doctors, engineers, clergymen, research experts. Some, on the other hand, are movie actors and jazzband players. One is a Walt Disney artist, another a fox farmer. The girls are teachers, doctors, nurses, office workers, librarians, artists, decorators, architects, actresses, musicians, dancers. The genius girls show less desire to follow a career than the genius boys. About half the girls are married and follow the conventional American cultural pattern. Both boys and girls marry people whose intelligence scores about 25 points lower than their own.

Now comes the amazing part of Dr. Terman's study. Of his group of geniuses 25 percent have made a far greater success in life than the rest. Fifty percent have done moderately well and 25 percent have done very badly. The men in the top quarter earn two and one third times as much as those in the bottom quarter. They have married earlier, their wives are more intelligent and their divorce rate is only one third as high — all indications

of successful living. The bottom quarter contains men in humble situations — policeman, carpenter, gas-station attendant, floorwalker. Here is an astonishing difference between two groups of high-scoring children, of equal intelligence by test, starting life side by side.

Dr. Terman's investigators found one important explanation in the home environment and the personality it produces in a child. In the top group nearly 57 percent had fathers who were professional men, able to earn enough money to give their children stable and peaceful environment. The members of the bottom group often came from homes where there was insecurity, poverty and unhappiness. Many of the parents were foreign born, struggling with an alien culture. Their genius children were held down by environment.

Dr. Miles, summing up the facts about her 300 geniuses, found characteristics common to nearly all. They came from "good stock," with a fairly high intelligence among the parents. Most of them had security, affection and understanding in early life. Genius, Dr. Miles found, is almost universally kind, trustworthy, conscientious, persistent, physically and mentally active, modest, not eager for pleasure, cool tempered. Genius is as much above the commonalty of mankind in the possession of these traits as it is in intelligence.

What do the researches of Dr.

Terman and Dr. Miles reveal that is useful to society? They show us that while high intelligence is chiefly accident of birth, we can by proper training turn a potential genius into an actual one, whose gifts are useful to mankind. The most important factors in bringing this about are, first, incentive — living in a society that wants and appreciates great ability — and, second, a sense of reassurance and security from the earliest days. It is now scientifically proved that genius does not need to be maladjusted, as was commonly supposed. "Artistic temperament" is the attitude of the spoiled child carried over into adult life by a high-strung, gifted individual who discovers he can get away with it. He might be more of a genius without his tantrums.

The lesson is plain, and important. We need these rare one-in-a-hundred-thousand minds. We need to improve our machinery for finding such individuals, and to care

for them. Evidence disproves the theory that great abilities thrive on insecurity, unhappiness and fear. When they appear to it is because the individual surmounts the obstacles.

This is not to say that a reasonable amount of poverty and sharp discipline are not desirable; the lives of many great men suggest that they are. Poverty is not necessarily identical with insecurity.

What is true of the geniuses applies also to the rest of us. Both the intelligence and the personality of the average man function far better under favorable conditions. This may seem a truism but it is only half realized by parents, teachers, and correctional institutions. Science has now given us the final and urgent reason why we should put our collective brains to work and give the maximum amount of training, useful experience, security and a sense of power and success to all the rising generation.

Illustrative Anecdotes — 43 —

¶ "ONCE in Virginia," said a speaker who had received an introduction that promised more than he felt he could deliver, "I passed a small church displaying a large sign. It read: 'Annual Strawberry Festival,' and below in small letters, 'On account of the depression, prunes will be served.' "

— *Boston Transcript*

¶ "Do you suggest he is a thief?" asked the counsel.
 "I couldn't say he's a thief, suh," said the witness.
 "But if I was a chicken, I'd sure roost high!"

— *Family Herald and Weekly Star*

The Green Magic of Chlorophyll

Condensed from Science News Letter

Lois Mattox Miller

DEEP in the mysterious affinity between sunlight and green plants, science hopes it has found something which brings man closer to victory in his old struggle against bodily infection. This substance is simply chlorophyll, the coloring matter with which Nature paints forest and field a brilliant green.

The work being done is so recent that relatively few of the nation's 160,000 physicians have heard of it. But evidence of chlorophyll's medicinal value is most encouraging, so far. Distinguished medical specialists report that in 1200 recorded cases they have seen chlorophyll combat deep-lying infections, cleanse open wounds, relieve chronic sinus conditions, and banish common head colds. Exactly how it works is still Nature's secret.

Chemists have long been able to segregate the green pigment in growing plants, but until 1913 all attempts to explore the chlorophyll molecule failed. Then a German chemist, Dr. Richard Willstätter, made the uncannily correct deduction that the green miracle of Nature is closely linked to the secret of life itself.

All life energy comes from the sun. Green plants alone possess the secret of how to capture this solar energy, and pass it on to man and beast. A ray of sunlight strikes the green leaf and instantly the miracle is wrought. Within the plant, molecules of water and carbon dioxide are torn apart — a feat which the chemist can accomplish only with great difficulty. First there are only lifeless gas and water; then, presto! these are transformed into living tissue. Oxygen is released from the plant to revitalize the air we breathe. Units of energy, in sugars and other carbohydrates, are manufactured and stored up in the plant.

Man consumes the energy as food — in vegetables and the flesh of herbivorous animals. He uses it in the form of coal, oil and gas — green vegetation locked up in the earth for ages.

These facts deduced by Willstätter were dramatic. But closer study yielded something even more baffling. The chlorophyll molecule bears a striking resemblance to hemoglobin, the red pigment in human blood. The red blood pigment is a web of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen,

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(Science News Letter, March 15, '41)

and nitrogen atoms grouped around an atom of iron. Nature's green pigment is a similar web of the same atoms — except that its centerpiece is an atom of magnesium. Obviously, this similarity had some significance. But what?

Thus the multiple mysteries of chlorophyll became a standing challenge to scientists. Some of them, including Charles F. Kettering, began to probe for the basic secrets of the "sun trap," hoping to find artificial means of tapping solar energy. Others, like Dr. Hans Fischer, a German who won the Nobel Prize in 1931 for his work on the red blood pigment, searched for possible medical uses for chlorophyll.

Kettering set up a Foundation for the Study of Chlorophyll and Photosynthesis — the process by which chlorophyll works — at Antioch College in 1930 to explore the phenomenon from all angles. One of the first questions the Ohio researchers asked themselves was: What happens to chlorophyll as it passes through the digestive systems of men and animals? They found that the breakdown products of the chlorophyll molecule bore an even closer resemblance to one of the fragments of the red blood pigment called hematin. And when this partly digested food was fed to rats it directly stimulated the formation of red blood cells.

At about the same time, Dr. Fischer announced that he had been using chlorophyll in the treat-

ment of anemia, with promising (although by no means conclusive) results. These clues stimulated biochemists elsewhere.

Investigators at Temple University in Philadelphia discovered a curious thing: the green solution seemed to strengthen the walls of the body cells of animals. That led them to ask, might not chlorophyll help the body combat bacterial invaders? Even the best of antiseptics shared a common drawback — an antiseptic solution strong enough to kill germs often damaged the surrounding body tissues. Could chlorophyll enable the body to destroy bacteria and at the same time soothe tissues?

In the laboratory the performance of Nature's green pigment was puzzling. It possessed no power of its own to kill germs; it would not perform in a test tube. But in contact with living tissues, it appeared to increase the resistance of the cells and inhibited the growth of bacteria. Its peculiar faculty for breaking down carbon dioxide and releasing oxygen apparently spelled defeat for bacteria which thrive only in sealed wounds away from air. And even in generous doses it had a soothing rather than irritating effect.

The Department of Experimental Pathology at Temple prepared chlorophyll solutions and ointments suitable for a wide variety of infections. Then medical specialists of Temple University Hospital began to treat

patients under carefully controlled conditions.

Last July the first report was published in the *American Journal of Surgery*. Under these auspices, and with a score of distinguished doctors adding their own testimony, the green pigment was described as an important and effective drug. Some 1200 cases, ranging from deep internal infections to skin disorders, had been treated and in case after case the doctors reported: "Discharged as cured."

People had been brought in with bursting appendices and spreading peritonitis. Appendectomies had been performed, chlorophyll solutions had been flooded into deep wounds through drainage tubes, and applied elsewhere on wet dressings or in ointments.

Ulcerated varicose veins, osteomyelitis (a difficult bone disease), brain ulcers, and various types of infected wounds had been healed. Numerous cases of such mouth infections as Vincent's angina and advanced pyorrhea were cured. The most spectacular results occurred in the treatment of 1000 cases of respiratory infections—sinusitis, rhinitis, head colds, etc.—treated under the supervision of Dr. Robert Ridpath and Dr. T. Carroll Davis. These prominent specialists reported

"there is not a single case in which improvement or cure has not taken place." Chlorophyll packs, skillfully inserted into the sinuses, had a drying effect, cleared up congestion, and gave immediate relief. Congested head colds were cleared up within 24 hours.

How does chlorophyll affect the system? Beyond the theory that it strengthens the cells, inhibits bacterial growth, and gives the body tissues an opportunity to apply their own defenses, these doctors frankly admit they don't know. There is considerably more to the process, they say. Its exact nature may never be fully understood.

The experts who have nursed it through its laboratory period are enthusiastic; they freely predict its wide and effective use. The medical profession, at large conservative, and properly so, will study the effect of chlorophyll long and carefully before recommending its general use. But there are increasing reports of hospitals and private practitioners who are making tests. They hope the early evidence that Nature's "green magic" heals as well as nourishes man stands the ordeal of further trial. It is one of the most interesting lines of research on the frontiers of medicine today.



THE TROUBLE with marriage is that, while every woman is at heart a mother, every man is at heart a bachelor. — E. ♡. Lucas

Youth, Get Your Toe in the Door

Condensed from Forbes

J. P. McEvoy

FOR YEARS ambitious young men have been asking me, "How does a fellow get started?" I always say, well, it's so simple and it sounds so easy you probably won't do it. Take a few months to learn shorthand and typing. Then pick out the business you'd like to run or the profession you'd like to star in and get yourself a job in it as a secretary, stenographer or typist. Now you're on the inside and you've got the tools with which you can chew your way right up to the top.

"A likely story," says the young man. "Name three." So I haul off and say, how about Alexander Hamilton, Fulgencio Batista, Billy Rose? That usually staggers him. I

J. P. McEvoy was a newspaper feature columnist at 19, since then has written plays, revues, novels, movies, radio programs, magazine articles and short stories. There is now little doubt that Mr. McEvoy knows something about writing for a living; and this summer he will conduct a course on the art from July 7 to September 15 at his Malibu Beach, Cal., home. Actual projects for radio, magazines, movies and the stage will be developed. Apprentices will be limited to 10 young men of proved talent and satisfactory sponsorship.

follow up my advantage quickly: How about Irvin Cobb, Grover Whalen, Frank Vanderlip, Mayor LaGuardia, Vincent Bendix, Charlie Butterworth?

By this time I have my young friend pretty well in hand, so I give him a few details. Let's take Batista, President of Cuba. You wouldn't think a fellow would deliberately sit down and learn shorthand so he could take over a country, but that's just what Batista did. He was a farm boy with ambition. He knew that the man who controlled the army controlled Cuba. He learned shorthand and typing, got a job taking dictation from the officers who were running the army. As he told me himself, "I thought it a good way to find out how things were done." How well he learned was shown a few years later when he led a group of fellow sergeants in revolt, took over the army, and made himself dictator of the country.

You can't get your name on the door until you get it on the payroll, I tell my young friend. And the person who does the hiring always wants to know what you can do.

If you say "Anything" the answer is "Good-bye." But if you can type or take dictation, you're qualified for all the many jobs that require those two skills.

Secretaries not only learn how. They learn who. They make contacts. The secretary to the president of a company meets other presidents. The secretary to a theatrical producer meets other producers, stars, top writers, top directors. Herman Shumlin, producer of *Grand Hotel*, started as secretary to Jed Harris, producer of *Broadway* and *Dinner at Eight*. Lillian Hellman, author of *The Children's Hour* and *The Little Foxes*, started as secretary to Herman Shumlin. George S. Kaufman, the most successful playwright on Broadway, started as a stenographer. Moss Hart, whose *Lady in the Dark* is an outstanding current hit, was secretary to producer George C. Tyler.

The names of industrial leaders who started as stenographers and secretaries would fill a telephone directory. Among them: George W. Perkins, Frank A. Vanderlip, John J. Raskob. Two presidents of Armour & Company, T. George Lee and George A. Eastwood, were secretaries, and so was Vincent Bendix, aviation magnate, who makes it a policy to hire young men as secretaries and push them along into important positions.

Bendix (who bought a shorthand book and taught himself) told me of an important conference he had

in his office a few years ago with the heads of five other large corporations. "As the hours dragged we let the office force go, but before we adjourned we agreed that each of us would jot down his understanding of the decisions we had reached. To our mutual surprise we discovered that five of the six of us had been making a shorthand record of the conference and had all started as stenographers!"

Irving Thalberg was the outstanding leader of the motion-picture industry when he died in his thirties. At 18 he was working in a Brooklyn dry-goods store by day and studying shorthand and Spanish by night. He put an ad in the paper: "Secretary, stenographer; Spanish-English; high school education; inexperienced; salary \$15." He got four answers, took a 10-hour-a-day job in a small trading establishment. Later he worked for an exporter, an executive who demanded painstaking accuracy. The training stuck to Thalberg when he went to work for Carl Laemmle, then president of Universal Pictures. In Laemmle's office he learned the inside details of production, sales and promotion. He learned how deals were made, stories were dreamed and stars were born. At 21 he was running Universal, at 30 he was running MGM. To make the story perfect, his wife, Norma Shearer, also started as a stenographer. (So did Kay Francis, Ethel Merman.)

The political skies are studded with stars of every magnitude who started as pale but effectual secretarial glowworms. Alexander Hamilton, at 20, was George Washington's secretary. Coming down to our own time, we find George B. Cortelyou, who wound up in three Cabinets after starting as private secretary to a fourth assistant Postmaster General, stenographer to President Cleveland, assistant secretary to President McKinley, and secretary to Theodore Roosevelt. Later, when president of the Consolidated Gas Company, he called stenography "the handmaiden of opportunity," and gave it credit for his success, pointing out that instead of being marooned in the outer fringes of an organization a stenographer usually finds himself in the inner circle, attached to a higher executive, where he learns all the details of the business, has incomparable opportunities to gain intimate knowledge of a successful man's methods, and is the obvious candidate for promotion when an opening occurs.

New York's Mayor LaGuardia launched his political career taking down immigration hearings in shorthand. Later, while serving in Congress, he hired a very good secretary named Marie Fisher. She is now Mrs. LaGuardia. He likes to tell her he "traded a good secretary for a bad cook."

Leon Henderson, a key man on the National Defense Commission,

learned shorthand in high school. Ambitious for a college education and lacking funds, he was working for the Du Ponts as a day laborer when he learned that their safety engineer had recently fired three stenographers because they couldn't adapt themselves to the peculiar dictating habits of their boss. It seems the engineer, in addition to speaking with machine-gun rapidity, made inspection trips on horseback, shouting recommendations and memoranda on the fly. Henderson, like most kids of his age, could ride a bicycle with his hands off the handlebars. So he took the job and kept it all summer, taking dictation as he pedaled along beside his boss. When fall came he had the down payment on his college education and was on his way to the top.

Care for more shorthand experts in the political arena? Add Senators Barkley of Kentucky and Byrnes of South Carolina — and, skipping backward, John Hay, secretary to Lincoln and later Secretary of State.

Dickens was a court reporter in his youth. Peter B. Kyne started collecting background material for his famous "Cappy Ricks" stories as a secretary in the wholesale lumber and shipping business at \$7 a week. *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* — and Robert Riskin, who wrote both of these movie scripts, goes to the bank with the largest weekly writing check in Hollywood. How did he start? You guessed it.

May I tuck in a personal item? Some years ago I started hiring as secretary each summer a bright college graduate who knew shorthand, typing, or both. I was writing for the magazines, the theater, and radio, and figured they would not only get training, but make valuable contacts for themselves. One of these lads is now the NBC man in Berlin, another is editor of a national movie magazine. One of the girls, Elspeth Eric, starred in *Dead End* and *Margin for Error*. She succeeded a sad young man whom I moved from the typewriter to the stage, where he made an overnight sensation as a new come-

dian. His name was, and still is, Charles Butterworth.

So learn a skill, young man, a skill you can exchange for room, board, and that toe in the door known variously as luck, opportunity or the breaks. Learn shorthand, typing and simple accounting. The young man who doesn't know them today is as illiterate as his father would have been without Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic. Shoals of young people are being educated to enjoy leisure. Too few are being taught to *earn* leisure. You can earn it only through work, and you can get work only if you are equipped.

Tall-Tale-of-the-Month

*B*ILL GREENFIELD, famous fictioneer of the Adirondack lumber camps, was telling how he had been hunting in a forest so thick that he had had to pass sideways among the trees, when all at once he saw a buck, full-antlered, running through the wood. . . .

"Hold on, Bill!" said one of the listeners. "How could that buck run through the forest that way if you had to turn sideways to get through?"

Bill stared contemptuously. "Why, the buck had to pull in his horns — the way some of you have to do sometimes."

— Harold W. Thompson, *Body, Boots & Britches* (Lippincott)

Boom

"How's business Sam?" a Negro asked a friend.

"Lawdy, man, business am sho' good. Ah's bought a mule fo' \$10, swapped it fo' a bicycle, swapped dat fo' a mangle iron, swapped de mangle fo' a bedstead an' Ah sold de bedstead fo' \$10!"

"But yo ain't made nothin' on the turnover."

"No, dat's right, but look at de business Ah's done!" *

— George D. Wright in *Mexican-American Review*

“Lunsch” with Dr. Schmidt

Condensed from The New Yorker

Bernard Lansing

DR. GOEBBELS and his Propaganda Ministry employ a system of censorship which keeps foreign correspondents on their toes. The old-fashioned British read every dispatch before it goes out and let a correspondent know at once what he cannot say. The Germans tell him he can send what he likes. Then, if a story offends the government, the writer is ordered to leave the country. If the government is merely irritated, the writer is subjected to what the Germans call a *Kopfwaschen*, or head-washing — a friendly talking-to by a representative of Dr. Goebbels. Until a Berlin correspondent has undergone a *Kopfwaschen* he feels he has not arrived.

I was therefore delighted when Dr. Schmidt of the Propaganda Ministry phoned and asked me to have “a liddle lunsch” as his guest at the Adlon Hotel, where the head-washing is invariably performed. We had not met, but he assured me he would recognize me, and I didn’t doubt it.

Dr. Schmidt turned out to be a florid, bald man of about 40 who embodies the old definition of a

German: “A traveling salesman trying to mimic Wotan.” He bore down on me with fat fingers extended. “Hallo there!” he called out, in his idea of a breezy American manner. “So glad you could make it.” He led me into the dining room, where an isolated table had been reserved.

“Well,” he began, “how long have you been in Germany?” He knew to the day and hour, but conversation had to be opened. “And how does it please you here?” He doubtless knew that too, but I told him I thought everything was dandy. Reminiscences of years he had spent in America followed. “The two things I liked best,” he said, “were the girls and the breakfasts. Boy, oh boy, those breakfasts with — how do you say? — orange juice and Shredded Wheats and a steak with fried potatoes and coffee! But it is interesting here by us, don’t you find it? What we don’t have in steaks for breakfast we have in excitements. You see, we are engaged since seven years in a big experiment.”

Then he told the thousand-times-repeated story of National So-

cialism, ignoring my interpolations. "It is the German spirit seeking perfection," he concluded. "We have every sympathy with the Poles and the Czechs, but they made a big mistake. We have corrected a law of nature which was violated when they were made independent."

I was familiar with a dozen laws the Nazis invoke to justify their widely misunderstood aggressions, but this was the first I'd heard of the law of nature.

"What law is this?" I asked.

"The one that gives us the right to exterminate menaces," answered Dr. Schmidt cheerfully. "Little states are menaces to big ones when they become — how do you say? — diving boards for other powers. And that is how England was using Czechoslovakia and Poland. But here we go talking politics," he said with a laugh. "It would be better if there were no politics in the world, no?" He patted my arm amiably.

After a quick look around, Dr. Schmidt put his face close to mine and began in a furtive, confidential voice: "When I phoned you, it was because I wanted to make a little proposal to you. Something you will like very much. A bus trip is being arranged Monday so that some of you can visit Prague and maybe Warsaw. You see, some of the things the American papers have been writing about those places are not nice. The *Reichsmin-*

ister has decided it is best you see it for yourselves. You will see the churches and bridges and fine houses, all built by Germans. You will eat wonderful meals in the Esplanade, where the cooking is all German. I want especially you to make this trip, because you will see that what you wrote about the shooting of those Prague students is not true. Please understand I am not blaming you, because you were victimized. The English and the Jews are always trying to undermine German prestige and so such stories begin."

"Unfortunately," I said, "students in Prague *were* killed and —"

"*Mein lieber Freund*," interrupted Dr. Schmidt, "surely you know us better as that. It is really a violation of the hospitality of the Reich that you even think such things. You will be taken out to the famous old German university and can talk with the students."

"It didn't happen at the German university," I reminded him. "Do you suppose it would be possible to visit the Czech university?"

"I don't know," replied Dr. Schmidt. "Maybe it is closed. Anyhow, you will have so much to do."

The arrival of the soup quieted Dr. Schmidt, but not for long. "I have often wondered," he started up again, "why your paper doesn't like Adolf Hitler. What has he ever done against it?"

I began to point out that my paper tried to print the news, with-

out considering whether it was favorable or unfavorable to Hitler.

"The American race," he went right on, "will have to recognize Adolf Hitler because it will someday feel its German heritage, which is much stronger than anything the Anglo-Saxons have given you. There are 23,000,000 Americans of German descent," declared Dr. Schmidt, throwing out both arms as if to embrace them all. "Do you think a single one will ever forget he is a German? Never! So is it not better America recognizes in time the direction of destiny? The *Reichsminister* is not happy over some of your articles, but if you would write a letter to your editor and tell him to — how do you say? — lay off Adolf Hitler, it would make him happy. Yes, I can tell you man to man it would improve your position here. Perhaps you will let the *Reichsminister* see your letter? Well, here comes the food," he said in an unnecessarily loud voice. "I have a whale fish of an appetite."

After we had disposed of a rationed 70 grams of ragout and one boiled potato, the monologue continued over *ersatz* coffee. "We in the Ministry are here to help you, you know. But it is not good when you go direct to the Admiralty as you did recently. You are perhaps surprised I know about it?"

I was not surprised. Dr. Schmidt winked coquettishly. "I just happened to find out," he said, "but if I were you, I wouldn't try that

again. Come to me, then I will go to the Admiralty for you. That will save you trouble, no?"

"And that reminds me," he continued. "Why did you try to send out such a lie about somebody smashing the window of Heinrich Hoffmann's photographic shop because he had a picture of Adolf Hitler in it? It was lucky the telegraph people happened to see your story. Otherwise you would have had much trouble."

"I saw the window myself," I said.

"Could it not be an accident? It would be better if you journalists would not listen to those Jewish fairy tales. Why don't you do constructive reporting instead of hunting out smashed windows? Are there not many fine things worth reporting about this great movement we are making? You could talk with the leaders. They are all accessible if they like what your paper writes about Germany."

I suggested that I'd like an interview with Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazis' one-time Red-baiter, to ask what he thought now of Soviet-Nazi relations. "Well, I don't think that would be fruitful," Dr. Schmidt said. "What Herr Rosenberg wrote several years ago was all right when he wrote it, but, as you say in America, much water has passed under the bridge since then. I think he will write another book soon."

Then he plunged on. "That was a most remarkable story you wrote

about that German dentist who told you he was compelled to cut his tooth fillings from an old aluminum pot. Of course, he was just pulling your leg. We have everything we need. If dentists do not use gold or silver for fillings, it is because they have discovered something better, and it is not old aluminum pots. That reminds me. I have been looking for a good dentist. Perhaps you could give me the name of one. He would be thankful to you for getting him a customer, no?"

"Perhaps it might be a Gestapo customer," I suggested, jokingly.

"*Mein lieber Freund!*" exploded Dr. Schmidt. "You jump at false conclusions. You foreigners have the wrong idea about the Gestapo. I will tell you something confidential."

Dr. Schmidt hunched closer and I settled back for something not confidential.

"A film was made of the Gestapo and its activities," he said, "but when it was finished, Herr Himmler decided it must not be shown because it would be bad for the discipline of the people if they knew how nice the Gestapo is. It showed the Gestapo finding lost babies and catching criminals and preventing the workers from being influenced by agents of the reaction."

"Reaction?" I interrupted. "Is there a reaction in the Reich?"

"*Nein!*" shouted Dr. Schmidt. "Please not to spring at conclu-

sions. Naturally, we have no reaction in Germany. But it was necessary to invent some for the film. Just like the Jews in Hollywood invent Nazi spies in their films. The people like it."

Now Dr. Schmidt's voice became buttery. "Before we go back to our jobs," he said, "I want to mention one little thing. Wouldn't it just be better if you didn't invite Jews any more to your home?"

"Dr. Goebbels himself assured me," I reminded him, "that the Nuremberg Laws do not apply to foreign journalists."

"Sure, *natürlich*," agreed Dr. Schmidt. "But it is unfortunate that you happen to live in a German apartment house. The other people might not like it for a Jew to be riding the lift. You know, 'When in Rome, be like the Romans!'"

"And now," he said with sudden Prussian briskness, "we must break up this pleasant little lunch. It is a pity we all work so hard and don't have more time for sociability."

I got the feeling that Dr. Schmidt had brought along a mental list of exactly six complaints and had checked them off neatly, one by one. When we stepped outside Dr. Schmidt shook my hand unconvincingly. "Whenever you want anything, just come to me," he said. "By us it is not like in London. It is — how do you say? — everything for the customer. *Auf wiedersehen.*"

¶ A Georgia woman revived a lost art — and prosperity followed throughout her community

Bedspread Bonanza

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

R. E. Hamilton

WHEN Catherine Evans was a 12-year-old Georgia farm girl she began tufting a bedspread so she would have one like the antique a cousin had inherited. She finished her spread after three years, made several more for relatives and at 20 sold one for \$2.50. Out of this sale in 1900 has grown America's tufted bedspread industry today employing 10,000 workers, using 30,000 bales of cotton a year and turning out products retailing for \$25,000,000.

Dalton, the sleepy southern village to which Catherine Evans used to drive a mule cart for her yarn, has become the center of the new industry. Buyers from America's greatest stores and mail-order houses

are in Dalton every day. Within a 50-mile radius are 76 factories producing 80 percent of the nation's tufted bedspreads.

For a decade after Catherine Evans' first sale tufted bedspreads were a one-woman industry. She sold to friends and friends' friends. She wound her own yarn — on the family's old spinning wheel — and transferred designs by rubbing a sheet placed over an inverted spread with a greased tin pan. In pioneering the new industry, this farmer's daughter, whose schooling ended with the fifth reader, was also reviving a lost art. Tufted bedspreads had begun among New England settlers around 1650 and reached their highest development in the plantation South between 1725 and 1850. They faded out to be revived in one of the South's poorest farming sections.

As Miss Evans' orders increased, she taught tufting to neighbors and shortly had many a poor farm woman working spreads for her. Her success fired the imagination of Dalton housewives. The dentist's wife thought of department stores and persuaded John Wanamaker to

R. E. HAMILTON — everybody in Dalton, Ga., calls him "R.E." — became editor of the *Dalton News* 13 years ago, when he was 19. Later he spent two years traveling around the country as a free-lance writer, then went back to his home town and paper and hasn't strayed since. Mr. Hamilton's hobby is bird study; he is helping to catalogue Georgia's birds, has already found 128 species around Dalton. He says he once worked a bedspread himself but is not proud of the result.

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try half a dozen of the Evans spreads. A storekeeper's wife who bought two spreads had a ready-to-wear salesman carry them through his territory as samples — and was flabbergasted by an order from a Cleveland store for 100. The storekeeper's wife lined up more farm women to make spreads in their homes and coined the term "colonial candlewick spreads." "Candlewick" stuck — except among the mountain workers who kept on using the term "tufted" which they corrupted into "turfed."

Around 1921 many other Dalton wives became bedspread entrepreneurs. One went into it to make out her husband's salary as a preacher. Another wanted funds to send her children through college. None had any capital or business experience. Most of them looked upon spreads as a pin-money opportunity.

They carried on their business in their homes and back yards, their correspondence in longhand. They didn't make any spreads themselves — simply marked a pattern on a sheet and gave it and the yarn to a tufter; when the completed spreads returned from the back-country they were washed and hung on the family clotheslines. It all seemed pretty picayune to the Dalton businessmen but first thing they knew the ladies were talking big money. Miss Evans' entire production was contracted for for several years; another woman was selling \$60,000 worth to a single store.

Men began moving into the industry in 1922. A freight agent quit his job, started handling bedspreads in a spare room, and now has expanded to a million-dollar-a-year business. Similarly, a telegraph operator switched to spreads, and now flies his plane to and from his plants scattered over four counties. A dentist watched his wife's business eclipse his practice, closed his office, built up a factory with 500 employees.

The men continued the farming-out system started by Miss Evans. But where she had found enough workers in her neighborhood they soon expanded over all North Georgia. As sales mounted trucks carried yarn and stamped sheets to tufters hundreds of miles away in Tennessee, South Carolina and Alabama. At times 9000 men, women and children sat on cabin porches or around fireplaces after supper, "turfig" at top speed and still unable to keep up with demand. As more and more bedspread companies sprang up, department store buyers began forcing prices down by playing one against the other, and piece rates slumped. Tufters were making only 5 and 10 cents an hour — and the industry seemed headed for the rocks.

It was saved by mechanization. The men did that — no sooner taking over the industry than beginning to search for a machine that would stitch the heavy yarn through light sheeting without tearing it—

chenille (French for caterpillar) machines. Improvements followed, then multiple-needle machines sewing parallel rows of tufting. One machine now tufts as fast as 300 hands; parts for it come from secondhand sewing machines bought by the thousands from the New York garment center.

While Miss Evans is recognized as the mother of the industry the parentage of the chenille machine is not so clearly established. Several claim to be the father but apparently today's mechanism is the product of many mechanics and inventors — all natives of the Dalton area. The NRA and the Wage and Hour Law hurried mechanization along. Spreads couldn't be made by hand at 32½ cents an hour. With improvement of the machines, bedspread prices dropped and volume shot up.

Today's business is 15 times that of 1933, when the switch from fireside to factory began. Hand-made spreads now comprise less than one percent of the industry's volume. Instead of mothers and grandmothers tufting on cabin porches their sons and daughters are working in the mills, playing on softball teams, going to beauty parlors and enjoying recesses twice a day.

The bedspread companies have not put up mill villages. Of Dalton's 5000 bedspread workers 3000 live outside town, some on farms 10, 15 miles away, many in the

little fresh-painted homes seen along every road. Workers are buying their own places for \$15 or \$20 a month. They come to the factories packed four or five in a secondhand car. Some of the mills themselves are in the country; one was formerly a roadhouse, another was a stone railroad station.

Dalton's population, now 10,000, is up a fourth since 1930. It and the rest of the county — entirely rural without a village of more than 250 persons — are flourishing. Rural schools have been consolidated and improved. Both town and county finances are in enviable shape.

A dozen laundries have sprung up to wash bedspreads. Three years ago a mechanic gave up his \$19-a-week job to start a chenille machine shop; he began using his own garage and \$250 worth of old machinery bought on credit. Today he has 12 employes, a \$40,000 business. A few years ago four textile employes with \$1000 apiece launched a mill to make nothing but yarn for bedspreads; they started in an abandoned warehouse and now have two busy modern factories with 250 employes.

Dye plants for yarn have been built. With the industry needing tags and labels by the million, employment has increased in printing shops. New mills and homes have brought a little boom to everyone from lumbermen to retailers.

Except for a hotel gift shop, no

store in Dalton carries bedspreads — everyone gets them wholesale. But along the highway for 50 miles north and south, spreads are hung in front of cabins, filling stations, country stores — in fact, this stretch of the Dixie Highway to Florida is called Bedspread Boulevard. Some of the roadside spreads are hand-made, some turned out by little operators with one or two machines; generally they are flashy designs in clashing colors. A double-peacock design in purple is probably the worst of the Boulevard's spreads — and also its year-after-year best seller.

These roadside spreads are a far cry from those Miss Evans made or the products of the best factories. With mechanization, cotton mills developed new fabrics, dye concerns an infinite variety of shades. Fashion designers and interior decorators were called in. Holly-

wood came to Dalton to have the spread made for Scarlett's bed at Tara.

The chenille technique has been extended to other textiles. Mills turn out increasingly large amounts of chenille robes, housecoats, sports and beach wear. One large Dalton plant has brought out a new scatter rug to blend with bedspreads. Another mill is making bathmats and seat covers. It is still an industry of many small firms — 90 today against 14 in 1933. The largest mill today does as much business as the entire industry did in 1933, but its total is less than a tenth of the present output. Near this factory is the home of Catherine Evans who moved to town and married in the early 1920's. She has retired on her earnings but she still sells a hand-tufted spread now and then — to some customer who stood by her in the pioneer days.

The Fruit-of-the-Month Club

THE MEMBERS of the Fruit-of-the-Month Club, organized on the West Coast, receive by express monthly — except July and August — a box or basket of the very choicest fruits or nuts raised in different regions. Each is picked at the peak of goodness. For April there is a five-pound box of three varieties of rare dates never sold in stores; May brings a half-gallon barrel of figs picked dead-ripe and pickled in sweet spiced vinegar; in January members receive a 10-pound box of large and luscious d'Anjou pears, considered by connoisseurs the world's finest. Other months the shipments are extra-large nuts; a five-pound cake made of 15 varieties of fruit and nuts; and seedless oranges and Satsuma tangerines picked at their best.

— W. W. Wheatley in *The Family Circle*

The American Century

Condensed from Life

Henry R. Luce

WE AMERICANS are unhappy. We are not happy about America. As we look out at the rest of the world we are confused; we don't know what to do. As we look toward the future we are filled with foreboding. The future doesn't seem to hold anything for us except conflict, disruption, war.

We know how lucky we are. Compared to all the rest of mankind at least two thirds of us are just plain rich — rich in food, rich in clothes, rich in entertainment, rich in leisure, rich. And yet we know that the sickness of the world is also our sickness. We, too, have failed miserably to solve the prob-

YALE SENIORS in 1920 voted Henry Robinson Luce the most brilliant man in their class. Less than three years later Mr. Luce and a classmate, the late Briton Hadden, founded *Time* against the advice of older, more experienced men. The success of that magazine enabled Mr. Luce to start *Fortune* in 1930 and a rejuvenated *Life* in 1936. Mr. Luce was born in Shanghai 43 years ago, the son of an American missionary. Deeply interested in international affairs, he has traveled extensively in Europe, bringing back firsthand reports for his magazines.

lems of our epoch. And nowhere in the world have man's failures been so little excusable as in the United States. Nowhere has the contrast been so great between the reasonable hopes of our age and the actual facts of failure and frustration. And so now all our failures and mistakes hover like birds of ill omen over us.

But there is another reason why there is no peace in our hearts: in this whole matter of War and Peace, we have not been honest with ourselves, with the facts of history, or with the issues of the future.

There is one fundamental issue which we have dodged. It is deeper even than the immediate issue of War. If we meet it correctly we can look forward to a future worthy of men, with peace in our hearts. If we continue to dodge it we shall flounder for 10 or 20 or 30 bitter years in a series of disasters.

It is the big, important fact that the complete opportunity of world leadership is now *ours*. As evidence of this, consider the extraordinary and profoundly historical fact that only America can effectively state the war aims of this war.

Britain cannot win complete victory, cannot even "stop Hitler," without American help. Therefore, if Britain should announce war aims, the American people are in the position of effectively approving or not approving those aims. But if America were to announce war aims, Great Britain would certainly accept them. And the entire world including Adolf Hitler would accept them as the gauge of this battle.

Americans have a feeling that in any collaboration with Great Britain we are playing Britain's game and not our own. Whatever sense there may have been in this notion in the past, today it is ignorant and foolish.

Consider this recent statement of the London *Economist*: "If any permanent closer association of Britain and the United States is achieved, an island of less than 50 millions cannot expect to be the senior partner. The center of gravity and the ultimate decision must increasingly lie in America." In any partnership Great Britain is willing that we assume the role of senior partner. Among serious Englishmen the chief complaint is that America has refused to rise to the opportunities of world leadership. We Americans no longer have the excuse that we cannot have things the way we want them.

But what do we want? Is there not some practical, understandable program which would be clearly

good for America? There is. And here we come to the issue Americans hate most to face — Isolationism versus Internationalism. We have ducked and dodged that issue. Let us face it squarely now.

The fundamental trouble with American national policy has been that whereas this nation became in the 20th century the most powerful and vital in the world, Americans were unable to accommodate themselves to that fact. Their failure to play their part as a world power has had disastrous consequences for all mankind. The cure is this: to accept wholeheartedly our duty and our opportunity and to exert upon the world the full impact of our influence.

Of course America cannot be responsible for the good behavior of the entire world. But America is responsible, to herself as well as to history, for the world environment in which she lives. Nothing can so vitally affect America's environment as America's own influence upon it, and therefore if America's environment is unfavorable to the growth of American life, America has nobody to blame so deeply as herself. In its failure to grasp this relationship between America and America's environment lies the moral and practical bankruptcy of isolationism.

In 1919 we had an opportunity, unprecedented in all history, to assume constructive world leadership. We did not understand that

opportunity. Wilson mishandled it. We rejected it. The opportunity persisted. We bungled it in the 1920's and in the confusions of the 1930's we killed it.

To lead the world would never have been an easy task. To revive the hope of that lost opportunity makes the task now infinitely harder. Nevertheless, with the help of all of us, Roosevelt must succeed where Wilson failed.

Consider these truths about our time. This 20th century is baffling, difficult, paradoxical, revolutionary. Any true conception of it must include a vivid awareness of four propositions. First: for the first time in history 2,000,000,000 human beings live in a fundamentally indivisible world. Second: modern man hates war and feels that in its present scale and frequency it may even be fatal to his species. Third: our world is for the first time capable of producing all the material needs of the entire human family. Fourth: the world of the 20th century, if it is to come to life in any nobility of health and vigor, must be to a significant degree American.

As to the first and second, one need not imagine that anything like a world state must be brought about in this century. But we must realize that peace cannot endure unless it prevails over a very large part of the world. Justice will come near to losing all meaning in the minds of men unless Justice can have the same fundamental mean-

ings among many peoples. Tyrannies may require a large amount of living space. But Freedom requires far greater space than Tyranny.

As to the third point, the promise of adequate production for all mankind is characteristically American. And what we must insist on is that the abundant life is predicated on Freedom — on the Freedom which has created its possibility — on a vision of Freedom under Law. Without Freedom there will be no abundant life. With Freedom, there can be.

And finally, there is the belief that the 20th century must be an American century. This calls us to action now.

What is America's vision of our world? It is meaningless merely to say that we reject isolationism and accept the logic of internationalism. What internationalism? Rome had one. So had Genghis Khan and 19th-century England. Today Hitler seems to have one in mind. What internationalism have we Americans to offer?

Ours cannot come out of the vision of any one man. It must be the product of the imaginations of many men. It must be a sharing with all peoples of our Bill of Rights, our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution, our magnificent industrial products. It must be an internationalism of the people, by the people and for the people.

The issues which the American people champion revolve around their determination to make the society of men safe for the freedom, growth and increasing satisfaction of all individual men. Beside that resolve, the sneers of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry are of small moment.

There is already an immense American internationalism. American jazz, movies, slang, machines and patented products are the only things that every community in the world recognizes in common. We are already a world power in all the trivial ways — in very human ways. But there is a great deal more than that. America is already the intellectual, scientific and artistic capital of the world. Americans are today the least provincial people in the world. They have traveled the most and they know more about the world than the people of any other country. America's world-wide experience in commerce is also far greater than most of us realize.

Most important of all, we have that indefinable, unmistakable sign of leadership: prestige. And unlike the prestige of Rome or Genghis Khan or 19th-century England, American prestige throughout the world is faith in the good intentions as well as in the ultimate intelligence and strength of the American people. We have lost some of that prestige in the last few years. But most of it is still there.

As America enters dynamically upon the world scene, we need to seek and bring forth a unique vision of America as a world power — a vision which is authentically American. Consider four areas of life and thought in which we may seek to realize such a vision:

First, the economic. It is for America alone to determine whether a system of free enterprise — an economic order compatible with freedom and progress — shall prevail in this century. There is not the slightest chance of a free economic system here if it prevails nowhere else. We have to decide whether or not we shall have for ourselves and our friends freedom of the seas — the right to go with our ships and planes where we wish, when we wish. The vision of America as the principal guarantor of the freedom of the seas, as the leader of world trade, has within it the possibilities of enormous human progress. For example, we now think of Asia as worth only a few hundred millions a year to us. In the decades to come Asia will be worth many billions — or exactly zero. And the former are the terms we must think in, or else confess pitiful impotence.

Then there is the picture of an America which will send out through the world its technical and artistic skills. Engineers, scientists, doctors, developers of airlines, builders of roads, educators. This leadership is needed and will be eagerly wel-

comed, if only we have the imagination to see it.

There is a third thing our vision must be concerned with. We must undertake to be the Good Samaritan of the entire world. It is our duty to undertake to feed all the people who as a result of the world-wide collapse of civilization are hungry and destitute — all of them, that is, whom we can reach consistently with a very tough attitude toward all hostile governments. And all the world should know that we have dedicated ourselves to this task. All the food that we can produce and cannot eat should be dispatched to the four quarters of the globe as a free gift, administered by a humanitarian army of Americans, to every man, woman and child who is really hungry.

But none of this will happen unless our vision of America as a world power includes a passionate devotion to American ideals. We have some things which are infinitely precious and especially American — a love of freedom, a feeling for the equality of opportunity, a tradition of self-reliance yet also of coöperation. In addition we are the inheritors of all the great principles of Western civilization — above all Justice, the love of Truth, the ideal of Charity. The other day Herbert Hoover said that America was becoming the sanctuary of the ideals of civilization. It is not

enough to be the sanctuary of these ideals. We must now become the powerhouse from which these ideals spread throughout the world.

America as the dynamic center of ever-widening spheres of enterprise, America as the training center of the skillful servants of mankind, America as the Good Samaritan, really believing again that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and America as the powerhouse of the ideals of Freedom and Justice — out of these four elements can be fashioned a vision of the 20th century to which we can devote ourselves in gladness and enthusiasm.

Other nations can survive simply because they have endured so long. But this nation, conceived in adventure and dedicated to the progress of man, cannot truly endure unless there courses strongly through its veins from Maine to California the blood of purposes and enterprises and high resolve.

Throughout the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, this continent teemed with manifold projects and magnificent purposes. Above them all and weaving them all together into the most exciting flag of all history was the triumphal purpose of freedom.

It is in this spirit that all of us are called, each to his own measure of capacity, and each in the widest horizon of his vision, to create the first great American century.

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

CRITICS straining at their adjectives.
(Fred Allen)

A KITTEN squatting on little furry fenders.
(Clarissa Fairchild Cushman)

TALKING in an unbuttoned mood.
(Lin Yutang)

THEY GAVE each other a smile with a future in it.
(Ring Lardner)

PUFFY white clouds racing like lambs let out to pasture in the spring.
(Willa Cather)

SHE WAS gnawing on her grievance like a dog on a bone.
(Mary Roberts Rinehart)

A FEW raindrops fell experimentally.
(Leslie T. White)

THE apple-tree buds were as tightly, rosily clenched as a baby's fist.
(Jan Struther)

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD with his teeth parted in the middle.

A WHITE BIRCH cellophaned by sleet.
(Muriel Tanner)

A house-swarmling. (Julie M. Lippman)
. . . He's an oscillationist.

SHE TURNED on her little Swiss music-box of tinkling laughter.
(Elizabeth Alexander)

SHE HAD an air of always scanning the horizon for trousered craft.
(Robert Gordon Anderson)

THESE gownless evening straps sure are becoming.
(Bob Hope)

I COULD never learn to like her — except on a raft at sea with no other provisions in sight.
(Mark Twain)

POLITICIANS talking themselves red, white, and blue in the face.
(Clare Boothe)

SHE HAS a way of walking in your sleep.
(Walter Winchell)

HE DIVORCED three weeks after his mirage.
(Burns and Allen)

WOMEN are like elephants. I like to look at 'em but I'd hate to own one.
(Will Rogers)

Friends: People who borrow my books and set wet glasses on them.
(Edwin Arlington Robinson)

THE KIND of girl men toast — and women roast.
(Jimmie Fidler)

GO AHEAD — have fun at my expanse.
(Fibber McGee)

THE OLD narrow trails where two carts could barely pass without colliding are happily being replaced by splendid wide highways on which six or eight cars can collide at one time.
(*The Wood-Worker*)

British pilot's comment on an American plane: It takes off like a scalded cat.
(Quentin Reynolds)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.



The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

【XIX】

By Manuel Komroff

NO ONE ever influenced my way of thinking more than a wise young Tibetan who was once my teacher. From him I learned that the greatest art of all is the gentle art of living.

In these dark days I have merely to think of Li Yung Ku and repeat one of his favorite phrases: "This is only temporary." At once the heavy gloom clears.

Those were almost his first words as he placed the brush in my hand to give me a lesson in Chinese writing. I had undertaken the lessons because I thought that even a slight knowledge of Chinese characters would give me a better insight

into the literature and life of China. But Li Yung Ku opened up vistas of which I had not dreamed.

He showed me the child's primer he had brought with him, and laughed. "Now you are five years old," he said, "and you start in the first grade." We began with the character that represents *man*, made by two quick strokes of the brush. He taught me that *man* should always be pictured bold, heroic, with legs firmly planted on the ground. Then we went on.

"Ah!" he would exclaim. "You can guess this next character: it is made of two easy words joined together. *Girl* and *boy*."

"Surely it must mean *child*."

"Very close," he laughed. "It means *good*. The Chinese believe that if you have a boy and a girl, it is *good*."

Each new character revealed a little more of a great philosophy and two great arts: the art of communicating by the written word and the art of life itself.

Some words were obvious, as when the symbol for man is placed inside a box to make the word *prisoner*. But some were impossible to recog-

MANUEL KOMROFF has been deeply interested in Chinese culture and philosophy ever since, as a young man, he worked on the *China Press*, American newspaper in Shanghai. Returning to New York he edited a book of Marco Polo's experiences in China and a volume of travel records of Europeans who had visited China before Polo. His feeling that he could do no more in this field without learning Chinese led to his acquaintance with Li Yung Ku. Mr. Komroff has also written several historical novels, including *Coronet*, which has had 1,000,000 readers. He is a regular contributor to magazines.

nize unless one knew. The character for *home*, for instance, consists of a *roof* placed over a *pig*.

"We Chinese reason this way," explained Li Yung Ku. "If you have a pig you must give it shelter and feed it from your kitchen and garden. Therefore, if you have a kitchen and a garden, and a roof for shelter, you have the elements of a home. On the other hand, were we to place the *roof* over the character for *woman* then the word would mean *peace*. The Chinese have used this simple domestic symbol for peace for 20 centuries."

Soon he taught me more complicated characters. The figure for *broom* written beside *girl* makes her a *married woman*, while the words *girl* and *young* placed together form the symbol for *exquisite*. The word for *harmony* is made up of *rice* and *mouth*, the Chinese reasoning that in their struggling land harmony will exist if the rice is close to the mouth.

Many of the associations are strikingly appropriate. *Man* and *word* together make the symbol for *truthful*. Certainly a man who is close to his word is truthful. The marriage of *slave* to *heart* means *anger*. Surely an angry man is a slave to his own heart.

Characters which give a picture of the object are easy to fix in one's

mind. Place a *mouth* between two sides of a *gate* and you make the word *inquire*.

Li Yung Ku himself was even more engrossing than were the Chinese characters he taught me to make. His smile had a radiance which lit up his entire face. There was an irresistible twinkle in his dark eyes. His very presence transformed into something light and joyful the oppressive, dusty, book-littered room in which we sat. When he departed into the night, I felt that something of him remained behind, a feeling that lasted for hours.

I learned from Li Yung Ku that he had only recently come to America. He was taking a post-graduate course in New York, in modern history and international law. He felt this knowledge would be of service to his country. The Chinese government paid his tuition and gave him a small stipend for room and food. Besides his studies and the lessons he gave me, he had an amazing number of jobs. He exchanged lessons with a Russian lady. He contributed to a Chinese newspaper in New York and to one in Shanghai. He prepared special reports for his minister in Washington. He helped tutor other Chinese boys, for he said it would look very bad for his country if they did not make good marks.

MAN

GIRL + BOY = GOOD

MAN PRISONER

ROOF + PIG = HOME

I asked him how he found time for all these things. He smiled broadly. "The day has many hours. And I make it a rule to accept every job I can get."

"But many of your jobs do not bring you a penny."

"That is not important. The jobs that do not pay anything are often the jobs you do best. And when you do a good piece of work, then the work itself is reward enough."

Our delightful evenings went on for many months. I discovered that the secrets of fine brush-writing — balance, motion, interplay of light and dark, slow places and swift sweeps, the little graces and sharp staccatos, the continuous energy and drive — were only part of a much bigger thing, part of a way of life. The way of life depended upon a way of giving life. Giving life to little things, even to little brush strokes, made the difference. The source of life was from within, not from without.

This was a very important thing for any man to learn. It contained the essence of Chinese philosophy. It insisted on humility. But what I learned in middle life my friend from Tibet had learned at the tender age of five.

I asked him once what had most influenced his life. He said his grandfather, who was able to apply the

old proverbs of China to everyday affairs.

"One day," said Li Yung Ku, "when I was about five, I told my grandfather a lie. It was not a very black lie. My grandfather asked our gardener to bring a long ladder and place it against the front of the house so that it reached the roof. When the ladder was firmly in place he said to the gardener: 'Our boy has taken to leaping from house-tops. The ladder is for him to use when he so desires.' I knew at once what this meant, for one of the proverbs in our district was: 'A lie is a leap from a house-top.'"

"I brooded in silence. It was awkward to have the ladder before the front door. I began to fear that it would be there forever if I did not do something. I found my grandfather reading a book and I went quietly up to him and buried my face in his lap. 'Grandpa,' I said, 'we do not need the ladder any more.' He seemed very happy. He called the gardener and said to him: 'Take the ladder away at once. Our boy does not leap from house-tops.' I will never forget that incident."

After he had related this tale of his youth he took the brush and wrote the word for *lie*, made up of two simple words, *talk* and *wild*. This seemed to me a very gentle way of describing something ugly.

He told me another tale about his grandfather, who must have been a most remarkable and delightful old man. Once his grandfather said to him: "You have two school-books, both on the same subject. One is fat and full of footnotes but the other is quite brief. Which do you like best?"

"The little one," Li Yung Ku replied.

"Can you tell me why?"

"Because it is easier to read and it makes you think more. The other one says everything for you and you do not have to think."

"Very good." Then his grandfather recited two poems, and asked him which he liked best. Little Li liked the one he did not understand better than the one he did understand.

"Good," said his grandfather. "Now tell me which picture you like best, the one on this wall with the ducks among the reeds or the one with the mountains and the rain."

"The rain picture," said the boy.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Ah," said the wise old man. "Perhaps you really do know, only you do not have the words to say it. For how then could you have chosen the better one in each case? Remember that a thing should always be itself; but it cannot be a big thing unless it suggests more than it really is. The secret of greatness lies in the power a thing

has to suggest more than it says. That is why we find pictures in good poetry and poetry in good pictures."

A FULL YEAR went by; Li Yung Ku had gently brought me through the first primer. We had brushed up 1000 simple characters. A vocabulary of about 5000 would be necessary to read a Chinese newspaper. This I could never hope to attain. But I had learned other things from him which I shall never forget.

He told me many of the common proverbs of Tibet. As I record them now, a tinge of the joyous flavor which I felt when I first heard them returns to me:

Man sleeps better on a smaller pillow.

A thief never steals a bell.

Lambs have the grace to suckle kneeling.

The real weather is inside oneself, not out-of-doors.

Even a bad dog likes to wag his tail.

The air is always fresher when one is helping others.

Li Yung Ku got his Ph.D degree and went to Europe. For me our parting was very sad. But he smiled and assured me "it is only temporary."

About a year later I had a welcome letter from China. He had taken a job as secretary to one of the army lords. "But this is only temporary," he wrote. The following year he was professor of international law at the University of Nanking. Three years ago he wrote

me from the Chinese embassy in Berlin. Recently I heard that he had returned to China to become secretary to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

I know that he is probably doing a dozen jobs at one time and doing them all well. I know also that *man* should be blotted boldly on the

page, any page — the page of history, for instance — and that he can be gentle and also heroic.

At present China may be torn to shreds. I see ugly blotches on the maps of China printed in our daily papers. But I think of Li Yung Ku and smile, as he smiled; for I am certain that "this is only temporary."



Legal "larceny" provides his income, absolute rule in his own bailiwick gives him power — he is the biggest factor in American city politics

Ward Boss — I

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., and Robert M. Yoder

HIS FEET hurt. Long years of "leg work" while serving his apprenticeship in lesser political jobs did that to him. It's an occupational disease. But with

THIS is the first of two articles by Robert M. Yoder and Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., on that intriguing political phenomenon, the ward boss. Mr. Yoder, 33, and Mr. Parsons, 32, have a combined total of more than 30 years of newspaper work. Mr. Yoder started reporting for the Decatur, Illinois, *Herald* at 16, and corresponded for metropolitan dailies while at college. Now on the Chicago *Daily News*, he writes the column "Sharps and Flats" originated by Eugene Field 50 years ago. Mr. Parsons also did newspaper work while at college. Since 1938 he has been the N. Y. *Herald Tribune's* midwestern correspondent.

his weight off his feet, the Chicago ward boss is a happy man.

Bossing a city ward is a good job anywhere. It is particularly good in Chicago where government by bosses, the real everyday government of the urban third of our population, attains its full flower under the Kelly-Nash machine. More than any other city, Chicago affords opportunity for a firsthand study of the unsung personage who might be called the biggest man in American politics.

The privileges and powers of a Chicago ward committeeman — which is the boss's formal title — are amazing. He is usually the al-

derman. If not he "has" the alderman. The police captain also is "his man." The boss, in effect, writes the laws of his ward. It can be quiet and strait-laced, or it can be wide open.

The boss can get a man out of jail; or, if he cannot, he can get him a break and a lawyer. Regardless of the long waiting list he can get a patient admitted to the municipal tuberculosis sanatorium. Do you want a street repaired? Would you like more efficient garbage removal? Are you trying to get a saloon license? See the ward boss. When Joe Masczaks was laid up for three months the boss fed the family and kept it off relief. The food came from a grocer who owed the boss a favor. He asks the bank to delay eviction of the Jones family, asks the city fire inspectors to go easy on an apartment building owned by the bank. Thousands of his constituents are indebted to him for favors. No campaign speechmaking, no reformer can win them away.

The leader uses his manifold powers to get votes for the machine, and to make money. Much of the "larceny," as it is cheerfully called, is legal. It is common, for example, for Chicago ward bosses to operate real estate and insurance offices. Saloons alone need many kinds of insurance; and by strict interpretation of regulations nine out of ten saloons are lawbreakers, and vulnerable. Thus the saloon-keeper always needs a powerful

friend. Naturally he buys his insurance from the boss. A recent exposé of the political insurance racket in Chicago indicated that one ward boss did \$87,500 worth of saloon business in a single year.

Insurance is handy for shake-down purposes. A factory must have City Council approval for a switch-track permit. If the ward committeeman insists on a share of the factory's insurance he can hardly be denied. To the boss this is "reciprocity," not graft. There's lots of reciprocity.

Where the boss is an attorney, legal fees cover a multitude of sins and offer a foolproof method of passing bribes.

Picnics, golf tournaments and boxing shows are other sources of revenue. Tickets may cost as little as 40 cents apiece, the price of the annual picnic in one of the poorer wards, or as much as the \$7.50 one boss charges for his Christmas party in a swanky night club. They are sold by "muscle," the buyer being told how many he should take. And it is a fine opportunity to demonstrate friendship. A saloon that stays open after hours may feel it is only fair to buy 20 tickets to the boss's golf tournament, at \$5 each.

Then there is a souvenir program, some with as many as 300 pages of advertising at \$100 a page. Gamblers and night clubs take ads; so do many others who identify themselves only as "a friend." With ticket sales and advertising,

a successful boxing show or picnic has earned as much as \$25,000.

Graft is almost depression-proof. At the bottom of the depression close to half a billion dollars in real estate taxes was owed Cook County. The situation was so critical that the state legislature empowered the county treasurer to be named receiver of real estate owing back taxes. He was to administer the property, collect income from it, pay current obligations, and apply the remainder to tax arrears.

Tax receiverships were a boon to the machine. Henchmen were appointed to manage properties for fees of six percent, half again as much as the ordinary rate, according to the Chicago Real Estate Board. In addition, these insiders bought coal, refrigerators, carpets and other supplies from dealers with the proper political connections. Today Cook County tax delinquencies are higher than ever.

Few constituents complain, however, if the boss gets "fat" (makes money). The "goo goos," or good government leagues, criticize, but they don't bother him much. The ward boss does fear the "G" (federal government), and keeps an honest record of what he "takes," for his income-tax return.

If he is smart he also "keeps clean" at least one protégé in a job away from the temptations of ward politics. He will save his Boy Scout for the day when he needs an able man of good reputation to shove

into a strategic job or political campaign.

Ordinarily graft is safe. The boss himself needn't handle it. He has a "buffer," a confidential assistant he is grooming to be his successor. The boss, personally, is seldom associated with anything but benevolent and charitable activities. He pays the milk bill when a family is hard up. The buffer shakes down the gamblers. Graft can also be collected by the police captain or by a couple of plainclothes men.

Of course, the boss must be a man of integrity. When the boss of Chicago's 26th ward sold police jobs at \$500 apiece *and failed to produce the jobs*, constituents shot the windows out of ward headquarters. The boss was later tried, convicted, supplanted as ward leader, defeated as alderman.

Such dishonesty is unusual, however, and there are Kelly-Nash bosses known as men who don't "take." One saintly character doesn't even ask his voters to support an annual picnic. His jobholders kick in five percent of one month's salary at Christmas — his only fund raising. But he is a lawyer. He gets his reward handling city litigation. The ward boss comes out ahead whether saint or sinner.

A boss's expenses are heavy. He is a "soft touch." Every other letter is a request for money. He will tell you that the words he uses most often are "how much cost?" He is a pillar of the church — any

church — expected to contribute heavily when the church needs cash. People don't realize that the job of ward committeeman carries no salary and that even if he is an alderman his salary is only \$5000 a year.

The boss sometimes lends financial support to a neighborhood newspaper, or to a local improvement association or businessmen's group. It will make a nice front when he has a project for which he wants to show a strong public demand.

He must also support ward headquarters where he holds court once a week, getting reports from his precinct captains and hearing requests from voters — "confession night," it is called. Some ward headquarters are quite lavish. Chicago's 27th ward has a tasty modernistic building with a fancy glass-brick front and cocktail lounge furniture in red and yellow leather.

Handouts alone in a poor district may cost the leader \$50 a day. Sometimes he has a regular clientele of mooches — quarter men, half-dollar men, dollar men. He also makes numerous loans, \$5 here and \$10 there. Hundreds borrow, nobody ever pays him back.

Mooches don't annoy the boss as much as visits from "paper organizations" — committees claiming to represent thousands of voters. He can't refuse their requests, but he knows these committees seldom carry weight. Another ex-

pense is that people use the boss's own rackets on him. Somebody is always asking him to buy tickets to a picnic or a golf tournament.

It runs into money. When Professor Paul A. Douglas, of the University of Chicago, was elected alderman of the 5th ward in 1939 he was overwhelmed with demands for contributions. Asked for more money than he made, and lacking any illegitimate income, the professor was forced to publish figures on his earnings and expenditures to prove that he wasn't just stingy when he said "No."

The machine boss says "Yes" so often that even the most corrupt ward leader probably can't keep more than \$500 a week for himself. This provides one apology for boss rule. If the boss shakes down a businessman by "determined suggestion," the moral defense is that the neighborhood which supports the businessman is entitled to a kickback.

As for "honest government," it might cost more than the voters want to pay. It may be cheaper for a businessman to contribute to the ward's charities than to get his building in shape to comply with the building code. One restaurant keeper puts it this way: "I contribute about \$1000 a year to be let alone. After trying it the other way I say it's worth every cent of it."

Part II will appear in
The Reader's Digest next month.

The President's Crime Shelf

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Alexander Woollcott

BACK IN 1917 and 1918, it was generally understood among those of us who even then were over the draft age that some day our children would transfix us by asking, "Daddy, what did you do in the great war?" The actual or merely potential parents who hurried to the trenches in order to have a good answer ready for such an emergency have been known to complain since that not only did the question never come up but that usually it was difficult to hold the kiddies' attention when their old man felt the urge to tell about that time he captured a machine-gun nest in the Argonne.

However, if I ever *should* be asked what branch of the service enlisted me in the anxious summer of 1940, I can reply that I was officially and conscientiously engaged in selecting anodynes for the Commander-in-Chief. Indeed, I herewith respectfully submit a report on my first six months in public office.

When Archibald MacLeish was made Librarian of Congress and learned that the bookshelves in the White House were under his jurisdiction, he wished to remedy their sorry lack of detective literature and therefore planned a section to be known as The President's Shelf which should stand just outside the door of the President's study, handy in case he craved a little relaxation at the end of a hard day's work. Mr. MacLeish appointed me a Special Counselor to the Library of Congress — a life appointment without pay — not only to nominate the titles wherewith to inaugurate this shelf but from time to time to recommend new ones.

The first list of nominations, compiled after much cogitation, was submitted to Mr. MacLeish with the following letter:

The tradition of the detective story in the White House goes back, I think, to that critical moment in the 1914-1918 war when Woodrow Wilson — who was too independent of good counsel in this as in some other matters — was discovered relaxing uncritically in the mysteries of an undistinguished specimen called *The Middle Temple*

Murder by an Englishman named Fletcher. But you must not think of such literature as a comfort only to our liberals. True, in his last years, the late Justice Holmes became so addicted to detective stories that he had to ration himself. But so did Elihu Root.

Nor is the taste confined to American statesmen. Consider the testimony of

F. Yeats-Brown in that chapter of his book, *Bloody Years*, which deals with the fall of Abdul Hamid, the Damned. Yeats-Brown was telling about that April night in 1909 when the Caliph of Islam, whom Gladstone dubbed the Great Assassin, knew in his black old heart that he was done for. Young Turks in open rebellion were marching from Salonika, 20,000 strong. They would be under the palace walls at dawn and there was no one to stop them. Yet the old boy had to get through the night somehow. For his distraction through that anxious vigil, the palace (though already operating on a reduced budget) still afforded, to be sure, rather more concubines than

he knew what to do with. But Abdul Hamid sought another anodyne. It was the privilege of the linguists at the press bureau to provide it. The latest issue of the *Strand Magazine* had just reached Constantinople, and they rushed over a translation from its pages. So the Great Assassin settled down with a shawl over his rheumatic knees while the Chamberlain read aloud to him the new Sherlock Holmes story.

In the conviction that the foregoing anecdote will entertain you and would entertain the President, I submit herewith my nominations for that special shelf at the White House which you have honored me by putting in my charge.

I now pass the same list on to the readers of this magazine as the simplest way of making it available for the largest number of the very citizens who might find it useful. Here it is:

FACT

- Trial of Bywaters and Thompson, edited by Filson Young
- Trial of H. H. Crippen, edited by Filson Young
- Trial of Rattenbury and Stoner, edited by F. Tennyson Jesse
- The three foregoing titles are all separate volumes in the Notable British Trials Series published from time to time by William Hodge & Co., Edinburgh & London
- The Trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, edited by Sidney B. Whipple
- The Trial of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, edited by John Kobler
- Studies of French Criminals of the 19th Century, by H. B. Irving
- Studies in Murder, by Edmund L. Pearson
- Murder for Profit, by William Bolitho
- Murder and Its Motives, by F. Tennyson Jesse
- The Agra Double Murder, by Sir Cecil Walsh, K. C.

FICTION

- The Moonstone, by Wilkie Collins
(The first full-length detective story ever written and not yet surpassed in any language. It is now most readily available, in fair to middling print, in a Modern Library reprint together with "The Woman in White")
- The Sherlock Holmes Stories, by A. Conan Doyle
- The Lodger, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
- The Chink in the Armour, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
- Trent's Last Case, by E. C. Bentley
- Dorothy Sayers's Omnibus
- The Nine Tailors, by Dorothy L. Sayers
- Gaudy Night, by Dorothy L. Sayers
- Malice Aforethought, by Francis Iles
- Mr. Fortune's Practice, by H. C. Bailey
- The Father Brown Omnibus, by G. K. Chesterton
- The Forgotten Terror, by Constance Rutherford
- The Maltese Falcon, by Dashiell Hammett

FICTION (Continued)

The Thin Man, by Dashiell Hammett	Proof, Counter Proof, by E. R. Punshon
Mr. Pinkerton Finds a Body, by David Frome	The Red House Mystery, by A. A. Milne
Trial and Error, by Anthony Berkeley	Some Buried Caesar, by Rex Stout
Warrant for X, by Philip MacDonald	Verdict of Twelve, by Raymond W. Postgate

FICTION (In French)

The following titles are all the work of Simenon, who has been called the French Edgar Wallace, but only because he is equally fecund. A few of his works have been published in English but the best remain to be translated.

L'Affaire Saint-Fiacre	La Guinguette à Deux-Sous
L'Ombre Chinoise	La Nuit du Carrefour
Le Pendu de Saint-Pholien	Le Locataire
Les 13 Coupables	Monsieur Gallet, décédé

It would not be easy to find all or even most of these titles in the catalogue of a small public library operating on a restricted budget, but the reader will discover that he can buy all or nearly all of them in any city which is blessed with a competent bookseller — such cities, to name only a few examples, as Sioux Falls or Dallas or San Francisco or Seattle. Of course those books which must be ordered from overseas may be hard to come by these days. Perhaps half a dozen are out of print, but that does not mean they are out of reach. Your bookseller has only to advertise in one or both of the trade weeklies which circulate among secondhand shops to retrieve a copy for you. The book you are after may show up anywhere from Portland, Oregon, to Rutland, Vermont, but in time the search will be rewarded.

"From the Sublime . . .

AT A MEETING held by Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the "British Fascists," Sir Oswald marched up to the platform surrounded by his bodyguard of Black Shirts and followed by a spotlight. Reaching the platform, he turned with infinite solemnity and raised his right arm in the fascist salute. In the silence came a clear voice from the balcony: "Yes, Oswald, you may leave the room."

— R. Ellis Roberts in *The Newspaper PM*

A BOSTONIAN was showing a visiting Englishman around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where Warren fell, you know." The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully. "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"

— *The Pennsylvania Guardsman*

Latest in Air Attack and Defense

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

Most of us are familiar with the names of the new devices and techniques employed in air warfare. But details of the diabolical ingenuity of the modern fighting plane and of man's defense against it are less familiar. Frederic Sondern here describes some of them in an article based on extensive study of military developments in Germany, England and the United States.

The new plane detector

UNTIL RECENTLY the approach of a deadly bomber could not be detected in fog or darkness until it was about eight miles away, even with the most sensitive listening apparatus. That left little time for interceptors to go up or anti-aircraft guns to get ready. Even when the bomber was overhead it was hard for defending guns or planes to find it in darkness or mist.

A new detector perfected by the U. S. Army Signal Corps has begun to revolutionize anti-aircraft defense. Not only can it detect a plane 50 miles and more away, but it can spot its position to within a few hundred feet. Anti-aircraft guns can be aimed with it so that their shells find a plane invisible in the thickest fog.

The new locator sends out a beam of high-frequency radio waves. When these strike an object they bounce back on their original path. By recording the time taken for the round trip and the direction

from which they return, the position of the object can be calculated. And the instruments of the Signal Corps do all this automatically. Furthermore, by "riding the beam" of the detector — just like riding a regular commercial air-lane beam — a defending fighter pilot can find his way directly to the enemy. This remarkable device will displace the sound-locating apparatus and searchlights now in use.

Anti-aircraft barrage

PERMANENTLY emplaced 4.2-inch guns — used around important docks, ammunition dumps, etc. — can fire 33-pound shells 30,000 feet in the air at the rate of 25 a minute. Mobile 3-inch weapons, firing 18-pound shells, can raise an effective barrage to 20,000 feet. The extreme ranges of these guns are much higher, but their accuracy beyond those heights is decreased. Small 1.5-inch cannon, shooting 120 shells a minute, and machine guns are used against low-flying planes. The

3-inch guns can be transported in truck-trailers at 50 miles an hour. And it takes only 10 minutes for a battery arriving in position to set up the gun and fire its first shot.

If attacking planes are in sight, the modern anti-aircraft "director" automatically keeps the guns of a battery on their target — even when the plane is doing 300-400 miles an hour.

This director is a box about three feet cube, set a few hundred feet from the battery. Near it is the height-and-range finder — a swiveling tube some six feet long and a foot in diameter, operated by three men. From the moment enemy planes are seen, two of the men keep the height-finder's telescopes on the target. These telescopes bring to the third man's eyepiece a double image of the enemy. He turns a wheel until the images overlap. The height-finder at that moment registers the distance of the plane from the instrument, and the information is automatically transmitted to the director.

On the director two more telescopes are kept on the target, registering the plane's vertical and horizontal speeds. Inside the director is a calculating machine which automatically transforms the data into angles at which the guns should fire. The director also sets the "fuse-setters," which adjust the shell's fuse so that it will explode at the proper height (a shell must explode within 250 feet

of a plane to do appreciable damage).

The bomber's cargo

AN ORDINARY 100-pound fragmentation bomb — used against "personnel," as the Army euphemistically puts it — will throw fragments over a radius of 50 yards. The parachute bomb floats down slowly and can be adjusted to explode while still in the air, thereby throwing fragments down on men in trenches who would be protected from a bomb exploding on the ground. A demolition bomb has a light shell — just heavy enough to carry it safely through the roof and top floors of a building. Its charge of T.N.T. then does the work of wrecking with the tremendous air pressure it generates when it goes off.

Incendiary bombs, the Russians discovered, are much more effective when dropped on a building already ripped apart by a demolition charge. German technicians have perfected that idea. Inside the "Molotov breadbasket" are 20 or 30 small incendiary pencils and a demolition bomb. At a set altitude, the shell of the breadbasket falls apart, the incendiaries striking around the high-explosive bomb. Debris blown about by the demolition bomb catches fire quickly.

Perhaps the most terrifying of German developments is the delayed-action bomb. This bomb bores its way into the ground with-

out exploding on contact, and acid from a broken glass vial begins to eat through metal walls to a detonator. By regulating the thickness of the metal the detonation can be set anywhere between a few hours and a few days.

New wrinkles in camouflage

IN A desperate effort to protect vital factories scattered over suburbs and rural areas, the British have adopted "blending" as the most effective camouflage. Instead of the jagged, multicolored "flash painting" of the last war, roofs are painted the same color as the surrounding grass, stone or gorse, and further disguised with bushes and boulders. Sidewalls are covered with trellises and artificial vines. So weird is this conglomeration that workmen call the great Woolwich Arsenal "the bloody greenhouse."

Military trucks, easy targets for low-flying planes, are now, as one Cockney put it, "a blinkin' movin' forest." Netting over the tops and sides holds green leafy branches, and small bushes are attached to the wheels. When a truck column so disguised drives off the road into trees or underbrush, it vanishes from the aerial observer's sight as though by magic.

Even the most careful camouflage, however, does not always conceal the objective when a clear photograph is taken. Contours shown by a black and white print dispel the illusion which blend-

ing creates in the human eye.

Since it is difficult to get close by daylight, the air forces have been developing night photography. When the plane is over the area to be photographed, the cameraman releases a magnesium bomb which explodes at a fixed height. The resultant burst of white light not only illuminates the landscape but activates a photoelectric cell on the plane's camera, tripping the shutter. In a picture taken from 1200 feet, every tree and shack over a radius of three miles stands out clearly.

Landing a regiment from the air

THE GERMAN technique of air infantry is being closely imitated by both Britain and the U. S. An invading regiment of 1000 men requires about 125 planes. First come some 30 dive bombers, followed by 10 transports of parachute troops. Behind them are 50 transports each carrying 20 regular infantrymen. Five freighters fly their heavy equipment—150,000 rounds of ammunition, 70 radio sets, 30 motorcycles, 367 machine guns, six anti-tank guns. Thirty or more fighter planes guard the expedition against air attack.

Arriving at their objective, the dive bombers lay down a holocaust of bombs and machine-gun fire around the fringes of the field to disrupt resistance. Then two or three hundred parachute troops are released, dropping from each

plane at three-second intervals. Every fifth man carries a submachine gun, the others pistols. It was found that rifles and machine guns often broke arms and legs in the confusion of landing. These weapons are dropped separately in shockproof containers, by freight parachutes. As soon as the parachutists have control of the field, the air infantry transports come down in close order. And within an hour, as was proved in Poland and the Low Countries, the regiment can be on the march.

The parachute trooper is taught how to choose the best landing place by the use of complicated scale models of difficult terrain. Each man must be an expert signaler, to guide planes and troops. He must be handy with demolition charges to wreck lines of communication and transport. He must know how to operate foreign arms which he might seize.

Teeth for dog-fights

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has brought aerial gunnery to an all-time high in precision and destructiveness. By pointing his ship directly at his enemy, and pushing a button on his "stick," the Spitfire pilot fires 120 shots a second from eight .30-caliber machine guns set in his wings. This extraordinary fire-power is necessary as the fighter's speed is such that a

gunner is rarely "on" his target for more than a second or two. The guns are set so their trajectories converge a few hundred feet in front of the plane in a deadly cone of lead.

British bombers are heavily armed, too. And to enable their guns to fire in any direction, the RAF has devised electrical power-turrets (mounted on tail, belly, top and front) that make it possible to swing four or more guns at a time. These guns use tracer bullets filled with a phosphorus compound which leaves a visible trail of smoke by day and fire by night. If every fifth bullet is a tracer, a burst of shots can be followed as clearly as water from a hose. This is necessary as the speed of maneuver is so great it is often impossible to follow the target in the restricted field of a telescope sight.

Every plane has "recognition lights" — small lamps on the tail and bottom of the plane. New recognition signals are made up every night. Should an RAF pilot find himself over British territory where he is not expected, he flashes the recognition signal to the friendly anti-aircraft batteries beneath. If he spots another plane — which might be a German — he flashes the same signal. If the other doesn't send back the right countersign, the RAF pilot reaches for his machine-gun button.

Q Americans are tougher than German propagandists would have us believe

Who Says We're Soft?

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Col. William F. Donovan

IF YOU tell a man often enough and skillfully enough that he's looking sick the chances are that he will begin to feel sick. The power of suggestion affects nations too, especially during a crisis when fear puts a hair-trigger release on the emotions.

The Nazis have not overlooked their opportunity in our hurried preparations to meet sudden danger. With the same psychological sabotage they used to "soften" one European democracy after another before plucking them off by force, the Nazis are

offering countless suggestions and innuendoes to persuade us that democracy has made us "soft" — not fit material to challenge the "tougher products of Nazi discipline."

Just how soft are we, anyway? And what has democracy to do with it?

A few months ago I traveled all over the United States. I visited our training camps, I was with our fleet at sea. Nowhere did I see evidence of softness. But I did see plenty of democracy — democracy speeding ahead to provide this country with an armed strength to match any in the world.

Our armed forces are being trained for a new kind of war. New responsibility has been thrown on the junior and noncommissioned officer, and on the man in the tank, plane or mechanized unit. Given his objective, the modern soldier is on his own. Success depends on his individual skill and judgment. Thus two prime qualities of democracy have come to the fore — initiative and self-reliance.

But modern war is also a struggle between entire populations. Has a

IN A World War battle of 1918, Colonel William J. Donovan, commanding New York's famous "Fighting 69th," was severely wounded in the leg and his hands were burned. He was tagged to be sent to hospital. "Wild Bill" Donovan tore off the tag, had himself strapped up, stayed with his regiment 30 hours until they won their objective. For this he received the Congressional Medal of Honor. After the war — wounded twice more and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Croix de Guerre of France, the Croci di Guerra of Italy — he returned to his successful law practice in Buffalo. Last summer he spent a month in England on official business for Washington and during the past winter served as an observer in the troubled Balkans.

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high standard of living, democratically achieved, impaired our civilian stamina? Have we smothered our fighting spirit in material comforts and lost sight of the nation's security in a frantic search for our own well-being?

Two prime requisites for a strong national defense are health and morale. Our national health has improved with every advance in housing, diet, medical care and working conditions. Today the deadliest diseases take only 20 to 30 percent of their toll a generation ago. Ten years have been added to the life expectancy of the average American since the last war. In 1936, Americans walked off with the lion's share of honors at the Berlin Olympic Games — against the pick of the world's athletes. Today we see new evidences of national vigor. Youths who volunteered in 1940 averaged two inches taller and 15 pounds heavier than their fathers who enlisted in 1917.

It's true that life is easier today than a generation ago. Labor-saving devices and social and labor legislation have vastly reduced the hardships of making a living. But two-thirds of our male workers are in jobs requiring physical strength and endurance — digging coal, forging steel, cutting timber, stoking locomotives, driving trucks. Try calling one of these men a "softie" to his face.

And since when has the other third, the so-called white-collar class,

become weaklings? Although great physical brawn is not important in their jobs, some of the finest physical specimens in my regiment during the last war were men from banks, offices and stores.

Our increased leisure is another point stressed by the democracy baiters. Apparently they have never bothered to investigate how Americans spend that leisure. Participation in active sports has paralleled the rise in leisure available to the common man until today the young man or woman who does not engage regularly in some health-building sport is the exception.

No, we're not so soft. The doctrine of the greatest good to the greatest number hasn't failed us in this hour of need. The call is not for a curtailment of democracy, but for an extension of it to wipe out the worst fifth columnists of all — poverty, unemployment and disease.

The democracy baiters argue that an excessive standard of material well-being has softened our morale. Yet about half of the physical defects that disqualify young men for armed service trace back not to excessive well-being but, as one physician put it, to "defects in the family income." About a third of our people receive incomes insufficient to maintain a minimum standard of healthy living. Instead of bemoaning an imaginary excess standard of living, it is our democratic responsibility to spread the minimum essentials to all Americans.

Democracy hasn't made us soft. Far from it. Rather, democracy has given us the spiritual and material strength we need to build a strong defense. We have our handicaps, but they are those of youth, not of decadence. And with all our faults, the reassuring fact remains that we in America can call on more intelligence, more skill and more sheer physical brawn than any other government in the world.

I saw how average young Americans stood up under the hardships of the last war. There was no question of "democratic softness" then. Lack of preparedness for war meant that many went into battle without adequate training. But what they lacked in experience they made up for in courage. They could take it.

There are no comparative statistics on national morale. But men in the mass behave much like individuals. When you meet a blustering, overaggressive person, you

know his belligerency is an attempt to cover a hidden weakness. Fascism is the same thing on a national scale. Germany and Italy came out badly in the last war and they have never recovered from the drain on their morale. Behind their tanks and planes lies an inner weakness that they would have us suspect in ourselves.

Let us look at the "tougher products of the fascist education." The toughness of the German or Italian as against the Englishman has still to be proved. And I would bet on democratic peoples anyhow. I have yet to learn of a strong and enlightened people submitting for long to dictatorship. Nor has democracy ever flourished among the weak. It takes the best qualities of humanity to make democracy possible at all. We have every reason to look upon our own trust in democracy as a barometer of our fitness to defend this country.

Illustrative Anecdotes -44-

A MINNEAPOLIS teacher gave \$500 to a charming gyp for a half interest in a mythical training school — and then the man skipped out and couldn't be found.

When she came to the Better Business Bureau with her tale of woe, the Bureau man asked: "Why didn't you investigate first? Didn't you know about our service?"

"Oh, yes, I've known about the Bureau for years," she answered. "But I was afraid you'd tell me not to do it!" — Frank W. Brock in *Coronet*

¶ By producing films, from original research to final editing and sound effects, Denver school children educate themselves and have a whale of a time

These Students Make Their Own Movies

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Editb M. Stern

IN DENVER, high school students are producing sound movies as part of their regular classwork. Two hours every school day go to this new way of bringing social studies together under one teaching device.

Movie making is fun, of course; but it's hard work, too. Only a small proportion of the time is given to shooting pictures; most of it is taken up by background study, to which the youngsters cheerfully give Saturdays, holidays, early mornings and late afternoons.

I watched boys and girls tracking down the living stuff of economics, hygiene and civics; found them in factories, banks, municipal bureaus. I saw them applying physical and chemical principles to the realities of photography and film development; saw them learning effective English through sound-track description that must make its point in a few seconds.

There's nothing amateurish about these pupil-made pictures. From the moment the projector began to click in the darkened basement of the Denver Public Schools Administration Building, I sat enthralled.

Each picture made its points dramatically. "They *have* to be good," explained Dr. R. A. Hinderman, director of vocational education in Denver schools, "otherwise they would give the children no satisfaction. And they are the best means I know for teaching what it is to live in a democracy."

All Denver's high school pupils know something about the city's industries and agencies, but the movie-making classes go into details. "You're going to produce a permanent record," say the teachers. "You'll have to become responsible experts on your subject. We'll help by suggesting background reading to make you intelligent interviewers. Then you must decide where you are going and whom you are going to see."

One class attempted to explore the community 40 strong. It didn't work. So they discovered the advantages of representative government. They divided themselves into committees of three, each to search some part of the field and then inform the group through reports and snapshots.

In the beginning the interview-

ers preferred the reassuring company of their teachers. Then they discovered that public servants really want to serve the public, the younger generation included. "Dr. Cullyford treated us as if we were high officials," a slender, sallow boy in a frayed brown sweater told me after a visit to the State Board of Health. A tenth-grade girl informed me that "Dr. Mitchell certainly wanted us to know what he was doing because he kept us in his laboratory for two hours!"

Businessmen also encouraged the inquiring producers. Bankers turned out to be regular fellows willing to explain financial statements and calculating machines. Executives in meat packing plants walked with students between long rows of beeves to explain sanitary measures. A boy, who told me he'd been awfully scared at first, interviewed one of Denver's leading businessmen. "He was swell," he said. "After that I felt I could go to see anybody!"

The long suspense of fact-gathering is broken by showings of such documentary films as England's *The Face of Britain* and America's *The River* and *The Plow That Broke the Plains*. Through group analyses, pupils learn techniques and what to aim for. How was music used for emotional effect? Which photographic details built up the desired impression?

An important step is to decide what message shall be carried to

their audiences. How, for example, shall they interpret the assignment *Food the Modern Way*? Denver pupils decided that sanitary manufacture and new scientific methods were less obvious, and therefore more interesting, than what they had learned about quantities of foodstuffs pouring into the city's markets.

Into a written scenario goes the story in terms of action and pictures. I've heard hot debates in Denver classrooms. Follow a woman carrying home food? Nonsense! Boring and needless. Microscopic slides enlarged on the screen? No, too much detail; a glimpse of the laboratory is enough. General view of a flour mill? No! Rather a close-up of a grinder in action.

Some pupils break down the scenarios into shooting scripts, complete to the last minutia of timing and scene footage. After that, others revisit scenes to be included in the shooting script and make the necessary arrangements.

Zero hour. Filming starts. The street cleaning department obligingly deposits a dead dog in the street so one of its trucks can pick it up. A farmer in the midst of spring plowing maneuvers his tractor for the sake of the perfect shot. A baker spruces up and shaves on request so that he will register well on the screen. A milk inspector stops the same milk wagon over and over again before the students' camera.

All pictures, good and bad, are spliced together in the order called for in the scenario. Teachers who know how to suggest without dictating help pupils edit the "rush." "That picture of me drinking buttermilk ought to come out," a girl pretty enough to rate Hollywood said decisively. "We're trying to show how cartons keep milk sanitary, and a person drinking doesn't add a thing."

Some students design titles, some arrange the incidental music. Others work on narrative and captions. A brief phrase like "We put the icebox on wheels," to describe a refrigerated train, is adopted after numerous wordier predecessors.

At long last the pictures are ready for their première. An audience of school children, teachers, parents and friends is stirred to fresh appreciation of citizenship when they see *How Our Health Is Protected*; technologists in the State Laboratory peer into their test tubes, whitewings wield their brooms, water spurts from the pipes of the municipal aerator, visiting nurses go their rounds. *It's Fun to Play* pictures the wide variety of inexpensive recreation available to boys and girls. *Food the Modern Way* makes you hungry. Flashes of a gorgeous rooster, a massive hog; machines vacuum-packing, mixing, grinding, wrapping and packaging; in the end, salads and roasts and chickens, delectably displayed.

These three pictures have been

finished since Denver inaugurated the activity two years ago as an experiment under the auspices of the American Council on Education. *How to Find a Job* is still in production, but even an uncompleted pupil-made documentary film has its educational value. Positions were found almost immediately upon graduation by 17 of the 20 boys who worked last year on the job picture, as against not one in the graduating class the year before.

One film, approaching completion, was undertaken at the request of Denver bankers who found that despite conducting numerous tours through their institutions and giving 100 lectures in the schools they had taught the youngsters little. The visitors had been more intrigued by a vault door than by the odyssey of a check. Only when faced with the necessity for picturing someone writing a check, where it clears, and how it is spent, did they think through complicated financial transactions. You can't comprehend a mortgage by visits to a teller's cage or a vice-president's sanctum; only by way of pictures do masons, carpenters and plumbers employed through housing loans become real.

"I'm all for this new teaching method," Mr. James K. Sanbourne of the American Institute of Banking told me. "The children's scenarios showed an astonishing grasp of our operations." "So am I," a

dairy operator agreed. "I never knew teen-agers could be so serious." Dr. Mitchell of the state health laboratory is equally enthusiastic. "We haven't the time or the personnel to guide visitors through the laboratory," he said, "yet everyone ought to know about our work. This is an ethical way to advertise health. I hope every state does the same thing."

If numerous school systems institute pupil-made motion pictures, a fruitful exchange can result. Eugene H. Herrington, production manager of the Denver project, says you don't need expensive equipment. An adequate camera will cost \$50, an ordinary projector \$75, a sound projector \$300. A finished sound reel may cost \$150, of which \$36 may go for film, \$20 for printing, and \$17.50 for sound track. There is no personnel cost, for the school uses its teaching staff

plus an outsider qualified — and glad — to act as technical director.*

Each section of the country offers something special for its children to document — shipping, fruit growing, or textile manufacture, or local differences in the way people live and work.

Education via the self-made cinema is in the Denver curriculum to stay. Pupils learn better and what they learn stays with them longer. But the scheme cannot be measured merely in terms of knowledge gained. Young motion-picture producers who have learned to know their community, to meet people, to make difficult decisions, to be thorough and think straight, and to work together, are, in the fullest sense, educated.

* A manual for teachers has been prepared by the Motion Picture Project of the American Council on Education, Washington, D. C.



Magic Words

¶ HAVING obdurately passed by scores of would-be hitch-hikers from an army post, a motorist finally drew up and took one in. Pinned to his coat was the sign: "Good Company." And he was.

¶ ONE BOY among a group of bootblacks was doing all the business; as soon as he finished one customer he snared another. Investigation revealed that the other boys were saying, "Shine, mister?" The busy one said, "Shine for *Sunday*, mister?"

¶ FOR YEARS a maker of birdhouses had eked out a bare living with an occasional sale. Then a friend suggested that he carve some words on the little houses, and soon he had to hire a helper to fill his orders. The magic words were: *To let — for a song.*

— Walter A. Lowen in *This Week*

How to Be an Intelligent Patient

Condensed from *Your Life*

J. C. Furnas

IT TAKES TWO to get satisfactory results from modern medicine: a good doctor and an intelligent patient. Even the ablest medical man is badly handicapped unless the patient contributes his share toward solving the problem of healing.

The primary job of the patient is to find a good family doctor, then stick to him. Only by long acquaintance with your individual physical and mental personality can your doctor give maximum help. "Tramp patients" defraud themselves of efficient medical care.

You must be willing to "tell all" when you consult your doctor. And only by sharp self-observation can you give the necessary information — the exact location of your pain, its frequency and severity, what brings it on, what seems to relieve it. Have you been eating injudiciously? Tell the doctor. Tell him,

too, about any medicine you may have taken — it may be disguising your true condition. For instance, accurate diagnosis of a gall-bladder condition is difficult if you fail to mention a recent dose of sedative which may mask the very pain the doctor is looking for.

Don't obscure your ailment with false shame. Tragic self-sabotage often results when patients conceal previous venereal infections, for example. Your doctor is not concerned with moral judgments; his sole interest is to cure you.

Skipping something crucial is especially risky when an operation is in prospect. Do you bruise easily? That indicates a blood condition essential for the surgeon to know about. Does morphine stimulate instead of quiet you? Do members of your family bleed excessively? Most of us veer from the norm in some way and it may escape even the most skillful examination.

Doctors prize the common-sense "early call." Waiting until 3 a.m., when you've had cramps since dinnertime, is unforgivable. It isn't a matter of saving the doctor's sleep. The delay can be fatal, especially when a stomach upset turns

For the writing of this article, J. C. Furnas spent several months interviewing scores of physicians. The helpful hints here presented sum up the advice and comment on which they collectively agree. The finished manuscript has been read and approved by a number of physicians and surgeons.

out to be a ruptured appendix. Streptococcus infections — of the throat, or even following a “mere scratch” — should also be caught early. A neglected hernia may have grave consequences. Postponing a checkup on breast lumps or abnormalities in the genital tract often prevents successful treatment of cancer.

Anything newly troublesome about your body demands attention. Bleeding from any cause. Shortness of breath. A mysterious rash, sores that won't heal, noticeable growths. Recurrent gastric upsets, diarrhea, or constipation. Sudden ups or downs in weight. Persistent headaches, colds, jumpiness, faintness. All these are premonitory symptoms of serious diseases. Do something about them. But don't do it yourself. Remedies casually self-administered — a salve for the rash, a pill for the cold or headache — often amount to criminal negligence. When you take a cathartic for an abdominal pain, you risk peritonitis and death.

Sometimes the victim of a chronic ailment who follows the medical news in responsible periodicals can make fertile suggestions about his case. As any good physician admits, no one man can possibly keep up with all medical developments. Recently I suggested to my doctor a new toxoid for chronic boils; it worked splendidly. I know a person who probably saved her sister from dying of pneumonia by showing

the doctor a newspaper story on the first experimental successes of sulfapyridine. But no patient is worse than the one who, hearing of diathermy or sulfanilamide, demands their use in and out of season; or who drags quack diets and cures into the doctor's office and gets annoyed when they are rejected.

If you suffer from a recurrent malady, you can sometimes help the doctor by keeping a copy of a prescription which hit your ailment right on the button. This as it stands, or with minor changes at his discretion, may be just what you need. But it is dangerous to get an old prescription refilled without consulting your doctor. Your condition may have changed; and the cumulative effect of some medicines is definitely injurious.

When you summon a physician be prepared for him. Have on hand hot-water bottle, ice bag, atomizer, enema outfit. Have the address and telephone number of the nearest all-night drugstore, in case you need an emergency prescription in the small hours.

Public schools ought to teach everyone how to report symptoms intelligently over the phone. The busy doctor appreciates crisp information about temperature, pulse, headache, nausea. This enables him to judge whether an ambulance is needed or merely good advice. Take a few moments to organize pertinent information before phoning your doctor.

Nothing exasperates a doctor more than to hear: "Come right away; I feel feverish." The urgency of your case will be better demonstrated if you can say: "I have a temperature of 102.8." Your physician will cheerfully show you how to use a thermometer.

Surprisingly enough, many patients fail even to execute accurately the doctor's orders in such simple matters as quantity and times of dosage. A little thought should make it plain that there is a reason for such orders and that they are important to the patient.

The good physician appreciates the patient who knows how to suggest the delicate matter of a "consultation." He may hesitate to mention consultation himself, for fear of alarming the patient or because of the extra expense. It is no reflection on his skill if you say: "Maybe I'm not getting on as well as you'd like, doctor. Isn't there somebody you have confidence in, who could give us some help?" Honesty features the intelligent relationship of doctor and patient.

Suggesting consultation is one thing; running to specialists on your own is another. You have, let us say, a headache; you think it is due to sinus trouble. But to dash off to a nose-and-throat specialist before consulting your family doctor is to disregard the fact that headache may come from pituitary disturbance, high blood pressure or one of a score of other

things. Let your general practitioner decide which specialist you should consult. In many cases he can save you money by handling the ailment ably himself.

The intelligent patient gets money matters clearly understood beforehand, particularly when surgery or special treatments are needed. Close relations between patient and family doctor help. He knows your financial position, can talk it over with the surgeon behind your embarrassed back, may even arrange for installments. Or if Dr. Elder feels unable to operate for what you can pay, he may send you to Dr. Younger who, he knows, will do a good job for what you can afford.

Most of us know that periodic dental inspection is necessary, but we overlook the greater importance of a regular annual medical checkup — particularly as we approach the period of slackening vitality. The bill for examination of heart, lungs, nervous reactions — for blood tests, urinalyses and basal metabolisms — may look large. But it is cheap insurance against bills ten times larger. Heart disease, tuberculosis and diabetes are only a few of the grim ailments that may be checked or cured if discovered in time.

The doctor can't force you and no law requires you to be an intelligent patient. If you don't want to bother . . . well, it's your own funeral.

It's a State of Mind

By *Eddie Cantor*

MEMBERS of the theatrical profession are the worst hypochondriacs in the world — and the most gullible. Of all people they are the last to admit that most of their ailments are purely imaginary. I myself never had a good night's sleep until my doctor ordered nightly doses of what I later found was merely a syrup of sugar and water. But the acknowledged dean of theatrical hypochondriacs was Albert Lewis, producer of many successful plays, including the current hit *Cabin in the Sky*. What I once did to Lewis I haven't had the heart to tell until now.

In the summer of 1928 I was rehearsing for *Whoopee*. After a particularly long run-through one night, the late William Anthony McGuire, who wrote the show, went with me to a restaurant for a refresher. This was during my baby-food period, when I theorized that one could remain healthy as a child by eating as children do; so I ordered cereal and cream. Bill McGuire gave me a frightened look and promptly ordered Scotch and ginger ale.

Then he gazed about the room and spied our mutual friend Al Lewis at a corner table. Weary as we were, we fell to exchanging stories about Lewis's famed "ailments." Seeing him coming over, we decided to do something for good old Al's benefit — in a hurry. Casually I poured half my bottle of cream into the glass brought for Bill's drink, and filled the glass with ginger ale.

Immediately Al asked, "What's that you're drinking?"

¶ A comedian spoofs an ailing friend, with amazing results

"What I drink every night," I answered. "Half cream, half ginger ale."

"What good is that?" he asked.

"It's just the best tonic in the world, that's all."

"Where's that waiter?" chimed in McGuire, who meanwhile had hidden his jigger of Scotch. "Why didn't he bring *my* cream and ginger ale?"

"You, too, Bill?" Lewis gasped.

"Of course!" he replied. "I've been sleeping like a baby since Eddie introduced this drink to me."

"But Eddie said it was a tonic."

"That's the beauty of it, Al," I said.

"When you want pep, you drink it; and when you want to relax, you drink it. I guess I really owe my health to that Swiss doctor who first made me try it."

When Lewis bade us good night, he had the appearance of a man who has just struck oil.

It was two years before I saw Albert Lewis again. I hardly recognized him. He walked with a youthful, buoyant step. The familiar lines of worry had vanished from his face. His handclasp made me wince. I was delighted to see him looking so well and told him so.

"Thanks to you," he returned. "You made me what I am today."

I was puzzled, and he laughed at my foggy expression.

"The cream and ginger ale!" he explained. "You know how ill I was. Well, I've been drinking that combination every single night for two years, and I've never felt better in my life. I sleep like a log, I'm full of energy and I accomplish more in one day than I used to in a month. Really, Eddie, it saved my life!"

MY SISTER AND I

CONDENSED FROM THE BOOK OF
THE SAME TITLE BY

Dirk van der Heide

Translated by Mrs. Antoon Deventer

The diary of a Dutch boy who survived the bombing of Rotterdam

Thursday, May 9, 1940

ON SATURDAY if Father can get away we are going on a two-day holiday to Friesland to visit Grandfather and Grandmother!

Uncle Pieter came over to drink coffee with us after dinner. He says

DIRK is a sturdy 12-year-old with mild blue eyes and straight taffy-colored hair that falls over his forehead. His last name is not van der Heide, for all the names in his diary have been changed to protect families still in Rotterdam.

Dirk's mother helped him start his diary when he was nine, and "wanted him to keep it, always." The captain of the boat which brought Dirk and his sister to America understood Dutch. He read the diary and urged the small boy to go back over his hurried account of those first days after the Nazis came and write down everything that happened, because "people ought to know what it's really like so they won't let it happen any more." Dirk didn't have any trouble remembering: "Sometimes I hardly remember anything else."

His father is "a doctor to animals," still in Holland. His sister Keetje, referred to in the diary, is nine years old. Brenda was his sister's *kindermaid*.




we are going to get into the war in spite of everything. Father says that is crazy, and Mother said please stop talking about the war. Uncle

Pieter says no one worries and that's the trouble. Look what happened to Denmark and Norway, he says. He has brought with him a printed card called "What to Do."

I must write a composition for tomorrow — 150 words on the life of Erasmus. I wish I had gone to a school where I didn't have to study Latin.

Friday, May 10

 SOMETHING terrible happened last night. War began! Uncle Pieter was right. I am writing this in the Baron's air-raid shelter. There are not many shelters here but the Baron and Mevrouw Klaes and Father had this one built for us. All our neighbors said it was a waste of money. Before daylight I woke up. I could

"My Sister and I," one of the most stirring books on the best-seller lists so far this year, is copyrighted 1941, and published at \$1 by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 77

hear explosions and people were shouting. Mother told me to get my coat on and come quickly. There were great flames shooting up into the sky and beams of light from the searchlights and the sirens were going very loud. The shelter was full of people with coats over their nightclothes. Keetje began to cry. Father whispered something to her and kissed her and she stopped. Finally she went to sleep in his arms. It was war all right and the radio was calling for all men in the reserves to report for duty. The bombing kept on all the time — boom, boom-boom. Father put Keetje into Mother's arms and went away. He came back dressed and carrying a gas mask and a knapsack. He kissed Mother and Keetje and me very hard and then hurried out. Mother told him to be careful, *please*.

When the radio said the bombing was over, the sun was beginning to come up and we could see it was going to be a fine day. We went home but Mother had to hurry to the hospital and said for Keetje and me to get dressed and go with Brenda to the Baron's. She promised to come home as soon as she could. Mother is the head of the children's division of the hospital. Father scolds her for working so hard when she doesn't have to work at all. But Mother always says they need her.

All along the street people were shoveling dirt and sand into big

bags and throwing them up against their houses. Brenda and I left Keetje at the Baron's and got shovels.

Just then Mijnheer van Helst ran over and said the Heinkels were coming again. The noise was worse than before. I held Keetje's hand and she squeezed mine until it hurt. Once the cellar seemed to rock back and forth and the Baron said that was close. One child vomited. When the sirens gave the all-clear signal we came outside. One of the bombs had hit Mijnheer Schaepman's house. Someone said that he had been killed and his daughter hurt. The ambulance had taken them away. Some of the house was still standing and we could see a table with dishes on it and pictures hanging sideways on the walls.



THE RADIO began again and said that the Germans were coming in parachutes and for citizens to arm themselves. Pastor Opzoomer called us to come out and look. The sky over toward the airport was filled with white specks floating down.

About 10 o'clock Mother called up from the hospital to say they were taking the sick children to the country away from the bombing. She said she would be home when she could and that Uncle Pieter was coming out to our house.

We all stayed by the radio. It

said the Germans in parachutes wore Dutch uniforms, and that some in south Holland had come down in the black robes and flat hats of Dutch priests. This made Pastor Opzoomer shake with anger. Thought of my teacher and the life of Erasmus which I wrote last night and might just as well not have. Teacher will be fighting but perhaps not very long and he never forgets anything.

Just as it was getting dark Mother came home. Uncle Pieter got here after supper looking very sad. He says he saw parachute troops coming down by the hundreds and that German planes are landing troops at the airport, going back and forth like trolley cars. The Baron said it sounded impossible and the men all argued with Uncle Pieter and he said he knew, he had seen it, hadn't he.

Keetje was asleep at last. Then a new raid began. The noise was worse than thunder. It made my head ache and it made me a little sick to my stomach. We heard the glass falling upstairs. Keetje sat up in her bed during the raid. She was neither all awake nor asleep and she wanted the noise stopped.

Finally it did stop. The Baron took my hand and we walked down to the stone barn. The Baron called the horses by name and some of the cows. He told me the cows were so frightened they could hardly be milked. The horses kept whinnying softly. They sounded

like Keetje crying in her sleep.

Uncle Pieter says we can't have another day like this one. Mother looks so tired and worried. She is probably thinking about Father but she hasn't said anything except that we must not show we are frightened because of the other people.

Saturday, May 11



THIS WAS another bad day. The war got worse. It is now night and we are in the air shelter again. Yesterday no one knew what to do but today we have been piling sandbags and digging trenches out from cellars. People look very funny with kettles over their heads to keep from getting hit by shrapnel, and Keetje's falls off all the time.


This afternoon we saw our first parachutist. He came down behind the Baron's barn. We saw Mijneer van Helst take out his pistol and run toward him, and then he fired three times. He came back looking very sad and his hands were trembling. He is an old and very kind man and not used to shooting people.

One German plane dropped pieces of paper and Max Blok brought one into our shelter. It said the Germans came as friends and were sorry to be doing what they were doing but they had to protect us from the English and the French. This made everyone laugh at first

and made them angry too. The paper said it was foolish to go on fighting when our country was completely beaten. Why did we want to fight against our friends the Germans, the paper asked. Our friends the Germans, Mijnheer van Helst said, spitting.

Mother has been gone all day. The radio came on before supper and said that most of west Holland had been flooded but the Germans were using rubber boats and still coming. One plane was shot down with a horse in it which the radio said the German commander had brought for his victory parade.

Later, the same day



THE WORST air raid of all has just come. About half the houses on our street are gone. One bomb landed on the lawn by our air shelter and caved in one side but the Baron and others are repairing it now. Mevrouw Hartog cried and got everyone very nervous.

Heintje Klaes was killed! He went outside to see the big flares and didn't come back. The bombs got him. Three men were killed trying to get a bomb away that hadn't gone off yet. One of the men was our postmaster and I loved him very much. He gave me my first bicycle ride. It is awful to watch the people by their bombed houses. They don't do much, just walk around and look sad.

Our house wasn't hit but the street in front of it is just a great big hole and all the cobblestones are thrown up on our lawn. Mother is going to be surprised when she sees it.

Twelve people on our street were killed and I knew every one of them but I knew Heintje best. Some people prayed all the time and some sang and some just sat and stared. I said a prayer for Father and I hope God heard it in spite of all the noise. Uncle Pieter has gone to the hospital to try to find Mother. It is getting late and he is worried. I know he will find her.

Keetje talks in her sleep and wakes up all the time asking if the war is over. Poor Keetje, she is so little and doesn't know what is happening. It is worse than the worst fight in the cinema. The ambulances coming and going and so many dead people make it hard for me not to cry. I did cry some while the bombing was going on but there were so many other children that no one noticed me. I just got into bed with Keetje and hid my face.

Later

UNCLE PIETER came back. He didn't find Mother because she is dead. I can't believe it but Uncle Pieter wouldn't lie. We aren't going to tell Keetje yet. The ambulances are still screaming. I can't sleep or write any more now or anything.

Sunday, May 12

I AM WRITING this in the morning as Keetje and I wait for Uncle Pieter. He is taking us to Zeeland if we can get there. I can't believe that we will never see Mother again. She was killed when the hospital was bombed. I tried to run away from Uncle Pieter after he told me about Mother. I tried to get out in the street to fight the Germans. I was all right until the bombs started to fall around midnight and then I couldn't stand it. I yelled and kicked and bit Uncle Pieter in the hand. I think I was crazy.

Keetje still doesn't know about Mother. She looks tired and this morning she vomited when there was hardly any bombing. That is why Uncle Pieter says we must go away, maybe to England.

Two of the old people died last night during the bombing. They were not hit by bombs. They just died. I heard the Baron say it's just as well. Brenda has just come in with our bags and Keetje's big doll. Keetje has been asking Brenda when Mother is coming, and is Mother going with us.

Later



WE ARE in Dordrecht now. It is only a few miles from our home. Usually it takes about a half hour on the big new double road. It took us six hours today in Uncle Pieter's Buick.

We left home at 10 o'clock this morning. I almost cried again and Keetje did cry because Mother didn't come to say good-bye. Our house never looked prettier than when we drove away in spite of the smashed windows and the big hole in the street.

The road was full of people walking and riding, going south to get away from the bombing. Some of them sat at the roadside taking off their shoes and rubbing their feet. Some of the children were being pushed along in baby carriages piled up with food and blankets and things like that.

Uncle Pieter worked his car through the crowd carefully. It was a bright sunny day. It seems awful to have this all happen just when we were getting ready for a nice summer. Uncle Pieter took in four old people.

About three o'clock some German planes came over. Five of them dived down toward the road until we thought they were falling and then they shot at us with machine guns. We all got under the car. Other people threw themselves on the ground and dived into the ditches. The planes kept going back and forth very low and loud. There was great confusion after they left. One young woman in front of us sat by the roadside groaning. There was blood coming out of her head and a hole in the side. It made me sick. All the way down the road we saw wounded

people and people just lying still in the road.

Once Uncle Pieter had to get out and move three bodies to the side to get by. It was awful. The Germans are cowards to shoot people who have no guns. I hope those Germans in those planes fall out of the sky and never get home and are killed.

Where we left the main road Uncle Pieter saw two small children just standing there holding hands. They looked lost and Uncle Pieter stopped. They wouldn't talk at first. The girl was about as tall as Keetje and with dimples like Keetje's. The boy was much younger with yellow curls. Uncle Pieter finally got them to talk after he gave them some chocolate. He asked where their parents were and they said they didn't know, they thought they were killed. Uncle Pieter asked them where they were going and they just looked at him. Uncle Pieter sighed and said the car was full but we would have to make it fuller. All the way to Dordrecht they didn't say a word, just held hands and looked straight ahead.

Our soldiers stopped Uncle Pieter at the edge of town. Only government cars could go in. Uncle Pieter pounded at the door of a little café and finally a man stuck his head out. Uncle Pieter gave him money and said give these children something to eat and don't let them out of your sight until I get back. I'm

going to find a boat for Vlissingen. You won't find any, the café-keeper said. Old Thys Voerman will find me one, Uncle Pieter said. He'll *have* to.

Uncle Pieter was gone a long time and when he came back he looked pleased. Late tonight we can get to Vlissingen, he said. The girl and boy we picked up talked more after they finished eating. They were from right here in Dordrecht and their house had been bombed the night before. Uncle Pieter gave the café-keeper some money and told him to take care of the children until he found someone who knew them. The café-keeper said he would but he didn't want any money for doing a thing like that.

At 10 o'clock Uncle Pieter said it was time to go. We walked up the street in the dark. Uncle Pieter stumbled many times. He doesn't see very well. When we got to the place where the boats were, there were hundreds of people trying to get on. After a long time Uncle Pieter found his friend and we got on a very small boat.

Monday, May 13

IT took us many hours to get to Vlissingen. The boat sailed without lights. All the time I kept thinking of our friends. It doesn't seem right that we should be so safe when they are still there where the bombs are. I told Uncle Pieter this and he said we were not safe yet. I found out later why. We

had to pass the Moerdijk Bridge where the canal is only 50 yards wide. The Germans were there and the Dutch had been fighting all day to get it back. I am glad I was asleep and did not know this until later.

Uncle Pieter says we are not running away, we are just doing the sensible thing for Keetje's sake. He didn't say anything about me and I was glad because I had been trying to help and to prove I was not just a big baby the way I had been when he told me about Mother.

We are going to sail to England tomorrow night. Uncle Pieter got places for us in a boat. We are going to sleep this afternoon because we haven't slept well since the war began which was only three days ago but it seems much longer.

Tuesday, May 14

THIS BOAT is bigger. We have to sit up but Uncle Pieter has taken Keetje in his arms and she is asleep now. (*Later*) I have been asleep for several hours. I had a terrible nightmare about bombing and thought a bomber was chasing me and Keetje around the canals and we were on ice skates and kept falling and couldn't get away. I was cold when I woke up and Uncle Pieter wrapped his big coat around me and I felt better.

Later

THE BOAT has been tossing around a great deal. I asked Uncle Pieter how long it will take to get to England. He says a good while because we have to go back and forth zigzag through the mine fields. I am scared we might hit one and sink. I can't swim very well and Keetje can only do ten strokes and they don't get her very far. Uncle Pieter says not to think about it. I try not to.

I was very frightened when I heard a loud explosion. The boat ahead of us struck a mine and was blown up. Our boat tried to pick up people from the water. The captain couldn't find many because he didn't want to have the searchlights on. I hate to think of all the people out there swimming in the cold sea. I hope they don't all drown. This war kills just about everybody. I don't feel very well tonight. Maybe I am going to be seasick but I think it's just from the bombing and everything.

I forgot to say how nice Keetje was before we left Dordrecht. She gave her big doll to the little girl. Keetje is often very selfish but she was good to do this. I pray God will keep our Father safe. We could not bear to lose Father after what happened to Mother.

Wednesday, May 15

WE HAVE BEEN in England all morning. We took the train to London and went to a place

where refugees have to go. There were many English people there to help us.

Some of the refugees looked ill. There were children there without any parents or relatives or friends. I am writing this in the hotel where Uncle Pieter took us. He has gone to send a cable to Uncle Klaas in America and to see the American Consul. Maybe we will go to America, Uncle Pieter says. He is not going with us.

Later

UNCLE PIETER has just come back with terrible news. Holland has surrendered to the Germans. Uncle Pieter is almost crying. I hope Father is all right and can go back to doctoring his animals. I just asked Uncle Pieter if we couldn't go back now that the war is over and he said never, never could we go back while the Germans were there. He says it is worse than death for Hollanders to live as slaves. I don't think the Germans could make a slave out of Father. He would not stand for it.

Keetje is feeling very ill. Uncle Pieter is having some warm milk and toast and eggs sent up to her here. This is a very large room with high ceilings. The windows are all covered with thick cloth because it is after dark and no light must be shown because of the Germans. Keetje says she hopes there won't be any noise tonight.

The English newspaper says

there was a dreadful bombing in Rotterdam today and one third of the city was destroyed. I don't see why the Germans should want to hurt people who have never hurt them. Mother would have hated to hear about this. She loved Rotterdam. She met Father there before they were married.

Monday, July 1

WE ARE in Liverpool waiting for a boat to America.

Uncle Pieter has heard from Uncle Klaas in America and he wants Keetje and me to come. Uncle Klaas had to cable the American Consul and his bankers in America had to do the same thing.

Keetje was ill for a week in the hotel in London. A doctor came to see her and said she was nervous. He was very kind. He wouldn't let Uncle Pieter pay him anything. He said it was his gift to gallant Holland. Uncle Pieter says the English are just like that when you know them.

People all carry gas masks and we have them now. They have long snouts. Uncle Pieter put his on yesterday and looked at himself. He said he looked no better with it than without it. I laughed and he laughed too. I was glad to see him laugh for he has been so sad since he found out that one fourth of our army was killed. We haven't heard from Father. •

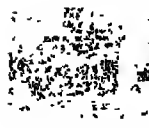
My English is improving. Keetje

gets more practice than I do because everyone stops to talk with her. Liverpool has many boats, and we like to go down to the wharves because they remind us of dear Holland.

Uncle Pieter cannot see us off as it is against the rules because of the war. The ticket man is sending someone for us. I must stop and help Keetje and Uncle Pieter pack.

Good-bye, England. We have to leave just as we were beginning to love you. I suppose we will get used to having new homes.

Wednesday, July 3

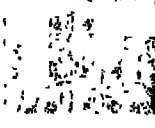
WE SAILED yesterday after dark. It was hard to leave Uncle Pieter. He kissed us many times and hugged us hard. Uncle Klaas will meet us in New York. I hope he will be glad to see us. Uncle Pieter says he will. We are on a big boat and there are many other children going to America. Some of the English children have mothers or grannies with them, but not all. Keetje never mentions Mother and neither do I but I know how she feels. She sits and stares often and is quiet. She never was quiet before the war. But she is very brave and doesn't cry before anybody.

The English captain is always making jokes. There are two other Dutch children on the boat. We speak Dutch to rest our tongues. We practice J's and th's on each

other. Keetje has been sick ever since we left.

I have never been on such a big boat. It is like the hotel in London only it wobbles.

Saturday, September 28

OUR BOAT came in to New York at night on the tenth day after we left England. The day before, all the battleships and boats that had brought us over so safely turned around and went back toward England. We were all alone and very frightened. But then someone started yelling and pointing at the sky. There was a big zeppelin over us. It said United States Naval Patrol Number 14 in big letters. We all yelled and cheered. The zeppelin watched over us all the rest of the way to America. I won't ever forget the nice safe way it made us feel.

New York looked very exciting when we saw it in the distance. There were so many lights. All the time we were in England there had never been any lights in the streets. Uncle Klaas and Aunt Helen met us. Aunt Helen is an American with long red fingernails and a very pretty face.

We have been in America several weeks now. Keetje and I go to a private school. There are many new studies, but not so many languages to learn as in Holland. I am learning to play football. Keetje likes the drugstore sodas best.

Several letters have come from Uncle Pieter. He did not go back to Holland but is a volunteer fire warden for the English. Uncle Pieter has had one letter from Father and we have had one. He is back in Rotterdam. The letter we got from him had a Swiss stamp. Uncle Klaas says it must not have been seen by the Germans. Father says the Germans have changed the names of everything with the word Royal in it to National. None of the Dutch can listen on the radio to anything but Spanish, Italian and German programs without being fined 10,000 guilders and two years in prison. The food is getting worse and worse. Father said not to worry, he would pull through.

Keetje and I are happy and everything would be perfect if Father and Uncle Pieter were here. I haven't had very good marks at school. The doctor says I can't concentrate yet be-

cause of the bombing but that I will be all right later. The American doctor was just like the English one. He wouldn't charge any money for taking care of me. He said, *this is on me*, which is slang but very kind.

Sometimes when airplanes go over I want to run and hide. One night I woke up and heard the rain on the glass and was frightened. I thought I was back in Holland and that what was striking the windows was pieces of bombs. That is why Uncle Klaas doesn't like it when people ask me about the war. But I know I'll never forget about it anyway, or forget the Germans and how Mother died.

I won't forget America either. It is a good country that has made us feel welcome. Keetje is looking over my shoulder. She says why don't you say it's "swell," that's an American word.



High Gear

SEVERAL months ago a manufacturer we know placed a bid or proposal of some sort before the War Department, which has to date made no response. Last week he went down to Washington to see if he could get some action.

His complaint was investigated by a spidery civilian clerk, who shuffled through filing cards, prowled in and out of various offices, and finally advised our friend to go home and wait in patience. "You see," he said, "everything takes so much longer now, on account of the emergency."

— *The New Yorker*

Strange Senses

Condensed from *Nature Magazine*

Alan Devoe

THE HEARING of man is inadequate for detecting many sounds that are audible to other beings. A dog whistle recently put on the market emits a note so high that human ears cannot hear it, but dogs hear the sound perfectly.

Realization of the inadequacy of the human ear has suggested to science the probable solution of the old mystery of the singing mice. For centuries there have been reports from astonished housewives, generally unverifiable, of mice that burst into song. Now recent experiments indicate that mice probably devote a good deal of their time to singing, the songs being perfectly audible to other mice, and doubtless highly pleasing, but pitched so high that only a very rare human ear can hear them. The people who do hear the little mouse melodies probably have the same auditory endowment as the few people who are said to hear the "silent" dog whistles.

It is curious that our universe is loud with a mighty chorus of sounds and songs which we human beings never hear at all, just as (according to one entomologist) it is full of lights and colors that ants see perfectly but we do not.

BATS, which hunt their food at night and fly at terrific speed, might often crash into obstacles if they had to rely on their eyesight. Instead, they have a mysterious extra sense. Their ears, and possibly the delicate membrane of their wings, are so subtly sensitive to changes of air pressure and sound wave that they are able to "hear" an object in the darkness before they can see it. Scientists recently released a blindfolded bat in a room crisscrossed with a network of piano wires. The bat -- rendered truly "as blind as a bat" by the bandage -- flitted about the room at top speed for more than an hour and never touched a wire.

WHY IS IT that dogs show a mysterious hostility to persons who are afraid of them, no matter how perfectly such persons conceal their fear? Students of animal lore claim that a frightened human being gives off a fear scent, undetectable to human nostrils but having a peculiarly maddening effect on dogs. Many experts, including the late naturalist, William T. Hornaday, believed in this theory.

That dogs possess sense perceptions which human beings lack was

indicated by researches of the famous German animal psychologist, Engelmann. In one series of experiments to determine dogs' proficiency in auditory localization, a bell was tapped, sometimes behind one of two paper screens, sometimes behind the other. Engelmann progressively narrowed the distance between the screens to find out the fineness of dogs' localization ability. The experiments disclosed that the most inferior dog has a sound-localizing sense vastly superior to that possessed by the sharpest-eared human. Engelmann further found that cats and chickens have a discriminatory hear-

ing power which human beings lack.

AN EYELESS animal, the oyster is endowed with a strange responsiveness to light and shade. As long as light strikes it, the oyster lies with opened shell and sucks in food from the water. But when a shadow is cast athwart it, the oyster closes its shell and remains hermetically armored until the shadow passes. Science calls various light responses by such names as "photochemical awareness" and "scioptic reaction," and, having uttered these impressive phrases, grows humbly silent.

Feeding Guns, Not People

THE REASONS why the British government feels it must deny U. S.-donated food to the people of German-occupied Europe are stated in the well-known *K-H News-Letter*:

In modern war many foodstuffs can be converted into materials for military purposes. For example:

Ten shiploads of wheat (50,000 tons) would replace in food value 187,500 tons of potatoes, which could then be used to make 16,875 tons of alcohol. This alcohol would free 11,000 tons of petrol — enough to enable 500 planes to raid London nightly for two months.

Ten shiploads of milk would make enough butter to replace 2126 tons of margarine. This would release enough fats to make 1850 tons of lubricating oil — enough to lubricate 50 submarines on 12 journeys across the Atlantic. The

residue from the milk could be made into 1500 tons of casein for plastics, and plastics can be used to make airplane parts.

The Germans themselves have made it obvious that to feed occupied Europe is to feed the Germans. "This month," D.N.B., official German news agency, announced last September, "every German over 18 will for the first time receive 75 grams of coffee. This has been made possible by abundant food stocks seized in the Continental ports occupied by the Germans."

The best way to relieve Europe of its sufferings is to relieve it of the Nazis.

¶ Want to do a good deed — and make \$100,000?

The "Spanish Prisoner" Swindle

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Stanton Delaplane

Who covered the fraud trial for the San Francisco Chronicle

ONE MORNING last spring, several hundred American business and professional men, among them a San Francisco clergyman, opened identical envelopes and read:

"My dear sir: A person who knows you has made me trust to you a delicate matter on which depends not only the future of my dear daughter but my very existence. I am in prison . . ."

So begins the old, old "Spanish prisoner" swindle. Each month 10,000 of these letters cross the frontier from Mexico City. Sharp-eyed bunco men south of the border scan American directories and compile a new sucker list each day. Each year according to U. S. postal inspectors some 150 Americans pay \$3600 apiece to learn the old story imported to the New World just 50 years after Columbus's journey. In 1542, Seville courts recorded the first Spanish prisoner swindle. It has had 400 years of uninterrupted success and is operating today with hardly a change, even in the phrasing of the letters.

It was pathetic Letter Number One of the Spanish prisoner series that dropped on the breakfast

table of the Reverend Edgar Allan Lowther, pastor of San Francisco's City Temple. The first bait is calculated to shake out the small fry and leave those gleaming goldfish who pay over \$500,000 annually to support this ancient bunco game.

"I was a banker in Vera Cruz," says the letter, "and after some unfortunate speculations was forced to flee with my beautiful 18-year-old daughter. Are you willing to help me recover \$300,000 hidden in secret compartments of a suitcase and trunk? For your trouble I will pay you a *third part of said sum* — \$100,000."

Dr. Lowther was disturbed. He wrote back that while of course he could not consider any illegal action, he would be happy to help an unfortunate.

The second form letter came from Mexico by air mail. It is designed to set the hook. Now, said the writer, being sure of a sympathetic correspondent, he would unburden himself. "I am in prison, sentenced to serve three years and pay a fine of \$3600 for bankruptcy." A battered newspaper clipping, telling of the capture of the banker and his daughter, was enclosed.

Before being overtaken by Mexican law (the letter read) the banker had hidden \$285,000 in American currency in a trunk, and checked the trunk to a U. S. customhouse in Texas. His suitcase, however, together with other belongings had been seized by Mexican authorities and was soon to be sold, to satisfy in part the fine of \$3600. And here was the rub: the suitcase, about to be sold for a few pesos, contained not only the claim check for the trunk, but also a cashier's check on a Texas bank for \$15,000. Unless the fine could be paid and the suitcase regained, *all* would be lost!

"I have not the honor of knowing you personally," the letter said, "but a friend of yours, another North American, has given me your name. I cannot tell you who he is for he is here in prison under another name as he does not wish to disgrace his family."

The letter went on to settle any doubts that might still linger in a sucker's mind. The banker is able to write freely about such confidential matters, he explains, because he has made a friend of a prison guard whose discretion can be entirely relied upon, and to whom you can send your replies. Why can't the guard open the suitcase, take the check and pay the fine? Because the suitcase, held by prison officials, is sealed. Broken seals would be noticed before the guard could cash the check. Only one way presents itself — you must

come, pay the fine, redeem the suitcase. The way will then be open to the wealth, not only of the suitcase, but of the trunk itself!

"When you have satisfied the guard that you have the \$3600 to pay the fine, he will break the seals and show you the claim tag and bank check. You will telegraph and verify them. In a few hours you will have the replies. Then, and only then, when you are assured of our success, you will pay the money." Here followed detailed instructions. The daughter was to join the triumphal procession from Mexico City to the border, claim the check money and trunk. The clergyman could then return home with \$100,000, thanking a providence that rewards men for good deeds. If he still hesitated —

"I implore you, my dear sir, by complying with my request you would save the future of this innocent child, my beloved daughter." The suitcase is to be sold within the month. Will Dr. Lowther and his \$3600 please hurry?

Thus ended the second letter. As it did to some 149 other men last year, the banker's predicament seemed to Dr. Lowther worth investigating. Anyway, he and his wife had been planning a vacation. Why not Mexico? An airplane bore the Lowthers toward Mexico City. That trail was well blazed. Dr. Lowther later heard a Washington packer, a New York jeweler, a New England college professor, a Geor-

gia ice dealer, a Michigan contractor, a California grocer, and a Pennsylvania lawyer admit unhappily that they had taken the same route. The U. S. government has been filing names of victims for 60 years.

The curtain rose on Act Three as the Lowthers arrived at Mexico City's airport. Here entered "Señor Rangel," affable, bowing, English-speaking fingerman for the Spanish prisoner swindle. He was, he said, the brother-in-law of the prison guard. The Lowthers and Señor Rangel took a cab to their hotel and then drove immediately to the penitentiary to see the prisoners. The prison guard emerged only long enough to say that it was too late to see the prisoners, and would Dr. Lowther please have the money ready *mañana*?

Next day Señor Rangel met them at a restaurant near the penitentiary. In a few minutes, a pistoled, booted Mexican slithered through the door. It was the prison guard again. Señor Rangel interpreted:

"The trial judge has become suspicious since the banker has made arrangements to cancel the embargo on his suitcase. You cannot see him today. Tomorrow, perhaps." Dr. Lowther began to feel as though he had stepped into a south-of-the-border melodrama. This uneasiness — had he but known it — was deliberately instilled to prepare him for the rush act soon to come.

Next day Señor Rangel, Dr. Lowther and the supposed prison guard met, at the same restaurant. This time there was no talk of seeing either the prisoner or Dr. Lowther's supposed friend who had recommended him for this service. The *coup de grâce* was delivered with a skill which the racket has acquired in 400 years.

Out of the guard's blouse came an envelope containing a trunk key, a claim tag, and an impressive cashier's check for \$15,000. Señor Rangel interpreted again:

"He could not wait; he has already broken the seals on the suitcase. The judge has ordered an investigation and you may be followed. Quickly — give him the money to cancel the fine or we are all lost." Dr. Lowther handed over the money.

If a more sophisticated victim demanded verification of the check, Señor Rangel had no objections. But the victim was usually warned that he might be under surveillance; better let the guard send the telegrams to the Texas bank and customhouse. Then the guard came back later with nicely forged telegraphic answers attesting the value of both check and claim tag. If the sucker was still reluctant, Señor Rangel led him to an abandoned warehouse, as he did the Washington packer. There he stabbed him in the arm and offered to slice his gringo ears from his head. The packer handed over the money.

There is not a great deal the victim can do about it. His complaints leave the Mexican police strangely apathetic. Once north of the border, coming out of a Texas bank with a check stamped bogus in his hands, he cools off before reaching the nearest police station. He wonders how the story would look in the home-town newspaper. The \$285,000, was it embezzled? The 18-year-old daughter and the trip to the border. No, better forget it. Men who finally did testify heard themselves described by defense counsel as persons who "went to Mexico City with larceny in their hearts."

The swindle finally came to court because Dr. Lowther had the courage and public spirit to complain. He went to see his old friend, Josephus Daniels, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico. A few hours later, State Department wires were hot and Postal Inspector James E. Speake was on his way south. A federal grand jury in San Francisco indicted five persons in Mexico City for mail fraud and conspiracy. There is no extradition treaty with Mexico covering mail fraud. But

one day two of the defendants named in the indictment appeared on the International Bridge at Laredo, Texas. The fact that they were seated between heavily armed Mexican police did not seem to surprise the U. S. marshal who met them.

A week's trial in San Francisco and Juan Barrena and Camilio Vazquez were sentenced to serve six years in federal prison and to pay fines of \$2000 each. Three others named in the indictment are at large.

The Mexican secret service admits that a sizable Spanish prisoner gang is still at liberty. Even while the government's attorneys were asking a jury to send Barrena and Vazquez where they could no longer defraud Americans, a YMCA secretary marched in on postal inspectors housed in the same building. He showed them a letter he had received in his morning mail. The inspectors read only the first paragraph:

"My dear sir: A person who knows you has made me trust to you a very delicate matter . . . I am in prison. . . ."

*I*DEALS are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring men on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them reach your destiny.

— Carl Schurz

We're the Parachute Troops

Condensed from The American Magazine

Captain William T. Ryder

With William A. H. Birnie

I SUPPOSE you'd call me America's No. 1 parachute trooper. Anyhow, I happened to be the first man to volunteer when Uncle Sam recently decided to go in for jump-fighters. A rumor had gone around our outfit, the 29th Infantry at Fort Benning, Ga., that the War Department was planning to ask for jumpers; so I handed in my name.

More than 200 enlisted men volunteered for this pioneer test group, now the 501st Parachute Battalion. Only exceptionally healthy, intelligent, unmarried men between 21 and 32 were considered. We knew that this was probably the toughest branch of the service. Even today, after scores of jumps, my heart skips a dozen beats every time I stand at the open door of a plane and stare down.

Sure, some Army and Navy pilots take a couple of jumps during training, so they won't get cold feet if they ever *have* to bail out. But the general attitude among pilots is: "Why waste time practicing something you have to do perfectly the first time?" We're the only fighters who make a habit of jumping day after day, week after week.

Civil authorities won't let stunt

men bail out below 2000 feet; it's supposed to be too dangerous. But it's easy for a rifleman to pick off a parachutist floating down from that height, so we do most of our jumping from 750 feet.

If you tumbled out of a plane at 750 feet without a chute, you'd hit the ground in 8½ seconds. Jumping with one of our rigs you wear two chutes. A secret device should open the main one automatically 1½ seconds after you bail out. If something goes haywire, you need about 4 seconds to realize it and pull the rip cord of your emergency chute. Another half second passes before that chute catches the air. Then you are exactly 2½ seconds — 200 to 250 feet — from a messy death. If the first chute opens properly, you glide comfortably down in 40 or 50 seconds.

The first part of my training consisted of practicing calisthenics and tumbling. That was to harden my muscles and teach me to fall artistically, because landing from a jump is like stepping off the top of an auto going 15 miles an hour.

Then I spend hours learning how to fold that 28-foot canopy and stow it neatly in its bag. Even now that job requires 30 minutes. Each

jumper packs his own chute. You handle that silk carefully when you know your life depends on it.

Next, a veteran jumper from the Air Corps taught me how to manipulate the chute's riser lines. "You can maneuver a chute just like a roadster," he explained. "If you want to slide to the right, pull on your right risers and collapse that side of your chute. Pull your left risers, and you'll slide to the left. Pull on all of them, and you'll speed up your descent. That'll come in handy if someone starts shooting."

After six weeks of preliminaries, the big day for our first jumps dawned. The men lined up on the airfield to watch a plane drop a cargo of rifles attached to a chute — to prove that a chute is reliable. The plane released the cargo at 300 feet, but the chute never opened. You could hear the thud half a mile away. The rifles looked like pretzels when we dug them up.

The private next to me gulped. "Man alive," he murmured, "that's the damndest sight I ever seen!"

Of course, there was an explanation — some mechanical flaw. *Our* chutes would be double-checked. Nothing to worry about.

I scanned the men's faces to see how they had taken it. Half a minute passed in silence. Then one youngster stepped forward. "Well, sir, let's get ahead with our own jumps."

As an officer, I jumped first. At

1500 feet — usual altitude for novices — the pilot throttled the plane down to 95 miles an hour. Bundled up like an Indian squaw, I moved to the open door. Below cruised an ambulance, ready for me.

Our mentor thumped me on the shoulder. "Okay!" he shouted. "*Jump!*"

This was the moment I'd been dreaming about for weeks. I felt an urge to turn and say, "What's that? I didn't quite catch it."

But I jumped . . . into a battering tornado. As the chute opened, sledge-hammer blows collapsed my lungs, made black spots dance before my eyes. I was still fighting for breath when the universe came gradually into focus. Now I could see the plane hurtling on ahead of me. Everything turned strangely peaceful, silent, motionless. I looked up and saw the silk glowing golden in the sun. That chute seemed mighty friendly.

When I was about 50 feet off the ground, the earth seemed to leap savagely at my feet. Grabbing my lines, I braced myself — and waited. The jolt bowled me off my feet and I rolled head over heels.

The ambulance raced up as I struggled out of my harness, and the driver inspected me, rather expectantly, I thought. Then he grinned, "No business today?" I shook my head.

Now it was the men's turn. A veteran of one jump, I went up with the first batch to serve, I

hoped, as a morale-booster. Unnaturally silent, they took their places in line according to positions they had drawn the night before. First man, whom I'll call Jones, was a quiet, apparently nerveless fellow who had turned down several bids for his No. 1. He wanted to bail out first.

But when he reached the gaping door, I saw his face go white, his hands tremble. He stared down and gasped; then turned to me with glassy eyes. "I can't do it, sir!"

The next man stepped up, and I noticed he didn't look down at all. I slapped his shoulder. "Ground floor, please!" he shouted as he lurched forward.

Next day, Jones was transferred back to his regiment and I'll bet his record in the Army will continue to be excellent. He is brave enough but jumping just isn't in his line.

All the first jumps went off beautifully but I knew that record wouldn't hold up long. On his third jump, a tall rangy Texan found himself plummeting to earth head-first, his feet tangled overhead in his chute lines. With steady nerves he reached up and tugged away on those lines with all his strength.

That gave him enough lag to enable him to extricate his feet, and he dropped into an upright position about 150 feet from the ground.

Unfortunately, every jumper isn't so collected. A friend of mine told me of one pilot who made a forced jump with a single chute released by a rip cord on his left side. It never opened. When his body was found it was discovered that in his frenzy he had clawed through his jacket down to his bare skin — on his *right* side.

They say that only a battle proves a soldier. But I've watched our test group take plenty of punishment without losing enthusiasm. I've watched the men bail out in dozens of perfect mass formations less than one second apart. I've watched them blaze away with pistols on the way down, and launch an attack on the ground less than two minutes after the first man bailed out.

Selected volunteers are pouring into our battalion from infantry regiments scattered across the country. If these men turn out to be anything like our pioneers, my money is on the American parachute troops.



"*Y*OU SHOULD not be discouraged; one does not die of a cold," the priest said to the bishop.

The old man smiled. "I shall not die of a cold, my son. I shall die of having lived." — Willa Cather, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (Knopf)

Subdebese

Condensed from Life

LET'S PUT the show on the road, sugarpuss. We're going to a rat race." This, in subdebese, is an invitation to a dance.

Subdebese, the pungent speech of American girls just emerging from the awkward age, is a linguistic hodgepodge of the superlative, the vehement and the extravagant. Subdebs never merely like or dislike anything. They say, *I'm mad for it*, or, conversely, *It curdles me*. Salutation is expressed as *Hello, bag*; *Hey, devil, what say?* and *What are you featuring?* (What's up?) *Strictly stock* means nothing much is doing. If the one questioned feels poorly, she says, *I feel like the walking dead*.

Agreement is conveyed by *Certainly bas!*, *That's no dream*, or *You can say that again*. To reinforce a statement, *I ain't woofin'* or *I ain't bummin'* means "I'm not fooling." *Don't band me any more of that jive* indicates that the hearer is fatigued with the conversation. *The bell you yell* signifies incredulity.

Oolie droolie!, *Patch my panty-waist!* are pure expletive. Amazement is conveyed by *Well, cut off my leg and call me Shorty!*

A nice boy is currently known as *glamorpuss*, *superman*, *doll*, or *Casanova*. His car is a *tintype*, *meat*

grinder, or *iron*. Slipping on her *wing-ding* (hat), the young *cookie* or *dilly* (best girl) will go *shincrack-ing* or *booging* (dancing). As an invitation, her escort will murmur, *Come on worm, squirm*.

Boys who do not meet with approval are *drools*, *goons*, *toads*, *meatballs*, *trolls*, and *drips*. A *drizzle* is a *drip* going steady with one girl. An ugly boy is referred to as *Dogface* or *Some of Hitler's work, no doubt*. If a girl really detests a man, she says, "*He's my jewel*." An unpopular girl may be a *crow*, *black widow*, *poison pan*, or *zombie*.

A *wolf* snatches other boys' girls. A *B.T.O.* is a *big time operator* who takes the girl out for *bash* (food). *I'll eat anything that don't bite me first* indicates hunger.

To describe anything good, from a soda to a limousine, *genial* and *adequate* have lately replaced the outworn *smooth*, *priceless*, *divine*.

Most subdebese has been coined to cover the mutual urge for association between subdebs and their male friends. At the bottom of all this is *B.U.*, or *biological urge*, which leads to *smooching*, *catching the monk*, *mousing*, *gooing it* and other types of *crush parties*, all known in the 1920's as *necking*. A girl who acquiesces in such activities is a *fever*, a *cuddlecat* or a *mugbug*. Chef-d'œuvre of subdebese is the definition of petting as "a study of anatomy in Braille."

¶ One of America's leading literary figures tells how it all began—

Portrait in Ink

Condensed from "Happy Days"

H. L. Mencken

Author of "The American Language," "In Defense of Women," etc.

WHEN I was eight years old my father took title to a Self-Inker Printing Press and a font of type. The press cost \$7.50 and the type \$1.10. These details, from the receipted bill in my father's file, are of no conceivable interest to anyone else, but to me they are of a degree of concern bordering upon the super-colossal, for that press determined the whole course of my life. Because of it, I got the smell of printer's ink up my nose at a tender age, and it has been swirling through my sinuses ever since.

On Christmas Day my father undertook to show me how to work it. Inasmuch as he knew no more about printing than Aristotle, and had so little manual dexterity that he could hardly lace a shoe, he made a ghastly mess of it. Before he gave it up as a bad job all the ink had been slathered away and half the type had been broken.

Next morning I set to work to scrub the ink off and make the press go, but I had almost as little skill with my hands as my father, so it was New Year's Day before I succeeded. My cash takings, that

Christmas, had been excellent: something on the order of \$2. I bought a new can of ink and a font of roman type, caps only. With the press there had come Black Letter and Script, so I now had enough faces to begin printing on a commercial scale. A few days later I was ready with the following announcement:

H. L. Mencken

Card Printer

1524 HOLLINS ST.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Up to this time I had always written my name "Henry L." The change to "H. L." was not due to any feeling that the form better became the dignity of a businessman, but simply to the fact that my father had smashed all my Black Letter lower-case *r*'s, and I had to cut my coat to fit my cloth.

So far as I can remember, my father was my only customer. As he set off to the annual delirium of a Knights Templar convention, I applied for and got the contract for

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printing his fraternal *cartes de visite*, which members exchanged when they happened to be thrown together in the saloons of the convention town. My father professed to be delighted with the cards. I charged him eight and a half cents a dozen, including Måsonic emblems put in by hand and hand-colored.

In a little while I was branching out. I issued a circular offering to print advertising, and also launched a newspaper in rivalry to the celebrated *Sunpaper*, the news Bible in every respectable Baltimore household. I never got any orders for advertisements. I solicited my mother's trade, but she replied coldly that she was not in any commercial business. I also solicited my younger brother Charlie, but he was still practically illiterate and had difficulty in distinguishing, without illustrative woodcuts, between the words *cat* and *rat*. He was also poor in those days, and much preferred to lay out what money he had on black licorice nigger-babies.

The newspaper I set up against the *Sunpaper* was doomed from the start, for it was afflicted by every

malady a public journal can suffer from — insufficient capital, incomplete news service, an incompetent staff, no advertising, and a press that couldn't print it. It consisted of four pages, printed on scraps of wrapping paper filched from the hired girl's hoard in the kitchen. Having no news service of my own, I lifted all my dispatches out of my rival, usually selecting the briefest of its late bulletins. Thus the most important item I ever printed was this:

Berlin, March 9 - - William I is dead aged 91.

This came out in my paper a week after the *Sunpaper* had made it known to the rest of the community.

That printing press remained my favorite possession for several years. Though my type gradually wore out to the point where all the letters printed like squashed O's, my enthusiasm for printing did not die. When I was 18, and free to choose my trade in the world, I chose newspaper work without hesitation, and I have never regretted my choice.

THE TROUBLE with many of us is that we just slide along in life. If we would only give, just once, the same amount of reflection to what we want to get out of life that we give to the question of what to do with a two weeks' vacation, we would be startled at our false standards and the aimless procession of our busy days.

— Dorothy Canfield, *The Squirrel-Cage* (Henry Holt)

State-operated inspection stations have ruled 45,000 cars off the road and saved many motorists' lives

New Jersey Checks Your Car

Condensed from Public Safety

Myron M. Stearns

DRIVING through New Jersey last year, I noticed that my car was vibrating alarmingly. The machine was only a few weeks old and this was the first long trip I had made with it. Concerned, I stopped at a service station.

"Pull onto that platform," the shop foreman directed me. He read figures on an indicator.

"Your right rear wheel is out of alignment," he said. "It has a slip of 40 feet to the mile. You'd never pass an inspection in this state."

New Jersey's car-inspection system, I found, has ruled thousands of unsafe cars off the highways, has made all drivers conscious of the condition of their cars, has checked the sale of unsafe brake linings and various fraudulent accessories, and has cut down accidents. It saved

me unnecessary tire expense, perhaps an accident. That this alignment-tester was at a private garage instead of one of the 28 state inspection stations is significant: state-wide car inspection has caused many auto-repair shops to improve their service by installing such equipment.

New Jersey motorists pay 50 cents for each semiannual inspection. It costs other taxpayers nothing, for the fees defray all expenses and leave a small surplus.

During the three years the system has been in operation, nearly 45,000 cars have been barred entirely from New Jersey highways. Seventeen thousand sets of license plates were called in last year alone, mostly for cars too old to be safely used. Among them were a 22-year-old Model T Ford, a 20-year-old Maxwell, a 30-year-old Locomobile, and cars with names few people now remember, like *Detroit* or *Darracq*. But age alone will not rule a car off the roads. There is one 1904 Oldsmobile that passes muster regularly. It steers with a tiller; the one-cylinder engine is under the

MYRON M. STEARNS has written extensively on how to operate a car with minimum risk to life and limb. In 1938 he drove off with first prize — \$25,000 — in the Tidewater Oil Company's contest for safe driving rules. But safety problems have been only one of Mr. Stearns' many interests. He has been a screen writer, editor and producer, editorial director of *Boy's Life*, and author of half a dozen books on education.

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(Public Safety, March, '41)

seat and cranks at the side. But it is in good repair and safe to drive.

During the first six months of inspections, only a third of the cars passed their initial examination. Since then the proportion has risen, for New Jersey car owners have learned to keep their machines in better repair. Even today, however, nearly half the cars fail to pass until some deficiency, big or little, has been eliminated.

One in every four is found to have brakes unsafe for both occupants and other users of the road. The brakes require relining, or are badly adjusted, or have been relined with cheap material that has no value at all. A new car, driven onto the brake-tester recently and given the customary abrupt stop, showed no brake action in one rear wheel. The inspectors refused to pass the car, so the owner drove back to the agency where he had purchased it only a few hours before. The agency testing machine, acting on the brake fluid, showed nothing wrong. The wheel was taken off and examined, to prove it was all right. But it wasn't all right. One cotter-pin had been left out at the factory; the brake on that wheel did not engage at all. The buyer of a brand-new automobile perhaps was saved from a serious wreck.

A steering arm broken halfway through, a brake pedal worn completely away on a heavy truck, a front axle broken almost entirely

in two — these are a few of the defects uncovered at inspection stations.

Each year more than 35,000 cars are found deficient in the exhaust system — a danger only recently receiving proper attention. When carbon monoxide, from a leaky exhaust manifold or muffler, has access to the interior of the car there is danger that driver and passengers will be harmed by the fumes. Furthermore, the car is a menace to other motorists, because the driver becomes drowsy. "Falling asleep at the wheel" frequently results in a fatal head-on collision.

One car in every five examined has steering trouble: front wheels wobbly or out of alignment, or steering adjustment loose. If a wheel is even a few hundredths of an inch out of alignment, the tire wears down rapidly.

Hundreds of owners come from adjoining states — Pennsylvania, New York and Delaware — to have their cars checked by New Jersey equipment and inspectors. It is worth, they feel, the 50-cent charge — and New Jersey accommodates them.

It seems incredible that defects of design should creep into finished automobiles, after the exhaustive factory tests before production, but occasionally they do. Not long ago an inspector drove a relatively new car onto the brake-testing platform. When he jammed the

pedal down, he unconsciously pulled on the steering wheel — and it came loose in his hands! Examination of other cars of the same make and model showed the same defect. A telegram to the manufacturers stopped production until a change had been made in design so that the steering rod could not, after it was slightly worn, pull out from the worm gear in which it was supposed to be locked.

The ordinary reaction of a driver whose car is not passed is, of course, indignation. But when examination at his own repair shop, in preparation for a second test, uncovers a dangerous defect, his annoyance changes to appreciation. The New Jersey Motor Vehicle Department has bins full of defective parts brought in by car owners with expressions of gratitude. The inspections show up careless garage work. Repairmen now have to meet inspection-service requirements or lose trade.

Inspections also uncover frauds. Each year some 35,000 cars fail to pass because of windshield-wiper trouble. The wiper hose, purchased at some cut-rate accessory shop, is too soft and has collapsed under the pull of the vacuum that works the wipers.

Plain glass headlights are another fraud menace. Standard headlight lenses are designed and made with precision and care, to bring the maximum of light where it is required for safe driving. Fake

lenses of plain glass resemble the genuine ones but throw a blinding glare in the face of oncoming motorists and put only a fraction of the proper candlepower on the road. I was shown a bill from a wayside repair shop that had charged \$1.80 for a "new lens for headlight" and was also shown the plain glass, which the New Jersey inspectors had spotted. The genuine headlight lens sells at 75 cents.

More than 50,000 motor vehicles are rejected each year because of defective wiring or switches. Headlights that go out suddenly, or a motor that stalls, may cause accidents.

New Jersey's inspection stations can handle 12,000 cars a day. Motorists are assigned inspection dates, with a leeway of two weeks, to avoid congestion and long waits. Six minutes ordinarily is enough time to check a car.

When a car is rejected for minor deficiencies a partly torn sticker is put on the windshield. Naturally the owner wants to pass the inspection as soon as possible and have the proper sticker in place of the conspicuous "rejected" one. He does not care to advertise that he drives an unsafe car.

New Jersey traffic fatalities had been running between 1100 and 1300 a year; never, for a decade, had they been less than 1000. In 1937, the last year before inspection, there were 1278. In 1938 they dropped to 865. In 1940, with in-

creased mileage, there were 911. During the three years of inspection there were 1000 fewer deaths than during the preceding three years.

Besides New Jersey, only Connecticut, Delaware, South Carolina, Washington, the District of Columbia, and 15 cities have compulsory car inspection in publicly owned and maintained stations. As yet none of them have equaled the New Jersey standard of efficiency, although Washington is approaching it. A number of other states have car inspection at designated private garages, and still others are going through various experimental stages.

New Jersey's discovery that

about half the cars on the road have defects, unknown to their owners, is borne out by the experience of other states. In Texas, for instance, where a portable testing "lane" is moved from town to town, 281,606 of the 562,657 vehicles inspected in 1939 and 1940 were found defective. One trip through the lane tests brakes, muffler, lights, horn, steering gear, wheels, windshield wiper, in less than three minutes. It is not compulsory but the police find few objects.

Motorists realize that car inspection gives them inexpensively a service they get in few garages. It gives them a sense of security while driving and it saves lives.



Blossoming Sands — and Sandbags

MOTORING through the Arizona desert, where rippling water sang in the irrigation ditch beside the road, I noticed that the trees lining the roadside — trees 30 or 40 feet high — were all in line and evenly spaced. I remarked on this to a native of the state. "Oh," he said, "those were fence posts."

I thought he was joking, but he was stating what to him was a commonplace. Nature had so bountifully bestowed minerals in the earth and sunshine above it that when water was turned on this enchanted land, the fence posts reached out for it underground, drank, put forth roots and leaves and just grew into cottonwood trees.

— Frank Case, *Do Not Disturb* (Stokes)

WHEN a hospital in an English town ran out of sand for its sandbags, sacks were filled from the public gardens. Suddenly they protected the hospital walls all winter. But with spring came a change. Green shoots appeared through cracks of the sacking, and soon the whole grim barricade bloomed with yellow daffodils. — V. Sackville-West, *Country Notes in Wartime* (Hogarth Press)

Smoothing Pan-American Tradeways

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney

President, American Arbitration Association

SEVERAL YEARS ago a Uruguayan exporter sent 2000 lambskins to a New York broker, who sold them to a Montreal fur company. The Montreal firm protested that they were worm-eaten when received; the Uruguayan claimed that they had been perfect when shipped.

Such an argument might have dragged on, to end in court after expensive delay. Instead, the South American's resident agent, the Canadian firm's New York representative and the broker met in New York for arbitration. A fur expert, inspecting the skins in Montreal, had reported them defective. After determining that they were damaged before shipment — per-

haps while lying packed in the Uruguayan's warehouse — the arbitrators allowed the Canadian firm a refund of more than \$10,000. The settlement cost about \$100 each in fees.

Convinced by the evidence, the Uruguayan expressed satisfaction and has since sold the Canadian company \$100,000 worth of merchandise. "If the Canadians had been put to the expense of a court trial," one of the arbitrators told me, "you can imagine how much further business they would have given the Uruguayan."

Commercial disputes between North and South Americans have been one of the chief barriers to Pan-American unity. Magnified by differing customs and languages, they spawned ill will, loss of sales, accusations of dishonesty. But an effective arbitration court has come to the rescue. Known as the Inter-American Commercial Arbitration Commission, it sits anywhere in the Western Hemisphere, requires no attorneys or juries, and costs disputants as little as a dollar in fees. Its services are open to anyone. "Trials" seldom require more than

WHEN the U.S. entered the World War Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney enlisted — at 17 — and soon became the Army's youngest flying instructor. After the war he graduated from Yale, worked in western mining camps, and developed the Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Company, now Canada's second largest mining concern. Later he established one of Mexico's greatest irrigation projects. He helped found Pan American Airways, making many exploratory flights himself, and is now its board chairman.

a few hours. Evidence usually is submitted by mail. Business squabbles involving everything from the performance of costly American mining machinery in the Andes to the color-fast quality of bright Mexican rugs have been settled by this painless procedure.

With the European war increasing inter-American trade by some \$300,000,000 in 1940, to a total well over a billion dollars, such a development is of immense significance. Moreover, with Nazi encroachment in South America, every inter-American trade dispute breeds conflict when solidarity is of paramount importance.

The setup of the commission is simple. In each Latin-American nation and every U.S. city are panels of impartial businessmen willing and able to arbitrate any type of commercial dispute. They serve voluntarily and without compensation. A typical tribunal consists of three panel members chosen jointly by the disputants from lists provided by the commission.

Recently I was an observer at a business drama typifying Inter-American Arbitration's three outstanding advantages: speed, fairness, low cost. At the conference were a middle-aged Argentinian — the South American agent for a U.S. paint company — an official of the paint company, and three arbitrators: a manufacturer, a paint expert and a banker. Witnesses were sworn and facts began to

emerge. Eighteen months before, the Argentinian had agreed to sell at least 75 percent of \$3000 worth of paint consigned to him by the U.S. firm. Business had suddenly nose-dived; a third of the paint was unsold. He shipped it back to the U.S. Now the paint firm was charging him for shipping losses and deterioration.

The paint company representative admitted that the Argentinian had tried hard, but unquestionably the paint had deteriorated, and they did not feel responsible for this or for shipping charges. The arbitrators gave their verdict in three hours. The Argentinian was not liable for deterioration losses, and because he had spent his own money for sales promotion, both parties would share losses and shipping charges. The arbitration cost to each was \$10. The Argentinian has since sold several thousand dollars' worth of that company's paint.

Of course, arbitration is not faultless. To some critics, the speed of the tribunals and the fact that the contestants bind themselves in advance to accept the award have a star-chamber aspect. Yet the steady growth of arbitration proves that, whatever its faults, it fills a long-felt want. And it doesn't cost a penny in public funds. Fees — usually one percent of the amount involved — cover most of the commission's expenses; deficits are made up by public-spirited directors.

Inter-American Arbitration is

buttressed by the experience of the American Arbitration Association — its parent body — which has settled nearly 20,000 business disputes during the past 15 years for more than 400 U.S. trade groups, every sort of industry from airplanes and dry cleaning to movies.

The beginnings of the commission go back to the Pan-American financial congress of 1916, when Brazil, Argentina and the U.S. created arbitration panels under the auspices of chambers of commerce. The plan did not spread until the Seventh International Conference of American States at Montevideo in 1933 authorized the Pan-American Union to establish the commission as now constituted, with headquarters in New York.

One function of the commission is to look out for unethical traders, as dangerous as fifth columnists in destroying Pan-American amity. For example, the commission discovered a U.S. dealer who advertised low-priced automobile parts in South American newspapers and, after receiving cash orders, sent worthless junk parts or none at all. The evidence was turned over to federal officials for prosecution.

The commission does more than conciliate; it awakens American firms to a new sense of responsibility in dealing with Latin America. Recently an importer in Nicaragua reported that eight months previously he had sent \$400 to a mid-

western manufacturer, for a dozen sewing machines, but had received only a letter stating that strikes were delaying shipment. A member of the commission's panel learned that the manufacturer was giving priority to larger orders. The Nicaraguan received his shipment, and the manufacturer now sends Latin-American orders out on the dot.

An Ecuadorian seamstress appeared before the American consul in tears; six months before she had sent \$12 — the savings of nearly a year — for an advertised American radio. It never appeared. Her letters to the manufacturer came back unopened.

The consul wrote to Inter-American Arbitration headquarters in New York. Officials found the manufacturer had gone out of business. But the company which had taken its place sent the seamstress her set. Joyfully she spread the news and the firm received several dozen orders from her townspeople. The transformation from ill will to good will was highly desirable.

Every week the number of Pan-American arbitrations increases. Disputing parties learn more about the pitfalls of inter-American trade and how to avoid them. At a time when North and South American businessmen are turning more and more to commerce within their hemisphere, arbitration is smoothing the ways for that commerce, and giving practical expression also to the Good Neighbor policy.

Go West, Young Man

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Richard L. Neuberger

WHEN Jack Yandle lost his job driving a laundry truck in Portland, Oregon, he and his family staked out 80 wooded acres on Yacolt Mountain in the hinterland. Jack cut down pine trees, and he and his wife hoisted them into place for a clay-chinked cabin. They cleared land and planted corn, lettuce and potatoes. Today after seven years the Yandles are still on their timbered summit, the depression pretty well behind them.

Can other American families do what the Yandles have done? Can homeless people find undeveloped public land which will respond to plow, water and seed?

Title to 395,000,000 acres of land continues to rest with the government. Virtually all of this public domain lies on the sundown side of the Continental Divide. Half the land of the 11 states of the Far West is federal property.

It includes sagebrush flats in Colorado and Nevada measured by horizons rather than miles. In Oregon and Washington it is a limitless counterpane of evergreens, in Montana it is mountain meadows, in Idaho it is grassy swales. Here,

on a sloping pasture, cattle can feed and grain grow; there, in a bleak desert, even the rattlesnake dies. This is Uncle Sam's back yard, a night and a day across by train. Much of it is in national parks and forests and Indian lands. But much of the rest, with irrigation, can be transformed into a picture for a seed catalogue.

Half a century ago men said that the frontier was gone. Since then a vast wilderness has been transformed into farms, as 10,000,000 people have crossed the Rockies and moved onto the Pacific slope. But those migrants are only the beginning. A frontier is waiting still.

But what kind of frontier is it? Can victims of submarginal farming, tenement dwellers from crowded cities and refugees from Europe make a living off it?

Never have these questions been so pertinent. Distribution of America's population resembles a cake with most of the frosting heaped on one side. New York, at the mouth of the Hudson, is crammed with 7,000,000 souls, while on the opposite side of the continent, at

the mouth of a greater river, the Columbia, a scant 10,000 live in the straggling Oregon town of Astoria. The combined area of Pennsylvania and New Jersey is less than that of any state in the Far West, yet they have more inhabitants than the 11 western states put together.

For the past six years the National Resources Committee has been classifying productive land in the Far West. "With a reasonable development program," says Major Roy F. Bessey, committee member, "approximately 2,500,000 new people can be absorbed in the Pacific Northwest within a generation." Increasing the population of Oregon, Idaho and Montana more than 60 percent, this would also provide a safety valve for population brimming over in other regions.

Irrigation is the new frontier. At present, 20,000,000 acres of land are irrigated in the West. On this land — formerly a sagebrush desert — a million people live. With the water available, another 20,000,000 acres can be reclaimed. Already projects to irrigate 2,500,000 acres are under way.

The land open for homesteading is supervised by the General Land Office. A settler cannot make out a homestead application unless he can show that the chosen site will support him. Residence of three years clinches ownership — reduced to one year for war veterans.

Malheur County, Oregon, illustrates what reclamation can do. Twice as large as Connecticut, the county's population increased 3.3 percent between 1920 and 1930. But between 1930 and 1940 the increase was 75.3 percent. Irrigation made the difference — the completion of a 417-foot dam on the Owyhee River. From its impounded waters, canals and ditches carried life-giving moisture to the desert.

Settlers trekked in from every part of the country. In the town of Nyssa a \$2,500,000 beet-sugar refinery was built. Hundreds were put to work.

Avery Anderson, 41 years old, is a typical American frontiersman of 1941. After half a decade of dry weather, he and his wife and five children quit their burned-out South Dakota farm. They arrived in Malheur County in 1937 with \$600. To Avery, an experienced farmer, the Farm Security Administration loaned \$2000. He bought 120 acres of land, built a log house, hacked away sagebrush and scooped deep furrows for water from the main irrigation canal.

Today his card in the files of the Farm Security Administration is noted "current on payments." He has 22 head of cattle and a team of horses. His crop is alfalfa, rich and dense. As far into the desert as the impounded lake in the hills will shove water, settlement in Malheur County will follow.

Many Americans look at our

agricultural surpluses and shake their heads. The settling of a new farm frontier in the West! More land in production! More surpluses!

But on this new frontier, the land is not to be planted with crops in which the most troublesome surpluses exist. Two types of produce dominate the soil reclaimed in the past few years, and neither is competitive with that of other regions: forage for livestock — the vast western range could not be used for grazing without increasing irrigated areas for winter feeding — and specialty crops like truck vegetables, melons and fruits.

A year ago, Washington and Oregon stood second only to Holland as producers of iris, tulip and narcissus bulbs. Now with Holland's fields ravaged by invasion and flood, with the Nazis forcing the Dutch to rip out tulips and plant potatoes, these two states have become the bulb capital of the

world. This has been accomplished with swampy land, drained, cleared and put to new use.

Today a government committee, headed by Dr. Harlan H. Barrows of the University of Chicago, is studying how to improve conditions for people who will settle the new frontier of 1941. The committee will determine what crops are needed and what crops should not be raised. They are seeking the answers in advance to such questions as: On which land should families locate first? Where should communities be situated? Schools? Railroad spurs? Power lines? How many people in the towns can the settlers support? What opportunity is there for surgeons? Printers? Teachers? Lawyers? How can gamblers, land speculators, and other undesirables be kept out? On the new American frontier the old story of boom and bust will be forestalled.

Revenge

EMERGING from the theater one night when New York was bathed in a ground-soaker, Adele Longmire, the actress, hailed taxis in vain. At last an ancient cab hove into sight, and as she hailed it the driver first glared at her, then laughed, and wouldn't stop. She pursued him till he was halted by a traffic light and climbed in, threatening to report him for his lofty behavior.

"Well," he confessed, "youse look like a regular dame, so I'll tell you. It's like dis. When de weather's nice, all youse snooty people toin up your noses at dis old bus for dose new shiny wagons. So when a rainy night comes along, I allus rides around and laff my head off at youse. Costs me ten bucks, but it's worth it!"

— George Ross in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

What Will Tomorrow's World Be Like?

Condensed from *Liberty*

Mahatma Gandhi

PERHAPS never before has there been so much speculation about the future as there is today. Will our world always be one of violence? Will there always be poverty, starvation, misery? Will we have a firmer and wider belief in religion, or will the world be godless? If there is to be a great change in society, how will that change be wrought? By war, or revolution? Or will it come peacefully?

Different men give different answers to these questions, each man drawing the plan of tomorrow's world as he hopes and wishes it to be. I answer not only out of belief but out of conviction. The world of tomorrow will be, must be, a society based on nonviolence. That is the first law; out of it all

MOHANDAS GANDHI is still, at 71, India's greatest leader and the world's foremost example of a saint in politics. His political technique of nonviolence is rooted in his religious insistence that one must return good for evil, must hate the sin but not the sinner, and can win justice only by giving justice to the enemy. Spiritual integrity, sincerity and love of truth have won for him a unique position in the hearts of his countrymen. By a single word he could start civil disobedience again among 350,000,000 people. Known as Mahatma (great souled), he will be worshiped as a god when he dies.

other blessings will flow. It may seem a distant goal, an impractical Utopia. But it is not in the least unobtainable, since it can be worked for here and now. An individual can adopt the way of life of the future — the nonviolent way — without having to wait for others to do so. And if an individual can do it, cannot whole groups of individuals? Whole nations? Men often hesitate to make a beginning, because they feel that the objective cannot be achieved in its entirety. This attitude of mind is precisely our greatest obstacle to progress — an obstacle that each man, if he only wills it, can clear away.

Equal distribution — the second great law of tomorrow's world as I see it — grows out of nonviolence. It implies not that the world's goods shall be arbitrarily divided up but that each man shall have the wherewithal to supply his natural needs, no more. As a crude example, if one man requires a quarter-pound of flour per week and another needs five pounds, each should not be given arbitrarily a quarter-pound, or five pounds; both should be able to satisfy their wants.

Here we come to perhaps the

most vital question connected with the shaping of tomorrow's world. How is this equal distribution to be brought about? Must the wealthy be dispossessed of all their holdings?

Nonviolence answers no. Nothing that is violent can be of lasting benefit to mankind. Forcible dispossession would deprive society of many great gifts; the wealthy man knows how to create and build, his abilities must not be lost. Instead, he must be left in possession of his wealth so that he may use what he reasonably requires for his personal needs and act as trustee for the remainder, to be expended for the benefit of society. There have been and are such men. To my mind, as soon as a man looks upon himself as a servant of society, earns for its sake, spends for its sake, then his earnings are

good and his business venture is constructive.

But does not this whole idea of nonviolence imply a change in human nature? And does history at any time record such a change? Emphatically it does. Many an individual has turned from the mean, personal, acquisitive point of view to one that sees society as a whole and works for its benefit. If there has been such a change in one man, there can be the same change in many.

I see no poverty in the world of tomorrow, no wars, no revolutions, no bloodshed. And in that world there will be a faith in God greater and deeper than ever in the past. The very existence of the world, in a broad sense, depends on religion. All attempts to root it out will fail.

Mark Twain
versus
Winston Churchill

¶ AT A DINNER in London in 1907 there was talk of that soaring and brilliant young statesman, Winston Churchill, whom I had met seven years before. Sir Gilbert Parker said, "Do you remember the dinner here seven years ago?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember it."

"Well, when you and Churchill went up to the top floor to have a smoke and a talk, Sir William Vernon Harcourt said that whichever of you got the floor first would keep it to the end; he believed that you, being old and experienced, would get it and that Churchill's lungs would have a half-hour's rest for the first time in years. Later, when you two came down, Sir William asked Churchill if he had had a good time, and he answered eagerly, 'Yes.' Then Sir William asked you if you had had a good time. You hesitated, and said, 'I have had a smoke.'"

— *Mark Twain in Eruption*, edited by Bernard DeVoto (Harper)

Turtle Eggs for AGASSIZ



IN Agassiz's monumental four-volume work, *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, there is one small sectional drawing of a fresh turtle egg. And in the preface there is one line in the catalogue of acknowledgments: "In New England I have received valuable contributions from Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro."

What story material lies concealed in that single line! Mr. J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro became, some years later, one of my college professors; and this is the tale as he told it to me.

"I was principal of an academy during my younger years," he began, "and was busy one day with my class when a large man suddenly filled the doorway and called

DALLAS LORE SHARP was for many years a distinguished amateur naturalist and writer on the wonders to be found in the woods and fields around us. Between 1901 and 1928 he produced 20 volumes of nature studies, the while contributing regularly to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* and other magazines. As a student at Brown University, he lived for three years in the natural history workshop of Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, the hero of this story.

Condensed from the story by
DALLAS LORE SHARP

out that he was Professor Agassiz. Would I get him some turtle eggs? Yes, I would. And would I get them to Cambridge *within three hours* from the time they were laid? Yes, I would.

"It seems that the great *Contributions* was finished but for one small yet very important bit of observation: Agassiz had carried the turtle egg through every stage of its development except the earliest — when the cell begins to segment, immediately upon its being laid. To get eggs fresh enough to show the incubation at this period had been impossible.

"We figured it all out. From the nearby pond, where we knew turtles bred, to the station was a drive of about three miles; from the station by express train to Boston, 35 miles; from Boston by cab to Cambridge another three. Forty miles in round numbers. It could be done.

"I started watching on May 14,

"The Face of the Fields," in which this story appears, is copyrighted by Dallas Lore Sharp and published by Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.

two weeks ahead of the time that turtles might be expected to lay. A little before dawn I would drive to the pond, hitch my horse, and settle down close to the sandy shore, with my kettle of sand ready for the precious eggs. There I would eat my breakfast, eyes fixed on the pond, and get back in good season to open the academy.

"What mornings those were! The fresh odors of water lily and wild grape, and the dew-laid soil, I can taste them yet and hear yet the sounds of the waking day, the pickerel breaking the quiet with his swirl, the stir of feet and wings among the trees.

"There were a good many of those mornings, for the turtles evidently felt that *their* contribution to the Natural History of the United States could wait. I watched on, to the end of the second week in June, seeing the mists rise and vanish every morning, and along with them vanish, more and more, the poetry of my early morning vigil. Poetry and rheumatism cannot long dwell together, and I had begun to feel the rheumatism. But Agassiz was waiting, and the world was waiting, for those turtle eggs; and I would wait.

"Then came a mid-June Sunday morning. This was the day. As I slipped eagerly into my covert the head of an enormous turtle rose from the pond. The creature headed straight for the shore and scram-

bled out on the sand. Up a narrow cowpath she paddled, fixed purpose in her gait. And up the path, on all fours just like another turtle, I paddled. Discreetly behind her, I squeezed through fence rails, tin pail of sand swinging from between my teeth, into a wild pasture full of dewberry vines, excessively wet and briery. Suddenly she hove to, warped herself about, and doubled back at a clip that was thrilling. Single file, we bore across the pasture, across a powdery road, through another fence, and into a field of young corn. There she stopped and began to paw about in the loose soil. She was going to lay! Tail first, she began to bury herself before my staring eyes, until at last her shell just showed, like some old hulk in the sand along shore.

"Then, over the lonely fields, floated four strokes from the distant town clock. With a rush it came over me: this was *Sunday* morning, and there was no train till after nine. But there in the sand were the eggs! And Agassiz! And the great book! He should have them by seven o'clock if I had to gallop every mile. A horse could cover 40 miles in three hours if he had to! Upsetting the astonished turtle I scooped out her round white eggs, packed them with trembling fingers between layers of sand in my pail, and ran for my horse.

"He turned the rig out of the field on two wheels, while I shouted

him on, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other — they must not be jarred.

"We pounded down the wood-road. We were rounding a turn when I heard the quick sharp whistle of a locomotive, then the *puff, puff, puff* of a starting train. But what train? I pulled into a road that paralleled the track and, topping a little hill, I saw a freight train gathering speed, coming toward me — headed for Boston! With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet, I swung him across a field and onto the track. The engineer saw me standing up, waving my arms, the tin pail swinging in my teeth. He blew his whistle, but to no avail.

"The train ground to a stop. I backed off the track, leaped out and swung aboard the cab. The astonished engineer and fireman offered no resistance. They hadn't time; and I looked strange, not to say dangerous. Hatless, dew-soaked, smeared with yellow mud, and holding, as if it were a baby or a bomb, a little tin pail of sand.

"'Throw her wide open,' I commanded. 'These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast!'

"Then they knew I was crazy. I kissed my hand to the horse, grazing unconcernedly, and gave a smile to my crew. They threw the throttle wide open, and away we

went. The fireman held onto his shovel, the engineer kept in his hand a big ugly wrench. I caught enough of their talk above the roar of the swaying engine to understand that they were driving ahead under full steam with the intention of handing me over to the police. As we whizzed on, I beamed at them; and they at me. And the fireman beamed at the engineer, with a look that said, 'See the lunatic grin; he likes it!'

"The towering dome of the State House flashed into view. I might have leaped from the cab and run the rest of the way had I not caught the eye of the engineer watching me narrowly. To him I was an escaped lunatic.

"Suddenly, as we were nearing the outer freight yard, the train slowed down and came to a stop. I was ready to jump but I had no chance. They had nothing to do, apparently, but to guard me. I looked at my watch. It was only six o'clock, with a whole hour to get to Cambridge. But I didn't like this delay.

"'Gentlemen,' I began, but was cut short by an express train roaring past. Then we were moving again, slowly, at a turtle's pace. The fireman, reaching for the bell-rope, left the way to the cab door free — and I jumped, landed in soft sand and made a line for the yard fence. I climbed over to the street — and yonder stood a cab!

"Here was the last lap. The cabman saw me coming, and squared away. I waved a dollar at him. A dollar can cover a good deal, but I was too much for one dollar. I pulled out another, thrust both at him, and dodged into the cab, calling, 'Harvard College. Professor Agassiz's house. I've got eggs for Agassiz!' It was nearly half-past six.

"Let him out!' I ordered. 'Another dollar if you make Agassiz's house in 20 minutes!'

"Whirling into Cambridge Street, we took the bridge at a gallop, the driver shouting something in Hibernian to a pair of waving arms and brass buttons. Across the bridge with a rattle and a jolt that put the eggs in jeopardy and on over the cobblestones we went. Half standing, to lessen the jar, I held the pail in one hand and held myself with the other, afraid to look at my watch. Suddenly there was a lurch, and I dove forward, ramming my head into the front of the cab and sending half of my pail of eggs helter-skelter over the floor.

"It was Agassiz's house. I tumbled out, and pounded at the door. Soon a frightened maid appeared.

"Agassiz,' I gasped. 'Quick!'

"Go 'way, sir. Professor Agassiz is asleep. I'll call the police.'

"Just then a door was flung open, a white-robed figure appeared on the stair landing, and a loud voice called excitedly —

"Let him in! Let him in! He has my turtle eggs!'

"And the apparition, slipperless, came sailing down the stairs.

"The maid fled. The great man laid hold of me with both hands, dragging me and my precious pail into his study, and with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs, as the watch in my trembling hand ticked to seven.

"I was in time. There stands my copy of the great book. I am proud of the humble part I had in it."

AND there it is — a sectional drawing of a bit of the mesoblastic layer of a fresh turtle egg; one line of thanks in a preface.

Just Let William Tell

WILLIAM GLADSTONE's greatest admirer was his wife. Once she was entertaining visitors who fell into an argument over the meaning of a passage in the Bible. One of them, hoping to end the discussion, remarked finally, "There is One Who knows all."

"Ycs," Mrs. Gladstone smiled in relief, "and William will be down in a few minutes."

— *Everybody's*

Obey That Impulse

Condensed from a C.B.S. Broadcast

William Moulton Marston

FOR YEARS as a psychologist I have sought in the careers of great and of everyday people the inner springs that make for successful living. There are two which seem to me of prime importance: The first is hard work, governed by cool, logical thoughtfulness. The other is sudden, warm, impulsive action.

Admitting that I can't name a single person of true accomplishment who hasn't forged success out of brains and hard work, I still hazard the sweeping assertion that most of the high spots and many of the lesser successes in their careers stem from *impulses* promptly turned into action.

Most of us actually stifle enough good impulses during the course of a day to change the current of our

IN 1915 William Moulton Marston developed at the Harvard psychological laboratory the technique of testing deception by recording blood-pressure changes and other physical reactions. Used in the investigation of spy cases for the U. S. Army during the World War, his apparatus later became the basis of the Lie Detector machines now used in business and police work. A prominent consulting psychologist, Dr. Marston has taught at numerous colleges and acted as adviser on merchandising problems to motion-picture companies and advertising agencies. Among his books are *The Lie Detector Test*, *Try Living*, and *March On*.

lives. These inner flashes of impulse light up the mind for an instant; then, contented in their afterglow, we lapse back into routine, feeling vaguely that sometime we might do something about it or that at least our intentions were good. In this we sin against the inner self, for impulses set up the lines of communication between the unconscious mind and daily action. Said William James, "Every time a resolve or fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works to hinder future emotions from taking the normal path of discharge." Thus we fail to build up the power to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon the principal emergencies of life.

Once, in Hollywood, where Walter B. Pitkin and I were retained by a motion-picture studio, a young promoter presented an ambitious production idea to us. The plan appealed to both of us. It was, I thought, distinctly worth considering; we could think it over, discuss it and decide later what to do. But even while I was fumbling with the idea, Pitkin abruptly reached for the phone and began dictating a telegram to a Wall Street man he knew. It presented the idea in the enthusiasm of the moment. (As

delivered it was almost a yard long.) It cost money, but it carried conviction.

To my amazement, a ten-million-dollar underwriting of the picture project came as a result of that telegram. Had we delayed to talk it over we might have cautiously talked ourselves out of the whole idea. But Pitkin knew how to act on the spur of the moment. All his life he had learned to trust his impulses as the best confidential advisers he had.

Behind many an imposing executive desk sits a man who is there because he learned the same lesson. You've probably seen him in action more than once. Somebody is presenting to him a new idea, say in employe relations. It calls for extensive changes in office routine. And, deciding instantly, he calls an associate and gives instructions to make the change — then and there, not next week or next month.

We envy such men the ease with which they make up their minds and swing into action. But this ease is acquired over a long period of years. Rather than being, as we sometimes think, a privilege of their position, it is a practice that has led to their success. First in small matters and then in larger ones, they have acquired the do-it-now habit.

Calvin Coolidge remains an enigma to political commentators because the reasons for his actions were seldom apparent and the

source of his astuteness could not be traced. No one could seem less impulsive than Coolidge, yet all his life he trained himself to rely on "hunches." He was not afraid of his impulses, and the celebrated Coolidge luck followed a pattern of action based on them. As a young attorney in a country law firm Coolidge was interviewing an important client one day when a telephone message informed him that the county political boss was in town. It occurred to Coolidge that he ought to see the local bigwig at once and propose himself as a candidate for the legislature. Without hesitation, this usually shy young lawyer cut his legal conference short, left the office and hunted up the county leader. That impulse bore fruit, and from then on the inner urges of Coolidge led him consistently to political success.

It should be clear from Coolidge's case that the person who follows his impulses is not necessarily flighty. The timid soul, however, is fearful lest impulse lead him into all manner of mistakes. But mistakes are inevitable — we are bound to make them no matter which course we take. Some of the worst mistakes in history have followed consciously reasoned decisions. If we're right 51 percent of the time in our impulsive actions we aren't doing badly by any standard.

The mistakes of inaction, flanked by heavy reasoning, are likely to be worse than the mistakes of genuine

impulse. For one thing, they make our inertia worse day by day. Not long ago a woman whose husband had left her came to seek my advice. The difficulty between them appeared to be one of temperament which could be easily adjusted. And the woman told me that what she really wanted to do was simply to call her husband up and talk with him. I told her to follow that inclination. She left me somewhat at peace. But she didn't make the call; and in a few days she was back again. Once more she left with the impulse to call her husband. Unhappily, she never did. And a domestic rift that a few impulsive words on the phone might have healed finally ended in Reno. From childhood she had made time after time the mistake of letting her impulses die a-borning, and when the time came for a simple, direct decision in a situation that mattered, she was unable to act.

We all know people who go through agonies of indecision before taking any important step. There are always arguments for and against, and the more we think about them the more they seem to offset each other, until we wind up in a fretful state of paralysis. Impulsive action, which originates in a swift subconscious appraisal of the situation, might have saved all that worry. And when a painfully thought-out decision proves wrong, how often we remember an original hunch that would have been right!

The way to get things done is to bring mind and muscle and voice into play at the very second a good impulse starts within us. I know a writer who was once engaged on a major project and was resolved that nothing could divert him from it. But he saw an announcement of a contest for the ten best rules for safe driving. The announcement flashed a light on the panel of his mind. Here was something he knew about. He interrupted his job long enough to get to a library and study up. He wrote 250 words. He turned in his entry in his own typing, not wanting to stop his stenographer from the bigger job. Months later that obeyed impulse netted him an award of \$25,000. The project from which he turned aside for a moment finally brought him \$600.

Or consider the young college instructor who sat listening one day to a commencement address by Woodrow Wilson, then governor of New Jersey. The instructor had written a book on political science, but had sought a publisher in vain. It embodied his innermost convictions and its apparent failure had caused him to despair of the future of his teaching.

Something Mr. Wilson said made the instructor feel that he ought to seek the governor's advice. He had heard that Wilson was cold and hard to approach; but at the end of the address he let his impulse carry him forward through the crowd; he grasped Mr. Wilson's hand, and

said rapidly, "Your speech was wonderful! I've written a book maintaining that . . ." In a few pithy sentences he stated his theory.

Wilson shook his head. "No," he said. "You're wrong. I'll tell you why. See me after lunch at the Faculty Club." There for two hours Wilson talked earnestly. And under the inspiration Wilson gave him, the instructor wrote a new book. It sold more than 100,000 copies and launched him on a distinguished educational career. The first vital impulse, half-hesitantly obeyed, was the starting point.

The life stories of successful people are chock-full of such episodes that have marked major turning points in their careers. True impulses are intelligent. They show the path we can most successfully follow because they reveal the basic interests of the unconscious mind.

There is in all of us an unceasing urge toward self-fulfillment. We know the kind of person we want to be because our impulses, even when enfeebled by disuse, tell us. Impulsive action is not to be substituted for reason but used as a means of showing the direction reason is to take. Obviously the path is not without pitfalls. To start suddenly throwing ourselves around on impulse might be hazardous. But at least we can begin

responding oftener to inner urges that we know we can trust.

We *know* that in the midst of reading we ought to stop and look up a word if the meaning is not clear. We know that we ought to speak more words of unpremeditated praise where they are due. We know that we ought to wriggle out of selfish routine and take part in civic activities, that we ought to contribute not merely money but time to the well-being of the neighborhood.

Such separate moments of achievement are cumulative and result in enriched living, a consciousness of daily adventure, a long-term sense that life is not blocked out and cut-and-dried but may be managed from within. The man whose philosophy is summed up in the feeble and indecisive motto, "Well, we'll see about it," misses the savory moments of experience, the bounce and gusto of life.

Thumb back over the pages of your own experience and note how many of your happiest moments and greatest successes have followed spur-of-the-moment actions and decisions. They are reminders that only from the depths of your inner self can you hope for an invincible urge toward accomplishment. So, obey your best impulses and watch yourself go!

Mama and the Roomer

Condensed from
The Toronto Star Weekly

A Short Story

By

KATHRYN FORBES

Who wrote "Mama and Her Bank Account,"
The Reader's Digest, February, '41

MR. HYDE called in answer to the neat "Room for Rent" sign in the window.

Mama and I showed him the room. Probably because it was Mama's first experience in "renting," she forgot to ask for references or payment in advance.

"The quarters are eminently satisfactory." Mr. Hyde had such a refined way of speaking. "I'll have my bags sent up this evening. And my books."

Mr. Hyde fitted smoothly into our midst. True, he didn't seem to have any regular hours of business. But he always spoke pleasantly to the children, and whenever he passed Mama in the hall he bowed gallantly.

Papa liked him, too. Mr. Hyde had visited Norway once and could talk with Papa about the wonderful fishing there.

Only Aunt Jenny, who had a boardinghouse of her own, disapproved. "When," she asked, "is he going to pay his rent?"

"Is hard," Mama said, "to ask. Surely he will pay soon."

But Aunt Jenny only hmphed. She'd seen his kind before, she told us darkly. Mama needn't think she'd be able to buy any new coat with the rent she'd get from *that one*. Gentleman? Hmph!

Now that worried us children. Hadn't Mama rented the room to get money to pay for her warm new coat?

Mama smiled at our long faces. "Such talk," she scolded, and made coffee for Aunt Jenny to stop her grumbling.

When the rainy weather came, Mama worried that Mr. Hyde's room was cold in the evenings, so she had Papa invite him into the warm kitchen to sit with us. Dagmar, Kristin, Nels and I did our homework under the big lamp, and Papa and Mr. Hyde smoked their pipes by the stove. Mama worked quietly at the sink, setting the bread or making clabber cheese.

Mr. Hyde advised Nels on his high school courses and sometimes helped him with his Latin. Nels became interested, his grades improved, and he stopped begging Papa to let him quit school and go to work.

After we finished our schoolwork and Mama had settled down in the rocking chair with her sewing, Mr. Hyde would tell us of his travels and adventures. Oh, he knew so many things! It was like history and geography coming to life and

marching around the room. Mr. Hyde had gone to Oxford and had sailed all around the world.

One night he began to read Dickens to us. Soon it became an accepted fact that after our homework was done, Mr. Hyde would bring down one of his books and read aloud. And strange new worlds were opened to us.

"They are like sagas," Mama said. "Wonderful."

After *David Copperfield* and *Old Curiosity Shop*, Mr. Hyde gave us Shakespeare. He had a fine deep voice and sounded as we imagined a great actor would sound.

Even when the warm weather came we children didn't beg to go out in the evenings to play. I think Mama was glad; she never liked us running the streets.

Best of all, Nels went less and less to the street corner to hang around with the neighborhood boys. The night they got into trouble for breaking into Mr. Dillon's store Nels was home with us. He'd wanted to hear the last chapter of *Dombey and Son*.

Mr. Hyde had taken us deep into *Ivanhoe* when he got the letter.

"I must go," he told Mama. "I shall leave the books for Nels and the children. Here is my check for all I owe you, madam, and my profound thanks for your hospitality."

We were sorry to see Mr. Hyde leave, but it was with great excitement that we brought the books

down to the kitchen. There were so many of them! We read some of the titles: *Tale of Two Cities*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Vanity Fair*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Oliver Twist*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Mama dusted them reverently. "So much we can learn," she said. Nels, she added, could read aloud to us each evening, just as Mr. Hyde had done, because Nels, too, had a fine voice. I could see that made him very proud. .

Mama showed Mr. Hyde's check to Aunt Jenny. "You see?" she said. "The warm coat I shall have after all."

It was too bad that Aunt Jenny was still there when Mr. Kruper came. Mr. Kruper owned the restaurant and bakery down the street and he was angry.

"That man Hyde was a crook!" he shouted. "Look at this check he gave me. It's no good! The bank people tell me he cashed them all over the neighborhood."

Aunt Jenny's triumphant nod said as plainly as words — I told you so.

"I'll bet he owes you folks plenty, too, eh?" Mr. Kruper asked.

Mama looked around at all of us. Her eyes rested longest on Nels. "Read," she told him gently, "read to us from *Ivanhoe*."

Then she walked to the stove and put the check into the flames.

"No," she answered Mr. Kruper. "No. He owes us nothing."

More than 1000 churches gain new life from a plan through which members give, not in cash, but in work

Harvesting the Lord's Acre

Condensed from Christian Herald

Jo Chamberlin

MOTORING in North Carolina last year, I came upon a crowd of country folk gathered in a field. The people's heads were bowed in prayer, but this was no burial service. Nor was it an outdoor wedding. They were gathered round a plow.

"We're dedicating a field o' corn as the Lord's Acre," a farmer explained to me, "for Bethel Methodist Church."

I'd heard of the Lord's Acre plan for supplementing the church budget, and also that Bethel Methodist was a progressive church in a region where others were struggling to keep alive. Later I learned that Bethel Methodist is one of more than 1000 churches now using the Lord's Acre plan to erect buildings, revitalize congregations, and bring new power to the country church.

The illustration in the heading represents the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church near Bostic, N. C., referred to on page 123.

How? With an idea as old as Christianity itself, yet geared to the practical needs of 1941. An idea revived in North Carolina 11 years ago, based on the Biblical custom of dedicating to the church the first fruits of the land and the firstlings of the flocks and herds.

Setting aside portions of crops is not new. What is new is the effective organization, production and marketing of such gifts. Dana Baptist Church, near Hendersonville, N. C., raised \$2352 in a single year without burdening any of its modest-income families. In February the Dana folk, young and old, selected their Lord's Acre projects — decided what they would grow. Each would give, not in cash, but in work. Some projects would be individual ones; others would be carried out in groups, by families or Sunday-school classes. A systematic plan was mapped out in the spring, carried through till harvest.

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Several men dedicated patches of land to the Lord, planted corn, beans or sweet potatoes, and in the autumn turned over the money received. Three men fattened pigs for market. Women contributed their "Sunday eggs" or grew flowers to sell. Children fed chicks until they were fryers, selling for 35 cents each.

As a group project, the men's Bible class raised potatoes, and one man, as his gift, stored the crop in his barn until the proper time for marketing. The \$469 received for those potatoes meant no more to the men than \$22 did to little Buddy Pace, 12 years old. Buddy contributed that sum as his Lord's Acre share, from berries he picked and sold during the hot summer months.

I visited Dana Church, talked with its people. I could not only see but *feel* its spirit of accomplishment. There was nothing of that situation common in other churches, where a few people carry the financial load and do all the work. Dana has a new brick church, completely equipped, and not one penny of debt. A parsonage is under construction, with the men contributing the labor. One earnest, sun-browned farmer told me, "Before we stumbled; now we march."

The plan works. Why? Because it was born in adversity, brought to maturity by a people poor in material wealth but rich in religious spirit.

From North Carolina the program has spread to 19 other states, notably South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee in the South; New York and Massachusetts in the East; Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa and Idaho in the Middle and Far West. Churches of 20 denominations both here and in a dozen foreign lands use the plan in some form: Protestant and Catholic, Negro as well as white.

I talked with many congregations about the plan. "Could churches anywhere use it?" I asked. The answer invariably was, "Yes, if the members will work."

As an organized movement, the Lord's Acre plan began with James G. K. McClure, a Presbyterian minister who went to the North Carolina mountains to regain his health. He was distressed at the plight of farmers around Asheville, their cash income averaging \$86 a year. In 1920 McClure organized a coöperative to help his neighbors raise better crops and tap new markets.

Some years later he heard of a church in South Carolina which had paid for a new building by having each member pledge a few rows of cotton — no more than any one person could afford. Well, thought McClure, why couldn't his farmers "grow" extra church income?

McClure arranged through his coöperative to market any produce the churches raised. He established the only religious department of a

coöperative in America, and in 1930 persuaded his brother-in-law, the Rev. Dumont Clarke, to leave a Vermont charge and direct it.

In that year six churches in western North Carolina adopted the Lord's Acre plan. Four of them are using it successfully today. The second year 50 rural churches followed the first six; 39 of them have plans today. By 1935, 200 churches were participating.

How the Lord's Acre helps to hold the interest of children in the church, I learned at firsthand from the lively youngsters of Mills River Presbyterian, near Horse Shoe, N.C. Frances Burgin, 16, was fattening a calf, her personal Lord's Acre project. It was no ordinary animal in her eyes. Jimmy and Mildred Gilreath, 12 and 14, were raising a pig. Jimmy Brown gave one tenth of his carefully tended 4-H produce. Alice Petersen, 6, has had Lord's Acre projects since she was two. Two years ago she raised ducks which sold for \$8, and last year she fattened a pig which brought \$18.

Anybody who feeds a pig twice a day through a season, definitely planning to give that pig away, is developing a quality of character that will stick. There is no meaningless handing over by children, on Sunday, of money given them by parents. The youngsters give of their own and understand what it is to give.

Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church near Bostic, N. C., whose white

spire rises above the green of oaks and cedars, and whose shadow falls across the old log cabin which it succeeds, is an attractive symbol of what the Lord's Acre can do in a short time. Two years ago the young pastor, Rev. C. C. Prince, presented the plan to his congregation. A few members responded — mainly young people. They liked the plan because it gave them something specific to do. They had little money to spare, but they gave enthusiasm and strength in abundance. They embarrassed the older members with their fine showing. The next year 110 participated, old and young. At the end of 1940, the church treasurer reported: "For the first time in our history we have a good balance on hand."

Duncan's Creek Presbyterian (also near Bostic), once supported by home missions, now pays its own bills. "We like it better that way," declared farmer Grant McFarland. "We have a library and medical clinic, too." I asked him what his Lord's Acre project was, as he has but one leg. He laughed and said, "Why, I can't plow or cultivate much, so I split three cords of wood as my share. It brought \$10."

The average rural church adds \$300 to \$1000 to its budget with the plan. The Lord's Acre does not replace cash gifts. Experience shows that these are maintained, or increased. It is flexible, unlike the tithe system, the tenth set aside

as tribute in Bible times. Every person gives what he chooses.

The Rev. Mr. Clarke, a slender, gray-haired man in his 50's, is the sole organizer. In the winter he visits country churches in western North Carolina, showing with lantern slides and photographs what the plan has done elsewhere. A local committee then maps out a program. In the spring there are dedication services in the fields, when ground is broken or seed is planted. In the autumn there is a harvest service outdoors.

The plan works in other states with slight modification. In New York, the women of New Woodstock Methodist Church contribute every tenth can of their canned goods. The farmers dedicate a bean patch, or a buckwheat or cabbage field. Others set aside maple trees, for syrup. Box-factory employes give time after hours, growing corn, potatoes and winter squash on an acre of donated land.

In Texas 30 churches know it as the Edgewood Plan, from the Texas church which began it. Bethany Lutheran farmers of Wenaona, Illinois, started off by planting 30 separate plots of hybrid

corn. The town members were not to be outdone. One dedicated a month's rent from an apartment, a teacher gave the interest on some bonds. Others fetched materials, painted walls and laid new floors in the church.

The Lord's Acre plan will not work itself; it has to *be* worked. As the Rev. Harry Rickard of Gordonsville, Virginia, told me, "It takes a lot of religion to tend a patch of beans in the hot sun." And yet a farm wife said, "Hard work loses some of its drudgery when it is done in His name."

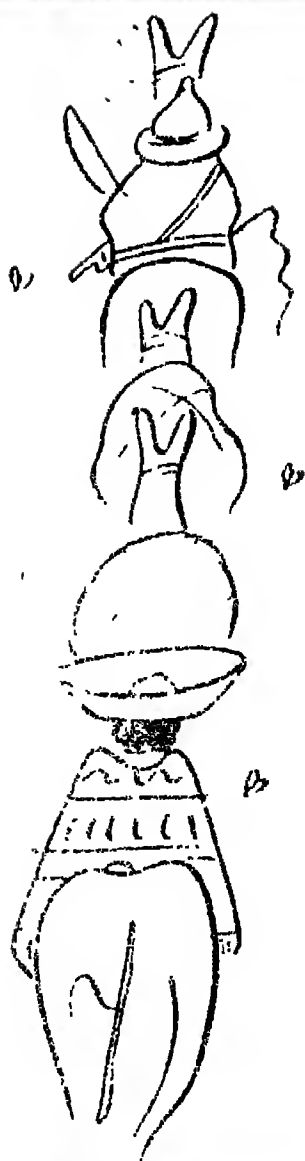
The Lord's Acre brings God into the daily lives of the people. It gives the average person a share in the *working church*, a voice in a *gospel of action*. It enables the country church to face the future with courage. This fact is doubly significant when one realizes that the country church is the cradle of *all* church leadership, furnishing over half of all our ministers.

Says the Rev. Mr. Rickard: "It is no easy road, but one filled with satisfactions along the way for those who would meet His challenge: '*Be ye doers of the word, and not bearers only.*'"



MONEY may buy the husk of many things, but not the kernel. It brings you food, but not appetite, medicine but not health, acquaintances but not friends, servants but not faithfulness, days of joy but not peace or happiness.

— Henrik Ibsen



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

LUDWIG BEMELMANS



PERHAPS this best seller should be subtitled "With Bemelmans in Brightest Ecuador." In it the author — who is also a painter of most original talents — sums up his impressions of three trips to South America. In Ecuador — land of the Equator — he found the continent epitomized. His witty observation has created "as deft and intimate a portrait as any country could hope to sit for," and at the same time he makes Ecuador "irresistibly endearing."

The book's enigmatic title has led to much conjecture. Possibly Mr. Bemelmans derives it from the episode of the bell-ringing donkey inside the church; or possibly its origins have just vanished, like the "battleship *A*" of his story.





IN THE MORNING paper of Guayaquil, Ecuador, appeared a small announcement of my arrival. The name was misspelled, but the text was one of welcome to a "most intelligent and precious North American Author." A picture appeared with the article — but it was a picture of James Cromwell.

The reporter who had come to interview me the night before had asked for a picture. I had none, and he said, "All right — I fix it up." James Cromwell seems to be the Ecuadorian ideal of the typical North American. I encountered his picture again in *El Comercio* in Quito, where he appeared as Russell Davenport, another North American prominent in our last presidential campaign.

I was cutting out this notice when a bellboy came in with a visiting card, and told me that the sender was waiting downstairs in the hotel lobby. The name on the card ran from one edge to the other: "Don Juan Palacios, Conde de Ampurias y Montegazza."

I went below and found Don Juan seated in a chair. Without rising, he offered a hand cobwebbed with blue veins. He told me he

could read English, and loved it for its economy and precision, but that he preferred to speak French, having spent much time in France. "I am so fortunate, you are so intelligent," he said. "So few Americans speak French." I bowed, he bowed, and then he offered to show me the city. I bowed again, he bowed again, we both smiled and set forth.

Our promenade took us to the river bank, where there was a park with several benches. We sat down here. Out in the stream bouquets of water hyacinths floated past. Dugouts with Indians and half-naked mulattoes and Negroes passed. Large rafts of balsa wood, complete households on them, with children, goats and dogs, and hammocks, swam along the river. Brown and black legs and banana leaves hung out of boats into the water, out of hammocks, down over bags of coffee. In the dugouts were oranges, pineapples, fighting cocks, pigs. The cool wind blowing down the river smelled of chocolate.

Don Juan pointed at a boat with a large C painted on its bow.

"That," explained the Count, "is one third of our Navy. We have

three battleships, *A*, *B* and *C*. This one, *C*, is an old Vanderbilt yacht. It has six bathrooms and eight open fireplaces, and is the ship most sought after by our officers. You will notice that it has no gun; it had a one-pounder but we took it off because it almost knocked the boat apart when it was fired. The other ship, *B*, is most probably carrying prisoners to the Galápagos Islands. We can go to the Galápagos now; we have engaged a man who almost graduated from Annapolis to act as pilot and advise the Captain. Once before, when they went without him, they came back and said that they could not find the islands, that they had disappeared. The battleship *A* I have not seen for a long time, I do not know where it is, no one has seen it; perhaps we have only two.

"But look around and you will see many American automobiles. The Americans developed this country. They built the first gas factory here, and our locomotives, our streetcars and our electric works are all American. We are in many ways very advanced: you can have a divorce here for the asking, and we allow our soldiers to bring their wives into the armory with them, a great improvement on the comforts and the morality of barrack life. It is true," he added with a smile, "that we also have a national debt of some two hundred and fifty million sucres; but who pays debts these days?"

A young girl with soft blond hair walked past, and Don Juan looked after her. "When I see a blond girl I grow warm like soft chocolate inside — helpless. But one should never bring a beautiful woman into the tropics. Look at her legs! They wear thin stockings and the black flies bite them and lay eggs under the skin, and then it swells up and the whole girl is covered with hard red patches, and ruined. Ah, but in France . . ." he sighed reminiscently.

As we wandered back toward the hotel we were followed by a horde of half-naked children who wanted to shine our shoes and sell us lottery tickets. "*Veinte mil sucres*," they cried, "twenty thousand sucres" — the amount you will win next Saturday if you buy a ticket from them.

Quito



TO TAKE the train for Quito, you cross the river to the station at Durán. The traveler here beholds a picture like the finale of an operetta dressed with secondhand costumes. Here is a station-master with a coat cut *en taille*. Nuns walk up and down dressed in the colors of several convents, some wearing immense butterfly hats. Between them clatter officers' sabers, hanging from young men in uniforms — *garde du corps*, Vienna about 1898 — their gloves with the fingers almost worn through.

There are others, with broader swords, kepis, in tight *litevkas* crowded with frogging — a kind of Hussar. Half a dozen monks, fat and happy, stand talking with folded arms, and aside and serious stands a Jesuit, his eyes on a little book. Commercial people, clerks in bowlers and threadbare black suits, large families with handkerchiefs ready for tears and embraces.

The train is a curious affair with little wheels and a lid hanging on the side of its chimney. It was manufactured by the Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia and the cars that go with it are wooden, red, with elaborate fences around the platform and banisters up their stairs that belong to an old brownstone house. On this train I rode to Quito, the oldest city in the New World and the capital of Ecuador.

It has been said of Quito that it had 100 churches and one bathtub. There are more bathtubs now, but the churches are still ahead — and they make themselves heard. Their bells are high and insistent; they start ringing for early mass with the crowing of the roosters — clank-clank-clank, bim-bim-bim and ping-ping-ping. They sound more like large alarm clocks than church bells.

On Sundays the churches are crammed with Indians. The dogs go to church too; they wander in and out, and during the midday heat they lie on the cool floors and

sleep in the confessionals. The Indians unpack their children here; they believe that a child nursed in church is particularly blessed. Everyone prays half audibly — the church seems filled with the flights of bumblebees.

Even the poorest sections of Quito have music and design. From the most decayed hovel leaning against its neighbor comes the sound of a guitar. Some of these houses insist on a character of their own by being painted with the left-over colors of some better abode, coming out red, blue, green and mauve. People here are brave with colors.

The evidence of the hand and of play is everywhere; exactly the point where someone grew tired of painting his house is visible in a final upward stroke of the brush. Everything is old, worn, bleached and made by hand.



THE INHABITANTS of Quito certainly are patriots — no people on earth can love their city more. They will take you by the arm and whisper, "*Lindo, no?* — Is beautiful, no? You love my country, yes? — Ah, you are so intelligent!" And then they will say, "We Quiteños, when we die, we hope to go to heaven, but we will go there only if we know that in the floor there is an aperture, where we can kneel down and look at our beautiful Quito."

The old families stay in their

homes and on their haciendas. "Here in Quito," the father of a large and distinguished family told me, "we have not to offer the passing, loose pleasures of the big city. Here in Quito, Señor, either you love your wife or you go to visit New York."

A handsome young lieutenant was even more gloomy. He sighed:

"It is terrible here, Señor. First you must make love to this girl you want until your nose bleeds; second you must make love not only to her but to her mother, her father, the butler and the parrot, and in the end you always must marry her."

IN QUITO, one afternoon, I saw a man wearing a pair of well-cut boots in the Club Pichincha, and since I wanted to know where I could buy a pair, I asked to be introduced to the man who wore them, General Altamir Acyr Pereira.

You must never admire anything too much in this hospitable land, because it becomes the immediate duty of most people to make you a present of it. The General regretted that he could not take off his boots and give them to me there and then, but he promised that the next day his personal bootmaker would present himself at my residence and bring with him a hide, a selected hide from the prize cattle of the General's own hacienda, and would make me a pair with the General's compliments.

"Talk, talk, beautiful talk, that's

all it is," said a foreigner of my acquaintance. "They sing these things off like the national anthem. 'My house, my horses, my hacienda are yours.' But it doesn't mean a thing."

Nevertheless the cobbler appeared next day at my hotel with the hide. He put my feet on a paper and drew around them with a pencil, took other measurements, and then retired backward, bowing. The boots, comfortable and elegant, arrived a few days later, and with them an invitation from the General to visit him. He lived in a cool old Spanish baroque house, with a garden large enough to race horses in.

The General had heard that I wanted to go into the jungles of Oriente. He had a large sugar plantation in the jungle, he said, and three of his sons were in there as managers, Altamir, Arquimedes, and Anselmo. They were, it seems, very lonesome and happy to see anybody. The way in started from Baños, and to Baños he would send me in a car.

"My home, my servants, my horses are at your command—and I think you had better take a boy along to look after you."

He clapped his hands to summon his majordomo, and asked him to call a boy named Aurelio.

"This boy speaks a little English. He will take care of you. Send him back when you are through with him."

Aurelio from then on was never more than six feet from me. At night he slept outside my door. He always smiled, he never was tired, and he warmed the lonesomeness of long rides with his simple English phrases. The first one he tried out on me was, "I love you, Mother."

As we returned to the hotel two planes roared overhead. Aurelio looked up at them, and said in Spanish, "One day they will come over, hundreds of them, and kill us all with bombs that come down."

"Who," I said, "will come and do that?"

"Oh, the damned Yanquis."

"And who told you that?"

"Oh, everybody knows that."

"But who told you?"

"Ah, it's real knowledge," he said. "My brother, who can read, has found this written many times in the magazine called *The Voice of the Worker*. My brother drives a bus, and he gets 15 sucres a week for calling the bus 'Adolfo Hitler,' because it's a nice new bus. And other bus drivers get 10 sucres for calling the bus 'Hindenburg' or 'Berlino' or 'Zeppelin.' The busses go through the city and to the villages. 'Adolfo Hitler' runs from here to Machachi."

True enough, we passed "Adolfo Hitler" on the road the next day, on our way to Baños, where we were to spend some days before going on to the sugar plantation.



IN THIS VILLAGE, Baños, is a small restaurant called the American Country Club.

The general equipment of a restaurant in this land demands no great amount of capital. You need four tables, 12 chairs, a few glasses and plates — and the dining room is taken care of. At the bar is a box for the ice which the Indians bring down from the glaciers, a kind of hard, sooty snow, and the light comes from one weak bulb, without a shade, that hangs on a wire in the precise center of the room together with a sheet of flypaper.

What lifted the American Country Club into the rank of a *restaurant de grande luxe*, however, was a music machine with a slot into which a sucre could be dropped. When this happened, the instrument began to hum for a while, lit itself up in brilliant rainbow hues, and then rendered six pieces of staccato music to which people danced, while the Indians sat respectfully outside and listened. The advertisements of the American Country Club featured both "dancing" and "*confort moderne*." For it had two waterclosets, one for *caballeros* and the other for *señoras*.

The music machine was out in front. The two *conforts modernes* were back of the curtain which separated kitchen from dining room.

A watercloset in this remote valley is a rare convenience. It is

not only a testimonial to the initiative of its owner; it costs a good deal of money. Once ordered, its arrival is problematic; landslides will delay it, bridges may be washed away. The time that passes between the day it is ordered and that when a donkey finally brings it to the door is one of chagrin and suspense.



IN THE OLD church on the plaza in Baños is a Madonna to whom the Indians are very devoted. This Madonna is a beautiful young girl, life-sized, with a forget-me-not-blue cloak. The Indians have been told that she arrived in the middle of a very dark night, riding on a black donkey. The animal with its sacred burden pushed open the door of the church, trotted up to the sacristan's bell, took the cord in its teeth, and rang it until the sacristan and the padre were awakened. The Indians love the story and must hear it over and over; the old sacristan tells it to them once a week, standing in front of the Madonna. On the back of the statue one can read that the Madonna came from very far; it says there: "*Fabrik Kirchlicher Geräte, Leipzig*" and "Made in Germany N°. 186432."

This old church in which the Madonna stands was built by the Dominicans. They had rented it to the Franciscans and these brothers were not very happy with the ar-

rangement. They said to each other that Baños could stand a second church, and that it was folly to pay rental to the Dominicans.

Not far from the old church they decided to build their own. The new edifice was high and entirely of stone. The pews were of costly woods, elaborately decorated; there was a runner down the center aisle for high holidays.

On the day when it was opened the Indians came, wandered around in their bare feet, touched everything — with their hands and their eyes. They slowly took inventory of the new church, and then all of them ran back to their Madonna. But the padres of the new church were not to be defeated so easily — they sent to Quito for one of the brothers who was a sculptor. He brought his tools and retired into the woods around Baños, where he began to carve a Madonna out of a seasoned piece of hardwood. One of the Indians, the one from whom he had obtained the wood, saw him and told the others, and when finally the Madonna was finished and set up in the new church, the Indians said, "Oh, no," and shook their heads; "that is not the real Madonna; our Madonna is in the old church. She came riding one night on a black donkey." Like children they remembered the story, and ran back to their old church.

But even then the Franciscans did not give up. They reasoned that if their Madonna did not help

them, perhaps the Devil would.

There arrived from Quito a large painting of Purgatory. It is one of numberless similar canvases that can be seen hanging in almost every large South American church. Baños until then had been without one.

Painted on panels which form a picture 20 feet wide and 18 high, it depicts the Devil's holiday. He stands fanning flames with green batwings attached to his shoulders; his sweating assistants have the faces of black pigs from whose fangs issue blue and yellow flames like those from a plumber's torch. The catalogue of their amusements is a tiresome repetition of cooking people, sawing them in half, pinching and cutting up the rueful throng. Liars' lips are sewn together, thieves mutilated. In the center of the tableau is a most ingenious machine. The Devil himself is busy turning the crank. Attached with thorny twigs to a large, flaming wheel is a young, most carefully painted woman, altogether nude. She looks voluptuous and her sinful lips are half open; her flesh glares white in all the red, blue and gaseous colors around her. The instrument to which she is tied is so built that as the Devil turns the crank, the girl's breasts and abdomen will sail into a crowded arrangement of spikes, hooks, small plowshares and knives.

Fortunately there is escape from all this. The sinners' eyes are hopefully lifted toward a view of Para-

dise, where sits the holy Virgin surrounded by Franciscan friars who are advising her for which of the sinners she is to intercede.

This remarkable painting, then, was set up with proper ceremony. The Indians were there, all of them, and children were trampled as they crowded close to the picture. The padres explained it to them, in detail — and they listened to the story. The women sometimes left the church in tears, thinking of departed relatives and of their husbands' and children's future. For a few days a thin stream of coins went into the treasury of the Franciscans.

All at once it stopped again, and the new church was deserted. The sweet warm smell of the Indians, the revolting perfume of sweat and poverty, moved back to the Madonna. Soon afterward the new church closed. The doors and windows were bricked up, the old church inherited a bell and took a few of the pews.

The Franciscans left. Four donkeys, loaded with the eight panels of the picture of Purgatory, walked across the square and away to another town.

This Is Romance



FEW DAYS after our arrival in Baños, the majordomo of the General's sugar plantation, Hacienda El Triunfo, came to guide us on our way. We rode the

first day in a truck; after that horses carried us the remainder of the way over narrow mountain roads, beside rushing streams or breathtaking precipices. More than once I had to close my eyes and pray that my little horse would not stumble. But at last we arrived safely.

The Hacienda El Triunfo reaches over several mountains and into two valleys which have been cleared of jungle and planted in sugar. Labor is cheap, mules are cheaper; the one costly item is the machinery. The owners would like to use an American sugar press, but the Krupp works offers one just as good for half the price. The motor that drives the rollers, however, is American. It is an ordinary Willys Knight motor, taken out of a used car. Its owners speak of it with affection as if it were a person. Since it was set up in a shack at the Hacienda El Triunfo, it has run the equivalent of five times around the world.

A group of boys, their hair, faces, clothes and feet crusted and smelling like custards, feed the sugar cane into the rollers, and the sweet brook flows down a gutter through the roof of the house below. From this house comes the sweet alcoholic stench that fills the valley and attaches to everything that is here and trails out of the jungle with the mules all the way to Baños.

Some cacao, some coffee are grown here. There are a few banana for-

ests, and experiments with California fruits — notably navel oranges and grapefruit — and with peach and apple trees are made here. But the money comes from sugar.

On a hill is the house where General Pereira's three sons live. The building is high up on stilts, and from the veranda you have the sensation of looking from the bridge of a ship. In the afternoon light, the green of the sugar cane in the valley is altogether like water, and then the illusion of being on shipboard is strongest. When it is evening, and the moon rises, a large improbable yellow signal, and the jungle exhales its peculiar and wondrous perfume, and the mists roll up against it, then it is theater.

On Altamir Pereira's shoulder at that moment usually sits his pet monkey. He holds onto his ears with his long cold fingers and repeatedly draws his cheeks back in short, fixed, and malicious grinning, and then he searches in the young man's thick black hair.

Altamir is handsome and aristocratic. Into this musical-comedy backdrop he sings "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and then his favorite:

This is romance,
There's a sky to invite us,
And a moon to excite us,
Yet you turn from my kiss.

He goes through it stanza after stanza; he knows every word. He has an old gramophone that is turned on most of the time, and he

runs through all the Broadway moaning of the past 10 years.

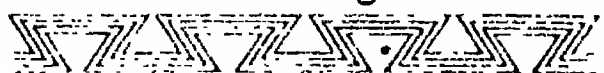
That night, after he had sung "She's a Latin from Manhattan," he turned and said, "Ah, American girls are standard — those legs, that skin. Ah, I don't know what it is, but no other woman on earth has it so much." He sighed and finished his song, his eyes half closed.

"Tell me about New York," he said. "Gee, the last time I was there, two years ago, someone introduced me to Joan Crawford at El Morocco. And here we are in this damn jungle. Couldn't you get me a job somewhere in New York? I'd do anything to get out of here."

The bamboo poles of the veranda vibrated all evening to the music of George Gershwin and Cole Porter. Into the night, like boys in a dormitory, Altamir and his brothers kept conversation going through the airy walls. I had to listen to every word that Miss Crawford said that evening, to the details of a house party at Sands Point; and I had a clear picture of the charms of a dozen American girls.

During breakfast next morning, an Indian came to Altamir with a request. One of his friends, he said, had just returned from working at the British Legation in Quito, where they had what is called the English week-end, vacation from Friday to Monday. He had talked it over with the other Indians and they all agreed that it would be very nice to have the English

week-end at the Hacienda El Triunfo. He had come to ask the *patroncito* what he thought about the idea. The *patroncito* asked him to repeat the story and then laughed, putting his arm around the Indian's shoulder. The Indian, laughing with all his teeth, said that he had just thought it might be a good idea, and left. The problem was solved — no English week-end.



WE WENT into the jungle several times, at my request. The jungle itself, once you are used to looking at parrots outside a cage, and at orchids without a florist near them, becomes fatiguing in its sameness. The Indians that live along the roads, the workers and Government people and the whites, are unhealthy-looking, flabby, with yellow in the whites of their eyes, and bad teeth.

You come occasionally upon a small store. The stock consists of ammunition for antique firearms, Chiclets (you find these throughout Ecuador), of patent medicines all trademarked Bayer, manufactured in Germany; cheap padlocks with the Yale trademark, also made in Germany; crosses and candles; machetes; and cloth for women. There are spare parts for sewing machines, for the American Singer and the German Pfaff. "To know how to repair a broken sewing machine is very important here," said Altamir. The natives are as grateful

for that as for the ministrations of a doctor.

On the longest of our trips we came to the settlement of some Jivaros, the headhunters of the Amazon. They were hospitable and friendly. We sat for a while on the floor of an elliptical house. Altamir spoke a few words of their language. We had to drink *chicba*. They seemed intelligent, their fields were in good order, the house was cleaner than those of any of the Indians around Quito. A boy performed miracles with a blowgun, shooting Altamir's hat full of holes. The poison, the famous curare, with which they hunt, Altamir informed me, they no longer brewed, but bought from white traders. It came most probably from a chemical firm in Germany, he said.

Once while riding, I observed what appeared from a distance to be a sweet domestic scene. Three people — a child, a woman and a man — sat one behind the other and seemed to be arranging each other's hair. When I came near, I found that, with the manners and the industry of monkeys, they were parting each other's thick black hair, quickly taking the insects to their lips and eating them.

On another occasion, when I was particularly hungry after a long ride, the delightful aroma of cooking came to my nostrils. Ahead I saw a native hut from whose neat chimney smoke was rising. I slid off my horse and found an open fire

at the back of the house, where an Indian woman was busy roasting something — a monkey as it turned out. A man was sitting by the fire and began his meal by taking an arm and eating the inside of the palm. He nibbled at the fingers and spat out the nails. The woman bit into the ears first. It was like eating a baby. My hunger was gone — I got on my horse and rode away.

UPON MY RETURN to Quito I made a visit to the prison. I went without invitation, and simply said to the two guards at the gate: "I would like to see the Director of the prison."

Ah, replied one, but that was not so easy; there had to be a pass.

I told him that I knew all that, but that I was a prison official myself, from the United States of North America.

The soldier's eyes grew respectful and he said something to the gatekeeper. Door after door was opened by bowing officials, and at last I was introduced to the Director himself, as "Warden Lawes, Sing Sing."

The Director bowed deeply. As he pumped my hand, he repeated "Sing Sing" as if it were the name of his first love.

"I will go ahead," he said. "You do not know the way."

"Where does the music come from?" I asked, as we entered the cellblocks.

"From the political prisoners. We have three of them. They are not forced to work, so they sing and play guitars; here they are."

Without stopping their song, the three young men nodded to the Warden. They were in a cell with flowers at the window and a small parrot in a cage.

"Now we go to the shops." We crossed a wide square and entered a house filled with the noises of hammering, sawing, the smell of wood and leather, and above that the smell of lilies from the prison yard. The windows here were high and without bars, and these prisoners sang also. They stood up as the Warden came in; their faces remained at ease. Shoes were made here and some furniture. In another part of the room men were carving small skulls out of ivory nuts, and one was arranging a miniature of the Crucifixion scene inside a small bottle. Some of the men smoked, some rested, all smiled as the Warden spoke to them.

From this room we climbed some stone steps to the roof. A sentry lay on the roof. He got up, kicked a magazine under his pillbox, reached for his rifle, and started pacing up and down.

"Does anyone ever escape from here?"

"Yes, sometimes," said the Warden. "Here, right here, is where they escape." He pointed to a projection in the roof of the cellblock. To clear a wall that is 18 feet high,

a man had to run and then jump out and down a distance of some 34 feet; he landed in a thicket of cacti. I asked the Warden how they punished the men when they caught them. "If he jumps well," said the Warden, "he escapes and we have one less prisoner. If he jumps badly, he will break both his legs. He will never jump again; the pain, that is enough punishment."

"I do not believe in vengeance," he added. "Look here, down over the edge; this man is a bad fellow, I had to do something. I have put him alone by himself on half-rations. But I gave him the dog and cats and I come to see him and talk to him. I am troubled with his stupidity. If a man remains bad, and I can do nothing for him, I send him away to the other prison on the Galápagos Islands. It's not bad for them there; they can sleep and fish."

"Here I keep the men and women who have perhaps even killed somebody, who have done something in one moment of their life that was wrong; they know it, I know it, we're both sorry; let us make the best of it. First of all I tell them to forget it and work. I know each man here. I hope they all like me as much as I like them. And I like it when they paint. Here, look into this cell."

We had come down from the roof. Almost every cell had pictures in watercolors or crayons — simple pictures of landscapes, saints, animals. The Warden knew all the

rare ones. He showed them to me with pride, and particular pride at the absence of pornographic ones.

"I would let them alone if there were any," he said. "A man's cell is his private room here. He can do what he wants. I am just glad I have never found any."

The 24 women live in a prison within the prison. Here there are more flowers, three tangerine trees, and clouds of linen hanging over them.

These women have stabbed cheating lovers; one of them did away with her baby. They spend their days doing the laundry of the cadets at the military academy. Their children are with them. Little boys and girls run and sing in the yard. They go out to school and come back to eat with Mama. The little houses, of one room each, are orderly, and all the women were smiling. One was nursing her baby.

"Born here," said the Warden with pride, and pinched its cheeks.

Adolf in Quito

NOTHING in Quito is quite as you expect. The German Minister, for example, is a kind and cultured gentleman, well-liked by everyone. And many of the Jews here, I discovered, endorse Hitler.

I ran into one of them, Herr Doktor Gottschalk, one day in a place that might well be the German Legation — a whitewashed and brightly lit restaurant called

the Salon Berlin. In this establishment the air is heavy with the stench of pickles and stale beer. The clientele is chiefly young men, in knickers and belted jackets, their hair clipped short, heavy-muscled, loud and healthy. They are for the most part employed by German import-and-export companies. There is no picture of Hitler in the restaurant and no Nazi flag, but "*Deutschland über Alles*" and the "*Horst Wessel*" song and all the brutal hymns of the new Germany are as popular here as the barrel of sauerkraut that stands in the outer hall.

When I arrived, Doktor Gottschalk was eating a pair of small sausages and drinking a glass of beer. I had met him once at the Hotel Metropolitano, and had been surprised afterward when someone told me he was a refugee and a Jew.

The Herr Doktor is blue-eyed, professorial, and somewhat arrogant in his walk and his gestures. As soon as I sat down, he brought the conversation around to Hitler. He said the name "Adolf" as one does that of an old friend.

"I don't know," he said, "what Adolf had against me — God alone knows. I am not like the others. You know, I was in the field from the first day on in the last war — captain in a line regiment, decorated with the Iron Cross. My mother was an Aryan. And my Papa, who is a doctor, personally treated Adolf's mother long ago. He even

had a letter from Adolf, a very nice letter, thanking him.

"When Adolf came to power the trouble began, and many Jews committed suicide. But Papa thought of the letter. He sent it to Adolf through the proper channels, hoping that it would do some good. It did. Adolf made special arrangements to let us get out of the country immediately, and we were even allowed to take our furniture along.

"Papa, who is here with me, is now 80. Some time ago the Nazi *Gauleiter* of Quito called up and said that he would send his wife over to have him examine her. Papa got very mad, and he told him over the phone that, according to National Socialist law, the examination of an Aryan woman by a Jewish doctor was equal to having relations with her and punishable under the same law. She came anyway, and the *Gauleiter*, a very nice man, came with her and laughed and said that the law did not apply to Papa because he was over the age limit." The Herr Doktor chuckled, admiringly.

"But Adolf could have been a little kinder to us," he went on. "There are several half-Jews in the government over there, and even in the army. There is a way in which to get around the regulations. The Aryan mother goes and swears that while she was married to the Jew, the father of her child was another man, an Aryan, and

in important cases that is accepted and no more is said about it. If he had wanted to, Adolf would have been able to make some such arrangement available to us, but in the tension, and burdened with all the details and all the worries he must have, one cannot expect him to bother with any one individual case."

He touched my arm and pointed to a man who had just come into the Salon Berlin and was being greeted with reverence all around. "That," he informed me, "is the secretary of the electric works and the local agent of the Gestapo."

The *Gauleiter* came over, shook the Herr Doktor's hand, and walked on. The Doktor was visibly proud. "They treat me very well," he said. "My son is even going to the Colegio Alemán, the best school here."

The Herr Doktor had a nice house in the center of Quito, and invited me to go home with him. A picture of Hindenburg hung in his dining room. His wife was the middle-aged, well-groomed German *Dame*, with a stiff high collar and a hard eye for the servants. The boy, Kurt, came in while I was there, clicked his heels, bent low and suddenly from the hips, as if about to kiss my hand, then stood at attention, a perfect specimen of the Hitler Jugend.

The Frau Doktor told me that a play was going to be put on by the students and teachers at the

Colegio Alemán. It was a Nazi play, so Kurt, for obvious reasons, had not been asked to take part. However, he and his parents were invited to attend a dress rehearsal that afternoon, and the Frau Doktor suggested I come along. That evening, when the real performance would be given, only members of the Nazi group would be admitted.

Driving out to the Colegio Alemán, the Frau Doktor told me that she was glad her boy would be here in Ecuador until things became a little different over there. Today he would be in a very peculiar position in Germany. Being a quarter-Jew, he would be, according to the Party, too good to marry a Jewish girl and not good enough to marry an Aryan, and in consequence would belong to the unfortunate group that is not permitted to marry anybody. "But that," said the Herr Doktor, "might eventually be changed."

At the Colegio Alemán a Nazi flag, large as a bedsheet, was flying at one end of a football field. In the kindergarten hung a life-size, full-length picture of Hitler. I asked the Herr Doktor whether this public school was a Nazi institution.

"Not very much," he said. "The Herr Direktor is a very broad-minded man."

I was not permitted to attend the dress rehearsal, but I met the Herr Doktor the next day at the

Salon Berlin, and he told me that the play was about an old Jew and that he was glad his papa had not been strong enough to go along. He and his wife and Kurt had sat through the whole business. He talked and talked, and then I went and talked to some others — half-Jews, quarter-Jews, full Jews — and I found in a number of instances more or less the same unbelievable and pathetic attitude. Out of all I heard, I gathered that many of the Jews in Quito — a city of surprises — feel like this:

"He'll rule the world, or at least Europe. In any case an error has been made. In the haste and hurry, the laws were made too strict. They had to be strict; you can't do things halfway. Too bad, but I shall be among those who will perhaps be called back. When it's over, he'll need every man — every doctor, every engineer, every scientist, every able executive. The fact that I have been discreet here and have an Aryan wife, will make it possible for me to go back to the most beautiful, the best, the greatest land in the world."

The Promised Land

ECUADOR, with its jungles, its tropic isles, its mountains, offers an ideal setting for a life of adventure and escape. I met, in my travels, many men who had come in search of a happy life, but the dreams that lured them had

seldom come true. The ones who were happy, it seemed to me, had within them qualities that would have made them happy anywhere—in Scranton or Tallahassee. Without these inner qualities their dreams, even in this adventurous land, ended in unhappy finales.

The André Roosevelts are happy in Ecuador. They live half an hour out of Quito, in a small house with a large garden. They have escaped the hurry and noise of civilization, but not the common griefs of existence. There are still visits from unpleasant people, bills to pay, the doctor, lawyer, dentist; and there are still the many cares of running a house, which is no more exempt than one in Scarsdale from the need of being painted, and the large garden that must be kept in order. . . .

"Look at the garden. Ruth planted these forget-me-nots only last week, and now look at them." The flowers, innocently blue, are up to children's elbows; the daisies are as big as the faces of alarm clocks; the garden hums with colibri, bright and expensive as a Cartier window.

The garden sings, the bushes say good-morning to you as you walk past them. Yet it is not a fairy-tale garden: the voices come from the children of the servants who stand among bushes, plucking dead leaves, watering flowers. "*Buenos días, patrón,*" they sing, and, "*Buenos días, patroncita.*" Two of them be-

long to the cook, others to the gardener, the most beautiful to Cirilio, the butler.

This Cirilio at first meeting is a fearful man. He is as wide as he is high. His thick black hair grows from his eyebrows back down to his shoulder blades. He can pick up things from the floor without bending, and André Roosevelt says that he spends the night sitting in a tree.

The economics of the Roosevelt ménage are very simple. A hundred dollars a month covers all expenses, including rent, auto hire, entertaining, and the salaries and food for the servants and their children's food. Cirilio gets \$2.50 a month; and the cooks get \$2 each. The cooks are not very good in Ecuador, but then you have two of them.

Indian servants are very sensitive, easily offended. They usually leave in the middle of a dinner party. When they are scolded they become sad, go home to their mountains and sit under a tree for a few days. Then unexpectedly and without explanation they return, kiss your hand, and say that they have missed you.

Cirilio is more than sensitive. He must never be reprimanded when he forgets anything. If André says to him, "Cirilio, you must remember not to serve on the right side of the guests, but on the left," the damage is done. His large black eyes become hazy, he beats

himself on the chest, and makes a long speech.

"Oh, I am so stupid!" he starts out. "I have the head of a cow — on the right — no, on the left. Oh, you have told me so often, *patrón!*" Nothing can stop him. The food gets cold and Cirilio is gone to the hills with his children, insulting himself all the way.

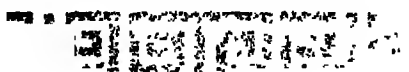
When all goes well, he is happy and sings, and he is very much attached to the *patroncita*. He follows her throughout the house with paintpots, brushes, and a ladder. Ruth loves to paint, and Cirilio knows that the *patroncita* likes to have everything painted new. That is one of the few things he is certain about.

One evening while I was there the Roosevelts gave a party — a nervous obligation because of the servant problem. But Ruth supervised all the arrangements, and everything seemed in perfect order. Cirilio lit the candles, straightened out the silver, buttoned his white jacket, and was constantly asking the *patroncita* if he was doing everything right. The *patroncita* went to dress, and then all at once Cirilio disappeared. He had just remembered that the *patroncita* loved to have everything painted fresh.

When the first guests arrived, Cirilio was standing alone in the lobby, his kind eyes shining. He passed the tray of canapés to them, but they could not take them. They

held their hands far away from themselves. The hands were bright blue. Cirilio had just painted the doors, the doorknobs, the railings.

"Oh, I am the head of a cow!" he said, when he saw what had happened — and then he was gone, and he did not come back for a long time.



"In this country," I had been told, "you might as well throw your watch away. Nobody, not even the police, is on time."

For my homeward journey I had engaged a car, which was to come for me at half-past seven. At half-past eight it still was nowhere to be seen.

At nine-thirty it appeared, an ancient Hupmobile. The driver explained that as soon as another passenger had joined us, we could start, and he hoped that I had no objection to having somebody else ride along. The new passenger, he said, was a Government official. We sat and waited, and for the next half-hour the Government official did not appear, so I asked the driver to go to his house. It was half-past ten.

We drove to a little house and the driver honked his horn. The official came to the window in shirt and suspenders, and bowed and smiled, and lifted a finger as a signal. He disappeared between heavy white curtains, came back to the window a few seconds later,

and held up a baby. Next the curtains were pushed aside by a fat round hand: a candy-colored satin bedjacket appeared, and Madame also nodded and smiled. There is nothing you can do when a baby is shown but nod and smile, and I smiled and the driver and his friend smiled.

The curtains closed, to open again in a little while; the Government official continued the pantomime of the good life by showing us a coffee cup. He also signaled the fact that he was hurrying by gulping down a piece of bread. He bowed himself out, backing into the white curtains, and for the next 10 minutes the window was dead. The door of the house opened about 11 and the official in black appeared, followed by wife and baby and a half-grown Indian girl who carried bottles, pillows, a rubber sheet and a bag. All of them smiled and nodded; the baby cried and tried to swallow its small fist.

They all squeezed in. It was a large car, with old upholstery, artificial flowers in small glass vases to left and right, and a rosary above the steering wheel. The windows were open but it smelled of nursery, of rubber sheet and boudoir.

The chauffeur and his friend — drivers here always have a companion — were reasonably comfortable in front. The car started off and an animated conversation began in the front seat. The driver turned around, laughed, tried out a

few English phrases and pointed at the scenery. Only occasionally were both his hands on the wheel; sometimes he needed both of them to illustrate his conversation.

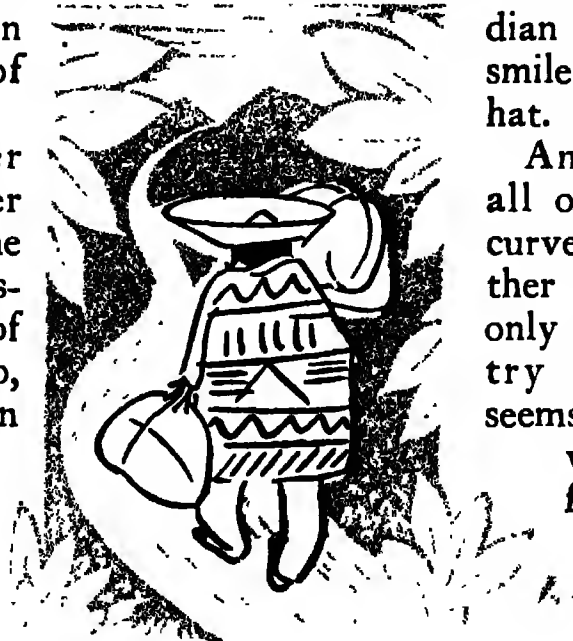
A few miles on our way, we came to the first blind and terrifying curve. It is a spot where you keep your mouth continually open to find words for the beauty of this land. We drove as fast as the car would go and on the wrong side of the road. Half a foot from the running board down to a mountain stream far below, stretched a prickly thicket of candelabra cacti and bayonet-leaved plants. To the right of the road was the base of another mountain that went straight up. On that side, in a small earthen niche, stood a statue of the Virgin. At her feet was an empty can that once had held tennis balls, now filled with field flowers, and the lower half of a beer bottle stuffed with a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

Just ahead in the middle of the road a four-year-old Indian girl in a blue poncho walked behind her sheep, and, squeezed against the bank, an Indian rode on his donkey. There was also a jet-black bull with wide horns, full grown, grazing on a thin strip of dusty grass.

Into this arrangement of animals and people, all so close that they touched each other, our car charged at full speed. The driver kept on laughing and talking to his friend even when an enormous bus appeared from the opposite direction.

"Mamacita" was written on the sides of it. In the bus were some 40 singing Indians, and on its roof, among clusters of bananas and chicken crates and sacks of corn, sat six more.

It was all over quickly. Our driver took his hat off to the Madonna, the bus disappeared in a cloud of its own dust (it, too, had fortunately been on the wrong side of the road), the



Virgin in her niche trembled a little, the bull cropped his grass, the little girl and her sheep went wandering on, the Indian on the donkey smiled and waved his hat.

And it happened all over again on a curve a few miles farther on. God has not only made this country beautiful; He seems to close an eye very often in love for its people.

Minority Report

Stephen Leacock *in* Laugh Parade

SOMETHING regrettable is happening to the world in which we used to live. Twenty-five years ago everyone hated work; it was regarded as the natural enemy of man. Now the world has fallen in love with it. My friends, I find, go for a week's vacation, not for its own sake, but because they say they work better when they get back. I know a man who walks out into the country every Sunday: not that he likes the country, but he claims that if he walks on Sunday his head is as clear as a bell for work on Monday. I know another man who wears very loose boots because he can work better in them, and another who wears only soft shirts because he can work better in a soft shirt. There are plenty of men today who would wear dog-harness if they thought they could work better in it.

This change, I am sure, is excellent. I am merely saying, quietly and humbly, that I am not in it. Against work itself, I say nothing. But I sometimes wonder if I stand alone in this thing. Am I the *only* person left who hates it?

(Dodd, Mead)

❖ An indomitable young man meets an insuperable obstacle!
Peter B. Kyne tells what happened in "the best
of all his famous Cappy Ricks stories"

THE GO-GETTER

Peter B. Kyne

Author of "The Pride of Palomar," "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," etc.

MR. ALDEN P. RICKS, of San Francisco, known in Pacific Coast lumber and shipping circles as Cappy Ricks, had more troubles than a hen with ducklings. He remarked as much to Mr. Skinner, president and general manager of his vast lumber interests, and to Captain Matt Peasley, who presided over his famous Blue Star Navigation Company.

"What's the matter with you two? Have you lost your ability to judge men, or did you ever have such ability?"

"You refer to Henderson, of the Buenos Aires office, I dare say?" Mr. Skinner cut in.

"I do, Skinner."

THIRTY YEARS ago a 30-year-old San Francisco lumber salesman named Peter B. Kyne suddenly quit his job. He informed his wife that he was now a writer, although he had not yet written anything. Events justified the young man's optimism. His first short story was immediately accepted, and it was followed by hundreds of others. Of his famous Cappy Ricks stories, several have been made into movies. His 25 books include several widely read novels.

"He was the best lumber salesman we ever had," Mr. Skinner defended. "I had every hope for him."

"And he had gone through every job in this office," Matt Peasley supplemented, "from office boy to sales manager."



"But I told you he wouldn't make good in the Buenos Aires job, didn't I?" Cappy Ricks barked.

"You did," Matt Peasley replied. "And it's true that Henderson has drunk and gambled, hasn't attended to business, and has absconded with our Buenos Aires bank account. But we couldn't foresee that. When we send a man that far we have to trust him all the way or not at all. There's no use weeping over spilled milk, Cappy. We've got to select a successor."

"Very well, Matt," Cappy replied magnanimously, "I'll not rub it in. Skinner, have you a candidate for this job?"

"I have not, I regret to say, sir. All the men in my department are too young for the responsibility. Andrews, the only man I would consider, is only 30."

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Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 232 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

"Only 30, eh? You were about 28 when I gave you a \$10,000-a-year salary and a couple of million dollars' worth of responsibility."

"But Andrews has never been tested —"

"Why hasn't he been tested?" Cappy interrupted. "You should have found out what sort of stuff he's made of, Skinner. It's killjoys like you who have throttled industry with the absurd theory that a man must be white-haired before he can be entrusted with responsibility and a real salary."

"I suggest, sir," said Mr. Skinner, "that you examine Andrews yourself."

"By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, Skinner, I will." And without further ado, Cappy swung his aged legs up on his desk and slid down in his chair until he rested on his spine. As he closed his eyes meditatively, Peasley and Skinner made their exits.

BUT within five minutes the telephone interrupted Cappy's cogitation. The operator announced that a young man would like to see him. Cappy sighed. "Very well," he replied. "Send him in."

The moment the visitor was inside the door he halted, bowed respectfully, and held Cappy with keen blue eyes.

"Peck is my name, sir — William Peck."

"Well, young man," asked Cappy, "what can I do for you?"

"I've called for my job," Peck replied.

"You say that like a man who doesn't expect to be refused."

"Quite right, sir." Peck's engaging but somewhat plain features rippled into a compelling smile. "I am a salesman, Mr. Ricks. I can sell my share of anything that has a hockable value."

"But I'm really retired," said Cappy smilingly. "This office is merely a headquarters where I can get my mail and talk over the gossip of the trade. You should see our Mr. Skinner."

"I have, sir. He wasn't very sympathetic."

"Well, son," said Cappy, "see Captain Peasley."

"I have also talked to Captain Peasley. He told me he's overmanned already. I want you to go over their heads and give me a job. If I can do the job, I'll do it better than it was ever done before, and if I can't, I'll quit to save you the embarrassment of firing me."

Cappy pressed the button on his desk and Mr. Skinner entered. Skinner glanced disapprovingly at William Peck and turned to Cappy Ricks.

"Skinner, dear boy," Cappy purred amiably, "we'll do without an examination of Andrews. Send him to Buenos Aires on the next boat, but tell him his position is temporary. If he doesn't make good down there we can take him back into this office. Meanwhile, you'd

I have to take her a present, and — well, Bill, that little blue vase just fills the order. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. What size is it, and so on?"

"It's sort of old Dutch blue, with some Oriental funny-business on it; it's about a foot tall and four inches in diameter, and stands on a teak-wood base."

"All right, Mr. Ricks. You shall have it."

"You'll deliver it to me in stateroom A, car 7, by 7:55 tonight, in the Southern Pacific station?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Bill. The dealer has a good reputation, and I know that he will not overcharge you. Collect the price from our cashier Monday and tell him to charge it to my account." And Cappy hung up.

Mr. Skinner at once resumed the conference, and it was not until well after three o'clock that Bill Peck left him and went downtown to purchase the vase. Although he searched patiently on each side of Sutter between Stockton and Powell, he found no vase in any shop-window. He scouted Sutter Street two blocks on each side of the designated area. Still no blue vase.

He covered Bush Street, then went painstakingly over four blocks of Post Street. He was still without results when he proceeded one block further west and one further south and discovered a blue vase in

a shop at Geary Street and Grant Avenue. Obviously it was the one he sought.

The door of the shop was locked. He raised a racket, hoping to attract a watchman. In vain; there was none. He read the sign over the door: B. Cohen's Art Shop. This was a start, so Peck went over to the Palace Hotel and consulted a telephone directory. There were 19 B. Cohens in San Francisco.

Changing a dollar into nickels, he called them all. Four did not answer, three were out of town, six replied in Yiddish, and six were not the B. Cohen he sought. Peck then patiently telephoned the B. Cohens in nearby Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, Mill Valley, Redwood City, and Palo Alto. No luck. He emerged from the booth wet with perspiration. It was now nearly six o'clock.

Suddenly Peck had an inspiration. He went back to the shop and looked carefully at the sign. It read: B. Cohn's Art Shop. "Why, I could have sworn that name was spelled with an E," Peck complained. He went back to the booth and, after getting change for a \$20 bill, called all the B. Cohns in the city. There were eight of them. Six were out, one was maudlin with liquor and the other was very deaf. He then laid down a barrage of calls to all the B. Cohns in the towns near San Francisco Bay.



On the sixth call he located the right B. Cohn's residence in San Rafael, only to be informed that Mr. Cohn was dining at the home of a Mr. Simon in Mill Valley. Of the three Mr. Simons in Mill Valley, the third Peck called was the one he sought. Yes, Mr. Cohn was there. Who wished to speak to him? Mr. Heck? A silence, then: "Mr. Cohn says he doesn't know any Mr. Heck. What do you want?"

"Tell him his store is on fire!" shrieked Peck. Almost instantly Mr. Cohn was on the phone.

"Iss dot der fire marshal?"

"Listen, Mr. Cohn. Your store isn't on fire, but I had to say so to get you on the telephone. You have a blue vase in your shopwindow. I want you to open the store and sell it to me right away."

"You know vot dot vase costs?"

"No, and I don't give a hoot. I've got to have it."

"Vell, you call up my head salesman, Herman Joost, Prospect 3249, und tell him I said he should come down und sell it to you." And B. Cohn hung up.

Peck called Prospect 3249. Mr. Joost's mother answered. Herman was dining at the country club. She didn't know which one. Peck began calling clubs. At eight o'clock he was still being informed that Mr. Juice wasn't a member, that Mr. Boost wasn't in, and that Mr. Moose was unknown there.

"Licked," murmured Peck, "but

never let it be said that I didn't go down fighting. I'm going to smash that window." When he reached the shop, however, a policeman was standing in the doorway. Breaking the window was out of the question.

It was now dark. Tired, hungry and dispirited, Peck sat down on a fire hydrant and cursed. Finally in desperation he went back to the hotel and called Prospect 3249 once more. He was in luck — Herman Joost had returned home.

At 9:15 Joost appeared at the shop, accompanied by a policeman. They went in, and Joost lovingly extracted the vase from the window.

"What's the thing worth?" Peck demanded.

"The price is \$400," said Joost. "Cash."

The exhausted Peck looked at the sturdy guardian of the law and moaned. He had about ten dollars. "Will you accept my check?" he quavered.

"I don't know you," Joost replied simply.

Peck went to the telephone in the shop and called Mr. Skinner.

"My dear fellow," Skinner purred, "have you been all this time on that errand?"

"I have. Will you let me have \$400?"

"I haven't that much money in the house."

"Then let's open the office safe and get it."

"Time lock on it. Impossible."

"Well, come down and identify me so I can cash my check."

"Is your check good, Mr. Peck?"

Bill Peck's patience broke its bounds. "Tomorrow morning," he promised hoarsely, "I'll beat you to death, you tight-fisted, cold-blooded coot!"

He called Matt Peasley, who listened sympathetically. "Setting you to such a task is the worst outrage I ever heard of," he declared. "Take my advice and forget the vase."

"I can't," Peck panted. "I wouldn't disappoint Mr. Ricks for my right arm."

"But it's too late, Peck. His train left an hour and a half ago."

"I know, but if I can get possession of the vase I'll get it to him in time. Please lend me the \$400."

"For the vase? Ridiculous! Why if Cappy ever paid even \$100 for a vase he'd bleed to death."

"Won't you let me have the money, Captain Peasley?"

"I will not, Peck, old fellow. Go home and forget about it."

"You're so much better known than I; you can cash a check. And it's Sunday night —"

"And it's a fine way you keep the Sabbath holy," Matt Peasley retorted, and hung up.

"Well," Herman Joost said, "do we stay here all night?"

"Look here," Peck answered. "Do you know a good diamond ring when you see it?"

"I do," Joost replied.

"Wait here. I'm going to my hotel and get one." Peck hailed a taxi. When he returned he held out a heavy ring set with diamonds. "What's it worth?" he demanded.

Joost looked the ring over carefully and appraised it at \$600.

"Take it as security for my check," Peck pleaded.

"That's all right with me," said Joost.

Fifteen minutes later, with the vase packed in a stout cardboard box, Bill Peck entered a restaurant. He had a hurried meal, then caught a taxi and was driven to a flying field. From the night watchman he obtained the address and phone number of a pilot friend who kept his plane at this field, and at midnight Peck and his blue vase soared up into the moonlight and headed south.

An hour and a half later they landed in a stubble field in the Salinas Valley and, bidding his friend good-bye, Peck trudged to the railroad track and sat down. When the train bearing Cappy Ricks came roaring down the valley, Peck twisted a Sunday paper into an improvised torch and lighted it. Standing between the rails, he swung the flaming torch frantically. The train slid to a halt, a brakeman opened a vestibule door, and Peck climbed wearily aboard.



"What do you mean by flagging this train?" the brakeman demanded angrily, as he signaled the engineer to proceed.

"I'm looking for a man in stateroom A of car 7, and if you try to block me there'll be murder done."

"You looking for that little old man with the white mutton-chop whiskers? He was asking me just before we left San Francisco if I'd seen a young man carrying a box. I'll lead you to him."

A prolonged ringing at Cappy's stateroom brought the old gentleman to the door in his nightshirt.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Ricks," said Bill Peck. "It was impossible to get it within the time limit, but I did the best I could. Here's the vase."

Cappy Ricks stared at Peck as if the latter were a wraith.

"By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet!" he murmured. "We changed the sign on you and we set a policeman to guard the shop, and we made you dig up \$400 on Sunday night in a town where you are practically unknown, and you overtake the train at two o'clock in the morning and deliver the vase. Come in and sit down, Bill."

Peck slumped wearily down on the settee.

"So it was a plant!" His voice trembled with rage. "Well, sir, you're an old man and you've been good to me, so I don't begrudge you your little joke, but Mr. Ricks, I can't stand things like I used to."

He paused, choking, and tears filled his eyes. "I've been trained not to question orders, even when they seem foolish, and to obey them. I've been taught loyalty to my chief — and I'm sorry my chief found it necessary to make a fool of me. I haven't had a very good time the past three years and — and — you can pass your old skunk spruce and odd-length stock to someone else —"

Cappy Ricks ruffled Bill Peck's aching head with a paternal hand.

"Bill, old boy, it was cruel — damnably cruel, but I had to find out about you. So I arranged to put you to the test — to give you the Degree of the Blue Vase. You thought you carried into this stateroom a \$400 vase, but what you really carried was a \$10,000 job as our Buenos Aires manager."

"Wha-what?"

"Yes, Bill. Every time I have to pick a permanent holder of a big job I give the candidate the Degree of the Blue Vase," Cappy explained. "Over a period of years, two men out of 15 I've tested — only two — have succeeded in delivering the vase, Bill."

The tears of Peck's recent fury still glistened in his eyes. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I promise you I'll make good in Buenos Aires."

"I know you will, Bill. Now tell me, son, weren't you tempted to quit when you discovered the ob-



stacles I'd placed in your way?"

"Yes, sir, I was. But I just couldn't. I believe in carrying out orders, come hell or high water."

"Bill, your training may have helped, but the big reason is that you are the kind that won't let yourself be stopped. You're a go-getter, my boy! But tell me, Bill, how did you get the \$400?"

"Well, sir, I had a ring — an heirloom. It was the only valuable thing I ever owned, and for certain personal reasons, it meant more to me than any amount of money. I left that ring as security."

"But didn't it occur to you that the price was so high that I might repudiate the transaction?"

"Of course not. You ordered me to do this, and I know you would never repudiate my action."

"I see, Bill. Well, give that vase to the porter in the morning. I got it in a five-and-ten. Meanwhile, hop into that upper berth and help yourself to a well-earned rest."

"But aren't you going to a wedding anniversary?"

"I am not. Bill, I've discovered that it's good for me to get out of town and play golf once in a while — and, of course, it's just as well for me to stay away from the office for several days after a seeker of the blue vase fails to deliver the goods. You're going to Santa Barbara with me. We'll pick up a set of clubs for you, and we will have a few days of fun. Then off to Buenos Aires you go, my boy, where the Ricks interests are badly in need of the services of an honest and capable young go-getter!"

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TWENTIETH YEAR

VOLUME 38, NO. 229

❏ In the confusion of the present conflict have we lost sight of simple questions of right and wrong?

The Forgotten Moral Issue

Condensed from *The Nation*

Brooks Atkinson

TO BE CONFUSED is to be weak. To be weak is to be lost. Yet many people profess to be confused by the shrieking world erupting around them. "I don't know what to believe," they say, or "I can't make head or tail of anything." But it seems to me that the confusion is superficial. It derives chiefly from politics, which is subtle and mischievous, and economics, which is intricate and open to dispute. Neither is an integral part of the world of God and nature in which we move and have our being. They are only casually related to the fullness of life we have an instinct for living. Although the ordeal of the world is at least in part a clash of opposing economies, that is not the reason our hearts stand still when we read the news from Britain and China.

When evidence appears to be confusing it is wise to make simple decisions that represent the integrity of our characters. Wise decisions harmonize with the fundamental truths of human nature. The basic questions that people are asking themselves today are moral ones. In the last analysis, we are concerned with what is right and wrong.

In the superficial worlds of politics and economics we can easily confuse each other about nearly all the current issues — whether economic necessity forces Japan to dominate the East, whether Germany should draw boundaries according to racial strength, whether it is shrewd for the United States to give all possible aid to Britain or whether it would be smart to walk softly and appease Hitler's temper.

But the moral test is not open to argument. Even in this headlong world we can find a solid place on which to stand if we ask what is right and wrong in human conduct. In the simplest moral terms — it was wrong for Japan to grab Manchukuo, to spread like a scourge through China; wrong for Italy to ravage Ethiopia, to conspire with Germany against the legitimate government of Spain; wrong for Germany to invade Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and other countries; wrong for Russia to engulf the Baltic states, to crush the independence of the Finns. These things are wrong, not because they violate international law, but because they have struck at the spirit of man which is the creative force of the world. They have stained civilization red by the inhumanity of their motives and methods.

The sequence of evil has constantly increased in horror and contempt: the Japanese defended the larceny of Manchukuo as law-enforcement against bandits in 1931, but Germany did not feel required to defend her conquests of Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium in 1940. For evil feeds on evil and the cunning hand acquires skill in murder. The coming years will follow a like course if thieves, murderers, and despots are not curbed. There are blunt words for these wrongs — pillage, slaughter, treason, savagery. The blood has

spattered around the world; the patient earth, scorched and blistered, meekly receives her dead. This is the moral indictment.

Some people feel that we Americans can escape moral responsibility by averting our eyes from the ashes of innocent people's homes and by stopping our ears against the roar of battle. But a moral man does not bargain with thugs and murderers for his personal safety. (Incidentally, it does him no good.) The man of moral integrity, when his brothers are starved, tortured and killed, does not consider the personal consequences of what he says and does. Whatever violates the code by which he lives is his business and he dedicates himself to correcting it. For the moral code is not a system of etiquette, but the fundamental truths of humanity, wrung out of the painful experience of mankind since civilization began, and founded on the faith that men can flourish on love and enlightenment.

If the democratic way of life were not based on a moral concept of human relations it would not be worth preserving. If freedom were not creative, the vital source of the present and future, it would not be worth the staggering price we must pay to retain it. To look on democracy simply as a form of government is to underestimate the fullness of life it nourishes. It is part of the moral wisdom of the ages —

men living together with mutual respect and a common destiny. Far from being one stage in the development of civilization, it is a fundamental idea which cannot be regarded as inefficient because it has not yet been achieved.

Although we have not yet achieved full democracy at home we have progressed steadily in that direction. Those faint-hearted ones who wonder whether democracy has fulfilled its function have missed the point. We have, on the whole, achieved political and religious democracy. We still have poverty, unemployment, racial prejudice, but these festers on the body of the country can be cured. Our course is clear. We must strengthen ourselves with more democracy.

If democracy has outlived its usefulness, Christ was the most

calamitous of false prophets, Lincoln was an eloquent nit-wit, and we have been a tragically misguided nation. If democracy has outlived its usefulness, slavery is the highest state to which man can aspire.

For about eight years barbaric violence has been raging with increasing cruelty all over the world, driving millions into exile, sentencing whole populations to slavery at the point of a rifle, murdering men, women and children in convulsions of terror, crushing the truth that we have labored for centuries to lift out of darkness. Are these things right or wrong? We cannot foresee the result of the steps we take to resist and stop them. But people who are not degenerate know what direction those steps must take.

Capsule Wisdom

❑ THE REASON a lot of people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it is that it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like hard work.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

❑ THE HOLY PASSION of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.

— Mark Twain, *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (Harper)

❑ MARRIAGE is an arrangement like the block booking of motion pictures, in which a number of less desirable features must be accepted in order to obtain one or two of major attraction.

— Helen P. St. Boulanger

❑ WHEN Woodrow Wilson asked for a world safe for democracy, Gilbert Chesterton retorted, "Impossible; democracy is a dangerous trade."

❏ The dramatic story of the pilot whose plane bore Sir Frederick Banting to his death

Crash in Newfoundland

Condensed from The Toronto Star

Captain Joseph C. Mackey

MILITARY CONTROL makes it impossible to reveal many details of the story leading up to the crash. Suffice it to say that I was flying an airplane to Britain and that I was instructed to take aboard as the only passenger Sir Frederick Banting, famous Canadian scientist and discoverer of insulin.

Shortly after leaving Newfoundland I realized that the plane was not acting right and that we would have to turn back. I jettisoned our main fuel cargo, and asked the others to throw overboard all the baggage and everything else they could find to reduce our weight. When I was certain we were again over land I told Snailham, the radio operator, to go back to the cabin and order Burd, the navigation officer, and Sir Frederick Banting to bail out.

I felt what I thought was a change of balance in the ship and assumed they had gone. I then devoted my attention to making the best possible landing by instrument, as I was unable to see the ground. Within a few feet of a safe landing, my wing struck the only large tree in that

whole desolate area, as I discovered later. I do not recollect anything whatever of the crash. .

I woke to consciousness to find my head bleeding profusely. As I started back to the cabin for the first-aid kit, I saw, to my horror, a body lying just outside the radio room. I had been certain I was alone. The body was that of Snailham. He had obviously been killed on impact. In the main cabin I found Flying Officer Burd also dead; Sir Frederick was alive but unconscious, with a severe head wound and his left arm broken.

I roused Sir Frederick to semi-consciousness after about 15 minutes. Somehow I got him from the cabin floor into a bunk, where I covered him with a parachute. I had no knife, but tore another parachute by snagging it on the wreckage and got enough silk to make a sling for his arm.

I asked Sir Frederick why no one had jumped. But he was delirious. At no time was he really aware of his plight. Such was his force and energy, however, that he spoke and acted as though he were a military officer on duty or a professor in a

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clinic. He commanded me to take down his dictation. Throughout the night he would rouse himself and in a strong and what seemed a perfectly lucid condition dictate rapidly letters and memoranda, all of which were to me merely streams of unintelligible technical medical phraseology. Because of my own condition, I could not possibly take them down, but at times I went through the motions of writing in order to quiet him.

Thus we spent the night, Sir Frederick lapsing into unconsciousness, then coming to again to resume his weird dictation. This may well have been the struggle of a great mind to fight against death in a race to record his last thoughts. Perhaps medical information of priceless character was lost in those hours.

When morning came I went outside. It was bitter cold. We were in five feet of snow on the edge of a lake where our wreckage might not show up amid the rocks and brush.

Sir Frederick's condition grew worse and about noon it was plain that he could not survive without immediate medical attention. Weak myself from shock and injuries, I set out for help. I could make no headway against the deep snow, so I returned. I broke the ship's map board in half, and with friction tape rigged up a plausible imitation of snowshoes.

My first exploration trip almost ended in disaster. I set off for what

I thought would be the sea. Stumbling and floundering on the makeshift snowshoes, I grew terribly weary after a little while. I began to see mirages. Time after time I thought I saw houses. But when I reached them they were merely snow-covered trees and rocks.

I frequently fell and it would be several minutes before I could summon energy enough to get up. I came to what I believe was a river and had to decide which way to go, to the right or left. A strong wind was blowing. If I went with it, it would be easier. But if I went against the wind, it would be easier to come back.

I chose to go into the wind. If I hadn't I would not be here today, for after following the river bed some way I was too weak to go any farther. Trying to get back to the plane I almost gave up several times. But slowly my energy would creep back and rouse me to one more try. I set myself little tasks; I did not think of the plane. That seemed miles away. I set as my goal merely the next rock, the next bush. When I made that, I fell down and waited to see if my heart would come back. Then I would set a new goal.

The two miles I traveled that first afternoon took me from noon until dusk. When I reached the plane Sir Frederick was dead. By some immense effort he had got himself out of the plane and lay five feet from the wreck.

I was exhausted. My ankle, sprained in the crash, had swollen almost to the knee. Every stage of my journey had been agony and I had done the last 500 yards on my hands and knees, through deep drifts, to spare my leg.

With a canvas engine cover under me and two overcoats over me I tried to sleep. My spirits were low. The situation seemed hopeless: here in the Newfoundland wastes, far off the path of any normal aid, was the wreckage of my plane, all but hidden by the snow. Here lay a great man. He had been the only other living thing, speaking to me in urgent riddles. Now he was still, dead. A great enterprise lay in ruin in an immeasurable wilderness. I was tempted to surrender hope and join my comrades by simply lying down and going to sleep in the freezing drifts around me. But I didn't.

The second morning it took me nearly an hour to work to my feet. My leg was worse, my back wrenched, and my head and face caked with blood. Nevertheless my mind was clear enough to tell me that I must work out a plan. I dragged myself to a large rock nearby and, taking pencil and paper, made a list of everything that I had and set about studying my map.

Sitting on that rock I had a long talk with myself. I debated the whole situation aloud and reminded myself patiently of the absolute necessity of organizing what resources

I had for their maximum use. This talk helped me wonderfully. I began to see that I had a fighting chance.

Here was my plan: I would stay by the ship two days more, if the weather remained flyable, and I might be sighted from the air. If the weather was not flyable I would set out next day in a westerly direction. To the best of my figuring I could intercept a railway approximately 25 miles due west. I calculated that with a new set of snowshoes and with a toboggan made of the metal cowlings of one of the engines, I could make five miles a day.

I spent most of that day removing one of the plane's compasses. I took shrouds from the parachutes to use as snares for rabbits, whose tracks I saw all about. I did not know how to go about snaring rabbits, but I had the feeling that if I had to learn, doubtless I would.

During this day, many planes passed nearby. I had rigged up a signal fire by dragging together what trees I could of those I had struck down in the crash, pouring gasoline over them. I lit this three times. The gasoline would burn but the trees and twigs were too filled with frost to ignite.

Thirst plagued me terribly. When the plane crashed, one wheel had made a hole through the lake ice. The open water remained unfrozen, but covered with a heavy film of gasoline. I could think of no way of reaching the water under the gaso-

line, and that hole mocked me constantly.

There was food in the ship — sandwiches, oranges, and tins of emergency rations. These were frozen solid but I did succeed in eating some oranges. By taking them to bed with me, placing them against my body during the night, they would be half thawed out by morning.

I ate snow constantly but it did not slake my thirst. On the third day I found a depression on the big rock and in this I poured gasoline, set it on fire and succeeded in heating snow and making my first real drink since the crash.

That day was to be my last before setting out from the wreck. My toboggan was packed. It was a great temptation to start at once. But I held back, to give one more chance to searching aircraft to spot us.

That noon I was sitting beside my rock when I heard a plane coming. Nearer and nearer it approached. Using gasoline, seat cushions, a life preserver and a grease-soaked engine cover, I endeavored to set a signal fire that would create smoke. But to no avail.

I saw the plane fly straight over me, about 600 feet up, without any indication of recognition. Then it vanished in the distance.

I seized the hauling rope of the metal toboggan and started. I gave up, for once and all, any hope of being found by aircraft.

I had gone about 300 yards when

I heard the plane returning. So complete was my feeling of lost hope that I did not even pause in my stride, though the engine grew louder and louder.

Right overhead the plane flew. As I looked up I saw it dip one wing and heel over, to let the pilot look down. I waved madly, I flung my arms and shouted. But it was not I the plane had seen. Round it banked, closer and closer to the wreckage, and then, as I leaped and waved, it did see me. It came very near — near enough for me to recognize the pilot, an old friend named Jim Allison. He dropped a message: "Bringing help." Then he climbed to gain sufficient altitude to send his wireless messages clear.

Jim circled round and round and never left sight of the spot, and in an incredibly short time the air seemed full of planes. They dropped a sleeping bag, provisions, medical kits, tools — a veritable rain of supplies. Despite my almost hysterical condition I realized they didn't know the truth. So I tramped out my name in big 50-foot letters in the snow. "Joe," I wrote. Then "3 dead."

One of the cases of food they dropped burst open. There was a can opener among the goods, and canned pineapple juice. I drank one can without stopping. Then another. I never tasted anything so glorious in all my life.

But now I was exhausted and trembling from the rushing about

in the deep snow. And though the sky was full of planes I knew they could not land. How long would it be before actual help arrived?

I crept into the sleeping bag to wait. I did not know then that less than two miles away a plane had dropped a note to two Newfoundland trappers who, at that moment, were speeding toward me, hauling a sled on which I was to be taken to civilization before another sun had set.

I later discovered that my rescue hinged on one very curious factor, a sea marker. This is a flask of aluminum powder carried by planes crossing water. We drop the flask on the water and the powder spreads

in a bright patch, by which we can calculate the plane's drift.

I had six sea markers in my plane when we crashed. Five of them burst on impact. When I searched the plane for materials to make smoke I found the unbroken marker. I burst this on my rock in the hope that it would make a silver shine on the dark stone. The wind took the powder and flung it out on the snow in a long streak. Aluminum, which looks like silver on the sea, looks black on snow. It was that queer black streak that caught Jim Allison's eye. Had he not seen it our wrecked plane in the wilds of Newfoundland might never have been found.



The Fashions of 1867

Reported by Mark Twain

TAKEN as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly costumes than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. But this time they have been felicitous in invention. The wretched waterfall still remains, but in a modified form; now it sticks straight out behind the head, and looks like a wire muzzle on a greyhound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of head and hair reposes the little battercake of a bonnet, like a jockey saddle on a race horse. You will readily perceive that this looks very unique, and coquettish.

But the glory of the costume is the dress. No furbelows, no biases, no gores, no flutter wheels, no hoops to speak of — nothing but a plain, narrow black dress, terminating just below the knees in long saw teeth (points downward), and under it a flaming red skirt, enough to put your eyes out, that reaches down only to the ankles, exposing the restless little feet. Fascinating, seductive, bewitching! To see a lovely girl of 17, with her saddle on her head, her muzzle on behind and the veil just covering the end of her nose, come tripping along in her hoopless, red-bottomed dress like a churn on fire is enough to set a man wild. I must drop this subject — I can't stand it.

— *Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown* (Knopf)

Merrily We Roll Along

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

William F. McDermott

FROM MY RADIO the other night came a familiar melody: "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood —" And it sent my own mind back over the trail of memory — back to the white cottage with a whole block of ground for a yard; back to the hammock swinging beneath the apple trees; back to neighbors exchanging jams, jellies, tidbits of news; back to the leisure and serenity of small-town life at the turn of the century.

Few of us there are who, having spent their youth in the open spaces of yesterday and then migrated to the city, do not grow misty-eyed, as I did, at the thought of those less troubled days. But, as I dwelt on them, through the glamorous mists of memory some of the harder facts of life in the old home town began to appear.

AFTER early newspaper experience, William F. McDermott studied for the ministry in Chicago. Later he became a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News* and then its religious editor. He has served as pastor of various churches, and his greatest interest is the underprivileged youth of the cities. He has been active in promoting boys' clubs in Chicago slums and the *Daily News'* 100 Neediest Families Christmas Fund.

Mine *was* a good town by the standards of the time; it won a \$1000 prize for being "the model community of Kansas in which to rear children." But what happened to some of these children? Well, two of the gang I used to run with as a shaver became bums. Three others, two of them deacon's sons, went to the penitentiary. Another had a clever lawyer. The rest turned out good, bad and indifferent.

In those good old days, we supplemented our juvenile income by peddling handbills, running cows to pasture, cleaning stables; by sneaking into the back door of illegal saloons and selling for two cents each the empty whisky and beer bottles we had found along the roads.

Our mischief consisted in toppling over outhouses on Halloween, and in putting an acid concoction called hoky-poky on dogs' tails and hearing them howl as they ran away in a frenzy of pain. Or we would loosen the nut on a wagon wheel and then hide nearby, watching with glee as the farmer drove away. When the wheel came off, the wagon toppled half-over. A runaway sometimes resulted.

On the Fourth of July it was great sport to throw cannon crackers beneath jittery horses. Four- to eight-inch firecrackers were freely sold to children and the Fourth was a day of runaways, fires, injuries and sometimes death. Fatal lock-jaw was frequent.

By way of a thrill, we used to have "chariot races" with the family vehicles. Meeting on a country road wide enough for two or three buggies abreast, we would mark off a course. Then, whooping and yelling and laying on the whip, we worked those staid animals into a dead run, buggies clattering dangerously close to each other. Other times we would play runaway, one driving the horse at a gallop, seesawing on the reins to make the vehicle swerve crazily, and the other, posted 100 yards or so ahead, making a dive to catch the horse by the bit and the nose to stop him.

We hung around the livery stable — the source, I am sure, of all the obscenity in the world. We stole watermelons and fruit, milked farmers' cows, broke gas lights, and played hooky from school.

If we were mischievous, even destructive, remember we were left mostly to our own devices. We just grew, and often that meant we grew wild. Boy Scouts and 4-H Clubs were unknown. Supervised playgrounds would have been laughed at. Summer camps had hardly been heard of. If we had had the organized school sports of to-

day, the equipment and trained leadership available to cities and towns, we wouldn't have perpetrated the deviltry that we did.

In those days public sanitation was a pitiful misnomer. Our communities buried babies almost by battalions. Raw river water was pumped into a reservoir, crudely filtered, and piped into homes. Once a year the reservoir was drained and cleaned. Dead animals were nearly always found, a cat or dog or rabbit. Many homes had wells — and a privy and barnyard, all on the same lot. A well was used until the water tasted or smelled bad.

Outhouses were cleaned by a city "scavenger." His implements were a covered wagon, a muck fork, and a barrel of lime. The dump was the riverbank below town, but only 12 miles above the water intake of another town. No wonder typhoid was common. It was a disease to strike terror to many hearts. Several of my playmates, including my high school sweetheart, died of it.

In those days anybody could run a dairy. The milk was strained through a cloth to get rid of drowned flies and dirt which dropped off the cow's udder. Raw milk in huge cans was toted about in spring wagons. A quart cup was used to measure the milk, and the fluid was placed in any container, such as a crock or a dish, the housewife might put out on the porch. There was no inspection of cows, no tuberculin tests, no compulsory cleanliness.

In grocery stores, food was kept in open containers. Careless clerks didn't worry about covering edibles when sweeping. Down each side of Main Street was a continuous string of hitching posts. A businessman would drive to work in the morning, hitch his horse out in front all day and drive home at night. Manure would pile up, dry out in the wind, and go sweeping down the street in blinding dust, while the flies spread to the grocery store. The flies plagued us in droves. Every home had its home-made fly-shooing device — strips of paper nailed on the end of a stick, which was swished through the air to keep flies out of our food.

There was a lot of town pride, but it took strange forms. We were proud of our churches, but they battled continually over doctrine, and each claimed a monopoly on the Lord. When a devout Methodist woman married a Baptist widower and joined his church, bigoted tongues wagged furiously. In the stores, women clerks stood from eight until six at their counters, and until 10 p.m. on Saturdays — for \$6 a week. Nobody protested.

The town was without a hospital. Once, when I was eight years old, a growth in my throat shut off my breath. I was blue from strangulation and apparently had only a few minutes to live. The old family doctor laid me out on the kitchen table, put in a silver tube, and I breathed easily again. He had never

seen the operation done. He had read about it, and took a chance.

We didn't have a gymnasium or a game room in the town. Finally a revivalist held a meeting and raised \$12,000 for a Y.M.C.A. building. It had a gymnasium, a library, and baths. The novelty of anything but a washtub bath caused the townsmen to work those facilities nearly to death.

Most school children went only through the eighth grade. The high school occupied four rooms on the second floor of an all-service building. In my graduation class were four boys and 17 girls. Today 200 graduate in a year.

We were well intentioned, but smug. We sang sentimental old songs, and liked the new ragtime, but we thought any music above that was only the foible of high-brows. We would have considered as sissy the great high school chorus of today which sings masterpieces of music. We didn't know the meaning of a symphony or an oratorio, and didn't care. How different our tastes were from those of the youngsters today who unaffectedly like good music, art and literature.

Public transportation was a matter of mule-drawn streetcars. Between collecting fares, the drivers would use blacksnake whips to get up speed. Downhill they would let the car run onto the mules' heels to make them move. It was considered anyone's inherent right to beat his horse, his dog, or his chil-

dren as he saw fit. One of the nightmares of my memory is the appearance of the half-starved, listless hack-horses which met the trains; their ribs stuck out like sores. And of the way their drivers kicked, yanked and tortured them. It's years since I've seen the sadistic cruelty we accepted as commonplace.

I haven't named my old home town until now, because I want you to see it as it is instead of as it was.

It's Winfield, Kansas, a fine home community of 10,000 people. Streets are paved, homes are lovely, and every conceivable convenience is available. Two fine hospitals serve the sick for hundreds of miles around. Schools are well equipped, playgrounds and gymnasiums are plentiful. The college gym will accommodate 4000 spectators at a basketball game or 5000 for the annual *Messiah*.

There is a community spirit which is a revelation to one who has been away for nearly a third of a century. There has been no municipal operation tax in Winfield for 20 years: the profits from the municipal electric light plant pay all city expenses except schools, and provide money to build parks, a city hall, a stadium, a \$300,000 dike to prevent floods.

In the churches, bickering over doctrine has disappeared. Yearly the leading churches join in a union meeting of spiritual instruction and inspiration. They support com-

munity funds for relief, work together for the Red Cross, advance religious education, have drama clubs for youth, and their leaders are active in Rotary Club and Chamber of Commerce projects for community betterment. Rotary has a loan fund which has aided scores of needy students, and a flourishing junior baseball league of 120 boys. The churches preach religion still, but work for heaven here as well as hereafter.

And how about youth? Well, they are thrill-seekers just like my generation. They get into jams for speeding, and have to be straightened out occasionally. But they have aspirations and ambition, prepare for vocations and citizenship, go to college in large numbers.

The only distressing thing about them is their pessimism. They've grown up to doubt that there's any progress in the world. If I could only make them realize what progress there has been just in my generation! Maybe they'd see then that there is a march of civilization worth preserving, and even worth fighting for. How can I prove to them that, with incomparably better environment, with a franker view on life, and with ideals that a turbulent decade has not destroyed, they run rings around anything we had in my generation?

Doubtless they'll discover that in time. Meanwhile — I note that the good old days are gone forever. And I see no cause for tears.



*A Sequel to
"Out of the Night"*

American Dawn

BY *Jan Valtin*

WITH the publication of *Out of the Night*, Jan Valtin became a figure of national interest. Bookshops devoted whole windows to displaying his book. Newspapers, headlining his name, filled columns with conjecture on his character, his motives in writing this book, his future. A flood of letters from all over the United States and Canada poured in, a few of them from people who recognized in his book episodes in which they themselves had played a part.

Many others wrote to ask Mr. Valtin (or to use his real name, Richard J. Krebs) such questions as these: "What was your purpose in laying before Americans the terrible exposures in this book? Where do you yourself, a former communist agent, now stand in regard to Communism and Fascism? What does America mean to you?"

To answer those sincere and important questions Mr. Valtin has written the following article.

DURING the last World War when I was a schoolboy in Germany, my teacher, following the clumsy propaganda methods of that time, did his best to impress his pupils with "the vicious dishonesty of our American enemy." Hung up against the classroom wall was a large trick picture of Woodrow Wilson; at first glance a pious, smugly benevolent mask, it was folded aside by pulling a string and then appeared the face

of a hyena licking blood from its chops.

"That," Teacher Schlueter said with pompous conviction, "is the face of America."

I did not believe him even then. My father had been a sailor; he had described America to me as "*das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten*" — the country of unlimited possibilities. Besides, I had avidly read German translations of James Fenimore Cooper and of Mark Twain. It is true that I visualized America as a strange land of hardy pioneers and Mississippi River pirates, of skyscrapers at the edge of virgin forests where the great

Latest reports from booksellers indicate that *Out of the Night* — with 360,000 copies sold two months after publication — is being more widely read than any other current best seller, fiction or non-fiction.

grizzly prowled and Indians danced around fires. But at least I thought I knew more about it than Herr Schlueter.

After the war, following my family's tradition, I went to sea. Late in 1921 I first set foot briefly on American shores. It was in Galveston, Texas. The town was crowded and cheerful. After the years of the great hunger in my homeland, I stared incredulously at stores crammed with good clothes, good shoes, meat and fruit. I was astonished to see so many automobiles; and so many Negroes, instead of Indians, scouts and trappers.

Two stormy years passed before I made my second landing in America. Again I landed as a sailor, but by this time the sailor's trade had become for me but a convenient disguise for secret missions in the service of the Communist International. Already my fervent desire to alleviate poverty and social injustice in my homeland had been misdirected into a fanatical belief in the communist cause. Blinded by a fallacious revolutionary faith, I willingly obeyed the commands of my communist chiefs. I need not detail a story already told in my book, the story of my work in America as an enemy of a democracy which I had been taught to regard as the acme of capitalist exploitation.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, I should come into serious conflict with the law of the country

whose hospitality I abused. Readers of *Out of the Night* will remember that, after my third arrival as a communist in America, I was ordered to commit an act of violence, was captured, and sentenced to jail by a Los Angeles court. So I found myself within the gates of San Quentin prison. America, at last, had struck back at me.

Standing forlornly in the great Main Yard, my head shaved, with hundreds of men in faded blue milling about me, I had no inkling that San Quentin's noisy cellblocks and steaming yards were to give me more freedom than they took away. Without those new interests and hitherto undiscovered abilities which I found there I should be unable today to fashion the cornerstone of a new life.

I entered prison in a rebellious mood. Day and night during the first six months I planned escape. I worked in the jute mill in the noisy turmoil of 200 electric looms. I saw men knife each other in clouds of jute dust or in the man-crammed Yard. Sometimes the glum silence of the cells gave way to eerie howls of rage.

"Buckle down to some constructive task," I told myself, "or you'll become one of these lunatics who seek relief in the smashing of their cell fixtures or the burning of their hated looms. Make yourself better and stronger. These years need not be lost."

It was not easy. It required weeks

of inner combat against my own violently distorted perspective, before I could accept a constructive attitude. Yet the prison food I ate was better than the food I had had on European ships during my years at sea. I slept under clean, warm blankets on a clean mattress. I could discuss with fellow prisoners anything under the sun, short of murder and escape, and no guard would tell me that such talk was forbidden. I saw, at last, that a convict in America enjoys incomparably more intellectual and spiritual freedom than a "free" man under totalitarian rule. To my own amazement I began to like San Quentin.

I discovered the universe of books. The prison library was excellent, and I was allowed to buy books — any books I liked. I read ravenously: in my cell at night, squatting in the hot dust of the Yards, and even during meals when we ate in the huge mess hall to the brassy blare of the "Lifer's Band."

The Educational Director arranged for me to become a prison librarian. Adjoining the library and facing San Quentin's famous flower garden were the prison offices of the Extension Division of the University of California. As a convicted criminal in America, I might have a university education — an education that in Europe is the hallmark of the upper classes! I studied with frenzied persistence. This

was, I felt, the great and only chance of my life to acquire learning.

More and more my interest centered in a craving to master the English language — to write it as well as to read its great literature. I completed practically all the English courses I could find on the curriculum of the University of California, including courses in Journalism and Feature Writing. Mr. Arthur Price, my instructor, encouraged me. Numerous articles which I wrote under his guidance were published in the *Bulletin*, the monthly prison magazine.

When I was paroled, after 39 months in San Quentin, it is the truth that I would gladly have stayed longer. The plan of study I had made for myself was not nearly completed. However, I was put aboard a steamer crammed with other prison deportees and sent away, rejected by the land where I had been happy even in a prison cell.

Eight malevolent and hideous years followed, years spent in the gutters of political conspiracy, years of struggle against the rising tide of Nazi terror in Germany. A high song of happiness penetrated the gloomy turmoil of this period when I met and married Firelei, a courageous, beautiful and sensitive girl, and our son, Jan, was born. But such happiness could not survive in the tumult of our common struggle against Hitler's march to power in Germany. Gone now were the

dreams I had dreamt in San Quentin. Even the fascination which revolutionary activism had once held for me had now melted away; in its place was only a grim determination not to abandon the once chosen faith.

The end was bitterness. Firelei and I, among countless others, paid the price of defeat. We saw the Nazis triumphant in the country which should have been our home. We saw the Gestapo embark on a program of calculated savagery, and we felt its whips. Firelei was thrown into prison; our son was taken away to be made a ward of Hitler's state. Concentration camp and prison, torture, and the fathomless anguish of solitary confinement became my lot. To escape insanity I often forced myself to dream, and the dreams floated around Firelei, and then drifted on, to America.

In countless days of pacing a narrow cell, in countless nights of pain, I realized that no greater antipodes are possible on this earth than life under Nazi tyranny and life in America. My sentence was 13 years, with the prospect of a concentration camp after this sentence was served. Before I could be freed I would be almost 50. And Firelei . . .

"There is no future," I told myself a thousand times. But deep inside me a persistent, hopeful voice refused to be stilled. "No matter how long it may take, there is a future; think of that future,

Firelei's future, Jan's future, think of America."

I made such plans as even the most wretched and hopeless prisoner cannot help making. I planned a future against which the odds were piled as high as the Himalayas. I even pondered on the name under which I would hide in that impossible future, and I decided on the name, Jan Valtin. I chose "Valtin" because it suggested no one definite nationality; "Jan" because that was the name Firelei had given to our son. And then came times when I tore all dreams to shreds, jeered at myself as an incorrigible fool, remembering the things that were real: Hitler's power, the guards, the whips.

I survived. I escaped. Alone, hunted, ill and penniless, in the spring of 1938, I arrived in New York.

HOW CAN I describe, to those who have not felt the jailhouse atmosphere of European tyrannies, what emotions the American air of freedom aroused in me? I glowed with a silent gratitude that warmed every fiber of my being. Of course there was sadness — for Firelei and our child, held as hostages by the Gestapo. But a majestic melody seemed to fill the air between the tall gray buildings. "Nothing is lost," I told myself. "You will find a way to bring Firelei to America, and Jan, too. The first step is to find work, any work, and to save money; the

second is to keep your whereabouts a secret — for should the Gestapo learn that you have escaped to America, Firelei will be lost.”

My confidence in America was immense. America was a land of open doors. Here I could walk among the crowds without fear of secret police, without meeting instant suspicion because of a foreign accent. The freedom of entering a city, of seeking lodgings, of looking for work without the necessity of showing personal papers, of registering with the police, of obtaining a permit to stay or to leave, is a joy hardly noticed by Americans.

The first night I slept in the hallway of an abandoned tenement; the second on a bench in Central Park. During the hours of daylight I roamed the wharves of Manhattan. I boarded coastal steamers to ask for food. The sailors were hospitable. I ate. On my third day in New York I got a job.

A truck driver whom I consulted had advised me to go to Sixth Avenue, where the offices of private labor agents follow one another like portholes in a ship's side. In front of one such office I saw a sign, *Wedding Hall Porter Wanted*.

“What is a wedding hall porter?” I asked the agent.

“Feller who takes charge of a hall that people rent for weddings. Sweeps floors, moves tables, carries drinks and ice. Gotta take charge of the cuspidors, too.”

So I became a wedding hall por-

ter. The employer to whom I was sent asked neither for references, nor for that necessity in European countries — the police permit to work. All he asked was “Can you use a floor-waxing machine?”

“Sure,” I said.

“All right, get to work.”

That was the beginning of my new life in America.

I slept on a collapsible camp bed set up in the middle of a huge ballroom after the last revelers had gone home. To save on food I ate leftovers of the parties I attended as a servant. With the determination of a miser, I saved every tip, every cent that could be spared out of my meager wages. In a few weeks I had accumulated \$100. I would need at least \$300 to send someone who was reliable secretly into Germany to spirit my wife and child across the Nazi frontier.

The wedding hall job gave out and I changed from one manual labor job to another. Steady jobs were scarce, and hard to get. During the whole of 1938 I never treated myself to a steak, never went to a motion picture, never drank a glass of beer, never bought an unnecessary article of clothing. I always carried my money with me in a roll wrapped in oilcloth. Late in lonesome nights I would count it. The sum grew bigger. By September, I thought, I would at last have saved the \$300 I needed.

Frugal, even hungry sometimes as my life was, I felt always the joy

of being in America. Like any other unskilled worker, I scurried from job to job, neither expecting nor finding universal kindness, but deeply conscious of the opportunity for a new life. At times I sent — through a friend in Amsterdam who could forward them secretly — notes of hope and encouragement to Firelei. Only once did an answer from her reach me. It was a message of wild fear, requesting me to stop writing.

I soon learned the reason for that cry of fear. The Gestapo had traced me to America, and were now watching for any effort on my part to communicate with my wife. I felt that I had lost the greatest battle of my life. In a frenzy I penned a letter to Inspector Paul Kraus of the Gestapo's Foreign Division in Hamburg.

"Free my wife at once," I wrote. "I have kept silent until now. If you do not free her immediately, I shall tell the world all I know about your secret international organization."

It was a foolish letter. No answer arrived from Inspector Kraus at the New York Seamen's Institute, which I had given as my address.

Again life seemed fruitless. But I went on working as an itinerant laborer. I got a job as a house painter in the Rockaways, applying myself grimly to cover my ignorance of this trade. Before many weeks I was holding my own with more experienced fellow-painters. What a difference between Europe and

America! In Europe a man desiring to work as a painter must submit proof of a three years' apprenticeship. In America his willingness to work and his skill were enough.

I painted a hotel in Liberty, New York. I washed dishes in a Greek restaurant. Through two blazing summer months I was a maintenance man in a Hebrew seminary. And in my spare hours after each hard day's work I was attempting again to write. I wrote a small number of travel sketches and stories of the sea.

In the winter of 1938-39 I was once again a painter of bungalows on Rockaway Beach. Here I received through roundabout channels the news that Firelei had perished in Hitler's dungeons.

A night of black anguish followed. I roamed the wintry sands, the clear stars overhead and an icy wind blowing in from the sea, and wept and screamed my sorrow and impotent anger into the impersonal thunder of the surf.

Now my writing turned in another direction. It gathered force and had an aim beyond a simple desire to sell what I wrote. The murder of the girl who had been my wife and comrade impelled me to raise a voice against the forces that regard human rights as trash, trash discarded in their struggles to dominate the world.

I wanted to tell the people of America that neither the National

.. Socialism of Hitler, nor the Communism of Stalin, nor any other tyranny, could ever succeed in bringing happiness into a single humble dwelling. I wanted to show to Americans what the totalitarian combination of propaganda and terror does to the human soul. I was obsessed by the will to pour into words the record of a past that began with a song of victory, and ended in the death of Firelei.

That was the beginning of the writing of *Out of the Night*. No longer was I alone with men who knew me as John, the painter, from whom it was easy to borrow money because he was not considered very bright. Out of my memory tramped an endless caravan of men and women, heroes and cowards, loyal souls and cheats, hangmen, sailors, policemen, saints, prostitutes. Most of them were dead, some still alive, but as they marched by with lagging feet, each seemed to turn a face to me and say, "Don't forget me; I, too, was living; remember how I did things, the manner in which I used to talk?" Frantically I worked to keep the imprint of their feet upon my pages before they passed and were gone.

And then came the vision of Firelei. She came, as I had seen her first, with a light step along the corridors of the Museum of Art in Antwerp. Next, the cluttered quayside of Siberia Dock, where she drew sketches of sailormen and ships. . . . I heard her scream in child-

birth, and then her voice was ringing with quiet bliss when she heard that she had become the mother of our son. . . . I saw her eyes, burning with anger and compassion when friends were seized and beaten to death; she went to prison herself without bowing her head in defeat. . . . Firelei came into the pages of my book more fully alive than all the others.

Out of the Night was not written in one continual effort. There were many interruptions. It was an agonizing task to write a single page after eight or ten hours of toil. It would be presumptuous of me to insist that not a single error has crept into hundreds of pages written mainly from memory; but my memory, trained as it had been in 15 years of conspirative tasks, was good. After I had written 200 pages in rough notes, at the same time working in a lodging house where I cleaned 30 rooms and made 45 beds a day, I collapsed. A friend carried me to a hospital. Slowly I recovered.

I signed some of the fragments I had written, "Jan Valtin," and sent them out. They were accepted and printed. With the money I received I bought a tent and a campstove and set out to live in the forests of Ramapo Valley while the frost was still on the ground. Still it is marvelous to me that a man in this country is permitted to do that. It is the America of my boyish dreams, this country where a man

can set up a tent in the woods and live there, without police permission, without being questioned. Unmolested, unvisited by any authority, I lived alone in my tent, cooked my frugal meals on the campstove, and wrote all day long. Some hundreds of pages were drafted before my money gave out.

I went to New Hampshire and became a painter in a fashionable summer hotel. After that I painted apartments in Brooklyn and Newark. The winter of 1939-40 saw me down and out, and jobs were hard to find. But in February, 1940, a friend who had seen my published writing, offered me the use of his farmhouse in Connecticut.

When I arrived there, the snow lay foot-high on the ground, and the trees cracked under loads of ice. I hauled my water from a well, and heated a room with a tiny oil stove. When I had no more money for kerosene, I filched wood at night from nearby forests. I still did not guess that the owners would doubtless have allowed me to have the fallen branches for the asking. I worked day and night. At times I felt like a giant. At times I despaired.

But spring came at last, the birds arrived from the south, and the forests broke out overnight in delicious greens. By the end of June another 400 manuscript pages had been completed.

The new friends who had come to me during the darkest hours of that dark winter were staunch friends.

I think that freedom makes human beings friendly. A Dutch dairy farmer, a horny-handed laborer just released from Sing Sing, a young teacher, the novelist Rose Wilder Lane, and Isaac Don Levine — all were kind and helpful. I am grateful, and proud to count them among my friends.

During the summer months of 1940 I lived as a guest in the secluded country place of Don Levine, where I wrote the final 800 pages of *Out of the Night*. On September 1, as I typed the last word, I felt neither exhaustion nor triumph. The old hatreds and fears were gone. Once more the memory of Firelei stood clear and sweet as a tall flower against a background of azure. I had told my story and hers. I was at peace.

It was as if a monstrous weight had been lifted from my brain. I could lie on my back in the rich grass and close my eyes and the shadows of the past would trouble me no more. I felt that now I could turn to America and the future without fear, without unavailing sorrow for the past.

Since then I have often been asked: "What is the political purpose behind this book?"

It has no hidden political purpose. It has a threefold human purpose. I wrote it to raise an insurmountable wall between a monstrously mistaken past and my firm determination now to live a normal and constructive life. I

wrote it as a monument to the betrayed courage and devotion of Firelei. And I wrote it to show free men and free women that the salvation of mankind cannot be the work of tyranny disguised as the way to freedom, but that liberty must be won and defended by free men and women themselves, not once and for all, but tirelessly, endlessly, every day anew.

"Where do you stand now?" I am asked. "What is your political philosophy?"

Within me my answer is clear. I have ceased to believe in any "political program." But I have a conviction that human beings can struggle successfully for a form of life that is decent and just and fair, within the framework of democracy as it has been developed in the United States. I have learned from America that the right of the individual to free enterprise, the right to go and to work where he pleases the right to rear his children in a society which affords them the chance to develop their abilities to the fullest extent — these rights are not the abstractions of dreamers, but concrete American realities worth any sacrifice.

Now that *Out of the Night* has found its way into thousands of homes, the cry has been raised: "Jan Valtin is an alien! He entered illegally and must be deported!"

True, I have come to America without observing the formalities

of lawful entry. But I came the way millions had come to these shores before me — in search of freedom and opportunity. I came to America to elude the assassins of Hitler and Stalin, to begin a new life, to prove to myself and to other men that I am not unfit to lend a hand in constructive endeavor. I have not tried to hide from the American authorities, and I have answered their questions without reserve. I am ready to obey the laws of this country at the cost of any personal sacrifice. I speak not only for myself, but also for hundreds of other anti-Nazi fugitives now illegally in this country, when I appeal to America to let the black-coated man with the swastika badge in his lapel — the man who operates the guillotine in the yard of Ploetzensee Prison in Berlin — to let that man wait in vain for victims from overseas. . . .

In the land of my youth, the lowlands along the raging North Sea, the peasants worked together to build dikes to dam the storm floods. The dikes were stronger than the destructive fury of the sea, but they needed tending, each day anew, to preserve their strength. Today I have no other political aim than to be a humble member of the vast crew of dike-builders at work wherever men prize their freedom and are alert to defend it. That is why I am glad and grateful to be in America.

❏ The author of "The Great Illusion" dispels certain myths about British "Imperialism"

Who Owns the British Empire?

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Sir Norman Angell

WHEN Colonel Lindbergh declared that the basic cause of the present war lay in the fact that "Britain owns too much of the world's wealth and Germany too little," he was expressing a view of the British Empire very common in America. "Britain," declared Senator Clark in the recent debate on the Lend-Lease Bill, "is fighting to retain her hold upon the riches of her Empire." He went on to declare that among "German Nazism, Italian Fascism, Russian Communism, and British Imperialism there is little to choose."

And Senator Nye: "The greatest aggressor in all modern history has been the British Empire. That Empire is the despotic, arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical ruler of almost half a billion people." Senator Chandler warned against shedding American blood "in order to allow the British to enslave the people in their [overseas] possessions."

This picture of John Bull as a plutocratic landowner, possessing more property than he can properly use while others lack "living space," is of course the standing theme of

much German advocacy. Hitler insists that it is gross injustice for a small nation of 45 million people to "own a quarter of the earth."

Now, obviously, it is of vital concern to Americans to know whether this picture of Britain is a true picture. For on the verdict depends whether America is aiding justice or injustice, freedom or mere imperialist advantage.

What are the facts?

The facts are that Great Britain does not "own" the empire at all.

Not merely has John Bull no proprietary rights whatever in Canada, or Australia, or South Africa, or New Zealand, or Newfoundland, or Ireland, but the British government draws no tribute at all from them or from any colony whatsoever. On the contrary the British taxpayer is often mulcted for the defense and development of the overseas territories.

Nor is that all, or the most important part.

The British people do not even govern the greater part of their overseas "possessions." For during the last 70 years Britain has carried on a process of de-imperialization,

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so that what was originally an Empire has, for the greater part, ceased so to be one; what were originally colonies have become independent states. They have attained without war the independence for which the thirteen American Colonies had to fight.

When the statement is made that Canada and Australia and the other Dominions are independent nations, most readers simply do not believe it. Yet we are not in the region of opinion, but of statutory fact.

To get an idea of how vast is the gap between reality and prevailing opinion, examine this paragraph from a syndicated column in the *New York Journal-American*:

England never abandons anything — never any commercial benefit, never any military advantage, never any valuable territory, never any strategic harbor. . . . Can anybody imagine England's giving up the great gold lands of the Rand? Certainly not.

What comment is to be made upon such a comment, in view of the quite incontrovertible fact of history that Great Britain gave up those gold lands of the Rand about 30 years ago? At that time the authority of the British government over them was completely surrendered to the South African Parliament, so that today Britain has no more power over the mines of the Rand than it has over those of Colorado. If the South African Parliament voted to confiscate the

shares of every American and British shareholder in the Rand mines, the British government would be rather less able than the American government to do anything about it.

And what shall be said of this columnist's statement that England never surrenders a strategic harbor? Just before he wrote that paragraph, the American press had been publishing news that Mr. De Valera was still refusing to permit the British government to use the harbors in southern Ireland, harbors of life-and-death strategic importance for Great Britain. This refusal has cost Britain many a ship and many a life. So also has the refusal of Mr. De Valera until recently to blackout Dublin. From Irish cities Nazi raiders were able to get their bearings and destroy English homes in Liverpool.

Here is a journalist whose column is supposed to be read by ten million people. It is his business to watch public events. Yet the old catchwords — "Empire," "Imperialism" — still maintain their magical power over him in the face of all the facts. And his case is typical of that of hundreds of writers all over the world. With casual unconcern they ignore events as significant as the achievement of the independence of the United States.

For, after all, the Statute of Westminster in 1931 was the declaration of independence of some six nations (with more to come), embracing

nearly ten times as many people as were living in the thirteen Colonies when they got their independence. Its explicit terms have left the Dominions in no way subject to the government of Britain: "No law hereafter made by the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall extend to any of the Dominions as part of the law of that Dominion. . . ."

However, even when plain facts such as those concerned with the South African mines are pointed out, the question still remains, are not the shares in the South African mines held by the British? Certainly. But that does not prevent South Africa being an independent state, with power to tax or confiscate the property of British shareholders just as ruthlessly as independent Eire has confiscated certain properties. British financiers do not own property merely in South Africa; they own mines in Mexico, railways in Argentina, quite a number of factories in the United States. But does this mean that these countries are part of the British "Empire"? For a long time American investments in Canada have been at least double those of Great Britain, and with the sale of British securities in the United States to pay for war material Americans will own still more. Should we then be justified in declaring that Canada is part of the American "Empire"?

So with trade. The United States which does not "own" Canada sells vastly more to Canada than does

Great Britain, the "owner." Canada's exports to British Empire markets have been something like twice her imports from the Empire; and Britain's trade has always been far more with non-Empire than with Empire countries.

Let us set down concretely the facts which reveal most clearly what the British "Empire" has become. We should think, for example, of Australia as a nation, quite as independent as were Belgium and Norway before their subjugation by Germany; having its own parliament, its own army and its own navy controlled by its own parliament, devising its own tariffs (Dominion tariffs often hit British trade very severely), passing its own immigration laws (some of which rigidly exclude certain classes of British subjects), appointing its own foreign representatives, (both Canada and Australia have ministers in Washington and other capitals); having, indeed, its own colonies and dependencies (Australia has several in the Pacific); having power to maintain full diplomatic relations with Britain's enemy, if it so chooses (Eire is still neutral — the German minister is even now living peacefully in Dublin, and some 300 Germans are moving freely about Ireland).

In Britain's 60-odd "possessions" there are as many different forms of government. Some — the most important — are independent; some (like the West Indies) possess leg-

islatures or legislative councils, and have gone already a long way toward practical self-government. From none is tribute exacted and to many considerable subsidies from the British taxpayer are paid. Where administration has been mainly from London, it has often been bad. But the evils have been due not to a tendency to exploitation but to the tendency of London to interfere as little as possible. If there had been more of "imperialist exploitation" in, say, the West Indies, there might have been less of poverty, and the British taxpayer would not today be handing out large sums for the relief of colonial budgets.

But what about India? How many are aware that for 20 years India has made her own tariff, and has used that tariff-making power again and again to exclude British goods; and that, even when Britain controlled India's tariff, the Indian market was open to the whole world on equal terms, Britain claiming no advantage for herself?

That the evolution of India toward Dominion status should be slower than in the case of nations like Canada is easily explained. India is not a nation, but a group of many separate peoples, differing in cultures, languages, religions, social habits far more than the nations of continental Europe differ one from another. The degrees of development in India range from that of the Stone Age to that of a

sophisticated culture. Before the British came there was indeed no such unit as "India." The Indians did not know the word.

These indubitable facts bear on Britain's hesitation to grant India Dominion status in existing conditions of the world. There would follow a partition of India between, say, Russia and Japan, just as Russia and Germany have recently partitioned Poland. In other words, Britain would repeat, on a vastly greater scale, the situation which she now confronts as the result of having granted Dominion status to Eire. Her evacuation of the Irish naval bases has immensely increased her defense difficulties at a time when she stands in mortal peril.

Is it realist to expect a great state to commit suicide on behalf of the "independence" of some other state, knowing full well that the suicide, far from serving the purpose of such independence, would quite certainly bring it to an end? Britain's defeat would mean the end of the independence of Ireland, and the prospective independence of India, quite as much as it would mean the end of the independence of Britain herself.

Britain meantime continues to prepare the peoples of India for self-government. How far they have gone that way may be gathered from the fact that in the government of a country of nearly 400 million people there are barely

1000 British officials. In the making of laws, the work of the courts, the management of the cities, of the public utilities, the schools, the hospitals, not one in a thousand employes is British. The rest are Indian.

Under British rule, India has built 36,000 miles of railroad which have enormously diminished famine by quick carriage of grain. If the building of these railroads had depended upon Indian capital, most of them would never have been built at all. India's irrigation system is now the greatest in the world. Over 20,000 miles of canals are operated in the Punjab alone, and over 14 million acres are irrigated in the country as a whole. Under one single project — that of the Bhakra Dam which will be 394 feet high — the area to be irrigated will be four times the whole irrigated area of Egypt.

Could capital for these projects have been found without the guarantee of the British government, or the projects themselves carried

through by a peasant country without the coöperation of British industry? Britain has been guilty of grave offenses in the government of India, just as the British government has been guilty of grave offenses in the government of Britain. But if our final judgment of the net results in India is even to approach fairness, British achievements must be set against the offenses.*

The alternative to imperialism — the government of one country by another — is not for each to be independent: that means in practice chaos. It is, rather, partnership on a basis of equality. Toward an equality of right among partners, the British Commonwealth is on the whole assuredly working. In an anarchic world which above all needs integration, we shall not, if we are wise, destroy such integrations as history has bequeathed to us.

* For an American testimony to the British part in India's development, see Sam Higginbottom, *The Gospel and the Plough*.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 45.

ONE of the best prayers I ever heard was that of a little Negro boy who was competing in a race. He kept dropping behind and his chances seemed slim; then suddenly his lips began to move with great regularity, his legs picked up speed, and he won the race. Asked later what he was whispering to himself, he said he was talking to the Lord, saying over and over: "Lawd, You pick 'em up, and I'll put 'em down. You pick 'em up, and I'll put 'em down." — A. D. in *The Sphere*

Your Waiter Sizes You Up

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Dwight MacDonald

JIMMY NEAROS is a waiter. With his assured manner, and considerable knowledge of human behavior, he has risen to the top of his profession — which means he works in the more expensive New York hotels and night clubs. A bachelor, just turned 30, he lives in a furnished room and likes to eat in cafeterias and Greek restaurants when off duty. He never orders hash, croquettes or hamburger steak.

Most of Jimmy's earnings come from tips. He averages about \$40 or \$50 a week, of which \$12 is paid him by the house. In hotels tips run about 15 percent of the check, and in night clubs from 20 percent up, depending on the condition of the customer. Jimmy's "engagements" seldom last more than a year or two and idle periods cut his income to a long-term average of about \$25 a week.

On the strategy of extracting tips waiters divide into two schools: the dominating and the ingratiating. The latter try to win the good will of the customer by alertly and deferentially carrying out his wishes. Most waitresses belong to this

school. Jimmy thinks this method is incorrect, and he claims it is a fact that waitresses on the same jobs average considerably lower tips than men. This is odd since one would think that, most checks being paid by men and waitresses running well above the average in looks, a pretty waitress would get a bigger tip from a man than another male would. Jimmy's explanation is simply that people tip less from good will than from a sense of inferiority. To confirm this view he points out his experience at the New York World's Fair. Men who showed up at his restaurant there in shirt sleeves were often so abashed when they discovered it was a swanky place that they left an extra large tip to make clear their social standing.

The essential thing, Jimmy believes, is to establish moral dominance over the customer. How this is accomplished depends on the customer's personality, his social and financial status, whether he is with his wife, his girl friend, or other men. The whole art lies in planting in the customer's mind, by keeping one's distance and by subtly re-

sisting his wishes, a half-formed consciousness that he is imposing on one and that he is, altogether, an inferior sort of fellow. This vague feeling is likely to be translated into a large tip to win back the good opinion of the waiter. It is a delicate operation, for if conscious resentment is aroused, the result may be no tip at all or a complaint to the headwaiter. Complaints are serious, a single one often being enough to get a waiter fired.

There are two points at which Jimmy brings his psychological arsenal to bear most heavily: in getting the customer to order an expensive meal and in returning the change at the end of the meal.

It is not hard to bully inexperienced diners into taking drinks by asking at once, "Beer or cocktails?" Men with their girls are in a specially weak position. It is hard for them to resist suggestions for big spending.

Jimmy has noticed that people who ask for advice as to dishes almost never accept his first proposals. He therefore starts off with a moderately priced dish and when this is turned down suggests an expensive one, which the customer finds hard to refuse, having already rejected one suggestion.

An experienced waiter never gives a 50-cent piece in change if he can help it, because people think of this big coin as worth more than its equivalent in small change. Presented with a tray bearing a

50-cent piece and a dime, a customer will usually pocket the dime and leave the half-dollar; presented with two quarters and a dime, he is likely to leave it all. Jimmy always takes care to bring the change divided in such a way that the customer will have to leave a little too much or much too little, a choice usually resolved in favor of a little too much. It is also a good idea to separate the change so that the amount the waiter wants left is in a pile at the end of the tray farthest from the customer. If the tray is then placed so that the customer has to reach a little to get the change, and if the waiter stands close to it, the results are usually satisfactory.

These arts can influence the size of the tip only within strict limits. The decisive factor, after all, is the customer himself. From long experience Jimmy can usually tell at once whether his customer will tip well. The way the order is given is significant. People with little money to spend always look first at the prices and are likely to say, "Give me the 85-cent special" rather than "Give me the breaded pork chop." A sure omen of a good tip is an order for Scotch and soda before the meal. The best kind of party is made up of two or three New York married couples. The worst is an out-of-town mother with grown children. Jimmy has had the mother snatch from under his fingers a tip left by the children.

Jimmy confirms the common impression that men are better tip-pers than women, though he thinks a lot depends on the state of the lady's love life. Women dining alone tend to be either very sweet or very nasty to the waiter, reflecting, in Jimmy's opinion, their current relationship with the boy friend.

Sometimes out-of-towners leave no tip at all. Simple ignorance rather than stinginess seems to be the usual explanation; some of the out-of-towners at the Fair were so used to the privacy of dining at

home that they dropped their voices to a whisper when he came near the table. Sometimes he informs such customers, in a pleasant way, that it is customary hereabouts to leave something for the waiter.

With people who leave small tips on purpose he is likely, especially if the captain isn't around, to hand back the tip, saying, "Keep it. You need it more than I do." Sometimes this brings forth a better tip, but in any case, says Jimmy, "you feel better if you tell it to them."

When ole Mis' Rabbit say "scat," dey scatted!

—Uncle Remus

ONE DAY I heard a curious grunting down the hill below me, then the quick *thud! thud!* of an angry rabbit. Crouching beside a rabbit's nest was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him. He squatted flat, with ears back, tail swelled, and hair standing up along his back, as the rabbit leaped over him — a feint to try the mettle of her antagonist.

The cat was scared, and before he got himself together, the rabbit with a mighty bound was in the air again and, as she flashed over him, she fetched him a stunning whack on the head that knocked him endwise. He was on his feet in an instant — just in time to receive a stinging blow on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. Back and forth, over and over the cat flew the rabbit, with every bound landing a terrific kick, with her powerful hind feet, that was followed by a puff of yellow fur.

Every particle of breath and fight was knocked out of the cat at about the third kick; the green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He managed to get to a bush, then ran for his life, else I believe the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.

— Dallas Lore Sharp, *A Watcher in the Woods* (Appleton-Century)

¶ The Labor Conciliation Service comes out of modest obscurity into the hottest spot on the labor front

First Line of Defense against Strikes

Condensed from *Current History and Forum*

Stanley High

IT WAS one o'clock in the morning. The deadline was 8 a.m. The union's last word was settlement by then — or else. "Or else" meant a strike, shutting down the California plant where a third of the Army's urgently needed training planes are built.

Harry C. Malcolm, the U. S. Labor Conciliator, had hardly been out of his clothes for 62 hours. Unruffled, unheated and patient, he had kept management and labor on the job with him. A hundred times he had shuttled back and forth between the two smoke-filled hotel rooms where, red-eyed and disheveled, the representatives of the company and of the union were in separate session. Wangling, cajoling and trading, he had nudged them closer to an agreement. Major points — vacations with pay, seniority rules, and machinery for handling employes' grievances — had been threshed out successfully.

But they had reached an impasse. The union demanded a jump in pay for newly hired men from 50 cents to 75 cents an hour. The company was adamant; no other West Coast airplane factory paid such a wage.

All day, Malcolm had hustled back and forth on the lookout for a compromise. There was no give.

At one o'clock he reported by phone to John R. Steelman, his chief at the Department of Labor in Washington. Only one thing could avert the strike, he said — the intervention of the international head of the union. And he was in Pittsburgh.

"I'll call you back," said Steelman.

An hour later, the night operator at the Labor Department told Steelman that his "conference call" was set up. In on it were Steelman in Washington, the labor leader in Pittsburgh, and on the West Coast, the president of the company, the labor spokesman and Malcolm. For two hours this five-man transcontinental conference remained in unbroken session. At the end of it, both sides won. The union agreed to let the hiring rate of pay remain as it was. The company agreed that at the end of 30 and again of 60 days each beginner's work would be reviewed and if satisfactory, his pay increased.

By six o'clock, the lawyers had

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(*Current History and Forum*, May, '41)

put this in writing; management and labor had signed and Malcolm had turned in, with a "Don't Disturb" sign hung on his door.

The American people, outraged by disastrous delays which strikes have caused in our defense program, are hardly aware of the existence of the Labor Department Conciliation Service or of how much worse the present strike situation would have been without that Service. Last year its conciliators effected settlements in 3376 acute labor disputes. In plants employing 1,250,000 workmen, employers and wage earners have jointly signed contracts agreeing that there shall be no strikes or lockouts, that the findings of an arbitrator named by the Conciliation Service shall be final.

That is the record which impelled President Roosevelt in mid-March to lift the Conciliation Service out of its quiet groove and push it into the hottest spot in the whole defense setup. Henceforth the Labor Department conciliators have authority to inject themselves into any labor dispute *without waiting until their services are requested*. The Conciliation Service had already assigned men to devote all their time to watching critical industries — aircraft, steel, rubber, machine tools, oil and construction — in the attempt to forestall trouble. Now, with instructions to take the initiative, this preventive work can be vastly more effective. The President's order further directed that

only after the Conciliation Service had exhausted its resources should a case be referred to the imposing new National Defense Mediation Board which he appointed.

The settlement of the Vultee Aircraft strike in San Diego last winter is an example of the effectiveness with which the conciliators employ those resources. Conferences brought agreement on all points, except the setup of machinery for handling grievances. Steelman flew to San Diego and 24 hours later effected a settlement. Labor and management selected the local conciliator as the final arbiter of plant disputes. So well has the plan worked that today production at the Vultee plant is three months ahead of schedule.

The conciliators will work no miracles. Serious labor troubles are likely to continue, for the four reasons enumerated in a study of the situation by the Twentieth Century Fund: a probable rise in the cost of living; labor's desire for a greater share of industry's rising profits; the contest between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O.; and the pressure for production speed-up. A fifth reason might be added — the aim of the Communist party to sabotage not only aid to Britain, but our own defense program. But by patience and perseverance, and by sending men in whom both sides have confidence to the scene of the trouble, many serious situations can be handled and tie-ups prevented.

When strike clouds began to gather over the Lackawanna plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation last fall, the Conciliation Service sent Tom Finn — jovial but hard-headed 215-pounder. Delay on a billion dollars' worth of defense orders was involved. Finn ferreted out the immediate cause of trouble: the discharge of one employe. He got the company to agree it would rehire the man and the union to agree to curb his overzealous organizing activities. Throughout the winter, Finn singlehanded held off other strike threats at Lackawanna. When, in February, a strike finally came, it lasted only a few hours and it was in Finn's hotel room that peace terms were hammered out.

This agency which stands between us and the strike menace to national defense is, as Washington agencies go, small, with a total staff, field and office, of 175. Its annual budget is less than \$500,000. It stays out of politics and dodges publicity. Its assets are 28 years of experience, a remarkable *esprit de corps*, and a high reputation for integrity and impartiality.

There are 110 conciliators in the Service, 108 men and two women — former labor organizers, lawyers, businessmen, educators. For from \$2400 to \$5000 a year they give up home life, hop around the country from one hot spot to the next, work day and night, and get infrequent leaves.

Chief of the Service is John R.

Steelman, 41, tall and genial. He is a Ph.D., former professor of economics at a southern college. His personality is nonacademic. So is his vocabulary. On a case he asks for no quarter and he gives none. Recently in negotiations with the International Harvester Company he sat with the representatives of management and labor through 29 hours of uninterrupted conference. In a recent West Coast strike threat to defense, he went 50 hours without sleep.

When not on a case in person he is generally on the telephone. A few months ago he found himself with a slight paralysis of the hand — a result of his vicious and prolonged grip on the receiver. A gadget has since been rigged up which enables him to carry on without holding the receiver.

Recently he was called into a situation where a strike was already under way. Steelman arrived on Saturday morning. He held management and labor in joint session until four o'clock Sunday morning. When at that hour adjournment was suggested, Steelman replied that there would be no adjournment unless the disputants would agree to be back again at nine o'clock. Both sides refused. "Okay," said Steelman, "we will stay right here — unless you gentlemen want to walk out on a representative of the government of the United States." They stayed. That afternoon peace terms were signed.

From a quarter of a century of experience, the Conciliation Service has acquired wisdom in the ways of angry and stubborn men. The sooner it can get into the situation, the better; that is maxim No. 1 and that is why its new authority to take the initiative is so important. "Never let them say 'never'," as one conciliator puts it — meaning it is enormously easier to work out a settlement if the conciliator can prevent either side from issuing fiery public statements.

"The only settlement that is worth a damn is one which has been hammered out by negotiation," says Steelman — his answer to those who believe that government dictation can solve labor difficulties. He cracks down himself, but never to dictate peace terms — only to insist that the parties negotiate.

To get the disputants to meet isn't always easy, and sometimes calls for "a little legitimate finagling." Recently, efforts in the case of a large midwestern plant were stymied by the employer's distrust of the local union agent. None of the arguments in the conciliator's repertoire made the slightest dent. But in journeying back and forth between the two camps the conciliator noticed that both men were candid camera addicts. A little later, he casually tossed on the employer's desk some striking photographs of children. The boss admired the work and was impressed by the looks of

the children. Whose were they? It turned out that they were the labor agent's. The employer began to admit that well, maybe, the agent was a fellow you could talk to, after all. Within an hour, a conference was arranged — a successful one.

Another manufacturer wouldn't see a union committee. He gave various reasons, but careful probing led the conciliator to conclude the real difficulty was that the man felt at a disadvantage when he faced a large meeting. The union was quietly persuaded to whittle down its committee to three men. Then negotiations went forward smoothly. Sometimes there is an unacknowledged personal antipathy which had to be sensed and dealt with tactfully; a mere change of spokesmen may solve it.

Almost always, the final agreement must be a compromise; both sides must give and take — and both must save face. To feel for such a formula and nudge the disputants toward it is the conciliator's hardest task. It may take day and night meetings for weeks. The recently signed agreement between a large meat-packing concern and its employees took 45 days of continuous negotiation — but it was worth it, for while the dispute had involved only one plant, the agreement was made to apply to all the company's plants. The Conciliation Service is trying to extend this idea of a blanket agreement to cover all employers in an industry.

Particularly where defense materials are involved, Steelman aims also to extend the arbitration principle. Early this year a strike threatened a California plant building small craft for the Navy. The chief dispute was over the number of men who could work safely and efficiently together in the machinery-filled hulls of these small boats. With Steelman's consent, the conciliator spent days alongside the workmen in the hulls of the boats and rendered a decision which both sides found so satisfactory that they joined the increasing number of companies agreeing in all future disputes to abide by decisions of arbitrators selected by the Service.

Procedure differs with every situation. In March the lawyer for a large concern working on defense orders called Steelman. "Serious trouble is on the way," he said. "We'd like a conciliator. But we don't want the union to find out for fear they'll think we're weakening." "Wait a day or two," Steelman advised. Before the end of the second day the head of the union called Steelman. Labor wanted a conciliator — but word of it must be kept from the management. Steelman promised to see what he could do. One of his men "at the request of a private citizen" was on the job next morning. It didn't take him long to work out a strike-preventing agreement.

At a Detroit company's plant, also engaged in defense work, ne-

gotiations, to all appearances, had broken down. The union asked for a closed shop and a wage increase. The company refused both. The newspapers predicted a strike. But James F. Dewey, veteran conciliator who was on the job, knew better. Privately the management had reported to him that they would give a wage increase if the closed-shop demand was withdrawn. In equal confidence the union had declared that, if they could be sure of a wage increase, they would forget about the closed shop. Neither side wanted the other to know that it was ready to retreat. Steelman advised a week of stalling. Dewey stalled. By the end of the week his diplomacy had made it easy for both sides to back down and sign an agreement with dignity.

Steeleman and his associates are aware that they have rough going ahead of them. They are aware, also, that the public — increasingly impatient and alarmed — will ask for better results than it will be humanly possible to deliver. But the Service is still as firmly as ever committed to its belief in the good sense, the fairness and the patriotism of both management and labor. It proposes to proceed on that assumption until events have proved it false. Meanwhile, the record of the Service indicates that when its efforts fail and a case is appealed to the Defense Mediation Board, that august body will know it has an extra tough one on its hands.

¶ A young couple, traveling on a shoestring,
found they could earn a living anywhere

We Work Our Way

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Norma Lee Browning

Who wrote that unusual sketch "We Live in the Slums,"
The Reader's Digest, August, '39

RUSSELL and I always said that any young, healthy person could get a job anywhere — and believed it enough to get married on a pawn ticket and no job. Russell was a photographer; I knew stenography. We soon found work, lived three happy years in New York; then we decided to see America. Florida would be our first goal, friends who owned a boat would take us as far as Newport News.

The week before we were to sail a sudden family emergency took all our savings. Our friends sympathized with us. "It's too bad you can't go," they said. "Never mind, you can get your old jobs back."

But Russell and I asked each other, "Do we really believe we can get work anywhere?" It was like the pause before you take a cold plunge. We held our breath and jumped in.

Our friends didn't have much more money than we did. We ate margarine at 15 cents a pound instead of butter at 36; meals for the four of us averaged 50 cents a day. A month after we started, we were

towed into Chesapeake City, Md., without a propeller. Our friends wired home for enough money to pay for repairs.

Meanwhile, we were all broke and blue. But Russell energetically made doughnuts. We had them for breakfast, lunch, dinner — and still had four dozen left. I said, "Let's sell them."

It was drizzling, and in oilskins we canvassed a row of houses near the dock.

In half an hour we sold our stock at a profit of 62 cents. Next day we all went to work in earnest. Having no doughnut cutter we used a tumbler, and cut out the holes with a thimble. We fried the holes for samples. In three days our boat was repaired and we had cleared \$4.50, enough to buy food until we reached Newport News.

When we docked there, Russell and I set out to find jobs. With a dozen others I stood in line at the Virginia Engineering Company, and after my shorthand and typing were tested I was taken on as a secretary at \$20 a week. Meanwhile

Russell had tackled every store on Washington Street and by 11 o'clock was working at the S. & M. Drugstore's soda fountain.

After three weeks we quit, and bought a 1931 Ford for \$75. It needed paint and upholstery, but we could paint it and make seat covers with dime-store material. Russell and I made a solemn vow that somehow we'd get to Miami, and we would not sell his cameras, my typewriter, or the car.

We had been living on the boat, but now our friends were leaving. We had \$6.18. Christmas was near, and Russell decided to sell photographic Christmas cards. But we had no darkroom and couldn't afford an apartment.

Then we thought of Effie and Christopher, whom we had met on a bus on our way to work. They had made their way from Oregon to Virginia by selling bandages and were living in a trailer. We made a deal to stay with them. Russell would use the back of their trailer for a darkroom. Our bed would be the dinette table with cushions on it.

After Russell bought his materials we had 98 cents left. We drove all over town, stopping wherever we saw baby clothes on a line or small children playing. Mothers always want pictures of their youngsters.

We got more work than we could handle. Far into the night Effie, Chris and I sat in darkness while Russell developed negatives.

Babies' pictures on Christmas

cards brought \$2 a dozen. I helped Russell tint enlargements, for which we got \$1.25 each. In eight days we made \$26.65. Meanwhile, Effie and Chris had convinced us that we should sell bandages, so we sent \$13.45 to a Chicago mail-order firm for a gross of them and headed south.

The first day we couldn't sell a single bandage. The second day was almost as bad and we reached Wilson, N. C., after dark with only a dollar. For an hour we tried to sell bandages — but no one will listen to strange salesmen after dark.

We went back to the car and sat there. We didn't know whether to buy food and sleep in the car or go hungry and sleep in a bed. I was gloomy. Russell knew it and started singing, "Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Redwing." He didn't know all the words so we sang together at the top of our lungs until the words came back to us. Then we felt better. Down the road, our headlights showed a row of houses. "Let's try once more," I said. "You take one side of the street and I'll take the other."

At the last place I called, a sandy-haired man in shirt sleeves urged me to come in. His wife and three little girls appeared. I told them that any home with children shouldn't be without bandages. They agreed, but they had only 35 cents and it was four days to payday. We traded them two rolls of bandages

for a night's lodging. Next morning they sent us off with a good breakfast of bacon and eggs, hominy grits and coffee.

We parted warm friends, and as we drove away Russell said solemnly, "You know, they don't have much money, but they're really enjoying life."

With that to remember and with our dollar still intact we sped south through dismal swampland, past glistening holly and magnolia trees, to the Carolina Lumber mills, whose whirring circular saws meant accidents — and bandages.

By five o'clock we had taken in \$11. With this capital, we pushed on through Charleston, where we visited the famous gardens, and to Savannah.

Everything in Savannah was full, due to the national defense program. Not a room for less than \$10 a week. We looked at the classified ads, saw "Trailer for Rent," and drove out to the Hermitage Trailer Park. The trailer rented by the season, \$500; no other terms. In despair we asked the manager, "Isn't there any place to live without paying tourist rates?"

Her forehead wrinkled, then she said, "Well, we might let you stay in the recreation hall for \$5 a week." The dusty hall was cluttered with old furniture, lawn chairs, a bar and a pool table. She lent us some pots, pans and a can opener. We bathed in the trailer camp showers and carried water

from the community pump. That night we cooked a 25-cent round steak and had 15 cents left.

Next morning we set out in different directions to look for jobs. We met at the car an hour later. Russell was a truck driver at \$18 a week; I had a part-time typing job.

In my spare time I was nursemaid at 50 cents an hour, and sold bandages. We painted the roof of our car so it wouldn't leak. As soon as we had \$10 saved we packed our suitcases. On to Miami!

In southern Georgia the rain poured through Spanish-moss roofs overhanging the highway; the car often stalled and Russell had to go to work under the hood. We rattled through Jacksonville, quaint St. Augustine (where we wanted to visit "The Oldest House in America" but didn't have the 25-cent entrance fee), and Daytona Beach. While blasé travelers whizzed by in limousines, we gaped leisurely at our first orange groves.

At last we were on Miami's Biscayne Boulevard; stately royal palms were outlined against the pinkest sunset sky we ever saw; the waters of the Bay were a-glitter with reflections from the city's brilliant skyline. The car stalled again. Russell tinkered with the generator coil. It was no use. A friendly motorist pushed us to Kendricks' Tourist Home. Miss Kendricks, taking us for bride and groom, hadn't the heart to turn us away and cut the

price of her last room from \$2.50 to \$1.50.

"Well, we got here," Russell said. We were in Miami, we had a car — even if it wouldn't go — and \$6. Somehow we'd get jobs and find a place to live.

But hotel rooms were \$25 a day; apartments "at moderate prices" were \$50 a week, tourist cabins the same. We drove all over Miami and finally saw a little house with a "For Rent" sign in the window. It was like a dollhouse and the minute we saw it we knew that was where we wanted to live. Peeking in, we could see that the furniture was brand new and that the house had never been lived in.

We inquired next door. Mrs. Queen told us her husband built the house for them, but had decided to rent it for 'The Season. She didn't care so much about 'The Season; she wanted someone who would take good care of the furniture, and she might let us have it for \$30 a month.

Russell and I talked it over. We knew we shouldn't rent that little house; somewhere we could find an old shack, cheaper. But we'd never lived in a real house since we were married. So we pawned the cameras, and took the house.

I began work next day as hostess at the Seven Seas restaurant. Rus-

sell got a \$30-a-week job at the Biscayne Kennel Club dog races. In three days at the restaurant I earned \$6.34, then left to sell advertising for *Rendezvous*, a fashionable Miami Beach magazine. I was transferred to the editorial department where my first assignment was to write up a sight-seeing bus trip. The magazine paid expenses, I saw the highlights of Miami and the Beach, and got \$15 for writing an article about it.

The friendly bus driver gave me tickets to the horse races, dog races, and the jai-alai games. Russell's boss gave us a pass to the world's largest coconut plantation. At the dog races, Russell met a training pilot who wanted some air pictures of his flying field. Russell took the pictures — by this time we had the cameras out of pawn — and we got a free plane ride over the city.

We've been living in our little house for six weeks. Far from being unkindly to peddlers, Miamians have bought us out of bandages. And we've had time to loll on the beach, which is free. We've probably seen more of the city than most visitors. We have learned more about working-as-you-travel than most people will ever know, or perhaps believe. It's a wonderful way to see the country, and we intend to keep going!



Food and the Fate of Europe —

Hunger in Belgium

Condensed from "Under the Iron Heel"

Lars Moën

ON THE first day of the German occupation of Antwerp, huge army trucks started emptying the warehouses of all merchandise. The contents of cases and bales were not even checked; everything went into trucks and took the road to Germany.

While this was going on, a public distribution of bread took place in City Hall Square. A Belgian policeman, who had been on service without relief for two days, leaped forward to catch one of the loaves. At that moment camera shutters clicked — and photographs had been recorded to prove that even

the policemen in Belgium had been starving when the Germans came to the rescue. As soon as that picture had been taken, the distribution of bread was over.

As a matter of fact, when war came Belgium had on hand enough food for two to four years, and if the Germans had not confiscated these supplies there would be no shortage now. The situation is complicated by the fact that all German soldiers must be fed by the country in which they are quartered. The number of German soldiers in Belgium is about one tenth of the total civilian population, but this tenth undoubtedly receives one third as much food as the whole of the Belgian people.

The Germans have purchased large quantities of food directly from the farmers, paying with so-called "occupation money." This money is printed on the spot, as needed. There is apparently no backing whatever for it, and no control over the amount printed. An arbitrary exchange rate has been established at about double

LARS MOËN, American scientist and ex-newspaperman, has worked in most of the major European countries, including six years in Soviet Russia as technical adviser to the Soviet Gramophone Trust and the State Radiological Institute. As research director of a British corporation, he was engaged in experiments with a new color film process in an Antwerp laboratory at the time of the German invasion. Hoping to be able to finish his research, Mr. Moën stayed on in Belgium until late in 1940. Speaking French, Flemish and German, he could easily pass as a Belgian while talking with the invaders.

the value of a real German mark. This has doubled the purchasing power of the German soldiers, who are paid in occupation money, and has doubled the rate at which they have emptied the stores of merchandise. (They may send home 11 pounds per month without charge.)

The most serious food shortage, when I left Belgium, was of fats. Margarine was available, the allowance being about two thirds of a pound per month, but butter, for the Belgians, was only a memory. The German soldiers, on the other hand, received a daily allowance of butter larger than they could eat.

The next most serious shortage was of potatoes, usually the main item in the Belgian diet. By mid-December, according to a report from Antwerp, they had become practically unobtainable. This dearth of potatoes would perhaps not have been so important, had not the ration of bread been reduced to about four slices a day per person. In the opinion of my acquaintances best qualified to know, the continuance of any bread ration at all would depend, by the spring of '41, upon whether or not Hitler chose to send back to Belgium some of the wheat he had taken away — and no Belgian considered that a possibility.

The Belgians do not hesitate to speak their minds on this subject to the German soldiers, whose standardized reply is this:

"Our leader lets no one starve — but you can't expect to gorge yourselves while *we* starve. National Socialism means a fair division of everything. If your food supplies have been taken to Germany, it is only to store them safely and divide them fairly." However, every Belgian knows that the population of the Reich is ten times that of Belgium, so when a Nazi speaks of "a fair division," the Belgian is not impressed.

Owing to the great amount of livestock slaughtered for lack of fodder, there was little difficulty, at the time I left, in obtaining the five pounds of meat allowed per person per month. A similar slaughter of Belgian poultry made it clear that eggs would be virtually unobtainable by the summer of 1941.

More serious, for children, was the milk situation. Nominally, the ration was about a pint a day, but only skimmed milk might be sold, and it was frequently impossible to find one's pint of even this blue and watery fluid.

The foregoing gives a fair idea of the food situation as I knew it last fall. The average person was receiving enough food for one smallish meal a day, though he might spread it over three. If that level could be maintained, everyone would be a bit hungry but there would not be much serious privation. However, the months I saw were the best months, and it was

abundantly clear that each succeeding one would be worse.

This inevitably raises the question: Should we feed the inhabitants of the occupied areas? So much ill-informed discussion has appeared that I should like to present a point of view on the matter as it appeared from Belgium.

On purely humanitarian grounds, nearly everyone would rather feed the Belgians than not. But there are other issues at stake. Some assert that we should not feed the occupied areas because when those people become sufficiently hungry they will overthrow German rule.

That is not a very realistic view of the matter. It is a fallacy to say that starving people revolt. A starving man becomes listless, apathetic, indifferent. A large share of the Belgian population would like to revolt if there were any hope of success. There is no such hope, and failure to recognize that simple fact is wishful thinking of the most harmful sort. The oppressed populations, who have had the German military machine roll over them once, have no illusions on the subject.

A second question is: Could food sent to the occupied countries be prevented from reaching German soldiers and civilians and thus prolonging the war?

I don't think it could. The favorite proposal seems to be to send food in small shipments and to cease sending supplies if a single

shipment fails to reach the starving civilians. But it is not nations that must be fed, but individual families — and their lives are regulated down to the minutest detail by the gray-uniformed soldiers. Since any Nazi promise is worthless, we would not *know* whether the food reached the civilian populations or not, unless it was distributed by reliable American representatives directly to individuals.

This means that enough American relief workers must be stationed in every little town and village to supervise personally the distribution of supplies. But the Nazis, not unnaturally, resent the fact that the rest of the world does not trust them. The mere suggestion that we must ourselves control food distribution so rigidly would only infuriate them. Moreover, the German High Command would never permit several thousand citizens of a country which they consider unfriendly to circulate freely throughout the occupied area. These thousands of Americans would bring to the now isolated peoples news of the outside world which the Germans try to keep from them. More serious, the Nazis would never believe that such an organization was not carrying on espionage.

If the Nazis really wanted the civilians fed, they might accept terms under which we could be sure of the destination of the food we sent. But I strongly suspect the Nazis prefer to keep the conquered

population hungry and submissive. Hence they would reject measures of control. In that case there is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to who would be the ultimate re-

cipient of our well-meant aid. And I never talked to a Belgian who believed seriously that the occupied areas could be fed without the lion's share going to their new masters.

II. Food Control — Newest Nazi Weapon

Condensed from *Foreign Affairs*

Karl Brandt

Formerly Professor of Agricultural Economics, University of Berlin;
Economist, Food Research Institute, Stanford University

IN THE COURSE of debate in this country regarding the European food problem Americans have shown that they are thinking too largely in conventional terms. They speak about the threat of famine to civilians, and about how to transfer enough from our land of plenty to relieve the stricken areas. In such thinking they show that they are not yet aware of what is really going on in connection with Europe's food problems.

FORMERLY one of Germany's leading experts on agriculture, Karl Brandt is now an American citizen, member of the Stanford University faculty. He was born in the Rhineland in 1899, served in the German army during the World War, became professor in the University of Berlin and director of the Institute of Agricultural Market Research. In the course of his duties, he made one trip to the U. S. on a special mission for the German government, and in 1933 he left Germany voluntarily to make his residence here.

From the moment the Nazis seized the reins in Germany they transformed food from an economic end into a political means. In their control of food Nazis saw a beautiful instrument for disciplining the masses. The granting of food became a premium for accomplishment and the withholding of it became a punishment for dissent. They established a class distinction between the various groups of recipients of rationing cards. First comes the "warrior caste," embracing the armed forces, the Gestapo, and to some extent the party militia. Next come the most skilled and essential laborers. Further down the scale come the unemployables, the aged, the incurably sick. At the bottom come those to whom it is an act of grace to give any rations at all: prisoners, inmates of insane asylums and concentration camps, and Jews. Extra rations may be

granted to bolster morale in a difficult moment. After the French collapse, when the German masses remained apathetic, special rations of modest luxuries were distributed to create an atmosphere of cheer and enthusiasm.

It is in the conquered countries, of course, that the totalitarian food strategy is applied in its fullest extent. The hatred which the Germans feel for the Poles has led them deliberately to aim at wiping Poland out as a national entity. The food situation there, as a result, grows worse and worse. Only the large potato crop and American relief activities prevent complete disaster.

Belgium is probably in the worst straits of any of the other occupied territories. But she has an excellent sugar-beet crop and some milk and vegetables. Unoccupied France has been maneuvered into an exceedingly difficult position. Vast numbers of refugees are crowded into a small area which is ill prepared to secure or distribute the supplies necessary. Communications and transport are strained; rationing, so far, has been badly organized. But while the chess game between Pétain and Hitler continues, the Germans have no intention of relieving the food situation in unoccupied France.

Late this spring, probably, will come the critical period in Europe's food problem. Thereafter the food situation will tend to become less tense. Even Belgium expects to be

self-supporting in grain in the new crop year.

So, if the war does not turn into a movement of armies on the Continent this year, and if a general crop failure does not occur, we are probably safe in assuming that the threat of famine will gradually vanish. At present the greatest pressure seems destined to fall on England because of her shipping losses.

The most orderly and satisfactory food situation prevails within the boundaries of "Greater Germany" itself. Germany today has an untouched war reserve of 6.5 million tons of grain, and this alone would permit her to adjust the situation in countries of greatest need without seriously depleting her own stocks.

Indeed, the Nazis consider themselves complete masters of the European food situation. On September 30, 1940, Walter Darré, German Minister of Agriculture, stated that there would be "no special difficulties to overcome" in occupied countries, and that the available food supply was greatly underestimated abroad. On February 11, 1941, the radio brought the news that a joint German-Belgian commission had negotiated food shipments from Soviet Russia to Belgium. In February Russia offered Norway to barter a million tons of Russian grain for Norwegian aluminum. Immediately Germany interfered. The Nazis do not object to relief supplies coming in to

Europe if they have no political implications. But they consider the regulation of Europe, including feeding it, their affair. It is a key factor in their New Order.

The point to remember is that the commanders of the German army of occupation, with the keys to the big granaries in their pockets, will tighten or relax their grip not in accordance with needs but according to the dictates of political strategy.

Industrial unemployment is widespread in Belgium, Holland and occupied France, while in Germany, with German war industries booming and German armies spread out all over the Continent, there is a desperate shortage of skilled labor. Consequently, Germany is eager to import as many mechanical workers as she can. Food is the lure used to secure them. German employment agencies offer jobs in Germany to unemployed Belgian, Dutch and French workers. If these refuse they lose their rationing cards. Sometimes rationing cards are withheld from workmen—who then are informed that plenty of food can be had in such-

and-such a German industrial center.

Thus food has become a complete chest of tools in the workshop of the modern tyrant, and our sympathies must not be allowed to distort our judgment about its role in the tremendous struggle ahead.

The Nazis will think twice before spreading pestilence and starvation in western Europe so long as they can avoid it easily. But if their plans went awry, if starvation did impend, they would and could manage so that famine would proceed in concentric rings from the extremist rim toward the German center of the fortress. In this process they would, without batting an eye, dispose of the lives of the 150 million hostages they now hold. This is their true advantage from the conquest of the Continent.

The blockade impedes the wheels of Hitler's war machine; but that machine is not going to be halted for lack of food. The present Nazi domain contains too large resources for that. The Nazi machine will be defeated only by superior diplomacy, superior steadfastness and superior military strength.



THE DESIRE to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

— Sir William Osler

WOULD YOU wish to find out a man's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

— J. C. and W. A. Hare in *The Pathfinder*

The Ten Most Powerful People in Washington

Condensed from
Look

Raymond Clapper

Widely syndicated political columnist, of whom it has been said that few Washington politicians "would dare go downtown without reading Clapper's column." Known to newspaper readers for his level-headed comment on public issues, Clapper enjoys unusual confidence among the personages of the capital city.

MUCH has been done to make ours a government of laws, but it still remains a government of men. Strong personalities range over the field of government with little regard to orbits laid down in statutes.

To be a power in Washington it is not necessary to hold high office — or any office at all. Until fairly recently, for example, the backing of Thomas G. Corcoran was second in effect only to the President's. Yet Corcoran was only a minor employe of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Power in these times, when government is fluid and dominated by the executive branch, goes to the men who have the force to win it — the boldness, the resourcefulness and the sure judgment that command confidence and permit them, if they do not hold office, to influence those who do.

(There is no effort to list these names in order of importance.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, of course, comes first among the ten people who seem to me the most powerful in Washington. He has made his office infinitely more powerful than it ever was before, having discovered the secret of using political power to get more. Though he lost in the struggle to enlarge the Supreme Court and in the senatorial purge campaign, these setbacks did not undermine his strength. Nor did his failure to eliminate unemployment shake the support of the unemployed. The mistakes of eight years rolled off his back and left scarcely a trace. In the midst of his campaign for a third term he

obtained conscription — an example of the audacity with which he has played with his growing political power.

JOHN L. LEWIS is on the outside at the White House these days, but he remains the most powerful figure in the labor movement. The mark of his stature is that he could bolt to Willkie in the last election and, instead of being crucified as a traitor to labor, resume his position as mastermind of the C.I.O. He could have had his job as head of the C.I.O. again if he had wanted it. As in England, labor is coming into its political own here and

Lewis thinks he is the man to lead it. And he is. Nobody else in the labor movement has his strength or instinct for popular leadership. John L. Lewis is not through. He has just begun.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, as chief of staff of the U. S. Army, has the crucial task of building our military force almost from scratch. Unlike the Navy, it needs much more than only to be en-



larged. During the last war General Pershing adopted Marshall as his protégé and kept him as his aide after the war. In 1939 President Roosevelt passed over many senior officers to make Marshall chief of staff. For years to come the Army — and in fact the whole country — will bear the stamp given it by this unassuming but brilliant soldier.

If WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN did nothing more than serve as the chief symbol of confidence in the defense effort, he would be of great importance. Actually he does much more. He is the one big business-



man who has won President Roosevelt completely; working like a slave, he finds the factories and

people to produce defense materials. By his knowledge of the job at hand, his personal force and his capacity for getting things done, he holds the loose-jointed defense organization together.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., has more to do with deciding what federal taxes you pay than anyone else. Congress passes the laws, but the Secretary of the Treasury shapes up administration recommendations.



Through the fiscal tempests of the New Deal Morgenthau has been a sturdy, conscientious official, able to stand up against his Hyde Park neighbors. Through his operation of the huge stabilization fund and the purchases of gold and silver from foreign nations, Morgenthau exerts enormous influence upon currencies and economies abroad.

HARRY HOPKINS is out of office now but he is still closer to the throne than anyone else. A New Dealer by lifelong instinct, he lives at the White House most of the time. He knows Roosevelt's moods and never obtrudes official problems when the President wants to relax. They will sit together in the Presi-



dent's study saying scarcely a word, the President working, Hopkins reading. But when Hopkins has something to say he knows how to say it. His greatest feat has been to pry Tommy Corcoran loose from the White House. He has also been the brainworker behind Roosevelt's ideas of defense. As a protégé of Mrs. Roosevelt, Hopkins is now one of the family, an inseparable friend, counselor and spark plug for the President.

CORDELL HULL, Secretary of State, commands more confidence and



prestige than anyone else in the administration. An old-fashioned Tennessee Democrat, he has looked askance at much of the New Deal and was so opposed to the third term that he refused Roosevelt's bid to become his running mate. Hull never participates in controversies which do not concern the State Department. But when anyone tampers with his department he rises up with the grim fight of a mountaineer — as Ray Moley learned when he tried to take over the department and ended up on the outside. At present Hull is probably not as close to President Roosevelt as Under-Secretary Sumner Welles is, yet in the showdowns it is quiet, unassuming Cordell Hull who has his way.

THURMAN ARNOLD is the first official really to enforce our anti-trust laws. He doesn't worry about sheer bigness, and has turned the anti-trust laws from a weapon used solely to break up business combinations into a means of removing restraints on prices and bringing consumers the benefits of modern technology. Going after what he calls the toll bridges of business, which exact charges not justified by free competition, he has attacked combinations in lumber, oil, automobile financing, glass, milk, the food industries, medicine and building supplies — and has more suits in prospect.



JESSE JONES sits on top of the biggest heap of financial power in the country. He knows the inside of every important financial situation and has a hand in most of them. The "money trust" of the old days never knew such control as this tough six-foot Texan handles with the confident ease of a country banker. As head of the Federal Loan Agency, Jones controls the RFC, the Export-Import Bank, the Federal Housing Administration, the HOLC and many other



powerful government finance agencies. In addition, he is Secretary of Commerce, a job once considered a full-time occupation by an able executive named Hoover. Jones handles billions, yet his integrity and judgment are so sound that Congress, without a qualm, allows this enormous power to rest in his hands.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT has been a force on public opinion, on the President and on the government. She has had almost the importance of a cabinet minister without portfolio. To her must go the credit for

many humanitarian projects of the administration, for the National Youth Administration, subsistence homestead projects, nursery schools, training centers for housewives, slum clearance, playgrounds, swimming pools, etc. For eight years she has been the traveling ears and eyes of the President, reporting neglect and bad conditions. Now her influence is stronger than ever. In Washington her daily column is read between the lines for tips on policies in the making. Count Mrs. Roosevelt not only the most influential woman of our time but also a most active force in public affairs.



The Women

ONE of New York's leading clergymen was invited to address a luncheon meeting of the Ladies' Group of a Brooklyn church, and to discuss specifically China and Chinese philosophy. A bit puzzled because he knew little about China, but anxious to oblige, he spent two weeks in diligent research.

Just before the luncheon he asked the chairman why he had been requested to talk on China, of all things. "Oh," she explained, "we wanted to preserve the spirit of the occasion. It's to be a chow mein luncheon."

LUCIAN CARY tells us that the secretary of the Ladies' Luncheon Club rose after coffee to present the speaker of the day, the noted author, Mr. Lucian Cary. "Normally," she said with her brightest smile, "this honor would fall to our president, who has never missed hearing any of our speakers. But today she is in Atlantic City — and how we all envy her!" *

—Contributed by Oscar Schisgall

How Is Your Bedside Manner?

Condensed from *Your Life*

Jo Chamberlin

THE NURSES in a Cleveland hospital classify visitors as either *jiggers* or *goons*. A jigger makes the patient feel better. A goon leaves him nervous and upset.

Doctors, I find, agree with the nurses: there's a knack to visiting the sick. As visitors we may retard the patient's recovery by doing the wrong things, or speed it by doing the right things.

When a sick person tells you about his illness, are you sure you've never told him about yours? "It's extremely easy for anyone to do," a surgeon told me, "and coming from a close friend, the comparison is doubly depressing."

It's always smart to query the doctor or nurse as to a patient's condition before entering his room, so you'll tune in better on his mood. Find out if he wants to talk, listen, be read to, or rest. If he's acutely ill, don't have a dismayed expression on your face and don't begin your visit with "How are you?" It starts almost any patient off on aches and pains he ought to forget.

Poise on the part of the visitor is bound to be reflected in the patient. Once, before a sinus operation, I fell into a nervous panic. I was

afraid the infection might spread dangerously. The surgeon talked casually of the golf we'd soon be playing and we made a specific golf date. That definite plan for the future restored my equanimity. It's a well-known doctor's trick, and it often works.

The old-time country doctor knew his patient's character, family, job, personality. Modern medicine tends to be less personal, so friends and family must fill the gap.

If you are feeling under par or emotionally upset, it's no time to visit the sick. You'll do more good by staying home. If you feel you ought to call at the hospital, but would rather go to a movie — do both. Doctors say short calls are best. "My nicest visitor," a woman long ill of heart trouble tells me, "is a girl who blows in, tells me two snappy stories, and is gone in five minutes."

One woman's most appreciated visitor was an easygoing chap who dropped in and sat quietly in a corner reading a newspaper. Sometimes he'd chuckle and read a snatch of news to the patient. It was good just to have someone there. Reading aloud is often more

appreciated than small talk. When a silent friend of mine visits another sick friend who doesn't talk much, he takes along a pack of cards, backgammon or set of Chinese checkers.

Because of the important role that visitors can play in speeding recovery, City Hospital in Cleveland conducts a course of instruction for families of tubercular patients, advising them on how to avoid upsetting a nervous patient, what kind of gifts are best and last longest, practical things to do and say. Visitors are asked to come singly or in pairs; a sick mother is better off chatting with one of her family at a time rather than the whole flock. If new visitors come it's their predecessors' cue to leave. Callers are cautioned to sit where the patient can see them without moving his head; and to speak naturally, not in solemn tones or whispers — it's no funeral, yet; also to be careful about jarring the bed — an obvious thing to avoid but many visitors are careless about it.

It's helpful to think of things to talk about *beforehand*. Keep in mind the patient's desire for variety and for good news of his business, family, hobby, friends. "I hate having people ask *me* a lot of questions," one patient complained. "I want to be talked to." Another, badly cut up in an auto accident, disliked being told he "looked fine" when he knew he didn't. He would announce flatly to visitors

that 1) he'd not discuss his accident or hear about the visitor's pet illness; 2) he wanted to hear jokes or humorous experiences; and 3) discuss the news of the day.

The best gifts for the sick person are those which show a little imagination, tend to take his mind off his troubles, and perhaps remind him that he's still an appreciated part of his old familiar world. Try to hit on something like a box of good cigars (to be smoked later) or a dozen golf balls — gifts that will put the patient's thoughts on pleasures in store for him after recovery.

Small gifts are better than large ones. Haven't you seen a huge basket of fruit spoil before the patient could possibly eat it all? One workingman's wife brought him a peeled orange wrapped in wax paper, each day, just like the one she had put in his lunch pail. Small bouquets are easier to handle than big ones, and don't cost as much. You can bring them more often. Nurses speak sadly of patients who receive a roomful of flowers at first, but after a few weeks the flowers don't come any more and the patient frets.

Florists say too many people tell them, "Oh, just send over some roses," when seasonal flowers such as dogwood, apple, peach or cherry blossoms would be a welcome change. So would miniature plants such as cacti. A crystal goblet with a single pretty flower in it, on a table near the patient's head, may be more

appreciated than a dozen American Beauties in a corner. Give men "masculine" flowers such as tiger lilies, flame sweet peas (in a black vase), red carnations. And if you have an attractive container send it along with the flowers. Few hospitals have enough.

Many convalescents can use writing paper, or postcards — and don't forget stamps. Sending greeting cards means a lot to the sick. Children like picture scrapbooks; all you need to make one is a few old magazines, scissors and paste. Or, give them comics — this is no time to be stuffily "constructive." One woman patient, interested in antiques, received from her maid a scrapbook full of items on antiques from old magazines. It pleased her more than expensive gifts from other friends. Adults as well as children often welcome the simple equipment to make their own scrapbooks on some personal hobby.

If a mother is in the hospital, get out your camera and photograph her children having a good time. Take her the pictures every now and then. You'll amuse her and put her mind at rest. Or use your movie camera. Amateur movies of the patient's family will please the patient greatly, a simple idea that few movie-camera owners think of.

Seed and flower catalogues are fine gifts, as are also travel folders or Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, which many people like to look at by the hour.

The *loan* of a beautiful piece of bric-à-brac, ceramic figure, or a good picture may do more than a gift to uplift a patient's spirits.

I know a minister who makes collections of seashells and sends them every month or so to a hospital. Sick youngsters love the shells, which, unlike many gifts, can be sterilized without harm before going to the next boy or girl.

Bring the outdoors into the sick person's room!

Arrange his bed so he can see out a window. Many people appreciate windowsill or table-top gardens, with miniature plants which can be tended from day to day. Cacti, mosses, the ordinary plants of wood and field will do nicely, or the bright green plants which grow from citrus fruit seeds, or cuttings from a privet hedge.

The gift Theodore Roosevelt liked best when seriously ill in a New York hospital cost a dollar at most. It was a "spring garden" in an old iron pot. Imbedded in ferns were jack-in-the-pulpits, dog-tooth violets, and trillium that T. R. could not get out and see himself.

A girl, ill for many months at home, gained her greatest pleasure from watching three families of birds grow up in two birdhouses which her 13-year-old brother made and attached outside her window.

When a fisherman friend was laid up, I had an enlargement made of a photo of one of our fishing haunts along an Ohio stream, then

arranged for a jigsaw puzzle to be made for him out of that.

Friends helped a woman laid up for months at home with an injured leg by getting her to *do things for them*. She had been a bookkeeper before her marriage, so they brought over her local club's books to be brought up to date. She could knit well, so two mothers had her knit jackets for their children. Helping others is the best way to cure self-centered fretfulness.

At one large hospital it was found that 80 percent of all patients had business or family problems that

were worrying them. So there are jobs for true friends to do outside the sickroom: *see what you can do for the patient's family*. An evening at the movies for the children, or a walk in the woods with them, may do more than anything else for a sick parent when you tell her about it afterward.

In time of illness, the opportunity may be given you, as at no other time in your life, to perform a great service for another human being. So don't be perfunctory about it. Use thought and imagination.



How Much Is a Dozen?

BUYING all fruits and vegetables by the pound instead of by the head, bunch or dozen is a California practice now spreading to other parts of the country. It has definite advantages. For example, a survey made at the recent Consumer Conference in New York City showed that the juice content of oranges was consistently about 6 ounces per pound, regardless of variety. But one *dozen* of oranges weighed 4 pounds, another weighed 7½ pounds; one gave 24 ounces of juice, the other 45 ounces. The "dozen" has no real meaning.

Heads of lettuce varied from 9 to 24 ounces, though they cost the same; one 20-cent cauliflower weighed 28 ounces, another at the same price came to 48

ounces. Two bunches of carrots were bought for seven cents each: one weighed 12 ounces, the other 21½ ounces; and the same variation was found in beets. One bunch of celery cost 12 cents, weighed 9 ounces; the bunch next it at the same price weighed 23 ounces. The "head" and the "bunch" mean no more than the "dozen." Furthermore, in weight-selling, foliage is removed from leafy vegetables to insure payment for edible parts only.

Agricultural experts at Cornell find that as leafy vegetables await sale, moisture is drawn from the root to the leaves, suggesting that vegetables keep better after leaf tops are removed.

— Roger William Riis

How I learned a humble lesson in the grace of perseverance

The Turning Point of My Career

By

A. J. Cronin

I WAS 33 at the time, a doctor in the West End of London. I had been lucky in advancing through several arduous Welsh mining assistant-ships to my own practice — acquired on the installment plan from a dear old family physician who, at our first interview, gazed at my cracked boots and frayed cuffs, and trusted me.

I think I wasn't a bad doctor. My patients seemed to like me — not only the nice old ladies with nothing wrong with them who lived near the Park and paid handsomely for my cheerful bedside manner, but the cabbies, porters and dead



beats in the mews and back streets of Bayswater who paid nothing and often had a great deal wrong with them.

Yet there was something . . . though I treated everything that came my way, read all the medical journals, attended scientific meetings, and even found time to take complex post-graduate diplomas . . . I wasn't quite sure of myself. I didn't stick at anything for long. I had successive ideas of specializing in dermatology, in aural surgery, in pediatrics, but discarded them all. While I worked all day and half of most nights, I really lacked perseverance, stability.

One day I developed indigestion. After resisting my wife's entreaties for several weeks I went, casually, to consult a friendly colleague. I expected a bottle of bismuth and an invitation to bridge. I received instead the shock of my life: a sentence to six months' complete rest in the country on a milk diet. I had a gastric ulcer.

The place of exile, chosen after excruciating contention, was a small farmhouse near the village of Tar-

ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN interrupted his medical course at Glasgow University to serve in the Royal Navy during the World War, then returned to graduate with honors. During the next few years he was a ship's surgeon and a medical inspector of mines in South Wales. Settling down in London, he built up a large and lucrative practice. In 1931 his health broke, and while convalescing in Scotland he wrote *Hatter's Castle*, which started Mr. Cronin on the literary career he has pursued ever since. His short stories have appeared in many magazines, and his widely read novels include *The Stars Look Down* and *The Citadel*.

bert in the Scottish Highlands. Imagine a lonely whitewashed stead-
ing set on a rain-drenched loch
amid ferocious mountains rising
into gray mist, with long-horned
cattle, like elders of the kirk, sternly
munching thistles in the foreground.
That was Fyne Farm. Conceive of
a harassed stranger in city clothes
arriving with a pain in his middle
and a box of peptonizing powders
in his suitcase. That was I.

Nothing is more agonizing to the
active man than enforced idleness.
A week of Fyne Farm drove me
crazy. Debarred from all physical
pursuits, I was reduced to feeding
the chickens and learning to greet
the disapproving cattle by their
Christian names. Casting round
desperately for something to do, I
had a sudden idea. For years, at
the back of my mind, I had nursed
the vague illusion that I might
write. Often, indeed, in unguarded
moments, I had remarked to my
wife: "You know, I believe I could
write a novel if I had time," at
which she would smile kindly across
her knitting, murmur, "Do you,
dear?" and tactfully lead me back
to talk of Johnnie Smith's whoop-
ing cough.

Now, as I stood on the shore of
that desolate Highland loch I raised
my voice in a surge of self-justifi-
cation: "By Heavens! This is my
opportunity. Gastric ulcer or no
gastric ulcer, I will write a novel."
Before I could change my mind I
walked straight to the village and

bought myself two dozen penny ex-
ercise books.

Upstairs in my cold, clean bed-
room was a scrubbed deal table and
a very hard chair. Next morning I
found myself in this chair, facing
a new exercise book open upon the
table, slowly becoming aware that,
short of dog Latin prescriptions, I
had never composed a significant
phrase in all my life. It was a dis-
couraging thought as I picked up
my pen and gazed out of the win-
dow. Never mind, I would begin.
. . . Three hours later Mrs. Angus,
the farmer's wife, called me to din-
ner. The page was still blank.

As I went down to my milk and
junket — they call this "curds" in
Tarbert — I felt a dreadful fool. I
felt like the wretched poet in Dau-
det's *Jack* whose immortal master-
piece never progressed beyond its
stillborn opening phrase: "In a re-
mote valley of the Pyrenees . . ." I
recollected, rather grimly, the
sharp advice with which my old
schoolmaster had goaded me to ac-
tion. "Get it down!" he had said.
"If it stops in your head it will
always be nothing. Get it down."
And so, after lunch, I went up-
stairs and began to get it down.

Perhaps the tribulations of the
next three months are best omitted.
I had in my head, clear enough,
the theme I wished to treat — the
tragic record of a man's egoism and
bitter pride. I even had the title
of the book. But beyond these
naïve fundamentals I was lamen-

tably unprepared. I had no pretensions to technique, no knowledge of style or form. I had never seen a thesaurus. The difficulty of simple statement staggered me. I spent hours looking for an adjective. I corrected and recorrected until the page looked like a spider's web, then I tore it up and started all over again.

Yet once I had begun, the thing haunted me. My characters took shape, spoke to me, laughed, wept, excited me. When an idea struck me in the middle of the night I would get up, light a candle, and sprawl on the floor until I had translated it to paper. I was possessed by the very novelty of what I did. At first my rate of progress was some 800 labored words a day. By the end of the second month I was readily accomplishing 2000.

Suddenly, when I was halfway through, the inevitable happened. A sudden desolation struck me like an avalanche. I asked myself: "Why am I wearing myself out with this toil for which I am so preposterously ill-equipped? What is the use of it? I ought to be resting . . . conserving, not squandering my energies on this fantastic task." I threw down my pen. Feverishly, I read over the first chapters which had just arrived in typescript from my secretary in London. I was appalled. Never, never had I seen such nonsense in all my life. No one would read it. I saw, finally, that I was a presumptuous lunatic,

that all that I had written, all that I could ever write was wasted effort, sheer futility. I decided to abandon the whole thing. Abruptly, furiously, I bundled up the manuscript, went out and threw it in the ash can.

Drawing a sullen satisfaction from my surrender, or, as I preferred to phrase it, my return to sanity, I went for a walk in the drizzling rain. Halfway down the loch shore I came upon old Angus, the farmer, patiently and laboriously ditching a patch of the bogged and peaty heath which made up the bulk of his hard-won little croft. As I drew near, he gazed up at me in some surprise: he knew of my intention and, with that inborn Scottish reverence for "letters," had tacitly approved it. When I told him what I had just done, and why, his weathered face slowly changed, his keen blue eyes, beneath misted sandy brows, scanned me with disappointment and a queer contempt. He was a silent man and it was long before he spoke. Even then his words were cryptic.

"No doubt you're the one that's right, doctor, and I'm the one that's wrong. . . ." He seemed to look right to the bottom of me. "My father ditched this bog all his days and never made a pasture. I've dug it all *my* days and I've never made a pasture. But pasture or no pasture," he placed his foot dourly on the spade, "I canna help but dig.

For my father knew and I know that if you only dig enough a pasture can be made here."

I understood. I watched his dogged working figure, with rising anger and resentment. I was resentful because he had what I had not: a terrible stubbornness to see the job through at all costs, an unquenchable flame of resolution brought to the simplest, the most arid duties of life. And suddenly my trivial dilemma became magnified, transmuted, until it stood as a touchstone of all human conduct. It became the timeless problem of mortality -- the comfortable retreat, or the arduous advance without prospect of reward.

I tramped back to the farm, drenched, shamed, furious, and picked the soggy bundle from the ash can. I dried it in the kitchen oven. Then I flung it on the table and set to work again with a kind of frantic desperation. I lost myself in the ferociousness of my purpose. I would not be beaten, I would not give in. I wrote harder than ever. At last, toward the end of the third month, I wrote *finis*. The relief, the sense of emancipation, was unbelievable. I had kept my word. I had created a book. Whether it was good, bad or indifferent I did not care.

I chose a publisher by the simple expedient of closing my eyes and pricking a catalogue with a pin. I dispatched the completed manuscript and promptly forgot about it.

In the days which followed I gradually regained my health, and I began to chafe at idleness. I wanted to be back in harness.

At last the date of my deliverance drew near. I went round the village saying good-bye to the simple folk who had become my friends. As I entered the post office, the postmaster presented me with a telegram -- an urgent invitation to meet the publisher. I took it straight away and showed it, without a word, to John Angus.

The novel I had thrown away was chosen by the Book Society, dramatized and serialized, translated into 19 languages, bought by Hollywood. It has sold, to date, some three million copies. It has altered my life radically, beyond my wildest dreams . . . and all because of a timely lesson in the grace of perseverance.

But that lesson goes deeper still. Today, when the air resounds with shrill defeatist cries, when half our stricken world is wailing in discouragement: "What is the use . . . to work . . . to save . . . to go on living . . . with Armageddon round the corner?" I am glad to recollect it. In this present chaos, with no shining vision to sustain us, the door is wide open to darkness and despair. The way to close that door is to stick to the job that we are doing, no matter how insignificant that job may be, to go on doing it, and to finish it.

Ignatius of Loyola was once play-

ing a game of ball with his fellow students when someone demanded, suddenly and with due solemnity, what each of them would do if he knew he had to die in 20 minutes. All agreed that they would rush frantically to church and pray . . .

all but Ignatius, who answered: "I should finish my game."

The virtue of all achievement, as known to Ignatius and my old Scots farmer, is victory over oneself. Those who know this victory can never know defeat.

¶ The wise, hard-working little mongrels without which our \$68,000,000 wool-growing industry could not function

Run, Sheep Dog, Run!

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Helena Huntington Smith

Author, with E. C. Abbott, of "We Pointed Them North"

IN THE Big Horn mountains, where a tourist highway crosses a summer sheep range, a band of sheep may be grazing close to the unfenced roadway. Little by little some of the ewes edge out toward the passing cars. "Hey, Shep!" shouts the herder. Instantly his dog, a small, collie-ish mongrel, dashes around the ewes and drives them back to safety. A car with an eastern license stops and its occupants lean out.

"What a smart dog! How did

you teach him to do that? What kind is he?"

"Just a dog," says the herder, who has been asked the question often. To him Shep is all in the day's work.

"Just dog" he may be, but in economic importance Shep stands at the top of the dog world, for our \$68,000,000 wool-growing industry couldn't function without him. Two thirds of American wool comes from western plains, deserts and mountain ranges where a herder



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without his dog would be as helpless as a cowboy without his horse.

I asked a sheepman once whether, if there were no dogs, it would not be necessary to hire two herders for each band of sheep instead of one as at present. "Two!" he said. "Why, one man and one dog can hold sheep in a storm when 15 men without dogs couldn't!"

The first sheep dogs and sheepmen to come into the West in the middle of the last century were from Scotland. Many of the dogs were among Scotland's best, winners at the great Scottish dog trials — annual competitions at penning and driving sheep, held since 1876. Those pedigreed dogs, bred to hardy range mongrels, produced smallish, black and white, super-expert sheep dogs known as border collies.

Last summer I watched one of these remarkably intelligent mongrels at work. Sheep were grazing on a mountain pasture at the edge of a spruce forest. The herder sent the dog up to drive strays out of the timber. From the dignified way she went about her duties you would never guess she was only eight months old. But she stopped often and looked back for instructions.

"She's young yet," the herder explained. "She's afraid of making a mistake. She doesn't want to get scolded."

Sure at last of what he wanted, she rounded up the sheep. Then — without a word from him — she disappeared again among the trees.

"Goin' back to see if she lost any," said the herder. "Instinct!"

Wherever sheep are raised you will hear stories of dogs so alert that they know the minute sheep are missing from a band, and so conscientious that if the herder doesn't hunt for them at once, the dog will go get them of his own accord.

In Wyoming's Powder River country a few years ago, a man bought 300 young bucks (rams to Easterners) and started trailing them across country to his ranch, a sheep journey of four days. The first day he missed one of his dogs and five bucks, but he kept on with the rest of the sheep to his destination. Then he went back to look for the missing. Just *one* day's journey behind him he met the dog plodding along with the five strays. Continuing back along the trail, he found that the dog had carefully bedded his charges in the fields each night of the journey.

Perhaps only instinct can account for that feat, or for the old retired dog who, every time the hogs were let out to root around, made a nuisance of himself by putting them back into the pen.

From the Campbell brothers' outfit of Rawlins, Wyoming, comes the story of another dog, Buster, who was aging and so sick they left him behind at the ranch when the annual trip to the mountains started. He moped all summer. They wondered why he didn't run off and

try to follow the sheep, for he had made the journey many times. But it was 65 miles to the summer range, and the dog must have known he couldn't make it.

Then came the date for moving the sheep down again; it was the same every year. When the flock was halfway home Buster turned up one night, where men and sheep were bedded under the stars. The dog had known when the herder was due to start down and had sensed exactly when and where to meet him on the road.

The Red Desert of southern Wyoming is the last stamping ground of the old-time nomad sheep outfit, whose only permanent property is the sheep wagon. Some of these outfits own 100,000 sheep and 200 dogs. They summer in the mountains to the south and winter on the frozen desert, where the white speck of the sheep wagon looks like a lonely sail in a desolate sea of sagebrush. The bitter wind howls over the flats, but it clears off the snow, exposing what feed there is.

The wagon with its stove and bunk is the herder's house. The dog lives underneath. He needs to be hardy, for in winter he often works 15 hours at a stretch with feet bleeding from sharp snow crust. In spring when the new grass shows above ground the sheep run wild, with glee, scattering in all directions. Only the dog can check them, and he runs until his tail droops with weariness. When the lambs

start to come, men and dogs work day and night. A dog that is good around lambs knows how to push the babies gently with his nose until they wobble to their feet and trail off after their mothers; he then circles back over the bed ground to make sure he has every one. If he finds a lamb left behind, he stands over it, barking until the herder comes. He acts similarly if a sheep falls and gets on its back, for it will flounder like a turtle and may die unless someone aids it.

The gentleness with which a good sheep dog works is amazing. In Buffalo, Wyoming, an old Scot was leaning against a bar one day, bragging about his dog, when someone noticed a rooster pecking in the dust outside. The Scotsman bet \$50 that the dog could put the rooster into the saloon. Ears and tail alert, nose quivering with amusement at this odd feathered object, the dog maneuvered so delicately that instead of taking to squawking flight the bird passed under the swinging doors almost of his own accord.

Sheep dogs are quick to learn new duties. One outfit used a corral for lambing, and in the morning the ewes that had lambed during the night were let out to graze, each with her offspring following her. Ewes make poor mothers at first, and a young black and white collie named Nell was posted outside the gate to stop those that tried to pass without their lambs. Nell caught

on promptly. The next year Nell needed no instructions. She took her place at the corral gate and, without further orders, went to turning back the lambless ewes.

During the summer in the mountains, the dog has nothing to do except keep the sheep from getting lost in the timber. In mid-September all are moved down and camp by the railroad, where baaing, milling bunches of 3000 are herded into corrals and last spring's lambs are cut out for shipment. Here the good corral dog is in his glory. His specialty is to run over the backs of the sheep standing tightly packed in the loading chute, and by nipping at the foremost ones persuade them to enter the car.

By the time the hubbub of shipping is over, snow is falling, and herders, horses and dogs gather themselves and the ewes together and head back for the range. Winter comes down, and the sheep scatter and drift before the storms. Or they would without the dog.

Even in a storm it is hard to confuse a good dog. A herder who

has tended sheep along the Yellowstone River for 38 years told me he was groping his way back to the wagon with his band through a blinding Montana blizzard, when his favorite dog Queen disobeyed him for the first time in her life, crowding the sheep to the left of where he wanted to go. He swore at her plentifully, but she kept turning the flock to the left. Suddenly he saw the wagon — directly in front of them. Except for Queen's instinct, he would have missed his shelter by a quarter of a mile and perhaps have perished.

In the Texas Panhandle back in the days of range warfare between cattle and sheep raisers, two sheepmen were murdered by an outlaw. The dog attacked the murderer, who shot one of the dog's eyes out but did not kill him. Days later, when cowboys found the dead man's camp, the wounded and starving dog still had the sheep under control. One of the cowboys, though he hated sheep, took charge of the band. The dog showed him what to do.



Vicious Circle

INVITED to play at a meeting of Baltimore's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a lady pianist stopped at their headquarters to try out the piano. She found it in pretty bad shape. With the help of an S.P.C.A. official she got the piano open and discovered that the felts were full of holes.

"Just as I feared — mice," tchked the official. "The building is overrun with them, but of course, *we* can't set traps."

—*The New Yorker*

❑ Two new food products that bring closer to us the nutritional scientists' promise: "Larger stature, greater vigor, increased longevity —an all-round better and healthier race"

Vitamins for Everybody

By

Paul de Kruif

WHEN you break the news of the bringing back to vigor of many people who are listless, forgetful, jittery they don't know why, worried about they don't know what — you take a stern responsibility. Last December's Reader's Digest told how Dr. Tom Douglas Spies at Hillman Hospital, Birmingham, Ala., discovered that many such people were suffering from a chronic chemical famine which could be corrected by vitamin doses. Immediately this young famine fighter from the University of Cincinnati's College of Medicine was swamped by over 15,000 letters and telegrams from folks begging to come to Hillman Hospital, or asking for more information.

IN THE December 1940 Reader's Digest, Paul de Kruif reported medicine's startling discovery that millions of people are suffering from complex illnesses caused by a lack of vitamins in their diet. He also told how chemists have come to the rescue by producing, from such cheap substances as coal tar and tobacco, pure crystals of many essential vitamins — thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinic acid, and so on. In the January issue, he described the millers' sensational new plan to restore to white flour vitamins hitherto lost in the milling process.

Of course there was no way to determine what proportion of these anguished letter-writers was chemically starved. Desperate people will grasp at straws. There were letters from mothers of epileptics, from sufferers doomed with multiple sclerosis and other ills not caused, so far as we now know, by lack of B vitamins. Yet Dr. Spies and other physicians to whom he has referred these calls for help have discovered that many of these people were really suffering from deficiency diseases. This adds to existing evidence that a hidden hunger for B vitamins, which are all too scarce in the best of diets, exists among prosperous and even "well-fed" people.

We used to think of vitamin deficiency as the curse of people too poor or too ignorant to buy the lean meat, milk, vegetables, oranges, cereals which prevent chemical famine. Suddenly, nation-wide deficiency disease pops up among intelligent people with plenty of money to provide the so-called well-balanced diet. How can they chemically starve amid apparent plenty?

Dr. James S. McLester, of the

University of Alabama, found the first clues to this riddle. Many pellagrins died under his care — despite meals that were supposed to be scientifically well balanced. More astounding, McLester watched certain people develop deficiency disease on the very diets designed to cure pellagra.

Meanwhile our chemists were building crystal-pure B vitamins; their new chemicals — thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinic acid — first became medical sensations by soothing the hidden hunger of people in extreme agony of pain, saving them from the verge of blindness, rescuing those daft or about to die. But this was only part of the strange power of these magic chemicals. For then our famine fighters began shooting huge doses of them into human beings unaccountably sick but not suspected of malnutrition. And there followed new vigor, a sudden return to health.

Thus the magic chemicals became more than curative. It was now revealed that they are tools for the diagnosis of a sinister hidden hunger that may gnaw at people for years before they show outright signs of pellagra or beriberi.

Here is the experience of one of the leading medical personages of America. He had both money and intelligence to eat what was good for him. Gradually his eyes became inflamed so that he couldn't stand the light; then they ulcerated. Eye specialists were baffled. Then diag-

nosis by a famine-fighting physician. Two shots of riboflavin. In a week this scientist was back at his duties.

So apparently the well-balanced diet, though good, may yet not be enough. And here's why: you may eat the best balanced diet in the world, and still be unable to absorb your food; or maybe you can absorb it, but the cells of your body can't use it; or even if your body cells can use it, perhaps something in your make-up, or some sickness or unusual condition, makes you need vastly more vitamins than other people.

The power of these new B vitamin chemicals is illustrated by the case of a young engineering student. Working his way through college, he unwittingly sent himself into a deficiency tailspin by living for months on meat, bread, and Coca-Cola. The corners of his mouth became sore, his gums bled, his eyes blurred so he could hardly see. Yet he graduated and got a job, but found he couldn't concentrate on his work. He became shy of his best friends. Convinced that his employers were trying to steal a new chemical process he was developing, he wrote long abusive letters to them, and was fired.

He went home. His mother forced good meals into him. He slowly improved physically, got another job, yet kept thinking the world was down on him. He feared insanity, contemplated suicide. Then one night the Famine Fighters story in

The Reader's Digest caught his eye. He dressed, went out, came back from the drugstore with every kind of vitamin he could buy. He swallowed them in giant doses.

In a couple of days "the gloom began to lift," he could concentrate again and no longer needed the whisky with which he had tried to keep up his morale. He went to Hillman Hospital to report his experience. He said he wondered if thousands of college students, and youngsters working for small pay at their first jobs, weren't malnourishing themselves much as he did.

Does his experience mean that neurotic, tired, worried people should dose themselves with vitamin pills from drugstores? No. This boy was lucky. His looming insanity might have had some other cause. The clerk who suggests vitamin preparations for loss of weight and pep and appetite takes a terrible responsibility. For these ills may also be the warning signals of a hidden cancer, of tuberculosis, of many another fatal malady. *This is basic: if you're not feeling well, go to your doctor for your vitamins.*

But this must be admitted: the famine-fighting science is still new to many physicians. If you're in ill health and your own physician recommends no more than "a well-balanced diet," then you have the right to ask about these new chemicals which may spot and relieve possible chemical starvation.

Here is the kind of discovery

physicians are now making in their practice. A doctor in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., operated recently upon a husky truck driver. The man went back to work but was not what he had been. He was jittery, tired long before the day's work was over. Suspecting that the truck driver had become depleted of vitamins, the doctor injected a giant dose of thiamin, the B-1 vitamin, into his arm vein.

Two days later the trucker came back, asking, "Doc, what have you done to me?" The morning after that injection he'd gone back to his job with vigor. A car had skidded into his truck. The accident didn't faze him. And the doctor felt like Columbus, making the American landfall.

Mind you, family physicians are finding that such brilliant successes don't always happen. But the new chemicals are a challenge to them. With their help our doctors can begin a mass attack on deficiency diseases that do not show up in death rates but keep millions of Americans in misery. They can try nicotinic acid on crackpots now referred to psychiatrists. They can test riboflavin on eye troubles which are the despair of eye specialists. They can follow the effects of this or that B vitamin on baffling digestive jangles. At worst, no harm done. At best, another triumph for vitamins.

But we've been talking only of diagnosis and cure. How about pre-

vention of the hidden chemical hunger from which so many of us suffer? That also is at hand. White flour and bread enriched with three of the B vitamins* are already nationally distributed. And now, as this is written, engineer Theodore Earle has shown our millers an ingenious method to retain in bread *all* the vitamin and mineral virtues of whole wheat. It couldn't be done, previously, because whole wheat flour went rancid and was indigestible to many. Earle's process corrects that by peeling the cause of it — a thin outer layer — from the wheat berry. Before spring is over, a large baking company which pioneered the Earle whole-wheat process will be turning out a million and a quarter pounds of this revolutionary bread daily, at no increase in price.

Can we dare hope to supercharge the American diet still further? To go beyond the restoration of the virtues of whole wheat?

If we are to build a super-strong humanity we must do this, because modern food processing has refined B vitamins out of other calories besides those of wheat. It is unnatural to ask people to swallow daily rations of capsules. It is unfair, too. Because these vitamin preparations, for which America pays \$90,000,000 yearly at drug and department stores, are so ex-

pensive as to be out of reach of the myriads who need them sorely.

Such a B vitamin for everybody now is ready. It can be tested this year nation-wide, our doctors leading, the mothers of America helping.

The tiny yeast cell is a terrific chemical factory for the manufacture of *all* the powerful vitamins of the B complex. Yeast can be grown, dirt cheap, from ammonia, molasses, and certain minerals. But, you protest, yeast is unpalatable. And if this proposed abundance of B vitamins is not tasty, it might as well be as far off as the moon.

For the past five years Dr. William De Kleine, Director of the Medical Division of the American Red Cross, has been trying to jump this hurdle. In his own kitchen, he found that you can mask the obnoxious taste of yeast with peanut butter. Then came H. F. Ziegler and J. D. Véron, of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., to help him with the remarkable Danish brewer's yeast, C-50. Blend it up to 25 percent with peanut butter — itself rich in B vitamins — and you do not know the yeast is there. This B vitamin supercharge is an excellent cheap food as well. Per unit weight, it has more protein than steak, as much carbohydrate as potatoes, half as much fat as butter. One pound of it will not cost more than 20 cents.

And at Hillman Hospital two ounces of it, spread on bread and eaten daily, have been found gradually to cure B vitamin deficiency

* See "Supercharged Flour — An Epochal Advance," *The Reader's Digest*, January, '41, p. 111.

disease already far enough advanced to be diagnosed. Anheuser-Busch is making the mixture available to American housewives. The American Red Cross is getting ready to test it for cure and prevention of hidden hunger in certain southern regions. The U. S. Army is contemplating its inclusion in the diet of our defense forces.

This palatable supercharge holds out a special promise for the children of America. For the mixed B vitamin deficiency really has its beginning in early childhood. Leading famine fighting physicians suspect that this is what's wrong with an incalculable number of children who are fretful, puny, laggard in school. This year Dr. Tom Spies and his co-workers at Hillman Hospital are preparing a mass experiment with the power of this cheap, simple supercharge to step up the vigor of southern children.

Of course there are other chemical starvations than those caused by lack of the B vitamins. Here again the yeast-peanut butter mixture holds out promise. Because into it can be blended any other

vitamins now known, such as A, E and K, which dissolve in fat, and C, which dissolves in water. Increasing, too, is the power of scientists to step up the B vitamins in the obliging yeast cell. Dr. Charles N. Frey, of the Fleischmann Laboratories, has "educated" a yeast to make ten times more thiamin than the ordinary yeast of brewers.

The science, the inexpensive vitamins, are now in the hands of doctors to test the truth of the prophecy made by Dr. James S. McLester:

"In the past, science has conferred on those people who have availed themselves of the newer knowledge of infectious diseases, better health and a greater average length of life. In the future, it promises to those races who will take advantage of the newer knowledge of nutrition a larger stature, greater vigor, increased longevity, and a higher level of cultural development.

"To a measurable degree, man is now master of his own destiny, where once he was subject only to the grim hand of fate."



Chicago Against Syphilis — A substantial part of the credit for Chicago's splendid antisiphilis campaign, reported by Paul de Kruif in the March 1941 Reader's Digest, should have gone to the Work Projects Administration — which furnishes upwards of \$500,000 yearly to the Chicago drive.

Party Chatter

➤ "Must you go?" asked the hostess. "Oh, no," said the departing guest, "it's purely a matter of choice."

— Jack Iams, *The Countess to Boot* (Morrow)

➤ AT A RECENT gathering of Hamilton College alumni, Alexander Woolcott was interrupted in the telling of a story by a former classmate, who said, "Hello, Alex! You remember me, don't you?"

Mr. Woolcott shook his head: "I can't remember your name, but don't tell me . . ." He then went on with his story.

— Contributed by Robert Warner

➤ SHORTLY after "Information Please!" started its eventful career on the radio, Dan Golenpaul, originator of the program, took Clifton Fadiman to a party to cheer up the discouraged master of ceremonies. "This party is in your honor," said Golenpaul. "I see big things ahead for you."

"So do I," said the disconsolate Fadiman. "And they all look like insurmountable obstacles."

— Contributed by William Wisston

➤ "SO PLEASED to meet you, Miss Guilder. My husband has told me so little about you!"

— Q. Patrick in *The American Magazine*

➤ ETHEL BARRYMORE was inviting friends to her birthday party. "There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose?" someone asked.

"Yes, there'll be a birthday cake, never fear," Miss Barrymore replied.

"And candles, of course?"

"My friend," said Miss Barrymore,

Man's infinite capacity for inflicting suffering upon himself and his fellows needed an art form through which the emotions attendant to that fact could find amateur expression. Thus the party was invented.

— George Bernard Shaw

"it's to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession." — *Youth's Companion*

➤ "YOU LOOK, Mr. Shaw, as though you were enjoying yourself at this party."

"I'm glad I do, because it's the only thing I *am* enjoying."

— Contributed by Kenneth Horan

➤ AT A LARGE PARTY in New York, Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut said good-bye to the British consul, then shook many other hands, and finally found herself shaking his hand again. "But you've already said good-bye to me once," he remonstrated.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Campbell," she replied archly, "but it's always a pleasure to say good-bye to *you*."

— Contributed by Tom Powers

➤ WILL IRWIN came to a club luncheon one day wearing a new suit with a lively pattern. Franklin P. Adams, seeking information, please, asked where he got it. "In London," said Irwin. "And what do you think I paid for it?"

"Too much," said the man with all the answers.

— Contributed by Wallace Irwin

➤ A CELEBRITY HOUND approached Groucho Marx at a party. "You remember me, Mr. Marx. We met at the Glynthwaites' some months ago."

"I never forget a face," Groucho replied, "but I'll make an exception in your case."

— Contributed by Hugh Pentecost

The Body Beautiful

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Cornelia Otis Skinner

WHEN a woman goes to try on a dress, she often finds herself before one of those mirrors with hinged side panels which suggest a primitive triptych — that is, if she has sufficient imagination to turn the triple reflection of herself clad in a pink slip into a trio of medieval saints. Such mirrors reflect many seldom-beheld angles and the sudden sight of them is a shock. You find you're staring at yourself rather than at the clothes you're buying. Your profile somehow isn't at all the way you'd remembered it; and your eye is arrested not without horror by that portion of the anatomy of which you catch a good glimpse only on these sartorial occasions. Since the last shopping trip it appears to have taken on distressing prominence, and you reach the grim conclusion that it's almost too late for clothes to matter.

Such a recently beheld pano-

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER has in recent years become almost as well known for her sprightly essays on various aspects of the daily scene as for her distinguished dramatic work. Miss Skinner — in private life, Mrs. Alden Blodgett — also writes the monologues and character sketches in which she appears. And she is author of the play *Captain Fury*, in which her father, Otis Skinner, played for more than a year.

rama of myself filled me with panic. I felt I must do something immediately. I consulted one of my better-shaped acquaintances, who sent me with my troubles and my protuberances to a small but impressive "slimming" establishment. The façade was what is known as "moderne." Instead of the usual show window, it had portholes in which terra-cotta dryads danced amid bottles of perfume. In the reception room a marquise disguised as a saleswoman was sitting behind the sort of table at which Madame de Sévigné must have written her letters. The marquise asked if there were anything she could do for me and I said, "Yes, reduce my rear." This shocked her very much, but being of the aristocracy she managed to smile politely and ask, "Have you an appointment for consultation with Mme. Alberta?"

"I don't think I need any consultation," I said. "I just want to reduce my . . ." Her eyebrows flickered ever so slightly and I ended lamely, "I just want to lose a few inches."

"All our clients have a consultation first with Mme. Alberta," she replied; and she directed me up a mauve carpeted stair. I wondered

whether Mme. Alberta would greet me with a stethoscope or would be discovered gazing into a crystal. She proved to be a youngish woman, frighteningly smart, seated at another period table. Her accent was so determined to be English that it broadened every *a*, even in such words as *band* and *ankle*.

She listened to the story of my proportions as if it were a case history. On a card resembling a hospital chart she wrote my name and address and details of personal history that struck me as singularly irrelevant in the matter of hip reduction.

"Now, we'll see about your weight."

"I know what I weigh," I said, adding recklessly: "And I don't care. All I'm after is to reduce my . . ."

"Weight and measurements must be taken at every treatment," she interrupted with polite asperity. "There's the dressing room. Will you disrobe kindly?"

I went to what seemed to be a daintily furnished sentry box and disrobed kindly. I felt somehow I was up for a woman's branch of the Army. A trim mulatto brought me a sheet and a pair of paper slippers. I tried to drape the sheet so I'd look like a Tanagra figurine but it wouldn't work so I arranged it along the more simple lines of a Navajo blanket. When I emerged Mme. Alberta led me down a corridor. Behind a screen she

whisked off my sheet in the manner of a mayor unveiling a statue and placed me on a scale. When I protested that I already knew my weight, she shed on me the indulgent smile a night nurse might give a psychopathic patient.

"Now for those measurements," she said. "Miss Jones, will you please come here?" Miss Jones proved to be a lovely young thing in a wisp of a sky-blue tunic. She was of such bodily perfection one had the suspicion that "Miss Jones" was incognito for "Miss America." We were formally introduced — Miss Jones in her bright-blue suit, I in my bright-pink skin.

Then, as if she hadn't already sufficiently humiliated me, Mme. Alberta took a tape measure and began calling out my measurements to the world at large. She measured everything. "I hardly think you need go to all that trouble," I interposed. "It's just my . . ."

"We take all measurements," Mme. Alberta said somewhat acidly. She accompanied her work with a flow of exclamations that might be taken any way. "Well, *well!*" she'd murmur, or, "I *thought* so!" At times she shook her pretty head and went "tsk! tsk!"

After completing her survey she turned me over to Miss Jones, who led the way to a room that contained a mat, a gramophone and far too many mirrors. Here Miss Jones put me through twenty min-

utes of hard labor. I stretched and kicked. I jumped and pranced. I stood on my shoulders with my feet in the air; that is, Miss Jones hoisted my feet into the air while I rose up onto a fast-breaking neck and screamed. I tried to take time out by distracting her with harmless chatter. But Miss Jones was very strict. Now and then when total collapse seemed imminent she'd play a lively record on the gramophone and call out "one *and* two *and* three *and* four" as if it were a battle cry.

Miss Jones herself was tireless. She'd do awful things such as picking up her ankle with one hand and holding her foot above her head like a semaphore. And she expected me to do likewise. She tells me I'm seriously hamstrung — a nasty expression that makes me feel they've been keeping me in the smokehouse all these years.

It's hard to feel cozy with Miss Jones. She is not only strict, she's exceptionally refined. What I call "middle" she calls "diaphragm," what I call "stomach" her whimsy turns to "tummy," and what I call something else she, with averted eyes, refers to as *derrière*.

Finally Miss Jones said I was a good girl and might go have my massage. I staggered into the capable arms of a Miss Svenson who looked like Flagstad dressed up as a nurse. She flung me onto a hard table and went to work on me as if I were the material in a taffy-pull-

ing contest. She kneaded me, she rolled me with a hot rolling pin, she did to me what she called "cupping" — a beauty-parlor term for good old orthodox spanking. After she'd gotten me in shape for the oven she took me into a shower room and finished me up with the hose treatment used to subdue rioting prisoners.

Once I'd dressed and recaptured my breath I felt extraordinarily full of radiant health and rugged appetite. It was time for lunch and visions of beefsteak danced in my head. But Mme. Alberta was lying in wait for me outside. "Here is your diet," she said.

It was a tasty little menu consisting of a dab of lean chop-meat, a few fruit juices and some lettuce garnished by a rousing dressing made with mineral oil.

Mme. Alberta's system includes a lot of extracurricular work. Now exercise in the privacy of one's domicile is a splendid idea provided one has a certain amount of domicile and a modicum of privacy. But the only reasonable space in my apartment is the living room, which is exposed to the hall by an open archway. For my exertions I generally gird myself in nothing more confining than a pair of old pink rayon bloomers. My child goes into fits of hysterics at the spectacle, and tries to bring in his buddies to "look at what Mummy's doing." Whenever the doorbell rings I am obliged to leap for

sanctuary behind the sofa — and I don't always hear the bell, which makes it pretty fascinating for whoever comes to the door. Once in all innocence and seminudity I gave a private performance for the window-cleaner — since when, if we have the misfortune to meet on the occasions of his monthly visit, we pass each other with lowered eyes.

Reducing, if one follows the Mme. Alberta school, is a 24-hour job. You are shown contortions that can supposedly be indulged in anywhere, any time. You can straighten out your spine along the edge of the nearest door — which makes the casual observer think you are scratching an itching back. The thumps and double thumps especially recommended for reducing the — well, you know — can be done while leaning against any handy wall — say that of the ele-

vator, thereby bringing a moment of diversion into the operator's monotonous life. Then there are a few less inconspicuous numbers such as standing on tiptoe and stretching up the hands ("Reaching for cherries" is Miss Jones's pretty term for it), and a movement dignified by the name of "abdominal control" which curiously resembles the beginnings of the *danse du ventre*. These you are expected to burst forth with at odd hours of the day and night even at the risk of starting the grim rumor that you're coming down with St. Vitus.

However, the more of a spectacle I make of myself in the eyes of other people, the less embarrassing I am in my own mirror. And Mme. Alberta is pleased with me. The last time she encircled me with her measuring tape she found "signs of considerable shrinkage."



The Difference of Degree

Contributed by
Stephen Leacock

¶ Years ago when I first got my Ph.D. degree, I was inordinately proud of it and used to sign myself "Dr. Leacock" in season and out. On a trip to the Orient I put my name down that way on the passenger list of the liner. I was just getting my things straight in my cabin when a steward knocked and said, "Are you Dr. Leacock?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, the captain's compliments, doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess's leg?"

I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity.



Commander of *Britain's Own Blitzkrieg*

Condensed from Life

Harry Zinder

ON THE MORNING of December 9, British and American war correspondents in Cairo were suddenly summoned to headquarters. They found General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, Commander in Chief in the Middle East, leaning against the front of his tidy, businesslike desk, a sheet of paper in his hand. He wasted no words: "Gentlemen, this morning at dawn our troops opened attack against Sidi Barrâni. The first report from the field says that two hours after the attack began we took our first objective. The operation is continuing."

HARRY ZINDER lives in Jerusalem, where he is Palestine correspondent for the Associated Press and news editor of the *Palestine Post*. An American, now 31, he was born in Monongahela City, Pa., got his early schooling in the United States, went to high school in Haifa, Palestine, and later studied journalism at Northwestern University. He made a special trip from Jerusalem to Egypt to get his story on General Wavell.

This was the biggest British military news since Dunkirk. As he looked at his listeners' faces, General Wavell allowed a ghost of a smile to soften the lines of his trap jaw. "It would be interesting to know," he observed, "whether any of you had any idea the attack had started."

The answer was no, even from correspondents who had been with the army in the desert two days before. Wavell had refuted the military axiom that, with the development of air reconnaissance, surprise was no longer feasible in the desert. The plan had its origin, Wavell said, last fall: "I sat in my office, day after day, looking at a map of Italian positions. Finally I was convinced the enemy's positions were faulty and we could beat them with inferior numbers."

The attack was founded on a brilliant ruse. On the road to Sidi Barrâni the British built a big dummy camp, apparently as the base of attack. Night and day long lines of trucks moved back and forth, supposedly bringing up supplies. Wooden tanks, trucks and ammunition dumps were con-

structed. Meanwhile the real base camp, much smaller, was set up in the desert far to the south. When, through reinforcements, the British attained "an inferiority of only 1 to 2," Wavell gave the signal for attack.

During the day the infantry were marched along as if for a frontal assault on Sîdi Barrâni, raising a cloud of dust which could easily be seen by the Italians. That night trucks carried them to the real forward camp, where the Armored Division was waiting, and at dawn they attacked. The Italian Armored Division, stationed south of Sîdi Barrâni, was so taken by surprise that most of its tanks were never manned. After that the British closed in on Sîdi Barrâni from all sides.

As the British offensive unrolled like clockwork, collapsing one enemy stronghold after another until Italian power was broken in North Africa, the world agreed with Germany's General Keitel that "Wavell is the best general the British have, and he is very, very good."

General Wavell is now military master of some 2,000,000 square miles in Africa and the Middle East. He runs his vast command quietly from a small, bare office in Cairo. Much of the time he is in the field, flying to outlying British positions, in the western desert, East Africa or Greece. He likes to drop in on distant camps and sit down to a detailed discussion of the

local situation. Not long before the western campaign got under way he stood on a hill in Eritrea, 1000 miles to the south, and with monocle screwed into his good right eye, watched a battle between British forces and retreating Italians. During the Libyan advance he flew back and forth between Cairo and the front.

Wavell plugs long hours at his job but still finds time for exercise and some social life. In the morning he takes a swim and a canter and occasionally after lunch he gets in nine holes of golf before going back to work. Late in the afternoon he sometimes stops in at the swank Mena House for a drink and on Sundays the Wavells give large cocktail parties.

Cairo gossips and Italian spies who try to guess military moves from observation of Wavell's social life have been sadly misled. The day before the big push in the west, he was sitting on the veranda of the Mena House sipping a cocktail. This may have been a deliberate move to fool the Italians, but Wavell's chief work on the campaign had been done long before. Neither setbacks nor successes ripple the smooth execution of his plans. In November the news that Berbera, capital of British Somaliland, had fallen did not interrupt his morning swim. In December he went on a hunting trip with King Farouk of Egypt three days after the start of the western offensive.

In personal appearance, Wavell

is trim but rather chunky. Even-tempered and close-mouthed, he has been dubbed "Guinea-a-word" Wavell. Highly intelligent, he has 12 articles in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; he reads widely, has a special taste for Shakespeare, Browning and P. G. Wodehouse.

During the World War, Wavell was a brigade major. He won the Military Cross, lost his left eye at Ypres and acquired a strong distaste for the bloody, plodding kind of fighting that went on in France. He believes in "the lightning attack, a quick rain of blows on a bewildered adversary and victory by a knockout."

That is Wavell's genius. He learned it in Palestine, from that master of desert warfare, Allenby. Under him, Wavell rose to be chief of staff, learned many of the tricks he later used against the Italians. "A good general," Wavell says, "has a touch of the gambler." Last year he published a biography of his hero: *Allenby: A Study in Greatness*, a remarkably readable book.

He has visited Russia half a dozen times since the World War and has learned to speak fluent Russian, a language which may yet be useful to a British general in this war. Greatly impressed by Russian experiments with parachute troops, he wrote home favorable reports of them, which the War Office ignored. Last winter Wavell became the first British general to use parachute troops.

For years, Wavell's original mind made him a thorn in the side of army stuffed shirts in England. At the Aldershot maneuvers in 1936, to show up War Office stupidity, he put on the road a division complete with all the impedimenta then called for by regulations. It made a 15-mile road jam of infantry, mule-carts and motor transports. One result was that the army dropped tons of obsolete equipment. Another was that Wavell was swept off to Palestine on a wave of brass-hat displeasure.

Palestine had been the grave of several military reputations. Wavell arrived in 1937, at the height of the Arab-Jewish riots, and used an iron hand to break the terror. It was a distasteful job but he restored order. He was made Commander in Chief of the Middle East in July 1939, but until France fell the British forces in Egypt were no more than a local garrison, meant to work under the supreme command of Weygand. Only after June did Britain start building the army which Wavell led to victory in December.

The Imperial Army of the Nile is the most heterogeneous army in modern history. Its central strength is a core of 100,000 British and 30,000 Australians and New Zealanders. But there are also native troops from India, Africa and Asia, and the "Allied" battalions of Free French, Czechs and Poles.

Each national force retains its

own identity and customs. Every British commander of native troops speaks the native tongue. A visitor walking through the desert camp at night could see Maoris doing hush dances around campfires, Hindus practicing yoga and Moslems building shrines to Allah out of bottle tops.

The problem of feeding this army is staggering, for Wavell knows better than to put them all on British rations. He sees to it that there is rice for the Arabs and Hindus, special vegetables for the New Zealanders, red wine and bread for the French, macaroni for the Maltese.

By allowing each national group to retain its individuality, Wavell has built up magnificent morale. Native officers beg him to allow their troops to lead the next advance. Often in the desert Wavell will look up at the morning sky, test the sand underfoot and say: "Well, boys, this feels to me like Australian sand this morning, and that sun has a French look; the Australians and French will lead the attack." Wavell's is the first Allied army in this war which has gone into battle singing, with the Australians making *The Wizard of Oz* famous as a battle song.

Wavell's commanders in the field are given wide latitude of action

within the general plan, and full credit when they succeed. The Libyan campaign made at least two other heroes besides Wavell in General Sir Henry Maitland ("Jumbo") Wilson, the field commander, and General Richard Nugent O'Connor, commander of the Armored Division. This spirit of individual enterprise extends down to the privates. "My ideal infantryman," Wavell once said, "should have the qualities of a successful poacher, a cat burglar and gunman."

Events seem to be shaping toward an even more important role for Britain's most successful general. If Britain is to win the war she must probably strike at Germany by land and one place to strike is from the south, at the "soft under side" of the German monster. The nucleus of the mighty army she would need for such a drive is Wavell's army and the likeliest field commander is Wavell. No general could fail to be stirred by the prospect of a campaign which might win him a place beside Marlborough and Wellington. But it has its personal drawback for a literary general. Wavell has been trying for over a year to get on with a second book about Allenby. "I want to finish it," he says unhappily, "but I just can't find the time."



¶ To live our democracy from day to day
is one of the best ways to defend it

Do We Practice What We Preach?

Condensed from *Woman's Day*

Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Deepening Stream," "Fables for Parents," "Seasoned Timber," etc.

I WAS brought up on the family story about Cousin Abigail and the typhoid epidemic. Cousin Abigail had always had an easy life. She had a devoted husband, an excellent cook and a trustworthy nurse for her healthy children. Everybody thought this was providential, for Abigail was very delicate. It was in the days when fainting was approved of, and Abigail fainted easily.

Then typhoid fever struck the town. The children came down with it, the cook was summoned to her own sick family, the nurse fell ill, and finally so did Abigail's husband. There was nobody to care for five dangerously sick people except Abigail, who had always had her breakfast served in bed.

For weeks she sponged fevered bodies, gave medicine, scrubbed floors, cooked and served. One son died in the night. She kept the news from the others; stood alone beside the grave; and wiping the tears from her eyes went back to the stricken family.

The others gradually recovered. And what happened to Cousin Abigail after that? Instead of going

back to her indolent ways she made it her business to find children whose parents had died in the epidemic and to see that they had a fair chance at a happy life. And that led her to start the first farm-school home for orphans ever seen in that region. It is still running successfully.

All American women now face a similar summons to arouse themselves from things of no consequence. Our country is in danger from our own failures and mistakes.

Far more than from Communist manifestoes and Nazi Bundist marching and heiling, the dykes preserving our country are threatened by small leaks of doubt in the hearts of unfortunates who think they are not getting their fair share of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness but who feel they might under another system. Every exhibition of our wish to exclude some of our people from the benefits of American life is a hole in the dyke. It may be no more than an expressed dislike for "foreigners." Or an exclusion from a high school organization of girls and boys who haven't good clothes and slick man-

ners. Or ignoring in a neighborhood undertaking the Italian, Polish, or Yugoslav families living on the fringes. It is not safe to leave out some of our nation because we don't like their table manners.

We can defend our country only if all of us fight side by side. And only if everybody feels that success will mean that those who haven't had their share will have a better chance. If those now discriminated against can't hope to have this chance, how can they help listening to those who promise to get it for them? We — yes, you and I — in our ordinary, everyday contacts can show them that we will share more evenly our privileges.

Every boy and girl out of high school who doesn't find employment is likely to hear our enemies promise security and opportunity. They are too young and inexperienced to realize what a poor sordid sort of security is offered, and at what price in murder and treachery. We women in our homes can't entirely cure that situation — based as it is on tremendous economic dislocations. But by showing sympathy and understanding we can give moral help to those young people we personally know. We can watch vigilantly for job opportunities, we can keep up their self-respect by our attitude, we can provide something better for them to do with empty time than to hang around aimlessly. Above all, we can by coöperative effort help

them get training in skills which will make them useful.

Every person who because of race or religion has fewer opportunities for a normal life than we have is a reminder that we do not practice the noble principles on which our country was founded. We women cannot change the causes of this unfairness, but we can alter individual cases: the woman not invited to our sewing club because her husband is Jewish, the girls' club that rejects a girl because she does housework, the Girl Scout troop which includes no girls whose families are on relief.

We must prove that our way of life is a success, because it is founded on faith in the very best in our natures. Every time we act toward people in such difficulties with sympathy and desire to help, we are strengthening the nation's defense.

It looks black before us — even as the world looked black to Cousin Abigail. And as imperiously as she was called upon to leave her self-indulgent ways and press painfully on to something much better, we are called to prove by our daily lives that the phrase "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" really means something.

Cousin Abigail could have gone on fainting and weeping — and her family would have died. She rose to the opportunity which turned her from a weak, selfish girl into a strong, beneficent woman.

May we also rise! *

☛ With expert courses for sandlot players, the big leagues are combing every hamlet for talent

Baseball's New Finishing Schools

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Bill Davidson

TWO YEARS ago a boy in Ottumwa, Iowa, chanced to hear a radio announcement: "Tomorrow the Brooklyn Dodgers will open a tryout and training school at the local baseball field. The sessions will last ten days, and any outstanding prospect will be given a contract in organized baseball."

The boy, Glen Moulden, had just been graduated from high school and was wondering about a job. Ten days later he was signed to play with Olean, N. Y., an affiliate of the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm system. Today Glen is a pitcher for Montreal in the International League.

At about the same time, young Walt Masterson, in Philadelphia, listened to a similar radio announce-

ment by the Philadelphia Athletics; and a boy named Lou Novikoff heard about the Chicago Cubs' training school in Los Angeles. Today, Masterson pitches for the Washington Senators, and Novikoff is a highly touted rookie outfielder with the Cubs.

Until five years ago, if you wanted to be a ball player, you bummed your way to a minor league training camp, or you prayed that a scout might be in the stands the day you pitched a two-hitter for your high school team. Today — you go to a baseball training school.

How do these baseball schools work? Suppose you're about 19, with a powerful throwing arm and natural hitting and fielding ability. You live near Chicago, and decide you want to play for the Cubs.

So you write to the Cubs' baseball school, and are told to report to Wrigley Field. There you find other silent, bashful kids from all over the Midwest. In a classroom beneath the stands you take written examinations — mental aptitude tests — in baseball. Out on the field you run a 100-yard dash

BILL DAVIDSON was a track star and editor of the literary magazine at New York University two years ago. After graduation, to while away the summer months before entering medical school, he took up writing. His success was so immediate that he thereupon switched careers. Today, at 23, he is one of the youngest of the better-known sports writers, a frequent contributor to the magazines and leading sports scriptist of the National Broadcasting Company.

against the other applicants, throw a baseball for distance and accuracy, bat, field and slide. The Cub men make notes and say nothing. You go home, worried.

But a few days later a letter arrives. You've qualified for the school sessions. With 200 other kids you eat, sleep and live baseball. Every morning you hear a lecture by a famous coach or player, who uses blackboard demonstrations, charts and motion pictures; then you put in two hours of work on the field; every afternoon you watch the Cubs play; and every evening you hang around the hotel lobby, discussing nothing but baseball.

Toward the end of the 11 weeks' schooling the boys form teams and play against each other. Then one day you get a contract to play with Bisbee in the Arizona-Texas League, the Cubs' lowest-ranking farm team, at a starting salary of \$150 a month. Your career in baseball has begun. About 20 other boys have made the grade.

All over America, future baseball stars are going to similar schools. The Cincinnati Reds have one at Crosley Field, in which 500 carefully selected boys are trained annually. The Reds also have schools at all their minor league clubs and one for younger boys (15 to 18) on the campus of Xavier University in Cincinnati, which 3000 will attend this summer.

The New York Yankees invite 25 youngsters at a time to sessions

in the Yankee Stadium. The Pittsburgh Pirates have installed a similar system at Forbes Field. The St. Louis Cardinals' farm teams conduct tryout schools — often in obscure villages hundreds of miles from the home city.

Some 2500 boys attend the sessions of the New York Giants' school, at the Polo Grounds from July 1 to 10, at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City from August 1 to 10, and later at the Giants' farm outlets in other cities. In just two years 44 boys from New York City alone have stepped from the Polo Grounds school to careers in baseball.

Each September, the Brooklyn Dodgers assemble a strange convoy. Into six station wagons are piled bats, balls and equipment, the Dodger scouting staff, four coaches and two trainers. This portable baseball school tours the length and breadth of America making 10-day stands and ending up late in December in southern California. In 1940 the caravan signed up 47 boys to play with its minor league affiliates.

The Philadelphia Athletics have the most elaborate mobile school of all — at no cost to the club. The Atlantic Refining Company — which also sponsors baseball broadcasts in many eastern cities — takes care of all expenses. The chief instructors are famous stars of the past, including Jack Coombs, Rabbit Maranville, Hans Wagner and Jack Barry.

The 45 instructors split into groups, each covering three cities in the East, from Jacksonville to Boston. Registration in 1941 is expected to exceed 200,000. At the end of the course, the cream of the crop in each city is organized into a team, and 43 cities play against each other in regular league competition. The two best teams meet in Philadelphia's Shibe Park. Last year it was Wilkes-Barre, Pa., against Charlotte, N. C. — a minor classic which attracted 30,000 people, more than either the Athletics or the Phillies drew to a single game all season! This year 25 graduates of the school are playing in organized baseball.

In all, 750,000 youngsters were trained and given tryouts by the major league clubs and their farm teams in 1940. Everyone in baseball is convinced that the school system is one of the greatest developments in the history of the sport. Ford Frick, president of the National League, believes that it has saved organized baseball from bankruptcy.

Back in 1933, baseball was dying. Out of 47 baseball leagues, 29 had collapsed. The supply of new players was being choked off at its source, for the sandlots were disappearing. Young America was turning to other sports.

Typical of the baseball depression of 1933 were the Cincinnati Reds — helplessly mired down in the cellar of the National League.

In 1935, as an experiment, manager Larry MacPhail instituted the first Red school; and in just five years, the Cincinnati Reds were world champions. No less than six of the men who helped build up the pennant-winning team were developed in that first school session, including Frank McCormick, who was voted the most valuable player in the National League last year.

Another great development, which has grown up side by side with the schools, is the junior baseball leagues sponsored by the American Legion, and subsidized by the major leagues, to help re-establish sandlot competition. In 1940 more than half a million youngsters took part. Each team is outfitted and coached by the local Legion post. The best teams meet in state and sectional tournaments, then in a junior world series which attracts huge crowds and dozens of major league scouts. Today there are more than 70 in the major leagues who got there through American Legion competition.

The major league stars who have entered the game through baseball's new methods include Joe DiMaggio, Joe Gordon, Bob Feller, Augie Galan, Mickey Owen, Lou Boudreau, and dozens of others. Twenty percent of the big league players, 60 percent of the minor leaguers are products of baseball's New Deal. Tomorrow, baseball will be flooded with them. •

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

' ' SUNSET held massed clouds in a silent and frozen explosion (Wyatt Blassingame) . . . There were whispers of color still left in the evening sky (Maurine Whipple) . . . Mountains eating away at all the horizons (Maurine Whipple) . . . Waves somersaulting on the beaches (Walter Winchell) . . . Leaves bright in a varnish of rain.
(H. E. Jameson)

A BABY clouding up for a squall (Marjorie Hitchcock) . . . An old man noisily carbureting his soup . . . She sat idly twiddling her thoughts (John Leinfelder) . . . He's the still-life of a party.
(David Thomson)

A PLUMP WOMAN came through the door belt-buckle first.
(Dr. Logan Clendening)

A FIRST-KNIFE audience (Harriet Hillard) . . . A young man in his early flirties (Gru) . . . Today's horrorscope (John Cargill) . . . She gave him an eye-lashing . . . A sylph-conscious youth.

He's the kind of guy who still has the first dollar he ever owed.
(Walter Winchell)

ONE LEARNS in life to keep silent and draw one's own confusions.
(Cornelia Otis Skinner)

SHE suffers from chronic indiscretion.
(Charlotte Berens)

THE MOST eloquent lines are neither written nor spoken — they're worn.
(Elinor Temple)

THE BIG old house was very silent, the more so for a creak now and then, like a drop of time falling (Louise Redfield Peattie) . . . My dwelling was small, and I could hardly entertain an echo in it.
(Henry David Thoreau)

A LAW sired by the Demoerats and damned by the Republicans.
(Joseph P. Kennedy)

THE WOMEN were holding an Emily Post-mortem over last night's reception.
(Lloyde G. Strouse)

WHEN she talks it isn't conversation — it's a filibuster.
(Eric A. Enstrom)

THAT FAMILY has enough troubles to be a radio serial.
(Daniel Francis Clancy)

IN THE DAWN a tree slowly stretched its limbs and sighed (Norma Patterson) . . . A squirrel running in ripples (Louise Redfield Peattie) . . . A bluebird carrying the sky on his back.
(Henry David Thoreau)

AS SOON AS she married him, rumors began to circulate via the sour-grapevine system.
(A. L. Goldman)

ONE WOMAN'S poise is another woman's poison.
(Katharine Brush)

SHE GAVE him a lunch of cold shoulder and hot tongue.
(Eddie Rogers)

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The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

==XX==



POP BUTTERMAN was a rough Florida deep-sea fisherman whose neighbors thought he did nothing. Yet in my opinion he rendered his community never-to-be-forgotten services.

I met him many years ago as the climax to the greatest fishing adventure of my life. For three days a great ground swell, the result of some distant storm, had been rolling. I should not have gone out but I did, and just outside the inlet I caught a strange, primitive fish which caused excitement at the dock when I returned. It looked as if it had been daubed at random from some artist's palette. One huge blue eye stared savagely, the pouting mouth was crammed with a wicked set of buck teeth. The thing had a certain devilish beauty, which held us entranced. Weather-beaten faces peered at it, cautious

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM (in private life Mrs. Christian Eliot) began writing stories and verse for publication when she was eleven. Since then she has published more than 1000 short pieces and a score of books, and in recent years has written a number of original screen stories for Hollywood. She divides her time between Journey's End, her home in Delray Beach, Florida, and Hollywood.

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

voices warned that it might be poisonous. Nobody knew what it was and rather frightened by my catch I was about to throw it overboard when a soft voice arrested me.

"I wouldn't never throw away something I don't know nothing about," it said. There, quietly dominating the gathering, stood a tall, well set-up man in his early forties. His clean but wrinkled white cotton clothing hung loosely on a muscle-rippled body. With his hat on he was handsome, and it was a shock when removal of his battered black felt revealed a completely bald head. The shell of the man was palpably lazy but his eyes were the most extraordinary I have ever seen, blue, and shining with that curious sort of intelligence which is rekindled, vigorous and dependable, with each new demand upon it.

Pop was the neighborhood's acknowledged authority on fish, but he could not name this one.

"I believe no one ever seed a fish like that before," he said. "If it was me, I'd have it taxied." I took Pop's advice, had the fish mounted,

and today, identified, it hangs in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Our friendship ripened. When Pop came and sat with us — usually crouching tirelessly on his haunches, cracker fashion — he gave off a quiet comfort as a stove gives off warmth. Natives are shy with “outsiders,” but so genuine was my liking for Florida and its people that at last Pop began to share his pride in and understanding of both with me.

I learned of the seagirt island where Pop was born and how he had trudged to school through five miles of jungle infested with wildcat, 'gators, and every sort of snake; a heavy, old-fashioned shotgun over his thin young shoulder, his eyes alert for danger. I heard of his early training in his father's home-made sea-skiff and of their adventures together. I began to understand that look in Pop's eyes after I learned that when anything troubled him he rode the high prow of his sea-skiff across the vast sweep of opalescent waters just as a plainsman needing contemplation rides his horse, looking always beyond the far horizon to where hope and faith blossom again unfailingly. But all his talk was impersonal; of the otter he had tamed, of the lame pelican which lived on his boat, of how porpoises will roll a drowned man ashore.

Pop was well liked in our village, yet people said of him: “Pop is

smart all right, if only he'd *do* something!” When reproached for not fishing, or working at the many other trades he knew, Pop invariably replied that he was too busy.

This was the exact truth, as I found out after my dog died. I had loved that dog dearly and yet through my own careless fault it had met a horrible death. I was in an agony of remorse when Pop appeared, bringing his own dog Jacko, an animal he adored. “I want you to have him,” was all Pop said. But his eyes told me the rest. He was trusting me with something he knew I felt unworthy ever to possess again. It was the sort of faith I needed badly. And I found out later that Pop had rejected a paid fishing trip in order to bring me Jacko without delay. He had been “too busy” to work. •

Whenever there was real financial pressure in his household, Pop would go fishing, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest fishermen on the east coast of Florida. He could do other things well, too — plumbing, carpentering, boat building, electrical work. He had a little income from two small cottages, inherited from his father, which he rented to tourists. He lived in a third house, quite a pretty little bungalow which was his wife's dowry, but he had allowed it to fall into disrepair because he was so engrossed in things that seemed to him more vital. His wife, Nettie-

Lu, a tiny dark-haired woman, he adored but never obeyed.

I soon discovered that, though Pop might desert you for weeks when things were going well, you could absolutely count on his showing up if you were in trouble. Some mysterious extra sense told him.

"Reckon you kin see plenty of folks when you ain't in trouble," he'd say. "Thot I'd come over an' set awhile."

Once when I was very ill with tropical dysentery, Pop brought me a moist, not too clean fistful of bark scraped from some tree.

"Chaw it," he commanded. Reluctantly I obeyed. Within 24 hours I was completely cured. The doctor's explanation was simple. "Pop brought you exactly the same turpentine basic I have been prescribing," he told me. "But what Pop brought was fresh. No drug-gist could preserve it in that state."

Pop, it turned out, was medicine man for half the county. His knowledge of herb and root and bark was born of the grim self-reliance of Florida pioneers and handed down through four generations. Within sight and sound of the winter palaces and great hotels there are hundreds of ignorant natives too poor and too superstitious to solicit help from a physician. To them Pop ministered without charge, often making incredible journeys to find the ingredients for his remedies. But for him, legions of the unknow-

ing and the fear-ridden would have had no medical help at all.

Pop was one of the earliest prescribers of citrus juice for "the la grippe," as he called it. This simple remedy, now so widely used, was regarded with the utmost suspicion by many of Pop's cracker patients, who thought that the more nauseous a medicine, the more potent its virtues. When old Eb Glazer, a laborer in a grapefruit orchard, came down with influenza, Pop brought him each day a large bottle of evil-smelling liquid and stayed to see it consumed. Eb recovered, but a few days later he stamped angrily into town and threatened Pop with his fists.

"If I'd a know whut it were I wouldn't of teched it!" he shouted. "I been workin' 20 year among them sissy fruits an' never tasted one yit!"

"If I'd a known thet," said Pop mildly, "I wouldn't of bothered none with putting thet little pinch of asafetida into it."

But many of Pop's remedies were satisfactorily repugnant without disguise — as, for instance, a sore-throat mixture of alum and licorice with a touch of kerosene.

When Pop knew of hungry people, he went fishing. He was never satisfied to bring back some cheap, easily caught fish. That, in his opinion, would have been an insult; he believed that the object of charity must not have any idea that charity was being done. So he brought

only the very best the sea had to offer: pompano, stone-crab, Florida lobster, or the tiny green clams which are so very hard to get. With the treat he always took along a few trimmings: corn meal, bacon and usually, for the greens, the heart of a cabbage palm — which retails at 75¢ a pound! When Pop took one of his delicacies to a starving family it was assumed to be a treat, as of course they had plenty of ordinary food. He wanted to save their faces as well as their stomachs.

"You had ought to feel good-minded when you set down to eat," he once told me. "If you don't eat happy, you'd better lay off."

Pop was a justly famous cook and it was part of the game to allow him to prepare the meal he had brought. It was his anxious, "I hope you folks ain't et yet?" when he appeared with his surprise offering, his making each family feel that they were his first choice as companions for a fortunately acquired feast, which made his charities so splendid.

But help for the hungry was not always possible in such a direct manner. Take the case of Tad Wells, a mighty fisherman but a mightier drunkard. Tad worked his sea-skiff alone because he liked to drink unrebuked while he fished. On many occasions he fell asleep and a splendid catch spoiled under a broiling sun. This was a serious loss for Tad's wife and five children. More-

over, Mrs. Tad labored under a proud illusion that only she knew of her husband's weakness. This was the feeble shield she carried against the world's criticisms and it was almost impossible to help her without hurting her. But Pop found a way. More than once he hid the drunkard to sleep it off, and then cheerfully took Tad's wife half of the earnings of his own boat, saying that Tad had sold his fish but had gone out after some new run.

There is an unwritten law among the crackers that the less the Florida Negroes have, the more easily they can be held in leash. Yet Pop contrived to help "worthless black trash" without losing caste. I have known him to leave a large fish on the shore and then casually tell a Negro, whom he knew to be in want, where the fish could be found. I have also known him to do the same thing with clothing and tobacco.

"Hey there, boy! If you was to take a look under the footbridge it wouldn't hurt you none," he'd say and walk on.

Florida crackers call practically every musical instrument except the piano a "fiddle." Like most of them, Pop had a guitar, and when he tuned his "git-fiddle" Spanish style and sat down to sing, every other activity in the neighborhood ceased. As a rule he needed coaxing, but he always sang straight from the heart and presently your own

heart began to warm, quickened by the glow in his voice. You forgot the incongruity of his hairless head, the blackened nails of his strong hands and pretty soon you were singing with him, forgetting worry and fear and rejoicing in the one freedom nothing can stop, the escape of the spirit mounting to the heavens, to the ends of the earth. Few singers have this quality of sharing their divine escape.

When Mom Blake's only son was killed and Mom couldn't cry and was being made sick from it, Pop got her to singing *White Wings They Never Grow Weary* and saved her sanity. Another time Pop had all of Jake Tillerwood's family roaring *The Runaway Train* one terribly rainy night when the doctor couldn't get to them and there was no place the ten children could be sent while Jake himself delivered his wife of their eleventh. Pop had the youngsters singing so hard they never paid attention to what went on in the other room. Then there was the time when Pop abetted an elopement by keeping a suspicious father singing *Home on the Range* while his daughter got away with the young fisherman of her choice.

As a weather prophet Pop was unsurpassed, and before the hurricane warning system was established he once "smelled" the fact that a Gulf-bound storm had changed its course and insisted that the town take precautions. Few people believed him and he had a hard

time getting the school closed, the storm signals flown, and the people in the worst of the shacks into the comparative safety of the Town Hall. He had to knock the sheriff down before he could get the necessary coöperation. But when the storm struck, the community rode it out in safety.

Pop saw me through my first hurricane. He fought his way over to me in the teeth of the storm's advance guard of terror, when the sea seemed to suck all the slime of dead things from its bottom in enormous yellow waves. By the time he had done all he could to make my house secure the wind had risen to a good 50 miles an hour, and I didn't want him to risk going back.

"I'd be purely glad to stay," he said, "but there's a feller out my way ain't boarded up yet."

No persuasion could change his intent and I had a curious feeling that the storm itself must have waited upon his honorable errand, for it was accomplished only just in time.

But for all he was such a good weather prophet there came a day when something failed. We never knew quite what happened: the sea had been rough and any lesser soul would have hesitated to go out. But there was to be a fish fry at our church, and Pop had promised to contribute the fish.

Pop was gone three days and when he came home it was not in any boat and he did not come alone,

according to the story generally accepted in our town. Old Henry Hoberman tells how he was combing the northern beach in the gray loneliness just before dawn, and noticed a huddled movement in the water far up toward the lighthouse. He ran until he could see what it was and then held back, so that the wise patrolmen of the sea would not be frightened from their task before it was accomplished. Nos-

ing their way carefully (so old Henry said), the creatures brought Pop in until he lay in shallow water, rocking peacefully as if in sleep. Then his pallbearers turned and leaped gracefully out to sea again. Some people claim that old Henry Hoberman imagined it all, but I for one like to believe that, just as Pop had often said they would do, the porpoises had brought a man home.

What to Do about the "Comics"?

Excerpt from *Parents' Magazine*

BETWEEN 12 and 15 million copies of so-called comic magazines are sold to American children each month. Sterling North, literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, says of these periodicals:

"They are a national disgrace, a poisonous mushroom growth of the last two years. At first we imagined (as do most parents) that they were no worse than the 'funnies' in the newspapers. But examination of 108 periodicals on the stands shocked us. At least 70 per cent were of a nature no respectable newspaper would think of accepting.

"The bulk of these lurid publications depend for their appeal upon mayhem, murder, torture and abduction — often with a child as the victim. Superman heroics, voluptuous females in scanty attire, blazing machine guns, hooded 'justice' and cheap political propaganda are to be found on almost every

page. The old dime novels in which an occasional redskin bit the dust were classic literature compared to this sadistic drivel and graphic insanity.

"Badly drawn, badly written and badly printed, the effect of these pulp-paper nightmares is to spoil the child's natural sense of color and to make him impatient with better, though quieter, stories. They constitute a cultural slaughter of the innocents.

"The shame lies largely with the parents who don't know or don't care what their children are reading, and hence fail to furnish them as an antidote the fine children's books to be found in every bookstore or library."

Parents' Magazine quotes the above in announcing publication of "True Comics," sponsored by an editorial board of distinguished educators and historians. Similar in appearance to the others, it dramatizes stirring stories from past and current history.

Hitler's Ersatz Religion

Condensed from The Living Age

Stanley High

CYNICALLY convinced that they can pervert to their own uses man's instinctive need to believe in something greater than himself, the Nazis have set up a new religion in Germany whose *ersatz* god sanctifies Nazi ambitions and justifies Nazi blood lust. Its God is Germany. Hitler is its Christ. Its Bible is *Mein Kampf*.

This is not rhetoric. I am being literal.

This purposeful prostitution of the religious instinct has its own creed, prayers, sacraments of confirmation and marriage, and "solemn ceremonies" of christening and burial. The Nazis have established synthetic saints, appointed days for their veneration and set

SON of a Methodist minister and graduate of the Boston University School of Theology, Stanley High was for four years the unordained minister of the First Congregational Church in Stamford, Conn. He has worked for *The Christian Science Monitor*, edited *Christian Herald* and broadcast "Religion in the News" over the radio. Among his books are *The Church in Politics* and *A Waking World*. Much of the material in this article is drawn from authenticated documents in *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich*, soon to be published in the United States by Longmans, Green.

up "holy places" for pilgrims to visit.

The whole power of the party is behind the effort to uproot Christianity and substitute for it a heathen tribalism. Instruction in the new faith is part of all teachers' training courses, its literature is required reading in the schools. The daily press and the movies are required to propagate the faith; its hymn book has been bought by more than 1,000,000 German families.

It was essential that Nazism be made a religion, because only by the unscrupulous abuse of the religious impulses of the German people could Hitler arouse that blind, frenzied, blood-letting devotion which was indispensable for adventures so ruthless as his. The Christian God was not exclusively German. Millions of German Christians bowed to One who was above the party. Christianity therefore had to be destroyed and a new faith substituted, for Nazism can allow no divided loyalties.

The first article of the Nazi religion makes the state the Supreme Good. God and Germany are one. Baldur von Schirach, leader of German youth, describes it as "the

Divine Law that is called Germany."

To get an all-out devotion which merely human leaders could not win, Hitler has been deified. Hitler himself defined his relationship to the party leaders with a paraphrase of Jesus' language to His disciples: "I am with you and you are with me." To Nazi officeholders, said Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, those words mean that "every official has to live his life according to the Führer's precepts and ask himself before every action: Would Adolf Hitler approve of this?"

"The German Faith Movement," says one of its spokesmen, "acknowledges only one Lord, Adolf Hitler." Ernst Hauck, a German educator, declared at a Coburg mass meeting that "Christ was great but Hitler is greater." Frequently, Hitler is spoken of as "Our Redeemer." The famous Christian hymn, *Christ, Thou Lord of the New Age*, has been changed for party gatherings to *Hitler, Thou Lord of the New Age*.

Official portraits of the Führer show his head bathed in a mystic light. These photographs are frequently used in party shrines. Underneath such icons prayers to Hitler are inscribed — of which this is a good sample:

To Thee, O My Leader, belongs every-
thing we possess,
Our goods and our lives
Our hearts and our souls.

In many government orphanages

a prayer to Hitler is required of the children before every meal: "To thee I owe, alone, my daily bread; abandon thou me never, with me fore'er abide, Führer, my Führer, my Faith and my Light."

When the party magazine *Schwarze Korps* called on its readers for testimonies on what "Adolf Hitler means to me," it was flooded with fervent replies — such as; "Adolf Hitler is the visible personal expression of what in our youth was represented as God" and "I have never felt the divine power of God as near as in the greatness of our Führer."

Since the Nazis' needs are physical, the party has developed a morality based on the physical. The only good it preaches is "more and better bodies." The practice of this doctrine is what the Nazis mean by the "Biological Revolution."

The "Biological Revolution" helps to explain the relentless Nazi persecution of the Christian Church. For its doctrines run violently counter to the Christian teachings of the sanctity of the home and of marriage; of the importance of the human soul even though in an imperfect body; of premarital chastity. Under a new law, decreed in 1938, matrimony is no more regarded as a divine institution, but as the germ cell of the state. Thus, sexual intercourse between married people is not "an intimately personal and vital relationship essen-

tially based on the consent of husband and wife, but a public act." The Christian marriage ceremony, with its references to God, is frowned upon; the official "German marriage" is preferred.

The aim of marriage is the same as that of any other war industry: production of war material. The interpretation of the new marriage law frankly declares that the object of matrimony is the procreation of children for the state. Whenever this end is not achieved such a marriage is evil and is to be dissolved.

The only moral compulsion laid on German women is that they produce. In an appeal early last year, the *Schwarze Korps* declared: "The number of births of best blood must not be allowed in this war to sink below normal peacetime figures. A girl who here dodges her highest duty is as great a traitor as the soldier who deserts his flag. S.S. men! Show that you are ready not only to give your lives for your country, but to give her far more lives before you die."

Heinrich Himmler, chief of the S.S. and the Gestapo, declares that there is a wartime duty for German girls "of pure blood" which "lies beyond marriage and has nothing to do with it. This is to become mothers of children by soldiers who leave for the front."

Moved by such appeals, young unmarried Germans advertise their availability in the press. Here are two such advertisements which ap-

peared in the *Süddeutsche Sonntagspost* last May.

"I am a soldier, 22 years old, tall, blond, blue-eyed. Before I go to give my life for Führer and Fatherland I want to meet a German woman to whom I can leave a child and heir for the glory of Germany."

The second read: "A German girl wishes to become mother of a child whose father is a German soldier fighting for National Socialism."

No normal, civilized compunctions are allowed to interfere with this breeding program. The *Schwarze Korps* urges that "artificial insemination should be called into play in marriages where, with a healthy potential mother, no children have been produced. If other methods fail, helpers must be called in — if possible a brother of the husband."

The state provides special guardians for children born out of wedlock. Soldiers "who are able to substantiate their claims" as unmarried fathers are promised post-war bonuses. Meanwhile, the unmarried mothers are looked after at the state's expense.

Almost every ceremony and symbol which had significance for the Christian has been taken over and perverted.

"To celebrate festivals," says an official creed, "we need no priestly caste. The Storm Troop leader can hold these celebrations more beautifully than any paid agent of an

alien religion." For these occasions, the S.S. men go through elaborate pagan rituals with songs, drums, torches and great fires.

The Christian sacrament of baptism is replaced with "a solemn conferring of the Name." The Minister of the Interior warns German parents that names taken from the Bible or names of saints or Christian martyrs will no longer be accepted by the state. Among those banned because of their non-Nazi connotation are Anna, Elizabeth, Jacob, John, Mary and Michael.

To take the place of the religious service of confirmation — which is decried because it fails to arouse purely German feelings — the Nazis usher their young people into adulthood by "Consecrations of Youth," in which only Germany is worshiped and only Hitler adored. Nazis cannot attend funeral services while any members of the clergy are present.

Christmas, solemnly affirm the Nazi researchers, did not originate with Christ at all. It originated with Wotan — a 100 percent German god and one of the first and greatest Nazis. So for the Nazi Christmas, neopagan hymns are offered, sung to familiar Christmas tunes.

Good Friday is dedicated to Baldur — another one of Nazism's mythological forebears. "The soldier," says a Nazi educator, "who throws his last hand grenade, the dying seaman who pronounces the

Führer's name as his last word, these are, for us, divine figures much more than the crucified Jew."

To provide a physical setting for the new religion, the Christian churches eventually will be taken over and all Christian symbols removed. Pending that bit of banditry, the Nazis have built many shrines of their own. "*Thingstätten*" (Thing Places) they are called. Recently, a party magazine proposed that "Eagle Trees," to symbolize Germany's resurrection, be planted to replace the wayside crucifixes, which have no Nazi meaning.

Of course, millions of pre-Hitler Germans had a deep-seated regard for the decencies and a solid religious faith which cannot have been wholly uprooted by the neopaganism. But the Nazis count upon the day when the younger generation, knowing no other gods and practicing no other morality, will have grown to maturity. It is that, doubtless, which Hitler has in mind when he grandiosely boasts that the new faith "is destined to last a thousand years." But for all the ingenuity with which the faith is promoted, it is quite probable that, long before Hitler's millennium has run its course, the German people, young and old, will discover that they have been robbed and will then rise up and restore to His shrines that God to Whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night."

¶ He rings 60 million doorbells a year
and he knows you very well, ma'am

Here's the Fuller Brush Man

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

T. E. Murphy

TOMORROW 200,000 housewives will answer the doorbell and be confronted by a smiling young man with a black bag. Automatically, they will say, "No, not interested," or "Sorry, I'm busy." But before the young men have left, more than 40,000 of these women will have bought 150,000 Fuller brushes.

The zeal, ubiquity and diligence of the Fuller Brush Man have made him an American byword, always good for a laugh, but not really disliked. He stands above the mass of unpopular door-to-door peddlers because he has been carefully fashioned into what he is. From 30 years of encounters with millions of housewives, suspicious of peddlers and irritated at being interrupted in the midst of cooking or cleaning, the Fuller Company has developed a formula. Push so many doorbells and follow the formula faithfully, and you will sell so many brushes. Last year 5500 Fuller Brush Men pushed 60,000,000 doorbells and sold \$15,000,000 worth of brushes.

The company knows you very well, indeed, ma'am — knows, for

instance, that you don't like to be called "ma'am" — knows you so well that it can take a youngster right out of high school and teach him to sell you brushes you didn't know you wanted.

Bill Sheehy, for one — who works our neighborhood. He used to be painfully shy and he wears thick-lensed spectacles. But at 19 he's earning \$50 to \$75 a week and thinks selling is the greatest game in the world.

I asked him to show me how it's done and he took me along. After ringing our first doorbell I noticed that he backed away. "The company has learned," he said, "that when the housewife opens the door a cautious two inches, she will close it quickly if a strange man looms up close to her. If the stranger is retreating, she is less startled and a little curious."

Once we came to an open door, and in answer to the bell, a cheery voice called out, "Come right in!" "Against the rules," Bill whispered. "She's probably expecting someone, and she'd be frightened if she found she'd asked a stranger in." He waited quietly until the woman

appeared. "I figured maybe you thought I was someone else," he explained — and she was obviously pleased by his attitude.

The best technique for getting inside the door is the giveaway. Most popular of these is a handy vegetable brush. In the evening Bill distributes notices, saying he is coming next day with a free brush. Fifty giveaway brushes cost Bill \$1.40 — to make him careful about handing them out — but the company throws in four toothbrushes and if he can sell them he gets his \$1.40 back.

The giveaway brushes must be handed out *inside* the house. If the housewife asks for one while blocking the door, Bill indicates with a helpless gesture the impossibility of opening his case on the steps. Once in, he opens his kit and begins talking pleasantly about his brushes. It seems spontaneous, but talk and motions were carefully synchronized through dozens of rehearsals before Bill was allowed to ring a doorbell.

"What," I asked Bill, "is the formula for handling mean prospects?"

"Get out quick and try the next house," he said. "If I'm to make a living, I've got to give three to four demonstrations an hour."

But sometimes he tries a tough customer, through a kind of sporting instinct. I watched him. The woman opened the door a crack to say crisply, "I'm positively not interested."

"I know you're not," said Bill pleasantly. "That's why I'm here. I was wondering whether something had happened between you and the Fuller Company to make you dislike us. Have you any complaint?"

"No-o-o," said she, hesitantly, opening the door a little wider.

"Three of our men have been here and never got in," Bill went on. "That means you've got three free brushes coming to you." And he handed over three different brushes. This was one time to break the rule of "No giveaways until you're inside."

"You mean there's no charge?"

Well, that's how Bill got in that house and began to unpack his kit. Before he left, the woman had purchased \$5 worth of brushes.

Two tough ones a day is average. In the poorer part of his territory, Bill gets a hearing in almost 100 percent of his calls; in middle-class neighborhoods, his score runs 85 percent and in wealthy neighborhoods a little better than 70. He still hopes to achieve the record set by Herbert Ralston, Hartford Branch Manager, who got into 550 consecutive houses without a turn-down.

As I trudged along with Bill, I saw more and more of the Fuller formula at work. "When you get the brushes into their hands," he explained, "they're half sold." Bill never asks the customer whether she wants to buy or not. His question is, "Do you want just the

laundering mop, or do you want the mop and the extra refill?"

"It gets 'em nine tenths of the time," he explains. "It allows them to make a choice of two courses, either one in my favor."

Each month, the number of Bill's regular customers grows, so that now after 18 months he averages from 15 to 20 phone calls a week from people who want to buy brushes. "I take my whole kit along," he explains, "and say, 'Sorry, I didn't quite understand which brush you wanted — was it the dry mop or the other one?' and I usually end up by selling two or three instead of one."

The Fuller Brush Man must do just what he's taught. Applicants are picked with extreme care. The company doesn't want men with a brassy exterior; the American housewife does not buy from the glib, sophisticated fellow, but from the simple chap who exudes eagerness.

Some of the best have been the shyest but they had endurance. The first six months are hardest. The recruit goes to school. He is subjected to inspirational get-togethers, back-slapping and hand-shaking. He is fired with the competitive spirit, until he thinks it is of terrific importance that dear old Oneonta district shall sell the stuffings out of the boys in Olean, and he eagerly follows the score of the contest on a big blackboard at headquarters.

He will, of course, first learn the

names and the uses of the company's 75 brushes, from a brush for false teeth, through face brushes, floor brushes, toilet bowl brushes, brushes for Venetian blinds — brushes shaped so weirdly that they are the caricaturists' delight. He will be taught to present the Personal Brush Sets first because of the pleasanter associations and the Household Brushes, which connote drudgery, later. Then after a thorough drilling in sales demonstration, he is launched on his career.

Each Fuller Brush Man is a dealer. He sends to the nearest of 14 warehouses for the brushes to fill his orders, and he pays cash for them. He delivers them in person and collects the money. Earnings vary greatly. The four-week period ending September 30, 1940, showed the highest average in recent years, more than \$20 a week for each salesman, including part-time men. A few miracle workers make \$250 a week; a large number average around \$150.

Albert C. Fuller, founder of the business, was born on a farm in Nova Scotia and has been on his own since his early teens. Some of his young men may radiate synthetic good cheer, but Mr. Fuller is a quiet, reserved man who spends at least a half hour before breakfast every morning reading the Bible and *Science and Health* by Mary Baker Eddy.

His determined optimism has seeped through the organization

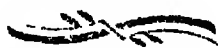
and the frequent meetings between the Big Boss and the salesmen are characterized by free use of the Fuller handbook of pep songs, a marvel of unrestrained parody. In it, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* becomes "Mine eyes have seen the glory of a million homes and more. They are better for the coming of the Fuller to the fore." Even *Mother Macbree* is adapted to "There's a place in our hearts that no others can fill, With a company that's square and can boast of Good Will."

To combat discouragement, too, the company has an elaborate system of bonuses and contests. Salesmen who gross more than \$80 a week (roughly an income of about \$35 a week) for 12 consecutive weeks become members of the John

James Club, named after Sales Manager John James Hensle, and may wear the John James badge, a golden bean pot with blue lettering. Continued membership in the club earns certificates which can be turned in for a wide variety of household articles: camping outfits, bicycles or even electric refrigerators. Veteran workers have furnished much of their homes through these extra dividends.

No wonder young Bill proudly wears his John James button and, every Monday night as he meets with his fellows, sings lustily,

Selling yesterday,
Selling the day before,
Going to sell today as I never sold before.
For when I'm selling,
I'm happy as can be,
For I'm a member of the Fuller family.



The Pin Test

JOHN BARRYMORE once asked the great Russian director, Constantin Stanislavski, how he selected his artists. "I choose them by means of this," said Stanislavski, picking up a pin. "Now, you go into the next room."

Barrymore went out, and in a moment Stanislavski said, "You may come in now. Please look for the pin."

The Russian watched as Barrymore picked up the glasses from the table, looked under them, and lifted each plate. He felt along the surface of the tablecloth, lifted the corner, and there was the pin.

Stanislavski clapped his hands: "Very good — you are engaged! I can tell a real actor," he explained, "by the way he looks for a pin. If he prances around the room, striking attitudes, pretending to think very hard, looking in ridiculous places — exaggerating — then he is no good."

—Alma Power-Waters, *John Barrymore* (Mesaer)

The Latest in Naval Weapons

Condensed from Current History and Forum

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

Today science commands at sea. Naval success has become more and more a matter of technical skill, of super-precise artillery and fire-control. In this article, Frederic Sondern examines the intricate devices that are making the United States Navy the world's most efficient sea power.

The pig-boat

THE SUBMARINE has come a long way from the blind, vulnerable "pig-boat" of the World War. Long-range submarines now cruise 16,000 miles — five times across the Atlantic — without refueling. The complicated diving routine — shutting the hatches, switching from surface Diesel engines to electric motors, flooding the ballast tanks — takes approximately one minute. Accidents have been reduced, and hulls so strengthened that a depth charge must explode within 100 feet to cripple a submarine.

New secret systems of underwater communication, jealously guarded by American, British and German navies, make possible continuous coöperation between submerged submarines. So pig-boats can now hunt in wolf packs, led to quarry by airplane observers.

Underwater ears and eyes

WHEN a submarine is more than 40 feet below surface its periscope is useless; then sensitive

microphones go into action to pick up a ship's propeller miles away. The listener, by adjusting the apparatus until the noise is loudest, can calculate exactly the position, speed and course of the ship — a vast improvement on the crude "ears" used in the last war.

The tin fish

THE modern torpedo, 15 feet long, 21 inches in diameter, and made with watchmaker's precision, costs \$12,000. It carries some 500 pounds of T.N.T., streaks through the water at 45 miles an hour, and can hit a target three miles away. One of these "fish" will seriously damage the most powerful battleship, three may sink it.

When a torpedo is shot out of its tube by compressed air, an alcohol burner inside the torpedo is fired. This produces such heat that steam at very high pressure is generated almost instantaneously in a miniature boiler. Two small steam engines drive the torpedo's two propellers. Its course is controlled by

vertical and horizontal tail fins regulated by a gyroscope and clock-work mechanism. The newest torpedo can change direction several times before striking the target, thus hiding the location of the submarine which fired it. And the modern fish cannot be seen until it is close to its victim. It travels at such depth and speed that exhaust bubbles, which used to make a clear, straight wake, now appear far behind.

The dreaded ash can

THE submarine's worst enemy is the depth charge. The average "ash can" carrying over 300 pounds of T.N.T. can be exploded at any depth from 36 to 300 feet.

Depth charges are generally carried by the fast ships of the fleet. For if a ship drops an ash can to go off at 70 feet, it must clear away from the explosion area at 25 knots or more. Depth charges are rolled off the stern of a vessel, or shot from "Y-guns," which hurl one right and one left simultaneously. In convoy or fleet action, when a periscope is sighted destroyers close in and lay down depth charge "patterns" over the sea. Each destroyer drops a charge, goes a few hundred feet, shoots two out of its Y-gun, goes on a bit and drops another; then it repeats the process. A number of ships can cover a large area before the submarine with its slow underwater speed can get away.

Bomber's meat

AFTER cruising under water for a few hours, a submarine must rise to the surface to recharge the batteries of its electric motors. As it begins to surface, it is an easy prey for bombers. Most periscopes cannot see into the air, but a plane can spot a submarine breaking water several miles away. Once on the surface the sub is safe enough — on a clear day; it can then spot a plane in time to submerge. Submarines therefore charge their batteries at night, remaining submerged if possible during cloudy weather when the light is uncertain and airplanes might approach unnoticed.

Contrary to popular belief, it is difficult for a plane to spot a submerged submarine except in very calm water. Underwater boats when painted black make no distinguishable shadow in a choppy sea.

The magnetic terror

IN THIS war, the magnetic mine started a near-panic in the British Admiralty. Looking like a small torpedo about eight feet long and two feet in diameter, it can be laid from plane, submarine, or surface ship. Inside the mine, a magnetic needle, tipped by the attraction of the steel hull of a ship passing over it, detonates the T.N.T. The mine is effective only in shallow water, but most harbor approaches are fairly shallow.

Conquering this menace was one

of the unpublicized feats of this war. A British engineer took a magnetic mine apart at the constant risk of being blown into small pieces. Once its principle was discovered, research developed the "de-gaussing girdle": electric cables placed around a ship which neutralizes its magnetic field. As soon as all British merchantmen can be insulated -- all naval vessels already are -- the magnetic mine will be useless.

Eyes of the fleet

NOTHING has altered naval warfare so much as the aircraft carrier. The latest types make at least 34 knots, cruise 13,000 miles, providing a tremendous range and great striking power. The new "covered wagons" carry more than 100 fighting and reconnaissance planes, torpedo and dive bombers.

Landing on a pitching deck 800 feet long and only 80 feet wide requires great skill. But the American naval airmen are so expert that our ships can launch and land planes almost three times as quickly as any other navy.

Carriers are highly vulnerable. They are an easy target for submarines, being rarely able to zigzag while planes are taking off or landing. One bomb tearing up the flight deck cripples the carrier's usefulness. Although they are protected by anti-aircraft batteries and fighting planes, they must stay well out of engagements to avoid gunfire.

When the eagle swoops

WITH their attacks perfected to split-second precision, the carrier's dive and torpedo bombers can stun an enemy far beyond the range of a ship's gun.

The torpedo plane, carrying a "fish" attached to its undercarriage, is spectacularly exposed to a ship's gunfire. It "flattens out" its dive a few hundred yards from its target and releases the torpedo. To drop the torpedo, however, without jarring its mechanism, the bomber comes within 100 feet of the surface. Enemy gunners shoot into the water ahead of the plane, raising great spouts to rip away the plane's wings. So "smokers" precede the bombers, spraying down a curtain of cloudy vapor. The bombers, charging from behind this artificial fog, release their torpedoes and get away before the gunners can get range. •

Tin cans and mosquitoes

TORPEDOES are also launched by destroyer and motor torpedo boat. The destroyer -- known as "tin can" -- is the terrier of the fleet. The new 1500-ton ship is only 36 feet wide and 380 feet long, can make more than 35 knots. In heavy seas, it rolls to a 45-degree angle every eight seconds. Its thin sides can be pierced by even the smallest shell, so the average life of a destroyer in battle is figured at 15 minutes. But it carries a deadly sting in its eight or more torpedo tubes. A flotilla of destroy-

ers, in a few minutes, can turn a section of sea into "torpedo water" literally alive with lethal projectiles. Effective in spying out the enemy fleet, its principal jobs are finding submarines and smoke-screening larger ships from attack.

"Mosquito boats" range from 60 to 100 feet, carry torpedo tubes, depth charges, anti-aircraft guns and smoke apparatus. Their menace lies in their speed, for they make as much as 50 miles an hour. Even the handiest gun crew has difficulty training an ordinary naval gun on them. The Navy has discovered an answer, however: anti-aircraft guns, designed to deal with aircraft flying at 300 miles an hour.

The battle wagon

ALL naval strategy is built around the battleship. Air and torpedo attack and the increased power of naval ordnance has necessitated more and heavier armor, batteries of anti-aircraft guns, huge ammunition magazines and bigger engines.

New American monsters like the *North Carolina* class, now building, will displace more than 35,000 tons. Forty percent of this enormous weight is armor. Two steel decks — reported to be six inches, four inches thick respectively — protect the ship from dive bombers. Gun turrets and conning tower are encased in 16-inch steel to keep out the enemy's 16-inch shells. The water-

line is guarded by a belt of 16-inch armor about 10 feet wide. And below that are torpedo bulges — false walls built out from the vessel's side to explode a torpedo before it hits the hull.

Salvo!

IF a battleship's 1500 officers and men, 500 are in the gunnery division and 100 are needed just for aiming the artillery. It takes hairbreadth precision to land a broadside from nine 16-inch guns, hurling eight tons of steel and T.N.T., on a target 15 miles away. The U. S. Navy's gunnery standard is the highest in the world: "dematerialization" — hits that will sink — on the second salvo at 15 miles.

When the call to "battle stations" has been sounded, the men work with clocklike routine. In the fire-control tower a dozen men at range finders get the range, course and speed of the enemy. These figures are telephoned to the "plotting room" where officers with intricate instruments calculate the angles of fire. For accuracy even the temperature of the powder is important. So are barometric pressure, air temperature and humidity, speed of the earth's rotation and age of the gun.

The plotting-room results are automatically transmitted to dials in the turrets where the guns are set accordingly. The turret officer signals a "ready light" to the fire-

control tower. When the ready lights of all turrets are on, the fire-control officer waits for that split second at which the ship comes to a steady point of its roll, and then pushes a key. Nine guns, each weighing 120 tons, roar and recoil six feet, making the ship skid sideways in the water. Fifteen miles away, about a

minute later, spotting planes report by radio what correction should be made in the aim. In under a minute, in every turret, three guns have been cleaned by compressed air, fresh shells and charges have been rammed home, breeches are locked, ready lights glow again, and another salvo is set.



His Day

Excerpt from Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Anna Roosevelt Boettiger

MY YOUNGEST BROTHER, John, and his wife were getting ready for a vacation and were following the good old custom of leaving the baby with the nearest grandparents — the President of the United States and his wife. Johnny telephoned the White House one evening, asked for Mother, and when informed that she was making a speech in West Virginia, asked for Father. This is their telephone conversation, as Mother wrote it to me:

Johnny: "I can't get Ma, she's never home. Will you take down the arrangements about the baby?"

Pa: "Delighted."

Johnny: "Please call the Dy-dee company in the morning."

Pa: "Who is she?"

Johnny: "Oh, you are old-fashioned — the diaper company. They have to have several days' notice."

Pa: "Hasn't the baby any diapers? We have a stove; they can be boiled here."

Johnny: "Oh, no, Pa. We don't do things that way now."

Pa: "Very well, I'll call. How many do you want?"

Johnny: "One hundred and forty."

Pa (horrified): "One hundred and forty! Is there anything wrong with him?"

Johnny: "Certainly not! He's perfectly normal. He uses 20 a day — 140 a week."

Pa: "I see. I'll call in the morning."

Pa went to bed chuckling over the morning conversation to be. He would pick up the phone and say: "Hackie (head White House operator), please get me the Universal Dy-dee Service." The connection is made — then: "This is the President of the United States. Please deliver to the White House, at nine o'clock Thursday morning, 140 diapers."

Answer from the other end of the line: "Oh, yeah?"

But in the morning a message from the Secretary of State — and diapers sink completely out of the presidential mind!

Hounding the Hit-and-Run Driver

Condensed from Collier's

Myron M. Stearns

A SPEEDING CAR ran through a group of Cleveland school children, struck a boy, and kept on going. All that the children could tell the police was that the car was gray. Headquarters ordered accident squads to canvass garages. In one they found a gray car. Radiator and motor were cold—but the exhaust pipe was warm! And caught on the car's underbody were threads of cloth which matched the injured boy's clothing. Confronted with this, the garage manager admitted that one of his men had struck the boy. The radiator had been flushed with fresh water to cool the engine.

At Waterbury, Connecticut, officers investigating a hit-run fatality reasoned that the guilty driver lived in a certain suburb. It was unlikely that anyone else would be speeding late at night along that stretch of road. On the theory that the guilty person might have been doing his daily shopping in the city and now, without use of a car, would be purchasing locally, storekeepers were asked if they had any new customers.

Nearly two weeks after the ac-

cident a grocer told officers that a postal employe who had lived in the neighborhood for years had just begun buying from him. Police went to the man's house; his garage was empty. For two days they waited, but the car was not brought back. Then they called on the man and asked where his car was.

"Why, in the garage," he said.

When told the garage was empty he exclaimed, "But I left it there only a little while ago!"

The man and his wife were taken to headquarters and questioned separately. Finally they confessed. They had hidden their car, with telltale marks of the accident on it, in the woods near their home.

Expert hit-run detectives become so absorbed that they work night and day until a case is solved. Near Indianapolis one rainy night a motorist narrowly missed crashing into a wrecked car lying across the road. Three people were unconscious, badly hurt. No witnesses had seen the accident and the downpour had washed out all tracks. But state police found straw and sawmill shavings scattered about, and on the wrecked

automobile was blue paint from the hit-run machine. The straw and shavings indicated that the hit-run car was a stock truck. Careful sifting of the litter revealed nettles which grew in certain black-soil regions of Indiana. Checking stockyards, barns and garages in these areas, the investigators found a blue truck whose owner proved to be the guilty driver.

Speed in getting started on a hit-run case — before the guilty car can get far away, or witnesses leave, or clues become obliterated — is most important. In Trenton, N. J., when two-way radio equipment was installed on all squad cars, the proportion of hit-run arrests rose from less than three out of five to nine out of ten.

When they reach the place of accident, experienced officers keep a sharp eye on overcurious bystanders. A guilty driver will often, after turning a couple of corners, come back to see what actually happened, and decide whether or not he'd better give himself up.

The scene of an accident must be thoroughly searched for clues. From even a small piece of headlight lens, its size and manufacturer can usually be determined. Parts catalogues give detailed pictures of each bolt, lamp bracket or angle iron for almost every car ever built. From the motor vehicle bureau the police can obtain a list of all cars in the state of the make and year indicated. One by one these are investigated

until the car involved in the accident is located.

Near Manchester, N. H., a dairy hand walking home was killed by a hit-runner. Near his body traffic detectives picked up dozens of glass fragments. These were identified as coming from the headlight of a small 1936-model truck. Shortly afterward a farmer bought such a lens from a local agency. Detectives went over every foot of his barnyard. They found two triangular pieces of glass that exactly fitted against fragments picked up at the scene of the accident, positively identifying the hit-run car.

When no witnesses or clues are found, the police revisit the scene for several days at the hour the accident occurred, for many people are at the same place every day at a certain time. This procedure solved the case of two girls killed while walking on a country highway early in the morning. At the same hour the next day, police returned. A bakery wagon came along, whose driver had read about the accident; he recalled that a few minutes after it happened he had been passed by a speeding automobile. His description of this car enabled the officers to track it down.

The spectroscope is an interesting part of hit-run detectives' equipment. Almost infinitesimal particles of paint or dirt, left by the car on its victim, will in the spectroscope show certain definite patterns. Scrapings of paint or dirt

taken from a suspected car may enable officers to make absolute identification. Similarly, traces of blood or threads from the victim's clothing, which sometimes remain even after a car has been washed, can be identified.

After a hit-run car has been located, officers have to show conclusive evidence that their suspect is guilty. A motorist killed a boy riding a bicycle on a lonely road. The bicycle was jammed under the front axle and pushed along the road. The driver had to pull it from under the car before proceeding. Good detective work enabled officers to locate the suspected car, from which all evidence of the accident had been removed. The driver denied having hit anyone, and there were no witnesses. But the officers took his fingerprints and convicted him. They had been found on the frame of the bicycle.

Through such painstaking work, hit-run detectives are able to get

convictions in nine out of ten cases they take to court.

The cases successfully cracked are mounting steadily. Detroit's system of accident detection, set up by Franklin Kreml, head of the Safety Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, was inaugurated in September 1937; in the next three years Detroit arrested 9031 hit-run drivers out of 12,018. Lumping together Dayton, Knoxville, Miami, Louisville, Detroit, and Greenwich, Conn., police caught 4186 motorists out of 5499 responsible for serious accidents last year. Dallas caught 89 percent of its hit-run offenders, South Bend 91 percent, and Evans-ton 94 percent. Dayton, Ohio, caught 134 out of 135.

Officials and citizens in other communities are beginning to sit up and take notice of such records. With the greatly increasing number of convictions, drivers are learning to think twice before leaving the scene of an accident.



Don't Stop Us

“MY FAMILY thinks there's something wrong with me,” a woman complained to the psychoanalyst, “simply because I like buckwheat cakes.”

“But there's nothing wrong about liking buckwheat cakes,” the doctor murmured, puzzled. “I like them myself.”

“Oh, do you?” The woman was delighted. “You must come up some day. I have seven trunks full.”

— Contributed by Oscar Schisgall



The Book That Brewed a War

Condensed from "Crusader in Crinoline"

Forrest Wilson

The coming of Uncle Sam

LATE IN November 1862, so the story goes, Abraham Lincoln received at the White House a diminutive, middle-aged lady. Clasp^{ing} her tiny hand in his great knotted one, he exclaimed: "So this is the little lady who made this big war!"

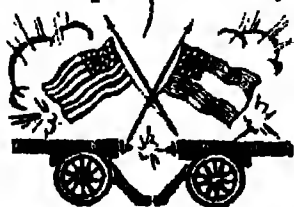
The little lady was Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Publication of that novel ten years earlier had contributed largely to Lincoln's election as President. Contemporary statesmen and historians hailed it as the greatest single influence toward the abolition of slavery.

Born and raised in Connecticut, Harriet had lived for 18 years in Cincinnati, a station of the Underground Railroad. Here she had seen antislavery riots; she had helped runaway slaves and listened to their stories. Then in 1850, the Stowes moved to Brunswick, Maine, where Calvin Stowe had been made a professor at Bowdoin College. But it was impossible to escape slavery, even in Maine. The newspapers were full of it. The Senate chamber was resounding with the impassioned Abolition

speeches of Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. Harriet's brother, the already famous Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was conducting his maddening "slave auctions" from the pulpit.

Harriet had written a number of short stories to eke out the ever inadequate Stowe income. Her deeply religious crusader spirit yearned to give to the world a picture of the brutality of slavery as she knew it. Show people slavery in the human terms of ravished girls, mothers bereaved by the auctioneer's hammer, families broken, masters debauched by arbitrary power—show them these pictures and they would tolerate slavery no longer. But to write on a political question went against a lifetime of training. A letter from her sister-in-law furnished the spark. "If I could use a pen as you can," wrote Mrs. Edward Beecher, "I would write something to make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

Harriet's children well remember her reading the letter to them. She rose to her feet as if in an act of solemn consecration, the



letter crumpled in one small, clenched hand. "I *will* write something," she said.

And so one day she sat down at her desk and began: "Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine in a well-furnished dining parlor in the town of P——, Kentucky."

The hairline of ink was starting on a long journey. Harriet did not know where it would end, but it ended at Gettysburg and Appomattox.

Harriet had no preconception of the terrible power to be unleashed by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She regarded her story as a messenger of peace. "The Lord Himself wrote it," she said many times.

The scene in which Uncle Tom is flogged — written weeks before she had worked out a definite plan for her story — did, in fact, come to her in a vision during a communion service. As clearly as if she had been there, she saw an old slave being beaten to death by a white ruffian. After the benediction Harriet had walked home fighting back her tears. As though in a trance, she went to her bedroom and wrote out the vision as she had seen it. When she read it to the family, the children wept convulsively. And her husband told her, "Hattie, you must make up a story with this for the climax. The Lord intends it so."

Harriet planned the story as

"three or four" sketches and offered it to Editor Bailey of the *National Era*, a small Washington publication. He accepted it sight unseen, the price to be \$300.

Poor Harriet! Her "three or four" sketches became 40, and almost a year elapsed before she finally gathered all the threads of her tapestry together. Bailey did not raise the price as the story went on and on.

In the *National Era* of June 5, 1851, on page one, appeared the first installment of the novel that would condition a whole generation of children — Harriet's son Fred among them — to march in the spirit of crusaders ten years later up to the cannon's mouth.

It all came out of her own life experience. Her only visit in the South had been a few days spent on the Kentucky plantation of a school chum, so Uncle Tom would have to be a slave there. But since the only people she met in Kentucky were nice people, she would have to have Uncle Tom sold by his kindly Kentucky master. She would want to show that anyhow — the sale of a slave and the result in his family.

Uncle Tom was modeled after the Rev. Josiah Henson, colored preacher and social worker who had bought his freedom and whom Harriet had met in Boston. In his youth, "Father" Henson had been permanently crippled by a flogging at the hands of a brutal Maryland master. Then there was the over-

seer her brother Charles had met on a New Orleans boat. Displaying a fist hard as an oak burl, he bragged that he "got that from knocking down niggers." So Harriet had her Simon Legree. The sinister name of the hairy, apelike master was sheer inspiration. Celeste was a small black limb of Satan whom Harriet had tried vainly to Christianize in her Cincinnati Sunday-school class. Celeste became Topsy.

It is often brought forth as a modern discovery that the Southerner understands the Negro better than the Northerner, and knows better how to get along with him. Yet Harriet was writing this very thing in 1851 and 1852. She did not overlook the pleasant, patriarchal side of slavery, which was one thing that made her book so hard to answer. Some of the kindest and most upright characters in the novel were Southerners and slaveholders. And she made Simon Legree, the arch-villain of American literature, a Vermonter. Aunt Ophelia, St. Clare's New England cousin, could not bear to touch Topsy, but Little Eva's favorite perch was Uncle Tom's knee. It took a shrewd eye to note that point a century ago.

One of the miracles wrought by the story was the national furor it created while running as a serial in an obscure paper. Almost every community had at least one Abolitionist who subscribed to the *Era*, and his copy would be passed about

from hand to hand until it was literally worn out.

Letters began pouring in to the *Era* office. Each new character and incident was greeted with applause. And when in the fall Harriet failed to get her copy in in time for the edition, a storm of protest descended on the hapless publisher.

As she worked on and on, the end ever eluding her, the story more and more became Harriet's tyrant. Whatever she did, wherever she went, the specter of next week's installment stood forever at her elbow. She had to keep up her cooking and housework, and her boisterous family drove her frantic. To complicate matters, old Doctor Lyman Beecher came to visit his daughter, quite unaware that she was turning out a masterpiece to upset the world. So while he and his secretary fussed about the house with his all-important sermons, the neighbors saw little Mrs. Stowe sitting on the back steps, her writing portfolio on her many-petticoated knees.

Another person was regarding the ever-increasing length of the novel with dismay. John P. Jewett, head of a small Boston publishing house, had agreed to publish the serial in book form. He had foreseen a slender volume which could sell at a low price. By the end of October *Uncle Tom* was beginning to look like a two-volume novel; Jewett was appalled. He begged Harriet to terminate the story. She was

writing on an unpopular subject, he said; two volumes might be fatal to the work's success.

Jewett could not have addressed a more receptive listener. A weary Harriet was ready to cry for mercy. The *Era* published the suggestion that since the story had already run to great length, Mrs. Stowe could finish it quickly in a few matter-of-fact paragraphs telling how everything turned out. *Vox populi* answered a thundering No. Editor Bailey hastened to reassure his subscribers, and Harriet wrote on.

The installment which appeared in the Christmas Day issue of the *Era* portrayed the death of Little Eva. When it was written, Harriet took to her bed for 48 hours, exhausted. It had been almost a personal bereavement. And what agonized letters she received from her readers deploring the willful murder of the saintliest child in America by a heartless author for a literary effect!

But the way ahead was now clear. Harriet had only to write to the scene of Uncle Tom's death, tie a few loose ends, and be done.

In February Jewett made a final attempt to save some of his slender capital: he proposed to the Stowes that they put up half the cost of publishing, and share equally with him profits from its sale, if any. But the Stowes had no money at all, so Calvin declined in favor of a royalty of 10 percent on all sales. If Harriet had owned a half inter-

est in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the first year's sales in this country alone would have made her independently rich.

Harriet, however, was well pleased with the contract. "I hope," she said, "it will make enough so I may have a silk dress."

The book, unheralded by advance publicity, was born in complete silence so far as the reviewers were concerned. But publication day, March 20, 1852, saw great excitement in the publisher's office. The first edition of 6000 copies was devoured immediately. Within the week Jewett had three power presses running 24 hours a day except Sunday, 100 bookbinders at work, and three mills running to supply the paper. Harriet's first royalty check for four months' sales was \$10,300. On the first anniversary of the book's publication, Jewett announced the year's sales at 305,000 copies, "with demands heavy as ever." In proportion to population, a novel today to do as well would have to sell 1,500,000 in a year.

Uncle Tom was soon pirated in a dozen countries and translated into a dozen languages. The downtrodden classes of Europe took the book to their hearts and read in it their own miseries, with scarcely a thought for the shackled Negroes of the United States about whom it was written. In London, New York and Boston, dramatizations of *Uncle Tom* were playing to hysteri-

cal audiences. Americans were singing Uncle Tom and Little Eva songs. A Rhode Island manufacturer advertised a card game called "Uncle Tom and Little Eva." Imitation literature and "Anti-Tom" propaganda filled bookstores with titles such as *Aunt Phyllis's Cabin; or, Southern Life as It Is*.

In the United States the editorial silence was finally broken on April 15 as the *New York Independent*, in national influence second only to Horace Greeley's *Weekly Tribune*, ran a column-and-a-half review urging readers to "Spread it around the world!"

As the press took up the acclaim, the copies of the novel which Jewett was sending to various influential figures began to bring daily gratifications. Longfellow wrote: "*Uncle Tom's Cabin* is one of the greatest triumphs in recorded literary history, to say nothing of the higher triumph of its moral effect." Whittier wrote to express "ten thousand thanks for thy immortal book," and Jenny Lind ended a letter of praise with the words: "Certainly God's hand will remain with a blessing over your head."

Surprisingly, the first attack on the veracity of the novel came from the North. Harriet had recognized that she could not pin the sin of slavery exclusively on the South, for there was plenty of Northern money invested in the cotton business, which lived by slavery. The spokesman for that money was the

New York Journal of Commerce, which at the end of May fired the first big gun against *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Editors throughout the country at once picked up the gage, for and against Harriet, and a great newspaper debate began.

Heretofore, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had been merely a controversial novel, circulating freely in the North and South and winning converts from both sections. Suddenly there was spontaneous suppression of the book in the South and it became dangerous to own a copy. Southern mothers began to hold Harriet up before their children as a wicked ogress. Her fan mail now included anonymous letters, threatening, scurrilous, branding her as a fomenter of slave rebellion.

Both sides were now aware that this was not just a novel, but a mine planted at the foundations of the republic, the fuse hissing. Harriet's propaganda had fired sectional hatreds that were not to subside until the hearts that beat so hotly with them had gone back to the dust.

Forty years later, Kirk Monroe, noted New York critic, estimated *Uncle Tom's* place in history: "The abolition of slavery was not, and could not be, accomplished by any one person. It was the result of united efforts. . . . But the greatest and most far-reaching of all these influences was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the book that ranks fourth in point of circulation among all the books of the world."

❏ A federal resettlement project where destitute sharecroppers are lifting themselves to independence — and paying the government back as well

From the Lower Depths

Condensed from *Free America*

Stuart Chase

IF YOU DRIVE across the Mississippi at Cairo and turn southward, you come into a country which has been called "Swampeast Missouri" — a region of mud and malaria but also of incredibly rich soil. In 1923 cotton planters came here — pushed north from Arkansas by the boll weevil — and with them came the sharecropper and the day laborer.

The sharecropper gets a shack, credit or "furnish" from the landowner, and perhaps half the cotton his family helps him harvest. But when accounts are settled in December he is fortunate if he has \$50 to see his family through the winter. His plight, however, is

opulent compared with that of the farm laborer who, with no shack, no fields, and no "furnish," lives on earnings of a dollar a day more or less during the four months of the cotton season, and on nothing at all for the eight idle months. Despite exhortations in the metropolitan press, this way of life does not improve his character.

In the depression, with cotton at five cents a pound, many planters went to the wall. The survivors, to cut costs, substituted tractors for mules and manpower. So thousands of sharecroppers lost even that lowly status and sank to the bottom. They joined the farm laborers, and presently ragged hordes of sick and hopeless people went out upon the highways to demonstrate their wretchedness to the passing world.

In the heart of Swampeast Missouri is New Madrid County — flat as your hand except where the levees make low endless hills. In fields of dark earth stand grain elevators, cotton gins, a few fine farmhouses set amid their silos, and uncounted wretched shacks. Ninety-two percent of the farmers

STUART CHASE's vivid and enthusiastic style has won him a vastly larger audience than most economists reach. He studied mathematics and engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, economics at Harvard, and practiced public accounting for 14 years for both private companies and governmental agencies. He has made extended studies of national productivity, government finances and war costs. Besides many magazine articles, he has written half a dozen books, including *Men and Machines*, *Mexico: A Study of the Two Americas*, and *The Tyranny of Words*.

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(*Free America, A*)

in the county do not own the land they work.

In 1937 La Forge, New Madrid County, has an even 100 families, croppers and laborers both — 60 white, 40 Negro. They bear old Anglo-Saxon names — Fowler, Taylor, King, Wilson. Many are illiterate. Social and coöperative activities are unknown. Bread, beans and water is their frequent fare, and for variety, sow belly, corn pone and water. Milk for the children is a luxury. They have almost no medical or dental care. They suffer from malaria, pellagra, and malnutrition. Children stay home from school because they have no shoes.

After selling their 1937 crops, only 10 families have any cash left; 30 are in debt even before the new year begins.

The region is one of the critical areas where the Farm Security Administration is trying to get farmers on their feet again. Having bought from the absentee owners the land occupied by these 100 families, over ten square miles of it, it starts in the spring of 1938 a unique project: for the first time the families of a resettlement area are being taken absolutely as they are, without selective tests. If these people from the bottom strata can be pulled out, anybody — the nation over — can be pulled out, too.

To begin its experiment, the FSA had 6700 acres of rich black

soil, a cotton gin, 100 tumbledown shacks, 100 desperate families. It also had money voted by Congress. And it had a man of vision, patience and experience, Hans Baasch. Born in Denmark, he knew how poverty-stricken Danish peasants had fought their way up, largely through folk schools and the coöperative movement, to sturdy agricultural independence.

The FSA could take the cash Congress had voted and *buy* the community up to par in food, shelter, clothing, health. But instead of just giving La Forge a handout, the FSA wanted the people themselves to produce a decent living standard and then maintain that standard through their own efforts. Finally they must pay back the money advanced to get them started. This would be a real experiment.

The first job was to build homes fit for human beings but not too costly for the land to support. Using mass-production methods, the FSA engineers built 94 houses in 100 days, at an average cost of \$1100. There were no dining alcoves, no running water, no gimcracks. Lumber was unloaded from freight cars, cut to standard sizes by power saws and nailed into sections. The sections were taken to the site, where concrete posts had already been sunk. La Forge men did most of the work. In a few hours the house was up, shining in its new white paint.

Follow me into one of the houses as it is today. We go through a screened porch into an ample living room with tight, screened windows and a double floor. There is a good heating stove, a couch, chairs, table, a carpet on the floor and curtains in the windows. Beyond is a roomy kitchen with enameled sink, built-in cabinets, and a cookstove burning wood or coal. Wood may be had for the cutting, over beyond the levee. Sitting beside this stove in February 1941 I had the following meal: hamburg steak with onions, gravy, hot biscuits, butter, string beans, spinach, plum jelly, salad, baby pickles, preserved peaches, coffee. Everything but the coffee, sugar and salt had come off the place, fresh or canned the previous fall. Two bedrooms open from the living room; they are furnished with double beds, a dresser, mirror and chairs. There are closets, so that clothes are no longer piled on the floor.

Afterward I went into a typical two-room sharecropper's house outside the project. One end of the porch had collapsed. The chimney was leaning crazily; the roof leaked. Broken windowpanes were stuffed with old socks, walls were hung with newspapers and wrapping paper, the cold wind came through floor boards, windows, doors. The privy gave one the horrors. In hovels like this most of the La Forge community had lived and tried to bring up their children.

With each of the new houses went a trim, white barn, a concrete food storage vault banked with sod, a sanitary privy, a sealed well and pump, and fencing for all the fields. The whole layout cost about \$2000 — an all-time low for farm construction. With the land, each unit cost about \$5500 and was leased at an average annual rental of \$220. People mostly remained where they had lived before, the Negroes in one area, the whites in another. It is impossible to tell which area is which, equipment being identical.

A crop plan for each family was worked out — so many acres in cotton, so many in soybeans, lespedeza, corn, vegetable gardens. The policy was to reduce acreage in soil-depleting crops like cotton and wheat and bring the land back to a self-sustaining basis.

Under the old system families seldom kept gardens, because they moved nearly every year. Now barn and house and fields were theirs as long as they met their commitments. Of course they began to make gardens. A fine place needs a fine garden. It needs flowers, too. A sharecropper growing roses — inconceivable! But I have seen the rosebushes.

A sharecropper or a laborer has no tools and animals of his own. To provide them, the FSA loaned each family an average of \$1300 on a five-year note at five percent interest. The first purchase was

horses or mules. Uncle Jim, a Negro, could scarcely believe his eyes when two fine mares began stomping in his barn. He and his wife lay awake the night through, windows open, to make sure that the team was all right. Clubbing together, groups of families bought grain drills, mowers, stalk cutters, disk harrows.

The before-and-after story of yield from the land is impressive. Cotton acreage has been cut in half, wheat to a fifth. Acreage planted to hay, legumes and truck gardens has multiplied ten times. To feed 115 head of cattle (a four-fold increase) there are now 1270 acres of pasturage instead of 70. There are twice as many horses and mules, 8 times as many chickens, 16 times as many hogs. In a typical family, Ma has laid down 450 quarts of vegetables in the storage vault, together with canned meat and lard.

For the first time in their lives these people have a chance to get out of the squirrel cage of debt. To meet financial obligations they have two main sources of cash income: sales of cotton and AAA payments. They get the most for their cotton thanks to a coöperative organized by Baasch, who remembers what happened in Denmark. Every member of the community, white and colored, is included, each having one vote. A trained manager is hired, the coöperative leases from the govern-

ment a cotton gin, and borrows \$20,000 for working capital. Farmers share pro rata the ginning profits. The coöperative, besides selling their baled cotton and cottonseed as a unit, opens a store, a blacksmith shop, and a sire service to improve the livestock. In its second year the coöperative pays back \$3500 in profits to members, after setting aside a reserve and making an extra year's payment on its government loan.

The coöperative idea spreads to a medical care program which 94 families join. It spreads to a community library, a night school for Negro adults; into church work, knitting clubs, softball clubs, 4-H clubs, home economics demonstrations. These are the people who have been written off the books as shiftless and "no 'count."

Think of it — 100 families with no pattern of working together, 100 separate, aimless, rootless units, forging a new social organism, where everyone makes his contribution and has his place, where people become aware of the untapped resources within themselves. Said one Negro farmer in La Forge, after a year: "I ain't a nigger, I'se colored folks."

Let us look at a typical family budget. (Every La Forge family must keep a budget.) Total income is \$1277, of which \$300 is from the AAA. Most of the rest is from cotton, but these people no longer live or die by cotton. They are now

producing livestock, eggs, soybeans, lespedeza, milk.

Total outgo is \$933, of which \$515 goes for rent and repayment of FSA equipment loans. The rest is for farm expenses, repairs, medical and veterinary fees.

So the average family has a cash balance of \$344 for clothes, furnishings, etc. In addition livestock increases every year. Since the Rural Electrification Administration has brought them current, some families now buy radios, electric irons, washing machines, refrigerators. At the start the 100 families had an average of \$28 worth of personal property, including cash. At the end of two years they had \$1440 worth. The figure is higher today.

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Compton. In 1937 they had \$10 worth of household goods and a battered jalopy in which they groped around for work as farm laborers. They called their shack the "Frigidaire." If they saw \$75 cash in a year, they felt rich. Now they have a fine farm, electricity, two cows, three goats, 27 pigs, two calves, a team of mules, and \$600 clear last year.

A few families are shiftless or unwise in their spending, but there is no question about the improvement in living standards and self-reliance of the group as a whole.

The equipment loan will be liquidated in three years, the co-operative loan in ten, and the

government's whole investment within the term of large private real estate operations. This investment, to be sure, does not include FSA overhead, some WPA road labor, or various technical services. But farm subsidies are now costing taxpayers upwards of a billion dollars a year, without much of it coming back. If La Forge were the nation-wide farm relief pattern, taxpayers would not be out a cent in the long run.

The future is not without danger, however. The project could be wrecked by a different administrative policy at Washington — say selling the land to members without restrictions. It could be wrecked if racial antagonisms should suddenly blaze up; if coöperative habits should reverse their upward course; if crops should fail utterly, or cotton cease to be a cash crop. But even its destruction could not take away the lesson of these three years: if folks at the bottom are offered a chance to amount to something, they roll up their sleeves and take it; human beings, given material equipment and spiritual hope, can be literally made over.

When Hans Baasch left La Forge to father another project, he gave a farewell talk. Sarah Harris, wife of the preacher, replied: "We need to take hold of the hands that are reached down to us, so that we can reach down and take our children's hands and lift them up."

Can the Nazis Steal Our South American Trade?

Condensed from Forbes

Carl Crow

POPULAR IMPRESSION is that North American businessmen are rank amateurs in foreign trade, constantly losing business in South America to the clever Germans.

Primed with this preconception, the visitor from the States disembarks and his re-education begins. Landing at Rio, I took a taxi — made in Detroit. Before we reached the hotel we had passed dozens of advertising signs just like the ones on Main Street — Goodyear, Kodak, Palmolive, to name three at random. In the hotel I spotted a National cash register and an Underwood typewriter. I rode to my floor in an Otis elevator. Turning the key in the Yale lock, the bell-boy ushered me into my room and switched on the General Electric fan.

CARL CROW speaks with authority on the practical problems of foreign trade. It was from the wealth of his 25 years of business experience in the Far East that he wrote the 1937 best seller, *400 Million Customers*. His *Handbook for China*, first published in 1912, is still selling. Mr. Crow has just returned from a three months' survey of business conditions in South America.

Rio is no special instance; everywhere in South America goods "made in U.S.A." dominate the market. Paris garters support Argentinian socks; all the way from São Paulo around to Lima you can get Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Shredded Wheat or Quaker Oats for breakfast. The sure cure for a passing touch of homesickness anywhere south of Panama is (a) to go to the movies, where the film invariably will be from Hollywood, or (b) visit a drugstore where everything will be utterly familiar, including the day's special on Gillette blades or Colgate's toothpaste.

In 1938, when German high pressure sales methods were presumably at their peak of efficiency, our sales to the 20 Latin-American republics exceeded the *combined* sales of Germany, Great Britain and Japan. Exclude Central America, where we are overwhelmingly in the lead, and our exports to South America still exceeded Germany's by 50 percent. In six years of desperate Nazi effort, German exports increased 15 percent. In the same years, ours increased 84 percent, and

to South America, 162 percent. Four fifths of our South American trade was in fully manufactured goods, just the category in which we meet the Germans head-on.

Nor is this the whole story. One of the most impressive developments in Latin America is the growth of great branch factories where U. S. firms manufacture or complete the manufacture of their goods. The output of these plants does not get into export-import statistics, but does effectively close the market for European imports.

The question is not, as it is so often put, can we capture South American trade? The real question is, can we hold it in a postwar world, if Germany dominates Europe and faces us with the competition of goods made under an economy where labor costs are state-controlled?

I think we can.

First, we do not now compete with Germany on price; our goods, by and large, are more expensive than German and still we outsell them. I suppose there is no better illustration than sewing machines -- an important item in South American homes. There are German-made sewing machines that sell for one half the price of ours (Italian and Japanese makes are cheaper still), but from Panama to Patagonia three fourths of all sewing machines in use are Singers. They are just so much better that they are worth the difference in price.

As I strolled the dead Sunday streets of Lima I amused myself by noticing who made the padlocks on the shutters. Virtually all were Yale locks. All through South America, builders prefer American hardware, though German is cheaper. I could multiply these illustrations at length.

The typical U. S. manufacturer's ideal has been to create a product so good that it would sell even when competing goods were cheaper, to identify it with a brand name, and then to create a demand for it by advertising. In the main, he has succeeded brilliantly. More than 200 products of U. S. origin ranging alphabetically from abrasives to zippers are advertised widely in South America. Even before the war, there were fewer than 50 British and German products advertised thus.

It has often been pointed out that our automobiles, typewriters, toothpastes and so on can be made well and cheaply because the United States is a market of 130,000,000 people, permitting the economies of mass production. Suppose Hitler eventually dominates Europe, a market of perhaps 150,000,000 people -- will he not have the same advantage?

Not at all, not for a hundred years. That is about the time it would take to develop a good, brisk market for toothpaste among the Rumanian peasants. To state it more ponderously, the purchasing

power isn't there and the educated demand isn't there. And if the Nazi economy envisages raising the purchasing power of the Bulgar to the point where every farmer can buy a car and a tractor, the Nazis will have to raise labor costs to match ours. If they do that, they cannot undersell us with the same quality of goods. They can't have it both ways.

Quality of German goods has deteriorated sharply in recent years because the Nazi government, in order to get foreign exchange credits, forced German industry to produce goods as fast as possible and get them to market at any price. All up and down both coasts I heard stories of German machines proving defective, of electric fans wearing out in a few months. These were not cheap, unbranded goods, but were from the Siemens-Schukert factory. It will be years before this fine old German concern can regain its reputation. In Chile numerous German planes, obtained by barter, are still on the ground. No one wants to fly them.

In Buenos Aires I saw a factory turning out Royal Baking Powder at the rate of 1000 cans an hour. Gillette blades are shipped down in long rolls of steel ready to be cut into proper lengths. Otis elevators are manufactured and assembled in several cities. General Motors and Ford maintain huge plants. And in these and the scores of other U. S.-owned factories, the

standards of inspection are precisely the same as those at home. At the Buenos Aires plant of a well-advertised line of cosmetics, for example, samples of every batch are sent by air mail to the laboratories at home, and nothing is bottled for market until an okay is cabled back.

The American salesman abroad is the most favored of his profession. He sells a product with which the retailer is already familiar and for which there is a steady demand. He is frequently a highly trained technical expert. If he is selling a machine he can operate it and, if necessary, repair it. His customers rely on him for advice. In a great many lines, such as motorcars, office equipment, and electric refrigerators, his only competitors are other Americans. Compared to him the German salesman is like the old-fashioned peddler who used to tramp the country roads with a pack on his back.

With each year that passes German factories face growing competition from rapidly developing local industries. Thousands of big and little establishments throughout Latin America — most of them new — are making just the kind of cheap consumer goods on which German and Japanese trade has thrived in the past — cheap hardware, knitted goods, cotton cloth, glassware, porcelain, toys and aluminum ware. Price considered, the products are better than German

and Japanese goods, and besides, they are protected by high tariffs. The growth of these factories raises local standards of living, adds to the number of the middle class and so creates a great number of possible customers for the quality products of the United States.

In only one respect have the American manufacturer and salesman been defeated. In one country after another they have been faced by import control, exchange permits, blocked currencies and barter deals, often German promoted. Other countries have followed the German example. Chile alone had 17 different barter agreements with various countries when I arrived in Santiago and made an additional one while I was there.

But even more complete development of the forced trade system need not destroy our business in South America. We need only adopt the same tactics ourselves and insist that all countries from which we make purchases take payment in our products. This is entirely contrary to the American principle of free competition and the open door in trade, but it

would work to our advantage and to the very serious disadvantage of Germany.

For example, in every year since 1921 we have bought a great deal more from Brazil than we have sold her, the figures for 1937 being \$120,000,000 in purchases as against \$68,000,000 in sales. If we should apply barter methods to even up these figures, the increased purchases Brazil would have to make from us would be sufficient to cut the sales of British and German products in half.

It is to be hoped that we will never be compelled to adopt the totalitarian technique but, if we have to do so, we have a head start on the Nazis. Our exporters have demonstrated the principle of selling on quality rather than price. They have made our goods pre-eminent in the South American market. They have given us a reputation for commercial integrity enjoyed by no other nation except Great Britain. No matter by what export methods a triumphant Germany might challenge us there, we'd be on solid ground in meeting the challenge.

Illustrative Anecdotes — 46 —

AN ASSISTANT rushed into William S. Knudsen's office one day, very upset because a certain report was missing. How could they act?

"There are two kinds of reports," Knudsen said calmly. "One says you can't do it. The other says it has been done. The first kind is no good. The second kind you don't need."

— Edson Blair in *Barron's*

Every Man His Own Artist

Condensed from *School and Society*

Leigh Mitchell Hodges

ON HIS WAY home one night from a settlement house in Philadelphia's dingy Bainbridge Street, Samuel S. Fleisher noticed three small boys gazing at a cheap chromo in a shop window — a too-green landscape topped by a too-black cloud.

"Pretty, ain't it!" one was saying. "Gee, y'could walk right into it an' go for miles an' miles!"

The youngsters' spontaneous response to even this crude bit of art struck a spark in young Fleisher's mind. Scion of a wealthy family, he had been working with boys in that slum district and had seen how untrained hands constantly got their

owners into trouble; especially young hands given to throwing stones, fighting, and defacing property. Could he turn those hands to something creative? On the spur of the impulse he asked the three young connoisseurs if they'd like to meet him at the settlement a few evenings later and paint some pictures themselves.

To his surprise, the three youngsters turned up bringing a dozen more, none over 14. Mr. Fleisher told them they could come as often as they chose, work with crayons and paint as long as they pleased, without cost.

Within a few weeks older boys began to drift in to the class. An art instructor volunteered help. Everything remained wholly informal — just a free chance for a fellow to let himself out in ways that would at least make life pleasanter, even if they never did anything else for him. But the underlying purpose was to teach work for the joy of working.

So, 42 years ago, was born the Graphic Sketch Club, named by the boys themselves. Unique, and a bit beyond belief till you've seen

AS EDITORIAL assistant to Edward Bok, Leigh Mitchell Hodges' first assignment was "something that can't be done": an interview with the recluse, Hetty Green, "richest woman in the world." Hodges traced Hetty to her cheap Hoboken waterfront apartment, made friends with her Mexican hairless dog — after the dog had bitten him — and got the interview. In 1907 Hodges inaugurated the first campaign for Christmas seals. His column, "The Optimist," begun in 1902 in the *Philadelphia Times* and now carried by the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, is believed to be the longest-lived newspaper column under one authorship.

it, it is now handsomely housed in the same unattractive neighborhood, with a roster of more than 70,000 former students and a current annual enrollment of some 2500 of both sexes; aged 5 to 70, white and colored, rich and poor, of many nationalities; representing nearly every calling and profession.

Five years after the first meeting, the Graphic Sketch Club outgrew its birthplace. One evening members carried their belongings to larger quarters. While they were fixing up their new home, street gangs showed their contempt for such sissies by stoning the windows. Several nights of pane-smashing brought no reproof; only re-glazing. So the gang leader decided to look into such vexing patience, and the result was a request for enrollment - "if you're sure it won't cramp my style!" Today he teaches sculpture in a local art school.

The boys kept the rooms in order; new members were coming in all the time, and girl friends began asking why they couldn't join. "It's up to the group," said Mr. Fleisher.

The girls came; more instructors were hired and larger space added. Then one day, Mr. Fleisher brought down from his home a vanload of rare paintings, statuary and art objects collected in his world travels, and made a museum of one floor.

"That club of Sam Fleisher's downtown" was being talked about

in local art circles, but outside of that little was known of it save in its own dilapidated neighborhood. Before long street gangs were creating less disorder, largely because the club had depleted their membership. Also, houses were spruced up a bit — cleaner curtains and front stoops, and more flowering plants in the windows. As the boys began taking home drawings or paintings, parents decided they'd like to make a try at such things.

By 1920 still more room was needed. So Mr. Fleisher bought and remodeled two houses — one adjoining an abandoned church. Then when he heard that the church — a choice example of Romanesque architecture, with an interior of unusual beauty — was about to be sold for use as a garage, he bought it, too, and restored it, retaining all the atmosphere of a house of worship. Tapestries, paintings, jeweled vestments are mellowed by the soft glow of many candles. It has become a veritable museum of ecclesiastical art. Its one purpose is to provide a place wherein students may contemplate the kinship of art to things spiritual, or where a tired mother with her children may forget awhile the cares of a dingy dwelling and find new courage in the transcribed music of the masters which comes like a benediction from the great organ.

Neither here nor elsewhere in the club buildings is there a "Silence" or "Please do not handle"

sign. There are no guards or watchmen; no locks on treasure-filled cases or cabinets. Nothing would be easier than to slip under a coat or shawl any one of countless small objects scattered throughout these buildings, and some of them would fetch tidy sums. Yet not one ever has been missed.

To the Graphic Sketch Club people come evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays for expert guidance in drawing; painting with oils, water colors or pastels; etching; sculpture and rhythmic dancing — all free. From the start Mr. Fleisher has met the entire cost, save for professional models.

Upstairs a nude model is posing for the life class. In the circle around her are a high school girl from a distant part of the city; a neat Chinese youth — “I help in my father’s laundry”; a middle-aged house painter; a stocky physician who has been coming to “this wonderful place off and on for years”; a second-year student in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; three commercial artists; an elderly banker who has toyed with oils in spare hours.

In a big room where students are taking turns at 10-minute poses for the sketch class, a woman faces her blank sheet of paper with a perplexed look. Her eyes twinkle, though, as she says, “This is just Mother stepping out a bit. I’ve spent my life bringing up two boys, and now I want a little breath of something

else.” Nearby sits a pretty Menonite girl, white half-bonnet and plain garb. She works in a delicatessen. “Last week,” she explains, “a lady told me she’d never seen such lovely salad designs. She asked why I didn’t go to the Graphic Sketch Club. I’d never heard of it, but she told me about it, and that’s why I’m here.”

There seems to be but one answer as to the meaning of this club, whether from those who’ve found it a free path to scholarships and honors or from the far larger number who consider it “a playground for the soul”: a meaning not easily put in words, but vividly expressed by the eager faces and busy hands of those who make up the average 800-a-week attendance.

There are now 10 instructors, all former students. Mr. Fleisher spends many of his evenings with the students. Ever since leaving college and going to work in his father’s yarn mills, he had spent much time working with people in the poorer sections of the city. Twenty years ago he retired from business to devote all of his time to art and education movements.

Now facing 70, his simplicity of manner and modesty make him seem still youthful. To get from him any idea of what the Graphic Sketch Club has cost these 42 years would be about as easy as to break into Fort Knox. He alone knows, and even he could not tell accurately. But taking it all in all —

buildings, equipment, furnishings, decorations, art treasures, salaries, prizes and maintenance — it must be near the million-dollar mark.

Philadelphia's real awakening to the Graphic Sketch came in 1924, when Mr. Fleisher received the Philadelphia Award, founded by the late Edward Bok — a gold medal and \$10,000 given annually to some citizen for "a service calculated to advance the best and largest interests of the community." Since then he has helped develop the Cape May County Art League in New Jersey, a rural reflection of the Graphic Sketch Club, and a similar movement in Chester County, Pennsylvania.

There's no way of knowing how far the influence of the club has spread. Many educators and art leaders have visited Philadelphia to study it.

In the club's first home in Catharine Street was modeled the group which won the Prix de Rome

for Albin Polásek, long head of the department of sculpture in the Chicago Art Institute. There Aurelius Renzetti, teacher of sculpture in the Philadelphia Art Museum's School of Industrial Art, came as the son of a tailor who was disappointed when his boy declined to follow his trade. In the basement of the present buildings Richard Bishop, then a successful engineer and now pre-eminent among etchers of wild fowl, only 10 years ago needled his first lines on coated copper.

Some 80 European scholarships have been won by former students. Leopold Seyffert, Benton Spruance, Lazar Raditz, and many another successful painter have "come up from Catharine Street." Yet the club's main contribution is something less tangible and of larger import: its emphasis on beauty as a helpful companion in daily living, and its placing of this invaluable asset within free reach of anyone.

French Sentiment

*J*EAN GABIN, a leading film actor in France, upon his arrival in New York recently was asked what was the French attitude toward the British.

"We are both pro- and anti-British," he said. "Those who are pro-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the gallant British win quickly.' Those who are anti-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the dirty British win right away.'"

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

☞ A hard-hitting editor, a bellicose Rough Rider,
an old-fashioned American — Frank Knox

The Navy's New Boss

Condensed from *Life*

Jack Alexander



WHEN Frank Knox's elevation to Secretary of the Navy was announced, Republican Party leaders fumed. The man who four years earlier had been Republican candidate for Vice-President explained his acceptance by saying, "I am an old soldier who fought in two wars. I am an American first, and a Republican after that."

As an American, Knox is a dusty museum piece straight out of the Theodore Roosevelt wing of the gallery of patriotism, the banner of Manifest Destiny in one hand, a Big Stick in the other. Nativity in a log cabin is the only classic element missing in Knox's life. In 1885, when Frank was 11, his father's grocery in Grand Rapids, Michigan, produced a thin income and Frank helped his parents by getting up at 3 a.m. to deliver newspapers.

His mother wanted him to become a minister and he was sent to Alma College, a Presbyterian school, where he worked his way by waiting on table, soliciting trade for an ice company, and painting advertising on barns. When war was de-

clared on Spain, husky young Knox, then a senior, pedaled 60 miles on a bicycle to the Michigan militiamen's camp and applied for enlistment. Taken to Tampa before being sworn in, Knox got acquainted with some Rough Riders waiting to go to Cuba. Entranced by the collection of swaggering cowboys and Harvard men, he joined them instead of the militia.

During one engagement in Cuba a sharpshooter's bullet carried away the chunky, redheaded trooper's hat and a tuft of hair, and scared him half to death. After the charge up San Juan Hill young Knox adopted the Colonel of the Rough Riders as his ideal. The reverential attitude has never worn off.

Letters Knox wrote from Cuba were printed in the *Grand Rapids Herald*. When he was mustered out, a job as reporter at \$10 a week awaited him. He took the job and married Annie Reid, a girl he had known at Alma.

By 1902 he was able to set himself up as a newspaper publisher in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Here

he became an apostle of the Big Stick in his own way. He muck-raked gustily against the frontier conditions grown up around a boom in electric power development. A saloonkeeper, whose license had been revoked because of a Knox editorial, dropped in looking for a fight and the young publisher threw him down a flight of stairs. One hoodlum announced that he would shoot Knox if he turned up at the corner of Ashmun and River Streets at 11 o'clock the next morning. Knox was there on time, unarmed, and nothing happened. With his fists and editorials he cleaned up the Soo. From the first he mixed politics with publishing and by 1910 he was strong enough to elect Chase S. Osborn, a progressive Republican, to the governorship.

In 1912 Knox became co-publisher of the Manchester, N. H., *Leader*. Throughout his New England days he was constantly at work organizing movements, most of them successful ones. He formed leagues against high taxation; he was a leader in the formation of the New England Council, a super-Chamber of Commerce which has done much to benefit that region.*

It was Knox who persuaded his old Colonel to run for President in 1912. When the Bull Moose convention nominated T. R. and the delegates sang *Onward, Christian*

Soldiers, Knox, who is a sentimental man, wept.

Knox, 43 when America entered the World War, could respectably have stayed out of it. Instead, he enlisted as a private and, successfully resisting attempts to put him in a swivel chair, saw action with the 303rd Ammunition Train of the 78th Division. He emerged a major and, through civilian illogic, was ever after known as colonel.

Colonel Knox jumped abruptly from small-town to big-town journalism in 1927 when Hearst put him in charge of his Boston newspapers at a salary of \$52,000. His work was so effective that he was made general manager of all the Hearst properties and his salary raised to more than \$150,000. In December 1930 Knox suddenly resigned. Shortly afterward he became publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*.

In the years of peace Knox never lost the Rough Rider spirit nor gave up his worship of the strenuous life. He added iron and muscle to the eminently conservative *News*. "Have we gone soft?" he asked in a front-page editorial on world affairs. "From where do members of Congress derive the idea that it is popular to be afraid?"

The offer of the cabinet post was first made to Knox at a White House luncheon in December 1939. Knox did not agree that the situation abroad was critical enough to call for a national unity gesture.

* See "New England Comes Back," *The Reader's Digest*, October, '36.

And, besides, he did not want to go in as a lone Republican. Early in 1940 the offer was repeated. A third offer came in mid-May. By this time the Germans had swarmed into Norway and overrun the Low Countries. Knox changed his mind about the existence of a crisis, and his other objection was leveled when Henry L. Stimson accepted the war portfolio.

As a challenge to his physical endurance, the Navy job undoubtedly appealed strongly to Knox, who at 67 looks ten years younger and takes as much pride in his physique as a correspondence-school weight-lifter. One afternoon last summer he bustled happily into a gathering of Washington newspaper friends. "A doctor in New York examined me yesterday and said my arteries were only 42 years old," he announced with pride. For 30 years he has spent the first 15 waking minutes of his day in vigorous "God-it's-good-to-be-alive" calisthenics learned in the Army.

Secretaries of the Navy rarely dig themselves very deeply into the job. Usually they are politicians who make a social asset of the position, and sign whatever papers are put on their desks. When Knox took office the capital closely watched the impact of his kinetic, glandular personality upon the tradition-robed hierarchy of admirals. The expected explosion never came. Knox was enthralled by the Navy, and the admirals fell

hard for him. They liked his enthusiasm, and they were gratified by his close contacts with important Washingtonians, from the President down. Now after seven months, Knox plays golf with the admirals and calls them by their nicknames.

But Knox has not allowed his familiarity with the bureaucrats to obscure the fact that he is boss. An admiral who turns up with an excuse at the weekly conference is told bluntly that results, not alibis, are expected. The admirals do a lot of talking back, a practice Knox encourages, but after the free-for-all argument is over, he makes the decisions. In turn, he himself reports to President Roosevelt, who, as titular Commander in Chief and a lifelong amateur of naval affairs, is the Navy's real Number One man. Roosevelt is depending on Knox's driving power to put speed behind the naval building program.

Promptly after being sworn in the Secretary showed that he meant business, when, with tanks and other modern arms, he increased the striking power of the Marines, the Navy's first punch in landing operations. "This gives the Navy a real left jab," he said.

Calling for "Action, action! Speed, speed!" the Secretary shifted commands right and left, putting more aggressive officers into key Fleet positions. The average age of the flag officers is lower today than it has ever been before. In the

Pacific Fleet, Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, described as an officer more audacious than most, was jumped over the heads of many seniors to his present post which carries with it the title of Commander in Chief of all three fleets, Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic. Kimmel was unquestionably meant as a stop signal to Japanese aspirations southward.

One of Knox's concrete contributions to the speed-up was the perception that the Department itself was the basic bottleneck in naval expansion. During his first week in office Knox delegated an efficiency expert to find out why many bureaus were hopelessly behind in their work. Patiently counting the unanswered letters on every desk at the end of the day, the expert reported the main obstacle was an acute shortage of clerks to handle correspondence. Knox raised his clerical force from 3800 to 6000. Today, at his order, every man's desk must be clear when he goes home at night.

More time was saved by putting in a staff of receptionists to winnow out visitors. Oddly, no one had thought of this before, and tourists and curiosity seekers roamed the building, upsetting routine and asking questions of officials and clerks. Simple touches like these have given the Department the efficient tone of a business office.

To accelerate shipbuilding a greater degree of autonomy has been given to naval officers on supervisory duty in shipyards. A shortage of skilled shipbuilding labor in coastal areas has been overcome by utilizing federal and state employment agency lists of unemployed craftsmen in inland cities. The 40-hour week has given way to a 48-hour week and the yards work three shifts a day.

Yet ships cannot be turned out in assembly-line fashion. Present-day warships are immensely more intricately wrought than their World War prototypes. In building a destroyer, four man-hours per pound of material are required where one sufficed in 1918. One of Knox's knottier tasks has been to work out a compromise between the shipbuilders who bridle at changes in design during construction and the fighting men who insist upon the latest developments in speed, armor and firing power. As a result of the compromising to date, destroyers which took 32 months to build are now built in 18, cruisers have come down from 36 months to 30. Battleships still take from three to four years.

The Secretary is enthusiastic about the Navy's future. "When the day of Hitler's defeat comes," he says, "seapower will again be dominant, and its center will not be in London but in Washington."



❏ A successful spiritual movement
started by business clubs

Quincy Goes to Church

Condensed from Christian Herald

John D. Greene

A STRANGE THING is happening in Quincy, Massachusetts. The laymen are joyously herding each other to church.

It all began back in January 1939, when the Reverend Victor V. Sawyer suggested to Kiwanis a layman's movement to increase church attendance through a series of noon religious services during Lent — "to give primacy to human and spiritual rather than material values." The Church Attendance Council was created, with members from Kiwanis, Rotary, the Jewish service club Quintonus, and the Chamber of Commerce. The Council got 300 other organizations to endorse the dual program of getting people to go to church and increasing coöperation among different sects.

The first achievement was a series of six half-hour religious meetings, at noontime Wednesdays, in the Strand Theater. Church bells rang for ten minutes before each meeting, and hundreds of busy people came to sing, enjoy short talks by minister, priest or rabbi, and go back to their tasks refreshed.

The idea was so popular that four more meetings were held in January 1940. Attendance ran 500, 800, 1050, 1250. Again in October of last year the program was repeated, with noted speakers from out of town. Protestant introduced Jewish speaker, Jew introduced Catholic, Catholic introduced Protestant. Every meeting hammered home the "go to church" theme. There were no collections. Clergymen from 40 churches reported attendance up from 10 to 20 percent.

Henceforth the Sunday after Easter in Quincy is to be "Walk to Church Sunday," with Seth Parker's slogan, "You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together." Last year all the city's church bells rang the preceding night, the newspaper advertised the "walk to church" idea and organizations promoted it among their members. Quincy churches, that Sunday, were crowded with the biggest attendance of the year. Another Sunday, in December, is Exchange Sunday, clergymen trading pulpits all over town.

The Quincy plan cost \$235 the

first year, \$350 the second. Service clubs and a few individuals make up the budget, which goes almost entirely for publicity. Civic leader Delcevere King is the hard-working secretary, contributing time and office space. Everybody gives something; the *Quincy Patriot Ledger* gives advertising space, editorial and news support. Theater owner Fred Murphy gives the use of the theater. Stores and business houses donate time and effort to work up attendance. Mayor Burgin issues official proclamations about special churchgoing days.

Church attendance is but the outward manifestation of the movement's real driving force.

"There is a growing belief that if democracy is to survive there must be a concerted effort to raise our moral and spiritual standards," says one piece of Quincy's promotional material.

"It's not sentiment, it's plain common sense," replies Walter A. Schmitz, business manager of the *Quincy Patriot Ledger*, to a wondering comment on the vigorous backing the newspaper gives. "A churchgoing community is a good community, and a good community is a good place for a newspaper."

The movement is spreading. Neighboring towns are starting it this year, and queries have come in from Wisconsin, Montana, South Dakota, Michigan, California. Because it is in harmony with today's ground swell toward stable spiritual values, it is bound to spread.

It's a unique community idea, in that not a single criticism has been leveled against it. None can be. The work itself is fun, and *all* its results are good — for the community, for the individual.

Why not in your town?

Don't Stop Us

A TRAVELING salesman, caught in a torrential rainstorm, stopped overnight at a farmhouse. In the morning, he looked out on a flood coursing through the front yard. He watched pieces of fence, chicken coops, branches, and an old straw hat floating past with the current. Then he saw the straw hat come back, upstream past the house! Then he saw it go down again. Pretty soon it came back upstream — and by now the salesman wondered if he had gone crazy.

Finally he called the farmer's daughter. "Oh," she said, after a glance out the window, "that must be Grandpa. He said yesterday that in spite of hell or high water he was going to mow the yard today."

— Contributed by Marguerite Coyle

Q A true — if almost incredible — tale
of Alaska in the days of the Gold Rush

Gold Is Where You Find It

Condensed from "Personal Exposures"

Rex Beach

Author of "The Spoilers," "Flowing Gold," etc.



BACK in the winter of 1900 when Nome, Alaska, was a high peak on the world's gold-fever chart, the loveliest creature I had ever seen appeared in that frontier town and opened a small hotel. Stirred by romantic stories of the golden North, she had come to Alaska with a party of friends. Most of them promptly returned home but the country fascinated her and she determined to stay and make a fortune.

Slim, blonde and dimpled, she carried her chin with a scornful tilt and had a temper as explosive as gunpowder. Hers was the valor of ignorance: nothing had ever harmed her, hence she put faith in everybody and feared nothing.

When gold had been discovered, Nome mushroomed from a town of three to 20,000 people in the first ten days following the spring break-up. It was an exciting show.

Sidewalks were jammed with men from every part of the world; the single muddy, unpaved street was thick with dogcarts hauling freight from the beach. The saloons and gambling houses were crowded and from open dance-hall doors came blaring music and high-pitched laughter.

Clean rooms were in great demand, and the girl's hotel made money from the start. She ran it herself, but lived in a small cabin nearby, where a ponderous and belligerent Negro woman did her cooking and housework.

That winter Nome was also graced by a gang of eight of the most extraordinary undesirables that ever invaded the North. For some reason these gamblers, thieves and gunmen called themselves the Wag Boys. They outnumbered the agents of justice, and possibly for that reason the law flew a flag of

truce and ignored them as pointedly as possible.

One night the girl heard sounds of distress outside her door. A man greeted her weakly: "Hiya, Beautiful! I'm hurt."

His knees buckled and she had to help him inside; then as she prepared to run for assistance he told her, "No doctor!"

"But you've been shot!"

He grinned feebly. "Let's keep it a secret. What say?"

The wound was in the fellow's shoulder. Under his directions she picked out the shreds of cloth, washed the hole with whisky and packed it with strips from a clean handkerchief.

"Sorry to bother you," he apologized when he was able to stand, "but I couldn't make it a step further."

"Let me help you home," she volunteered.

He shook his head.

"You can't afford to be seen with any of us. At that, I'd like to come back and have you change the bandage, if you don't mind."

"I do mind. You're a lot of no-gooders!"

"Okay! I'll change it myself."

"At least my hands are clean," the girl exclaimed. "Come back if you must."

Thereafter, gifts began to appear at her door mysteriously — delicacies not for sale in any store. When her patient returned for treatment, she protested.

"Forget it," he said. "We've adopted you."

"But I don't want to be adopted by a gang of crooks! These are all stolen goods and I'm likely to get in trouble."

"Listen," he told her. "Oranges don't care who eats 'em. With us for lookouts, trouble is the one thing that can't happen to you."

Thus she became the involuntary ward of these scalawags, who called her "The Wag Lady." That they really took the burdens of guardianship seriously was shortly proven.

One night a patron of her hotel handed her a gold sack of such size and weight that she hesitated to accept responsibility for it. She explained that her safe was not very secure anyhow, and that it had to be opened repeatedly in order to make change. However, the hour was late, no better place of safekeeping was available and the man insisted on leaving the dust with her.

Soon two Wag Boys whom she knew only by sight entered, sat down, and examined their surroundings with interest. Her suspicions were aroused and she asked them to leave. They refused — they were waiting to meet a couple of guys, they said. She leaned back against the safe, thus closing the door, then silently turned the combination. She was breathing easier when the door opened violently and two masked men burst in. With one bound the Wag Boys fell on them, dragged

them out into the night and administered a thorough cleaning. When this was done, one of them poked his head in the door and announced cheerfully, "Let your hair down, sister. It's all over."

"Did you know they —?"

"Sure! They're the guys we were waiting for."

"And I thought *you* were after that poke!"

The Wag Boy grinned, and was gone. Never again did anyone make bold to molest her.

The Wag Boys' most sensational exploit occurred about the time of my return to Nome after chasing a will-o'-the-wisp gold discovery in the back country. An epidemic of typhoid had broken out and the girl was stricken. Her Negro cook was utterly incompetent, there were neither hospital accommodations nor nurses to care for her, so the Wag Boys took charge. Organizing themselves into three eight-hour shifts of two men each, and under the supervision of Hulda, their leader's girl, who ran their house for them, they nursed the Wag Lady through weeks of delirium. No women could have been more patient, gentle, or considerate than were those outlaws. So busy and so concerned were they that the local crime wave flattened into a dead calm.

Perhaps the Wags admired in any girl the virtues they had been taught to respect. On the other hand, crooks sometimes get the same kick out of an adventure in decency that a conservative person derives from an act of daredeviltry. Whatever it was that prompted them, they managed to save the life of their protégé.

But the fever had shrunk her to a pitiful shadow; she was as weak as water and almost blind. The

doctor said she would recover normal sight — if she could regain her strength.

To do that she needed fresh milk, and plenty of it. But there was only one cow in Nome and the owner would sell neither her nor her milk.

Obviously there was but one thing to do. The Wag Boys stole the cow. That was no great trick for them, but how to provide a safe hide-out in a small, snowbound community was something else. For the time being they put her in their living room.

The next problem, of course, was to get the milk. None of the desperadoes knew how. When one made a fumbling approach from the rear, the animal kicked him into the kitchen. The next volunteer who sidled up to her learned that cows can kick forward as freely as backward. In the midst of

this midnight hilarity, Hulda, returning from a dance, demanded an explanation of the sight of a cow in her living room. When they told her the Wag Lady had to have milk, she wrapped her lace skirt around her shapely legs and, resting her expensive hair-do against the interloper's right flank, rapidly filled the pail.

Incredible as it may sound, the gang kept that animal concealed in their house during all the hue and cry that followed her disappearance. To shush her bawling they kept a muffling crew on constant guard with bed quilts. They fed her stolen hay, prepared cereals and tinned vegetables. When they discovered that she relished canned corn they stole it by the case.

And daily they delivered fresh milk at the Wag Lady's cabin. How they managed to avoid discovery is still a mystery as baffling as the reason for their devotion to the girl. The Wag Lady meant nothing

whatever to any of them; none of them ever became in the least sentimental or spoke an insinuating word to her. They knew she disapproved of them heartily and that their misdeeds shocked her, but they evidently appreciated her loyalty and traded upon it. When she was well over her illness they gleefully told her about the kidnaped cow and took delight in her embarrassment.

The Wag Boys broke up, along with the spring ice; one by one they left Nome and neither the girl nor I ever heard what became of them. Presumably some of them came to no good end; on the other hand, they may have reformed. I sincerely hope so, for their many kindnesses to a sick, helpless girl have always seemed pretty chivalrous and I have long wanted to thank them.

In this I share my wife's feelings. You see, I married the Wag Lady.

The Irish of It

¶ "I DON'T KNOW why they'd call him 'Father,'" said the Irish-woman in reference to the Church of England pastor, "him that's married and has children!"

¶ "Thank God that you're the lucky one that had it to lose," an old Irish friend consoled me, upon the loss of money.

¶ "Oh, they has to preach hell at the boys to conthrol thim at all!" an earnest Irish maid argued with a Christian Scientist mistress. "Sure, if there wasn't a hell my brother'd have been there long ago!"

— Kathleen Norris in *Cosmopolitan*

Up from the Precincts

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., and Robert M. Yoder

LIKE ALL politicians, the Chicago ward boss has a streak of ham actor. He is as vain as a boy movie star, but his vanity is soothed daily in the routine of his job. The hangers-on all scramble to say, "Good morning, boss." Well-to-do businessmen kowtow to him. The boss enjoys ordering drinks for the boys in his favorite saloon. He draws a sense of power from his charitable activities. He likes to be a big shot, a doer of good deeds. His prestige, however, rests on a more solid basis than mere self-esteem.

He works almost every night. His wife and children complain that he is seldom home. When he is at home a constant stream of callers prevents him from having any home life. He lives in a comfortable house, drives a medium-priced car, and eats well. With rare exceptions he drinks sparingly, either because he has a bad liver from too much boozing in the old days or because he knows he's a better politician when sober.

He goes to wakes, christenings and funerals. "I know you need God," he says at a wake, "but you

need Mammon, too," and he leaves a \$10 or a \$20 bill. He may even pay the funeral expenses. A favor like that is seldom forgotten and doesn't cost as much as you might think. He got the undertaker on the coroner's list and therefore gets cut rates. He may leave \$500 to help a precinct captain whose baby has just had an expensive operation. It would be unfair to say this generosity is to insure the loyalty of the captain.

Seen in its worst light, the boss's job is to corrupt enough voters to keep the machine in power. In doing this he deals in jobs and empty bellies; most of his "clients" are the have-nots. City patronage is figured at 30,000 jobs, with an additional 20,000 in the months before election. And if the Democratic party controls the state, it has the disposal of 20,000 state jobs in Cook County.

Each ward boss thus controls about 400 jobs. His precinct captains need one apiece, which accounts for 75, and they expect jobs paying not less than \$200 a month. Other jobs go to members of his personal staff — his buffer or con-

fidential secretary, his stool pigeons in payment for "treachery." (As the boss uses it, this term for spying on his henchmen has no stigma.) He makes the remaining jobs go as far as he can.

Five jobs paying \$1000 a year are better than one job paying \$5000. Five jobs distributed among five families bring in more votes, and besides, the boss is never sure of a man who makes \$5000 a year. He is too likely to be independent and vote as he pleases.

The boss keeps a reservoir of small jobs on hand. He can get a man a few days' work in an emergency. A man controlling nine votes gets preference over one controlling eight. A Republican who can swing votes away from the Republicans is favored over either.

The city's public works department is the best source of emergency jobs. The City Council planned it that way. Inserted in the budget is a flexible item appropriating, say, \$3,300,000 for employing common labor at \$5.95 a day. Ninety days before election the boss puts men to work in jobs of this sort. He defends the practice on the ground that the money is spent for work that needs to be done, and if it is done when it will buy the most votes that is one of the prerogatives of being "in."

The boss also gets jobs for his clients in public utilities, theaters and department stores, and in such extra-legal businesses as the race-

track handbooks which need his okay to operate. Indeed, last summer, during the federal drive on racing information services owned by Moe Annenberg, a patronage crisis confronted the machine. Ward bosses besieged City Hall for jobs to take care of ousted handbook employes.

Few voters take the trouble to vote for ward leader at primary elections, a fact which makes it easy for the boss to keep his job but somehow piques him, too. Most of them cherish the ambition to run for some high office where a mighty outpouring of votes would establish their great popularity and leadership. Forty-three of the 50 Chicago ward bosses, it is said, hope to be Chicago's next mayor.

Because of the overall efficiency of an entrenched machine the ward bosses get along in spite of the fact that some of them are clumsy politicians. The machine is realistic. It doesn't expect the impossible. Chicago's more populous wards include many foreign stocks difficult to keep at peace with each other these days. The machine, nonetheless, rates ward leaders on their ability to produce. At present the triple-A rating goes to Jacob N. Arvey, boss and alderman of the 24th ward. In the last six elections Arvey has delivered 93.1 percent or better of the votes cast in his ward. His model ward is solidly Jewish but in 1936 he accomplished the feat of delivering this

vote in a primary contest almost unanimously for the machine candidate against the incumbent Governor Henry Horner, a Jew. Despite frequent charges of fraud, independent straw votes indicate that the election returns accurately represent the voters' sentiment. Arvey works hard -- he distributes coal by the carload in winter and sends children to camp in summer -- and his people are poor.

Win or lose, it is of the utmost importance to the machine to know just how it stands. If it is slipping it can concentrate money in spots where it will do the most good. Or it can take out insurance by making a deal with candidates of the rival party. In Chicago's 20th ward the late Carmen Vacco, a Democrat, shared the rule for years with Alderman William V. Pacelli, a Republican. Under such an arrangement remarkable things can happen. In one race for state senator the successful Democratic primary candidate received 5605 votes, the Republican 257. The Democrat then withdrew, leaving the field to his rival. The ward boss who belongs to both parties is always "in."

The machine, however, doesn't condone what it considers double-dealing. One politician, who might have been Chicago's mayor, found that out in 1935. When Mayor Cermak was assassinated, the chairman of a powerful committee of the City Council was in line for the

job. But a telephone operator reported to Democratic headquarters a telephone call the committee chairman had made arranging a deal with a Republican alderman. His support melted. Edward J. Kelly, now co-boss of the Kelly-Nash machine, became mayor.

The machine demands discipline, sometimes under trying conditions. While promoting his candidacy for mayor against Ed Kelly, State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney, the present Cook County prosecutor, sent squads out to break up hundreds of illegal betting joints. It was not only an invasion of the ward leaders' territory, it threw men out of jobs. The bosses therefore had no use for Courtney, but when the machine dictated his endorsement for State's Attorney they had to take him. One of them had nourished the hope of running for the office himself and had prepared an impassioned anti-Courtney speech. He was left standing helpless in the back of the hall, speech in hand.

It is almost impossible to rebel against the machine. It can liquidate the boss overnight by firing his jobholders, alienating the affections of his precinct captains and even transferring his police captain. Just as the bosses check on their precinct captains to prevent double-crossing, so the machine checks on the bosses. Little goes on that doesn't get back to headquarters.

To verify the confidential reports from the ward leaders, the machine's all-powerful executive committee conducts remarkably accurate polls of voter sentiment. It forecast the 1940 Roosevelt vote within .18 percent. In addition, Mayor Kelly's office contains a master file, kept up to date by a highly competent secretariat, showing the vote-getting records of every precinct in every election. It is impossible to get a figure on how current city expenditures stand in relation to the budget, as of a given day, but the machine can get a complete dossier on any one of the 3648 precinct captains at the flip of a filing card.

If the machine applied the same imagination, efficiency and diligence to municipal administration that it does to getting votes, Chicago would be one of the best-run cities in the world.

But the ward boss goes his political way, firm in the knowledge that the Chicago public, which fondly refers to its politicians as "those burglars," is extremely tolerant.

A county clerk, tried for a shortage of more than \$300,000, was released when he said he'd pay it back. He never paid, but he did later sue for \$216,000 in back pay. The Kelly-Nash boss of the 12th ward, charged with a shortage as Superior Court clerk, was also found not guilty. The jury went to jail instead — not for failure to convict, but for chartering a bus and riding from bar to bar singing *Sweet Adeline*, when it was supposed to be deliberating.

On his acquittal, the boss made an illuminating remark. "I intend," he said, "to stay in politics, which is the American form of government."



Footnote to Humor

AFTER the last war that unhumorous race, the Germans, investigating the causes of morale, attributed much of the British soldier's staying power to his sense of humor, and decided to instill this sense in their own soldiers. Included in their manuals was an order to cultivate it, giving as an illustration one of Bairnsfather's pictures of "Old Bill" sitting in a building with an enormous shell hole in the wall. A new arrival asks, "What made that hole?" "Mice," replies Old Bill.

In the German manual a solemn footnote of explanation is added: "It was not mice, it was a shell."

— General Sir Archibald Wavell
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1 In accident or disaster, the Gold Cross gets there quickly with special equipment and trained men

Samaritans of the Gold Cross

Condensed from This Week Magazine

William Evans

LAST SEPTEMBER a powder plant in Kenvil, N. J., blew up, killing 51 people and injuring 200. Within a few minutes 20 ambulances marked with gold crosses brought 120 trained men to give first aid and rush the critically wounded to hospitals. When the *Hindenburg* crashed at Lakehurst, when the *Morro Castle* burned off the Jersey shore, similar gold-cross ambulances were on the job.

Spectators assume that these ambulances are from the Red Cross or local hospitals. Actually they are part of an efficient little army of 89 volunteer "rescue squads" of the New Jersey State First Aid Council and more than 100 similar squads affiliated with volunteer fire departments, American Legion posts and like organizations. Merchants and electricians, mechanics and bookkeepers are giving their time and trained skill at any hour of day or night without pay or any reward beyond self-satisfaction.

The idea originated 13 years ago with Charles Measure of Belmar, N. J., who had been an ambulance driver in France with the Rainbow Division. As a volunteer fireman in

Belmar, Measure saw many accidents at the beach or on the highway, where the victim was bundled into the nearest car and dashed off to a hospital despite the fact that injuries might be seriously aggravated by ignorant handling. Measure's war experience, plus his years as employe of a lighting company where he learned the virtues of skilled first aid, led him to advocate a trained rescue squad. Several men agreed to take a course; Frank C. Mihlon, a well-to-do businessman, financed an ambulance at a cost of \$1700; and the Belmar Rescue and First Aid Squad was born.

Its instant success caught the public imagination, and other squads were organized all over New Jersey. Then the idea spread to New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Rhode Island — even as far west as Minnesota, where 10 squads were organized last year.

The reason for this rapid growth is that, in a nation that records 9,000,000 accidents a year, outside of the larger cities few hospitals have ambulances. Today you can get an ambulance in a few minutes

almost anywhere along the Jersey coast. Indeed, if New York City should need aid in a major disaster, New Jersey could have 100 ambulances and 500 trained men on the scene in an hour.

These ambulances are equipped with running water, blankets, chemical heating pads, inhalators, gas masks, grappling hooks, insulated tools for electrical emergencies, burn kits, artery clamps, portable lights, as well as antiseptics and medications. Some squads carry highly specialized extra equipment: one has a diving suit, others have asbestos suits for oil fires, six carry acetylene metal-cutting outfits.

The typical squad numbers from 15 to 20 persons. From two to ten go with the "rig"; others follow in their own cars. All have passed advanced Red Cross courses in first aid. Each unit has from one to three physicians in an advisory capacity, giving lectures at weekly drills.

Just how good these squads are was demonstrated when one, responding to a call, was met by a civilian who said, "We just want a doctor to give permission to move the body. The guy is drowned." Squad members started giving oxygen and artificial respiration, working while the victim was being moved to the hospital. Three days later the "dead man" was discharged.

One squad worked in relays for five days, furnishing 64 tanks of oxygen to a man overcome while

working on a gas main. He survived. Another squad worked in two-hour shifts for four days and nights over a five-year-old pneumonia victim.

These volunteers also handle upward of 200 "transportation cases" a year: sick people whose physicians want them moved to a hospital. There is no charge for this service — or for any other. The bulk of squad funds come from contributions, benefit dances, parties, tag days. Until 1932 these were the sole sources of revenue. Then New Jersey enacted a law permitting county and municipal governments to donate up to \$1000 a year to individual squads.

Squad members also promote safety campaigns in their communities, hold lectures and first-aid courses for civilians. And now through coöperation with police, Red Cross and the State Defense Council the squads are being dovetailed into the general defense program.

Doctors are staunch supporters of the gold-cross squads. Although they resolutely keep within their legitimate field and don't invade the physician's domain, these volunteers can roll to a three-car smashup and take care of a severed artery, two fractures and four shock cases, or scamper down to the beach and revive three submersion cases simultaneously. These, in short, are our Organized Good Samaritans. May their tribe increase!

My Unexpected Harvest

Condensed from "Adventures in Contentment"

David Grayson

THE YEARS before I came to this farm — years spent in cities and among crowds — I like to forget. The chief impression they left upon my memory is of being ceaselessly hurried faster than I could well travel. My senses and nerves were strained to the utmost of attainment. I did not really live at all; feverishly I merely produced. I never rested or reflected, and had no genuine pleasure even though I pursued it fiercely during the brief respite of vacations.

But one day I was stopped suddenly by a fever, and lay close to death for weeks. When I came to myself once more I had no feeling except that I ought to care about going on living, but did not. It was

IN ONE PHASE of his two-sided personality, Ray Stannard Baker has been journalist, special commissioner for the Department of State in 1918 to Great Britain, France and Italy, historian of the World War peace conference, and authorized biographer of Woodrow Wilson (the 8 volumes required 12 years to write). As "David Grayson," he is author of *Adventures in Solitude*, *Great Possessions*, and a half dozen other pastoral idylls which have been translated into many languages and loved by millions. At his home in the country near Amherst, Mass., he leads a David Grayson existence in his orchard, garden and apiary.

as though I had died and escaped all further responsibility. Wearily I questioned what it was that I required for recovery. Then, one morning, there came to me with indescribable poignancy the thought of walking barefoot in cool, fresh plow furrows as I had once done when a boy. I pictured myself sitting in quiet thickets in old fence corners, the woods behind me rising still and mysterious, the fields in front stretching away in illimitable pleasantness. I thought of the good smell of cows at milking and the heat and sweat of the hayfields. I hungered for the earth and for growing things.

And thus I came to this farm and to this new life, and here all summer I labored in a sort of animal content. Autumn came, with coolness in the evening air. I was plowing in my upper field, with the earth turning up moist and fragrant, when my awakening came.

I paused there and looked up. It was as if I had never looked up before, had never really known that the world had height or color or sweet sounds. I was conscious of the cool tang of burning leaves, whose lazy smoke floated down the valley. I heard, as though the

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sounds were then made for the first time, all the vague murmurs of the countryside — a cowbell somewhere in the distance, the creak of a wagon, the blurred evening hum of birds, insects, frogs. I stood there long, looking about me with a glow and a thrill. . . .

How sweet an emotion is possession! And what a foundation for self-respect lies in a little property! Money we may possess, or goods or chattels, but they give no such impression of *mineness* as the feeling that one's feet rest upon soil that is his. In imagination I extended my farm on all sides, dwelling avariciously upon the prospect of more land. And then I thought how the world stretched away from my fences — all of it made up of such fields as mine, and in each small enclosure a man as hot as I in the longing for more land! How property kept them apart, prevented the close, confident touch of friendship!

Suddenly I was ashamed. How placid and undemanding was the perfect beauty of the world around me. Why should any man fence himself in, or hope to enlarge his world by the creeping acquisition of a few acres?

I glanced across the broad valley to a field of buckwheat which belongs to Horace, my neighbor. It gave the illusion of a hill on fire, for the late sun shone full on the thick ripe buckwheat, giving forth an abundant red glory that blessed

the eye. Horace had been proud of his crop, smacking his lips at the prospect of winter pancakes — and here I was entering his field and taking another crop, a crop not gathered with hands or stored in granaries, but reaped by the eye and garnered by the soul, a wonderful harvest that may long be fed upon and yet ever remain unconsumed!

Across the countryside I looked upon a group of elms here, a tufted hilltop there, the smooth verdure of pastures, the rich brown of new-plowed fields and the odors and sounds of the country. Boundaries do not keep me out; openly I enter and, taking my fill, leave as much as I find. Then and there I made a covenant with myself. I said: "I shall not allow possessions to come between me and my life or my friends."

When I came to this farm, I came empty-handed. I believed that life had nothing more in store for me. I had diligently scrambled for Success — and had reaped defeat.

Here I began to plow and harrow and plant, expecting nothing. In due time I began to reap. And it has been a growing marvel to me what diverse and unexpected crops I have produced within these few acres of earth. With sweat I planted corn, and reaped a crop not only of corn but of happiness and hope.

When I ordered my life I failed. Now that I work from day to day,

undemandingly doing that which I can do best and which most delights me, I am rewarded in ways that I could not have imagined.

I have made friends; they have come to me naturally, as the corn grows in my fields or the wind blows in my trees. I have learned that civilization, if it means anything at all, means the ability to look through material possessions, and through clothing, differences of speech and color of skin, and see the genuine man that abides within each of us.

And I have learned how much we miss in not giving ourselves fully to the senses. The senses are tools by which we may lay hold upon the world. Through sheer indolence we ignore their message and miss half the joy of life. Often as I work I stop to *see* — really to see everything, or to listen. Really to see the buzzard lazily circling overhead; really to hear the frogs booming in the marshes, or the bees at work in the blossoms. Or to smell. To smell the wild crab-

apple blossoms, the fragrance of moist earth, the acrid aroma of the marsh. It is the wonder of wonders how much there is in this old world that we never dreamed of, how many beautiful sounds, sights and odors which ordinarily make no impression upon our pre-occupied minds.

Finally I have learned the peculiar joy of hard physical labor — no brain used, just muscles. It makes one a sort of unthinking machine; yet sometimes when I am at hard work I suddenly have a sense of the world's opening around me, a sense of its beauty and meanings that gives me a deep happiness. Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work.

My years on this farm lead me to this conclusion: of all ways of escape from a life wherein we flounder in possessions, and waste our energies upon *things*, the best is the country. It is the place of places where a man can live fully and freely, in true contentment.



Garden Note

THE world-famous Dutch tulip bulbs are the latest Nazi victims. The German conquerors of Holland are roasting huge quantities of them, mixing them with ground acorns and distributing them throughout Holland as coffee.

— Overseas News Agency

Heredity and the Hope of Mankind

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

Editor and president of The New Republic

AMAZING STRIDES have been made in the past few years toward solving the most fascinating of all scientific riddles — the origin and development of life. Indeed, recent advances in the field of genetics — the study of heredity and evolution — hold great promise for the future happiness of mankind.

It is easier to understand these achievements and their implications if we review briefly the mechanism of birth and growth — the essential processes of which are similar throughout all living matter. The human organism consists of minute cells, each containing in its nucleus 48 tiny bodies called chromosomes. In each chromosome are microscopic particles called genes, which hold the clue to the riddle of life itself. The only human cells that do not contain 48 chromosomes are the male sperm and female ovum, which have 24 each. When these join to create a new life, half the 48 chromosomes appearing in the cells of the offspring are contributed by the father and half by the mother.

Thus hereditary traits from both parents affect the offspring. For

This is the sixth article in a series under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research experts.

example, the genes for eye color from the father and mother jointly dictate what color the child's eyes will be. A glimpse of how this happens was discovered more than 75 years ago when the Austrian monk Mendel found that there are "dominant" and "recessive" characters. In Mendel's famous experiment, a true-breeding form of red peas was crossed with white ones. Red is dominant; white is recessive. In the next generation, *all* the plants had red flowers, but they were carrying the white genes nonetheless, so that their descendants would not all breed true to the dominant red.

How does a child grow from an almost invisible, microscopic, fertilized egg into a 200-pound man? He grows, and so does everything else in nature, by cell division. Each chromosome in a cell splits in two, each half going to an opposite end of the cell; the cell then nar-

rows in the middle, into a dumb-bell shape, with 48 chromosomes in each end. Then it breaks apart and we have two cells, each containing all the chromosomes and genes of the original one. This process is repeated; the two cells become four, the four become eight, and so on until billions of cells are formed.

The genes not only determine the color of eyes, hair, etc., but acting together they seem to *plan* the growing organism. It staggers the imagination to think of the genes at work through the months and years, creating every organ of the body's complex electrochemical-physical machine. Directly, or indirectly through the endocrine glands, and proceeding according to an intricate time schedule, they bring the organs to full usefulness at the proper time, so that adolescence appears; hair begins to grow on the face of the male; menopause comes in middle age. The genes may even determine, before you are born, how long you will live, barring accidents—for longevity runs in families, and whatever runs in families is almost certainly controlled by the genes.

In nature, once in a great many times, genes are altered or destroyed by extreme heat or cold or old age. This causes a variation in the character of the organism's descendants. A few years ago it was discovered that bombardment with X rays would occasionally alter or destroy the genes. Thus science has enor-

mously speeded up the process of change.

A favorite subject for such experimentation is the banana fly (*Drosophila*) which, thriving in the laboratory and producing hundreds of young in only 12 days, is amazingly useful for the study of heredity. Scientists have located where in *Drosophila*'s chromosomes lie the genes associated with certain definite characteristics such as the color of the eye, the size of the wings, etc. More than 500 genes in *Drosophila* have been definitely located.

Scientists now know in advance what will happen when *Drosophila* is subjected to X ray. Perhaps half the flies will be killed. Among the survivors some will have descendants, and among the descendants a certain definite percentage will have, as a result of altered genes, dwarfed wings, or white eyes, or other abnormalities. These changes which scientists create in the laboratory will breed true for all time unless affected by additional mutation later on. To illustrate this with a more familiar laboratory animal: you could cut off the tails of 1000 generations of mice and the 1001st would still have tails. But destroy the chief tail-producing genes in a single pair of mice, and their descendants, if inbred and selected for taillessness until they are pure for this characteristic, will be tailless forever more. Thus scientists are perhaps beginning to see the

mechanism of evolution in action.

Let me emphasize again that it is wrong to think of a single gene as performing a specified function unaided. It is now believed that every gene influences every other; and furthermore all the genes occur in every chromosome and there are 48 chromosomes in every cell of the body except sperm and ovum.

Certain groups of "linked" genes are inherited together. In some human families, for instance, a certain color hair is associated with lack of one or more incisor teeth. By studying family strains we can predict that if a child with hair of a given color is born to certain parents it will probably lack one or two incisors.

This fact is likely to prove of great value. Some rare hereditary diseases which are particularly terrible in their effects — such as Huntington's chorea, which causes hopeless insanity at 35 or 40 — do not appear until the individual is old enough to have had children, to whom his taint has unwittingly been transmitted. If the linked genes that are transmitted with the disease could be discovered, this latent malady could be identified in early life and society could say to such a diseased individual that fatherhood is forbidden to him. Thus the knowledge now coming out of the laboratory may enable us to stamp out such incurable diseases in a few generations.

The new revelations from the

genetic laboratories have profoundly altered our ideas about many aspects of life. Here are a few:

1. We may now dismiss the old debate as to whether environment is more important than heredity: scientists now know that both have tremendous significance. They have discovered that living organisms inherit not actual characteristics so much as the tendency to produce these characteristics *provided the environment is favorable*. If a certain species of rabbit whose hair is mostly white is exposed long enough to low temperature, black hair appears. Pink hydrangeas can be changed to blue by adding iron salts to the soil. Tall corn planted too close together will grow only a quarter of its normal size. The offspring of all these, however, if given normal environment, will have white fur, pink flowers or tall stalks.

Yet the changes could not have occurred unless those particular animals and plants possessed genes that made such changes possible. Not all rabbits have fur that will change color; there are bantam breeds of corn that never grow tall no matter how far apart it is planted; some flowers remain the same color when fed iron salts.

In other words, environment can change us — but only on the basis of the tendencies we originally possess. Environment is like the photographer's developing chemical: it creates nothing, but it can

bring out what is on the negative. It is a tragedy that we so often discard the negative without ever finding the perhaps rich and beautiful picture concealed upon it.

2. Although all your characteristics came through your parents, you do not inherit traits and tendencies merely from them. You and your parents inherit from the common store of genes, which have been continuous for countless centuries and come as near to being immortal as anything in this world.

3. Practically nothing is transmitted from one generation to the next except what is passed on in the genes. This does away with many superstitions. It is nonsense to suppose, for example, that if a pregnant woman is frightened by a snake, the child will be marked, or that it will be musical if she goes to concerts.

4. We must discard the theory that entire families are subject to continuous decay. Science nowadays looks with suspicion on conclusions drawn from the famous "degenerate families" such as the Jukes and the Kallikaks, with which sociologists once regaled us. No doubt there were some "morbid genes" among the members of these families; but the sociologists made a bad mistake in ignoring environmental factors. What chance would even a normal child have had, brought up in a household composed largely of drunkards, thieves and prostitutes? The geneticists of today try to balance the evils transmitted by

the genes against those that are due to imperfect surroundings.

5. Alcoholism, as such, probably cannot be inherited. It is possible to inherit an unstable nervous system which predisposes an individual to excessive drinking, drug addiction, or similar weaknesses, but environment is also a powerful factor.

Science has learned that some illnesses formerly supposed to be hereditary are only partly so or not at all. Inheritance is a factor in childhood rheumatic fever, a few rare types of cancer, color blindness, several eye disorders, baldness, and certain sorts of feeble-mindedness and insanity. But there is comfort in the fact that in 10 of the 12 most serious diseases, environment seems to play a more important part than heredity.

These recent scientific revelations have altered our conception of eugenics. We understand now how mutations occur, through destruction or alteration of the genes. Since nearly all changes in the genes consist in taking something away, they produce an organism limited in some respects, and therefore probably somewhat less fitted to cope with its environment.

In a state of nature, this does not matter greatly, for it is offset by natural selection — the survival of the fittest. Mutations that are disadvantageous tend to die out; good ones help the organism to survive and transmit its desirable characters to succeeding generations.

But unfortunately modern civilization has been reversing this process by protecting and prolonging the life of the unfit as well as the fit, and permitting nearly all of the unfit to have children. Many leading geneticists, believing that this would eventually result in degeneration of the race, advocate sterilization in cases of proved hereditary insanity and feeble-mindedness, and recommend that persons having other types of undesirable hereditary characteristics voluntarily refrain from having children.

We have been able to perfect plants and animals by selective breeding, and impatient persons often ask why the same thing isn't possible for mankind. There is little doubt that if genetic principles could be applied to human beings we could, within a few generations, bring the average of our population up to the level of today's highest types. But who is to accept the responsibility of saying what are good traits for a future society and what are bad ones? Who can tell what future society itself will be like? Will it call for large numbers of not-too-bright toilers and goose-stepping troops? Or for people liv-

ing in universal peace and served by machines?

An even greater obstacle is this: most people today live in environments so unsatisfactory that we cannot tell what their possibilities are. We know by scientific research that there are thousands of geniuses alive who, swamped by poverty and ignorance, never get a chance to demonstrate their abilities.* Our first job is to remove the shackles that prevent full development of our present capabilities; otherwise an effort at improvement is like trying to carve a beautiful statue in the dark.

However, geneticists, on the basis of solid science, hold forth a glorious picture for the future. They tell us that, by improving our environment and our heredity simultaneously, we could in a few generations abolish nearly all human afflictions. It is sober truth to say that it lies within our power to create a race of super-beings --- and to do so in perhaps the length of time that has elapsed since George Washington was born. No more exciting prospect was ever offered mankind.

* See "Genius: Its Cause and Care," *The Reader's Digest*, April, '41, p. 25.

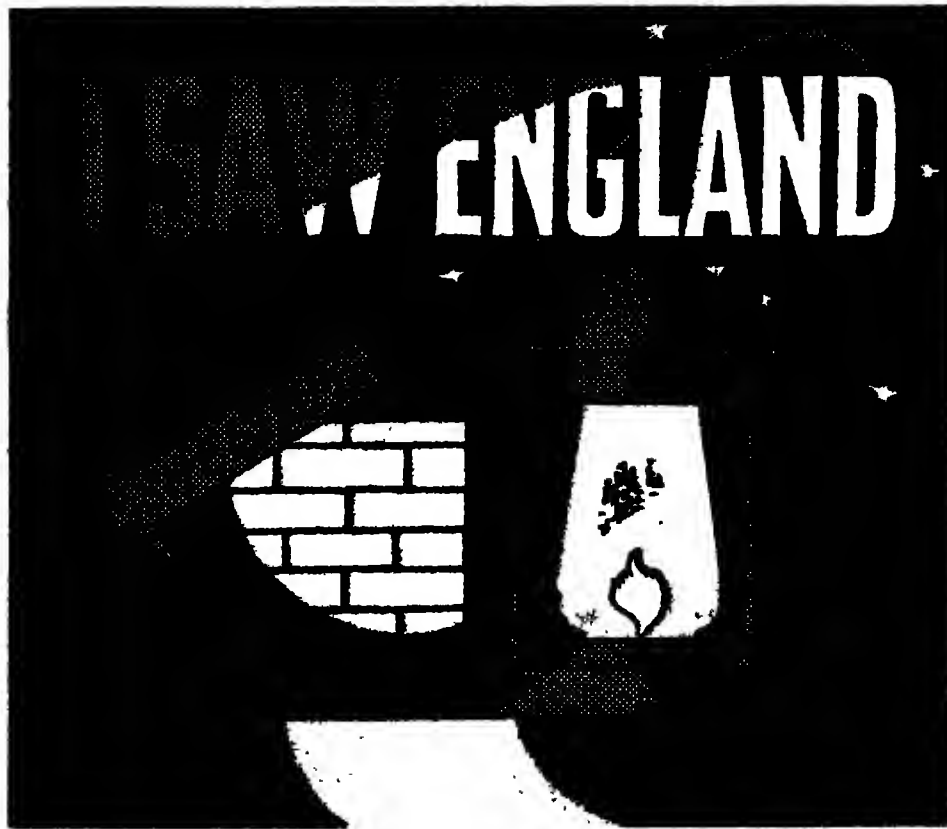


WE MUST BE willing to pay a price for freedom, for no price that is ever asked for it is half the cost of doing without it.

—H. L. Mencken, *Prejudices* (Knopf)

ANY MAN can stand up to his opponents: give me the man who can stand up to his friends. — William Gladstone

BOOK SECTION



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

BEN ROBERTSON

*A*MONG the many new and stirring books about England under the bombers, Ben Robertson's has been chosen for condensation because his simple, quiet style and deep sincerity become movingly eloquent. And because in his intimate portrayal of everyday human incidents he conveys something magnificent in human values — a spiritual as well as physical heroism among the plain people of Britain.

Robertson, a veteran American newspaperman, was in England during the most violent phases of last autumn's "blitz" and is now again at his post there.

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I SAW ENGLAND

THE PLANE which flew me to England from Lisbon last summer came down in a green field among camouflaged airplanes and beds of roses. The men about us were airmen, all in the blue uniform of the Royal Air Force, and I was astonished to find them so quiet and undisturbed. The Germans already held the French coast, and England was threatened with invasion; somehow I had expected to find everyone in England in a frenzy. Yet mechanics were calmly hammering on the motors, men were wandering leisurely in and out of the hangars, and one man was hoeing the roses. I said to myself: "What a job for a war!" And when the airmen politely served us tea, I thought "My God, they'll be defeated!"

That evening I reached my London hotel — the Waldorf — and a middle-aged chambermaid with a Scots accent came in to pull heavy curtains over the windows. She asked: "Do you have a gas mask, sir?"

"Not yet," I said.

"Well, the housekeeper will bring you one that you can use until you can get one from the government — gas masks are free."

Then I was left alone in a stuffy breathless room, heavy with war. The black curtains over the win-

dows weighed me down; I had never realized before what light and air meant to a room.

Quickly I washed and hurried down to a basement dining-room — I was to eat in basements from then on until I left England. After eating I looked out into darkness --- into the dreadful depth of the black-out. It was an appalling sight, like death itself. It frightened me, even though I had no reason to fear an air raid. London at that time had suffered no severe bombing.

The next morning I was typing at my desk, when in came Maude Hall, the Scottish chambermaid. She was very professional for a few minutes and then she could not hold back any longer — she asked me the questions I was to hear a thousand times in England: "What does America think? How does America think we are doing?" At that time I was not so certain what America thought, but I told her that America was sympathetic. With that she began to pour out her thoughts. Later I was to find scores of Britishers like that; they would bare their hearts to you when they found you came from the United States. Sometimes it would nearly make you cry to see how desperately they hoped for just one word of encouragement.

After registering with the police I

went for a long walk through central London. I found soldiers stretching barbed wire along the streets, barricading buildings, digging trenches in the parks; and on rooftops and in courtyards boys and old men were drilling — the Home Guard of England was forming.

Resistance was in the air — on the streets, in the papers, everywhere and in everything. From my window I could see on a grocer's shop Winston Churchill's: "Come then, let us to the task, to the battle and to the toil, each to our place." And on a printing shop in huge letters was John of Gaunt's great sentence: ". . . This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

That night at dinner the headwaiter said to me: "If we must die, we must die — we know why we will be dying."

Never, after that day, did I doubt that England would fight to the end. Everyone was working feverishly, conscious that at any minute the Germans might be upon them, but the British continued to be themselves. The flowers were still being cared for, and someone called "Nature Lover" wrote observations on bird life to the *London Times*. In Hyde Park the soap-box orators went right on through the war raising hell with the Government and with the Church. I listened to them one afternoon. There were socialists, a communist, an atheist — the usual run of the soap-

box mill — and there was an ex-maid telling what it was like to work for English ladies, and a prohibitionist who stuck to his thesis — whisky was the cause of the world's troubles.

I visited Plymouth, where I stayed with Lord and Lady Astor at their house on the top of a high hill overlooking the sea. Mountbatten Air-drome was on one side and Plymouth Navy Yard on the other, and there had already been several air raids. The butler said to me: "We are very exposed."

The Astors, like most people in England, have become greater with the war, have become simpler and kinder people. Lord Astor has been serving as Plymouth's Lord Mayor, and they have stayed at their posts. Nancy Astor said: "We have four sons in the army and sometimes I wonder who will go first — the boys or their father and I."

That evening at dinner the Astors and their few guests talked about the fall of Paris, about how for an hour they had known the most utter despair in England. Then they had rallied — they told me they had had a feeling of knowing at last where they stood. There was no ally left, no one was left to help them. For some strange reason this knowledge had given the British great courage.

They talked about Dunkirk.

"God made the sea still," said Lady Astor with complete conviction. "It was a miracle."

THOSE WERE perfect summer days and nights during July in England; England was having the most glorious summer it had had in 30 years, and day after day and night after night we continued to expect the invasion. As the moon got full, the tension increased throughout the island.

Meanwhile, everyone did everything. The barbed-wire entanglements grew longer, the drilling continued on housetops and in the London squares, the waiter joined the fire-fighting unit in his street, the elevator boy on his day off dug trenches in a park in Lambeth; every day more ships arrived from overseas with troops and guns and ammunition, but we knew England would still have to fight with but little more than courage. The British had left their best tanks and guns, even their rifles, in France. Sometimes you would see squads of troops go by with only one man in four, with only one in six, armed with a rifle. We heard the Government had asked Canada to send every gun and every round of ammunition.

To encourage the Londoners, the Government deliberately gave a few days' leave to thousands of Canadian, New Zealand and Australian soldiers. They traveled about and were seen everywhere, and people began to talk about the "island fortress that was guarded by the Empire." They called it the island fortress, but what it put me in mind

of was Daniel Boone's stockade in Kentucky — the Indians were coming and the settlers had rushed inside and slammed the gates behind them. London, the greatest city in the world, had now become a frontier town.

At that time Churchill was making those great speeches that were being quoted round the world. The American journalists in London crowded into the gallery at the House of Commons whenever he spoke. The House, very small and dark, was more like a church to us than like Congress. And like a church moderator Churchill, stooped and red of face, would rise, arrange a sheaf of papers before him, and begin his speeches in such a small, still voice that his very tone would command attention. As he proceeded, he would take off and put on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, he would finger a ring on one of his little fingers, then he would raise his voice in a series of roaring sentences that would bring cheers from everyone present. His speeches were marvels of feeling and beauty. There was not the slightest doubt about Churchill — he was England's man, he was equal to the hour.

JULY rolled on. The Germans were bombing Wales and the southern towns, spasmodically and without pattern, but no bombs as yet had been dropped on London.

Tea was rationed; the Chancellor

of the Exchequer presented the emergency budget.

That was terrific news in England — the rationing of tea. Maude burst into my room, the paper in her hands, the morning it was announced. "Oh, dear, it's very little," she said of the two ounces allowed each week. "That's four cups a day, and I've been drinking six." Then as usual Maude adapted herself to this new situation. "I'll let the leaves stay in the pot, and do a little rebrewing."

The emergency budget, you would have thought, would have been terrific news too, but it wasn't. It was the biggest budget in British history, and the taxes it imposed were staggering, but it caused only passing discussion. Money was losing its meaning in England. People were talking more about the Empire's ability to work, to produce, than about its ability to pay in pounds and pence. After the blitz really began, I one day became aware that no one in London was estimating the damage in pounds to the city. The British seemed, at least for the time being, to have lost their sense of property. It was freedom that was dear.

WITH NINE other American correspondents, I was invited to mess with a bomber unit of the Royal Air Force. It was a quiet, exciting place. The fliers who were scheduled to fly over Germany that night came in early and kept to

themselves; they made their way to the far end of the big room and ate together; they were cheerful and subdued, and it was evident that they wanted to be alone. Already they had received the orders giving them their targets. They had discussed weather conditions over the Rhineland with their commanding officer, whom they called "Father." They ate lightly and in silence; then they left the messroom to put on their flying clothes.

When we had eaten, we went out to the hangars. It was time for the raid to start. And out came the crews, looking like bears in heavy fleece-lined coats, warm pants and flying boots.

It was a moving scene. The mechanics shook hands with the pilots, patted them on the shoulders. As the trucks bearing the fliers to their ships moved away, the ground crews shouted good-bye, and held their thumbs up — the salute which the British have adopted for this war.

Soon the flare path was lighted — a dim line of lights began to burn from one end of the airdrome to the other, to outline the runway. Presently the first plane moved into position. Its engines roared and it took off, soaring with its six men and its bombs into the English starlight. The second plane followed; then the third. Finally the entire squadron was in the air, wheeling, flashing their signal lights, waiting to get the go signal; the ground gave them the go-ahead and they

circled higher and higher and started off like birds into the east.

It made my knees feel shaky and my stomach a little qualmy. They were going off to fight as men fought in the Crusades — to single combat in the heart of the enemy country. I thought of the fears I had had just flying from Portugal to England. I had not wanted to be shot down, and I was 10 years older than these boys — they had 10 reasons more than I to wish to keep on living. Duty becomes a living word to you at an airdrome in a war.

The night after my visit to the flying field I went to see *Thunder Rock*, a curious play that had flopped in New York but was a sensation in London. It was an American play, about a lighthouse-keeper on Lake Michigan who got to thinking about the people who had gone down on a ship off his light in 1848. During his lonely vigils the keeper re-created these people in his imagination — they were immigrants fleeing from Europe because they had lost all faith in human progress — they believed the world was faced with disruption. Suddenly the keeper made the passengers a passionate speech, urging them to hold on — he told them at that very moment in Illinois there was a young man named Abraham Lincoln, that Madame Curie had been born and Florence Nightingale was alive, that Pasteur was in Paris. . . . London people went to that show, night after

night, and wept. It was a play for a city that had prepared itself to die.

August brought the battle.

IT WAS in August that the Germans tried to smash England with mass daylight raids, and the British fought them over the Dover cliffs. Nothing happening anywhere else in the world could even approach those battles in importance, so the American correspondents left London for Dover.

Most of us gathered on Shakespeare Cliff, a promontory a mile west of Dover, a superb place from which to watch battles. It was a fine August day and there were flocks of seagulls about and swarms of white butterflies. Red currants were ripening in the gardens along the path that led up the cliffside, and the wheat in the fields was ready for reaping. The day was so quiet you could hear bees buzzing. Then the sirens started, and we heard the droning of German planes and the steady sound of British planes coming out to meet them. The Germans were flying very high, and we could not see them for a dustlike haze. When they seemed exactly over us, we heard the burst of machine guns and the light sound of airplane cannon. We heard planes diving, the increased speed roaring into sound. The fighting veered off, over us again, and off, and through it all we crouched in a ditch and listened.

That fight lasted two hours. Then

the all-clear sounded, that clear, sweet note, echoing over the hill-sides and the sea, and we were left as we had been before — listening to bees buzzing, with the sun shining and gulls soaring.

The next day was tremendous. We were on the cliff very early and heard a wave of Germans approaching, very high and in great numbers. Suddenly an enormous barrage went up from the English guns, the cliff shook, and then we heard the sound of a terrible battle taking place perhaps five miles up. Planes roared over 200 square miles, firing bursts of cannon and machine-gun bullets. In the sub-zero stratosphere, every movement of the ships left trailing vapors, a mad skywriting which marked the sky as ice is marked by skaters. Quickly the planes moved almost out of hearing, leaving us again momentarily with the buzzing bees and the crickets. Then the battle moved toward us again, and the whole of England began to quake as the antiaircraft guns put up a heavy barrage. Shrapnel fell about us, sending us into a ditch under a piece of sheet iron. A full squadron of German planes flew low, heading for the balloons suspended over Dover. They got two, the balloons burst into crimson flame; but down with the balloons came a German plane, falling like a leaf and breaking in mid-air into pieces. Soon another German plane fell into the sea, and as it came down, we saw the


pilot bailing out. His parachute did not open.

We lay in the grass among the red currants and the butterflies while the fate of the world was being decided about us. We could see the raids start, see them fought and ended; and we saw the motor torpedo boats rush out after pilots who had come down in the Channel. The cliff was almost a stage-setting, so perfect was it as an observation point, and as a result the press of the whole democratic world gathered on it.

Those were wonderful days in every way — they changed me as an individual. I lost my sense of personal fear because I saw that what happened to me did not matter. We counted as individuals only as we took our place in the procession of history. It was not we who counted, it was what we stood for. And I knew now for what I was standing — I was for freedom. It was as simple as that. I realized the good that often can come from death. We were where we were and we had what we had because a whole line of our people had been willing to die. I understood Valley Forge and Gettysburg at Dover, and I found it lifted a tremendous weight off your spirit to find yourself willing to give up your life if you have to — I discovered Saint Matthew's meaning about losing a life to find it. I don't see now why I ever again should be afraid.

We had wonderful company on the cliff. Art Menken was there with his camera set, always ready to begin grinding away film, always ready to talk about the thread that ran from the China wars to this one. Helen Kirkpatrick and Virginia Cowles, two extraordinary American journalists, were there, and Ed Murrow and sometimes H. R. Knickerbocker, and Vincent Sheean.

History to Jimmy Sheean truly was personal, and he was more bitter than some of the rest of us — he had seen more, had more to forget. He was tormented by the world's troubles. One morning at Dover in the middle of a battle he watched a balloon squad firing at a German plane with a rifle. Bitterly Jimmy said: "Ever since the Riff war my side has been firing at airplanes with rifles."

 WE GOT to be very much at home in Dover. We stayed at a little hotel whose phlegmatic manager was unmoved by the battles. I saw him adding accounts when bedlam itself was breaking loose — with guns going and planes flying and the earth quaking, rattling the windowpanes in every room. Day after day the Germans would come over methodically — at 7:30, 9:30, noon, 3:30 and 7:30. Frequently the British would meet them over the English Channel, but toward the end of the month they did not attack the enemy until they were almost on the outskirts of London,

where the British had concentrated their fighting forces. On several occasions we saw three German planes shot down to one British, five German to two British, two German to one British. We began to believe the British communiqués. The British pilots were outnumbered one to 10 and sometimes one to 20, but they were holding their own. Sometimes they went up six and seven times in a single day.

They had little rest and almost no time for anything besides fighting, but occasionally a few of them would come to the Grand Hotel in the evening. They were sober young men, very conscious that England itself was at stake. Some of them estimated that a pilot was lucky, more or less, during his first three fights, but that after three fights a pilot had acquired a world of practical knowledge. They were superstitious about shooting down more than 12 enemy planes — believing that after 12 the law of averages began to operate against them. They did not mind seeing their friends go, they said, so long as they stayed at the station and kept on going up and up. But it was hard on them to go away for a while and then come back. That was why they liked to stick to the squadron.

They were cheerful. They would drink a glass of beer and then head back for the airdrome. "Take care of yourselves," they would jeer at us. "Be careful."

Toward the end of August the Germans changed their tactics. London became the battle front, and we hurried back there. The city had done all that it could do with what it could get together — it was ready now and waiting. During those days in London there was faith and there was courage and there was a noble humility I had never known before in any British city. It was as though the people felt themselves in the sight of God. The English would not put a feeling like that into words, the English do not express themselves so emotionally; but just the same there was an atmosphere about us of a church. London had made peace with its inner self; it was composed, everything spiritually was at rest.

Saturday, the 7th of September was a perfect day. That afternoon Jimmy Sheean and Ed Murrow and I decided to drive down the Thames to the east of London. We knew that all conditions were ideal for battle, so we decided to get somewhere outside the city in order to watch. It is impossible to get the full grasp of a gigantic air assault if you keep inside a city. So we drove down through Limehouse and Stepney and crossed over the river. Then coming on a haystack on the edge of a turnip-field, we lay down in the sun.

We had not been there long before the sirens began sounding and antiaircraft firing. A squadron of

British fighters appeared, making toward the coast. Soon we heard fighting over us. Looking up, we saw, very high, a battle formation of German bombers with German and British fighters engaging in a desperate combat. As we took cover in a ditch, we heard shrapnel falling on the pavement.

The British fighters had to return to their base to refuel, and while they were grounded the Germans sent over a second wave of 24 bombers and a third of 36. They flew at a very great height, in perfect formation, and glistened like beautiful steel birds in the afternoon sunshine. Soon we heard the terrific detonation of bombs being dropped on London. We saw immense columns of smoke rise, then we heard the Germans returning home, followed this time by the refueled British fighters.

When night came, we watched the most appalling sight any of us had ever seen. It almost made us physically ill to see the enormity of the flames which lit the entire western sky. London was burning — the London which had taken a thousand years to build. A dark cloud of smoke filled the northern sky all the way from the city to the North Sea. That night was like the Revelation of St. John.

On and on the German planes came, two and three at a time. Gradually the night wind rose and it got cold and we covered ourselves with straw. Finally we drove to a

hotel at Gravesend and slept in our clothes, while guns rattled on, and planes droned on, and bombs fell in our neighborhood, on both banks of the Thames.

Next morning we drove back to London where we saw huge fires — 12 tanks of the Anglo-American Oil Company were blazing. We saw factories gutted and docks burning and bomb craters, and policemen directed us around time bombs. And amid the great destruction in the East End itself we saw English men and women standing in streets with all they had in suitcases, waiting to be evacuated.

The Battle of London had started, and on that first Sunday it seemed to all of us like the end of civilization.

Soon after dark the next day, the Germans came over London again in great numbers and bombed the city steadily throughout the night. I decided to take my chances and sleep in bed in my room at the Waldorf. But, like several million others in London, I merely counted the hours until daylight would break. Overhead was the almost constant droning, the vroom, vroom vroom of the desynchronized German motors. Several times the hotel shook violently; several times I found myself stretched flat on the bathroom floor (the bathroom, being small, seemed the safest place to me), with my fingers in my ears and my mouth open to keep my

teeth from breaking when the bomb exploded. For the first time I heard sticks of bombs falling — heard one in the distance, a second coming closer, a third one very near. I heard time bombs and duds — heard them fall, heard them hit — then I would listen for the explosion that did not come. It was like waiting for an unplayed note in a scale.

Gradually the hours passed and, red-eyed and tired, I went down to breakfast. Everyone else that morning was red-eyed and tired, but almost everyone was there as usual — waiters, the cashier, the boy with the morning papers. Everywhere there was the smell of smoke; we were having breakfast with linen and china on a battlefield. Everyone was worried and made no effort to conceal his worry. The headwaiter's house had been demolished during the night — he made a deprecating gesture. "I was in the shelter in the garden and had to come to work in pajamas and an overcoat — it's all I have."

"It's terrible," Maude said when she came in with dust-cloth and broom. "The lift boy was killed last night; he was on sentry duty with the Home Guard in Lambeth."

Ivey, a cleaning maid, had been buried in a basement. "Buried three hours," Maude said, "and she got to work this morning as usual."

I left the hotel early and started out to inspect the damage. London on that Monday morning, the 9th

of September, was a shocking sight — the destruction had been appalling. All about London tired men were working, clearing wreckage, digging in the ruins of houses, repairing water mains and gas lines, and plugging broken sewers. Everywhere there was the sound of broken glass being swept off streets, the sound of hammers. The city was dazed, but it was working. The people knew by instinct that no matter what happened they must stay 24 hours ahead of the raiders; they must clean up from last night's wreckage in readiness for tonight's. Thousands of volunteer workers were taking part in this gigantic job. They knew they had to keep the streets open, the lights on, the water flowing, the food coming in. The civilians had become an army, London was depending on the civil defense — on the people.

And with daylight the people took courage. Somehow you felt you could stand anything so long as there was light to see by. During breathing-spells now people began talking, telling the kind of stories they were to continue to tell for weeks and months, personal stories, laughing at themselves in the middle of the battle.

The whole of London laughed when it heard that a bomb, hitting the Natural History Museum, had destroyed the brontosaurus, and all London began to hope the Germans would smash the Albert Memorial.

Everybody you met broke right into the middle of your bomb story with one of his own. You had difficulty after that second day in getting anyone to listen. Joe Kennedy had found near his house an incendiary bomb initialed JPK. Ray Daniell of the *New York Times* had been evacuated from his house — there was a time bomb outside the door. Ed Murrow had been blasted out of his office; Quentin Reynolds of *Collier's* and Bob Loew of *Liberty* had had their windows blown out at Lansdowne House.

From that second day on, we knew in London that life was chance. The chances were with us, we soon discovered, but we were never free from the feel that death was close — there was always the tension.

Monday night was another terrific night — Monday, the 9th of September; and the following Tuesday was one of the great days in British history, for to London it brought a revelation. Suddenly 6,000,000 people came to realize that human character could stand up to anything if it had to. Screaming and high-explosive and incendiary bombs had fallen for a third night all over the city, and on that Tuesday morning the people realized that Monday night had not been so terrifying as Sunday night, and that Sunday night had not been so terrifying as Saturday night. The principle of horror had been established. From then on London knew — London could take it.

On Tuesday they kept on digging and sweeping and hammering; they still had their necks above water. So that week passed — the days and the nights, and about that time, the Prime Minister ordered antiaircraft guns into London from everywhere. When darkness settled, there suddenly went up a terrific barrage that continued throughout the city, hour after hour. The guns were said to have shot two million dollars' worth of shells during that night, and shrapnel rained on London rooftops. It was a wonderful sound — it gave the city new courage.

There had never been such a week in the world as the 7th to the 14th of September in London. At the end of it, however, most of London was still standing — the blitzkrieg had not been so bad as we had expected. At the end of the week the city had come through with its lights still burning, with the sewerage system still functioning, with the buses and the tubes still running. Food was good and abundant and we had water to drink and bathe in, and there were flowers blooming in the park and there was music in Trafalgar Square — the band of the Grenadier Guards made that their gesture of defiance. Barbers went on cutting hair, and laundresses washed clothes.

Everywhere there were craters and ruin, but the city in this crisis had rediscovered itself; it was living as it never had lived. Every-

where there was courage, and 6,000,000 people who had lived humdrum lives now learned what it was like to live for civilization. You came out on the street at daybreak now with the feeling that you personally had been helping to save the world.

GRAДУALLY London settled down to a state of siege. Thousands of people began to get to work in any way they could, often hitchhiking to their offices. All over London signs went up: "Business as Usual." Everyone realized that the factories must be kept going, that the stores and restaurants that supplied the factory workers must stay open — it was total war at last, with everyone a member of the civil army. The girl who sold coats at Selfridge's store now could feel she was as important to her country as the soldier behind the gun in Hyde Park — she was working under fire just as he was. There was resolution and determination — London now depended on the people, and the people knew it.

Day after day there were spasmodic, desultory nuisance raids, and night after night down came the bombs, from dusk to daybreak. Life became basic and simple. You went to bed soon after nightfall, you got up after the all-clear at sunup. I saw traffic jams in London at five o'clock in the morning — the city was rousing itself from the shelters and starting out for the

day. In the world's biggest city we lived like milkmen and farmers.

Often when I had decided that I preferred sleep to security on some patch of cement in a subway, I would take my chance with the bombs. I would go to bed in my hotel room and listen to the Germans cruising 30,000 feet above — some German up there either touched an electric button or he didn't touch it, and whether he did or didn't meant I would or would not die. Sometimes when too many bombs fell in the neighborhood, I would go below, to the shelter in the basement, not only for safety, but because, during this common danger, you felt it better not to be alone. The air was bad and about me men and women were snoring and coughing. Somebody near you was sure to have influenza. But you did not hear the guns or the planes or the sickening sound of the bombs. Eventually you slept.

MAUDE was bombed out and lost all she had. She said it did not matter. When the Palace had been hit, she had said of the King: "What that boy has gone through for his country!" The waiter lost his sister, one of the men who worked at the Western Union office was injured in a raid, and Johnny Johnstone at the Commercial Cable office left the dinner table and went out into the garden and gathered parts of a crashed airman in a basket. A bomb being

removed by the bomb-disposal squad exploded as the lorry was passing the Trocadero restaurant, and the leg of a man was hurled through a window into the dining-room.

A bomb came through the ceiling of St. Paul's, piercing the inscription: "For God So Loved the World. . . ." My room was bombed at the Waldorf and I moved to the front of the hotel. And there came the day when the doorman did not show up for work. No trace of him was ever found, so we decided he must have been demolished by a bomb on his way home.

Night after night, bombs followed bombs.

The Britishers' spirit held, their conviction did not budge an iota. I watched them the day St. Paul's was hit. I saw the people standing at the iron railing and silently looking at the hole in the Cathedral ceiling, and I realized then that the people of London had already given up London in their minds as a physical city. I realized then that they meant what they said when they told you it would be better to see London in ruins than to save it as the French had saved Paris. Notre Dame to these Londoners was a dead monument — a dead church in a humiliated city. London was no longer a physical city to its people; it had become a spiritual place, the city of Dr. Johnson, the London of John Wesley, of Shakespeare, of Cardinal

Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." London lived within them.

Often at night I went to the public shelters of which even the best was a sort of hell under earth — and there I began really to realize the toughness of the British character. They complained about conditions in the shelters and started a political campaign demanding improvements; but there was never any thought of their not enduring shelter life. It was something they had to face, so they faced it, with discipline and with order. That quality which made the British soldiers stand in line on the Dunkirk beach and wait their turn to board a ship now cropped up again. Londoners placed pieces of paper with their names on them in certain spaces in subway stations, and the public respected those slips of paper as shelter rights. This spontaneously started system reminded me of Americans, in the West in the early days, staking claims. I never saw nor did I ever hear of Londoners panicking or fighting for bed space in a shelter.

The shelters of London were decent places even if they were savage. Walking into any of them, you would find people laid out in rows with just enough room to stretch — they did not even have the space corpses are given in graveyards. Early in the evening, before sleeping-time, you would see hundreds of men, women and children there — people reading, some playing

cards, babies being fed. Always I was amazed by their stoicism and cheerfulness and by the respect, even here, which they showed for one another. They seemed indifferent to physical comfort; you would have thought they had slept all their lives on cement. There would be a tremendous chatter until suddenly about 11 o'clock quiet fell and you would find yourself in the midst of a vast huddling sleeping multitude. I never got accustomed to such sights — to think that this in my lifetime could happen to the people of London. Here they were, the people who ruled a fourth of the globe, masters of the empire on which the sun never sets. Here they were, forced to live like a primitive savage race beneath the earth, and demonstrating that they could take it.

READILY the days grew shorter, the raids longer. It was December now, cold and gray, the air damp with fog, and the northern nights were 14 hours long. The city was hove to, like a ship in a storm. There were lulls in the raids, there were periods of intensity. Everything that can be imagined in the category of human experience happened during these short days and long December nights. A woman was touching her hair with henna one evening when a bomb fell, and by the time she got her mind back on the subject of henna her hair was a fiery shade of

fed. Captain Lyttleton, president of the Board of Trade, ruled that corsets were a luxury commodity and ordered their manufacture curtailed, and British women protested from end to end of the United Kingdom — they could not work without a support. Silk stockings were put on the prohibited list, lipstick and rouge began to disappear, cognac was disappearing. When Diana Cooper heard the British were winning in Libya she celebrated by buying a hat — the first she had bought since the battle began. A nurse in a shelter said to me, in the middle of a battle: "If we win this war by ourselves, the world won't be able to stand us." She laughed.

The Germans were bombing Birmingham now and Manchester and Sheffield and Southampton and Bristol and Cardiff; they were more or less leaving London alone. London worried about each of these cities as one after another of them had to meet the ordeal. "I'd rather they'd keep on after us," Frank, the waiter at the Savoy, said. "We know how to take care of ourselves — I'd rather hear the bombs falling on London than to worry about what other place is getting it." I was nearly always asked in other English cities, "Is London's bombing worse than ours?" And I soon learned never to tell any Englishman that his town had been out-bombed anywhere.

London had already set the stand-

ard — each of these cities was determined to take whatever punishment was coming to it, to stand up to battle in the manner of London. The whole of Britain was thrilled by the messages in Bristol which were posted on the streets addressed simply: "Citizens of Bristol." In the cities of England men and women had almost forgotten the power of that old English noun: "citizens." They had not used it for years, usually calling themselves "townspeople." But on the morning after the Bristol blitz there it was again — "citizens" in its complete and original power.

A city in Britain had once again become a community of people, not just a place. Cities that formerly had competed with one another for factory sites and for commerce were now going to the help of one another with all their resources. People once again had come to count as people; human values were supreme.

England during this emergency had become a single community. Those six months of battle showed that no class and no sex and no city had exclusive possession of any of the qualities which it took to save a nation.

Long hard months were ahead but there was a new kind of confidence now in England. There was hope as well as determination, and as the last days of December came along and the Germans did not fly over in numbers even during the

full moon, we began to realize that this phase of the battle for Britain had finished and England was stronger than ever. There was a lull that seemed likely to last on until the spring, so my employer cabled for me to come home for two months.

I made my preparations and went for my last walk in London — to the Abbey, to St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln in Parliament Square, to the grave of Captain John Smith in St. Sepulchre's church.

I walked in the park, in dark northern shadows, and as the sirens started, I thought of the American aviator in the other war who had written in *War Birds*, his diary: "I haven't lived very well, but I am determined to die well. I don't want to be a hero but I want to die as a man should."

That sort of spirit was living now in London. You felt it.

I probed into the last 20 years — to find what was wrong with peace as a nation's thesis. In peace you are likely to live for yourself alone; in war you stand for your country. In England I had found, time and again, that I was closer to America than I had ever been before. I found myself thinking of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, of Daniel Boone and the pioneers of the West. You do not stand alone in war, you become a figure in time. Sacrifice becomes real, not just a platitude, and you see history as prog-

ress that has been fought for. Peace must be bravely defended. That is the only kind of peace worth having.

The day before Christmas Eve I left England, flying from the field where I had landed on that sunny day so long ago in June. In six hours we were in Portugal — free once again. Christmas Eve we drank egg-nogs at the bar of the Avenida Palace and listened to the Archbishop of York, broadcasting from London: "When we look back over human history, we take no joy in the periods of widespread, uninterrupted comfort. The pleasures of our fathers have no value for us; but their pains and the fortitude with which they bore them are part of the treasure of the race, and an abiding inspiration. To endure pain, of body or of mind, for a great cause or out of love for man, has a nobility far surpassing in value any kind of comfort. . . ."

Here in Lisbon we had come out of war, into peace. We had lights and butter and sugar. And we realized how little such things meant to us. As we waited for our ship to America, our thoughts turned

back to a country that was fighting in darkness — to a great generation of British people who had learned through suffering. They had learned, and I too had learned, by being with them through those months. In the depth of London's black-out I had seen the stars.



The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTIETH YEAR



JUNE 1941



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General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, hero of North Africa

Commander of Britain's Own Blitzkrieg

Condensed from *Life*

Harry Zinder

ON THE MORNING of December 9, British and American war correspondents in Cairo were suddenly summoned to headquarters. They found General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, Commander in Chief in the Middle East, leaning against the front of his tidy, businesslike desk, a sheet of paper in his hand. He wasted no words:

"Gentlemen, this morning at dawn our troops opened attack against Sidi Barrani. The first report from the field says that two hours after the attack began we

took our first objective. The operation is continuing."

This was the biggest British military news since Dunkirk. As he looked at his listeners' faces, General Wavell allowed a ghost of a smile to soften the lines of his trap jaw. "It would be interesting to know," he observed, "whether any of you had any idea the attack had started."

The answer was no, even from correspondents who had been with the army in the desert two days before. Wavell had refuted the military axiom that, with the development of air reconnaissance, surprise was no longer feasible in the desert. The plan had its origin, Wavell said, last fall: "I sat in my office, day after day, looking at a map of Italian positions. Finally I was convinced the enemy's positions were faulty and we could beat them with inferior numbers."

The attack was founded on a

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brilliant ruse. On the road to Sidi Barrâni the British built a big dummy camp, apparently as the base of attack. Night and day long lines of trucks moved back and forth, supposedly bringing up supplies. Wooden tanks, trucks and ammunition dumps were constructed. Meanwhile the real base camp, much smaller, was set up in the desert far to the south. When, through reinforcements, the British attained "an inferiority of only 1 to 2," Wavell gave the signal for attack.

During the day the infantry were marched along as if for a frontal assault on Sidi Barrâni, raising a cloud of dust which could easily be seen by the Italians. That night trucks carried them to the real forward camp, where the Armored Division was waiting, and at dawn they attacked. The Italian Armored Division, stationed south of Sidi Barrâni, was so taken by surprise that most of its tanks were never manned. After that the British closed in on Sidi Barrâni from all sides.

As the British offensive unrolled like clockwork, collapsing one enemy stronghold after another until Italian power was broken in North Africa, the world agreed with Germany's General Keitel that "Wavell is the best general the British have, and he is very, very good."

General Wavell runs his vast command quietly from a small, bare office in Cairo. Much of the time he is in the field, flying to outlying

British positions. He likes to drop in on distant camps and sit down to a detailed discussion of the local situation. Not long before the western campaign got under way he stood on a hill in Eritrea, 1000 miles to the south, and with monocle screwed into his good right eye, watched a battle between British forces and retreating Italians. During the Libyan advance he flew back and forth between Cairo and the front.

Wavell plugs long hours at his job but still finds time for exercise and some social life. In the morning he takes a swim and a canter and occasionally after lunch he gets in nine holes of golf before going back to work. Late in the afternoon he sometimes stops in at the swank Mena House for a drink and on Sundays the Wavells give large cocktail parties.

Cairo gossips and Italian spies who try to guess military moves from observation of Wavell's social life have been sadly misled. The day before the big push in the west, he was sitting on the veranda of the Mena House sipping a cocktail. This may have been a deliberate move to fool the Italians, but Wavell's chief work on the campaign had been done long before. Neither setbacks nor successes ripple the smooth execution of his plans. In November the news that Berbera, capital of British Somaliland, had fallen did not interrupt his morning swim. In December

he went on a hunting trip with King Farouk of Egypt three days after the start of the western offensive.

In personal appearance, Wavell is trim but rather chunky. Even-tempered and close-mouthed, he has been dubbed "Guinea-a-word" Wavell. Highly intelligent, he has 12 articles in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; he reads widely, has a special taste for Shakespeare, Browning and P. G. Wodehouse.

During the World War, Wavell was a brigade major. He won the Military Cross, lost his left eye at Ypres and acquired a strong distaste for the bloody, plodding kind of fighting that went on in France. He believes in "the lightning attack, a quick rain of blows on a bewildered adversary and victory by a knockout."

That is Wavell's genius. He learned it in Palestine, from that master of desert warfare, Allenby. Under him, Wavell rose to be chief of staff, learned many of the tricks he later used against the Italians. "A good general," Wavell says, "has a touch of the gambler." Last year he published a biography of his hero; *Allenby: A Study in Greatness*, a remarkably readable book.

He has visited Russia half a dozen times since the World War

and has learned to speak fluent Russian, a language which may yet be useful to a British general in this war. Greatly impressed by Russian experiments with parachute troops, he wrote home favorable reports of them, which the War Office ignored. Last winter Wavell became the first British general to use parachute troops.

For years, Wavell's original mind made him a thorn in the side of army stuffed shirts in England. At the Aldershot maneuvers in 1936 he put on the road a division complete with all the impedimenta then called for by regulations. It made a 15-mile road

jam of infantry, mule-carts and motor transports. One result was that the army dropped tons of obsolete equipment. Another was that Wavell was swept off to Palestine on a wave of brass-hat displeasure.

Palestine had been the grave of several military reputations. Wavell arrived in 1937, at the height of the Arab-Jewish riots, and used an iron hand to break the terror. It was a distasteful job but he restored order. He was made Commander in Chief of the Middle East in July 1939, but until France fell the British forces in Egypt were no more than a local garrison, meant to work under the supreme command



of Weygand. Only after June did Britain start building the army which Wavell led to victory in December.

The Imperial Army of the Nile is the most heterogeneous army in modern history. Its central strength is a core of 100,000 British and 30,000 Australians and New Zealanders. But there are also native troops from India, Africa and Asia, and the "Allied" battalions of Free French, Czechs and Poles.

Each national force retains its own identity and customs. Every British commander of native troops speaks the native tongue. A visitor walking through the desert camp at night could see Maoris doing bush dances around campfires, Hindus practicing yoga and Moslems building shrines to Allah out of bottle tops.

The problem of feeding this army is staggering, for Wavell knows better than to put them all on British rations. He sees to it that there is rice for the Arabs and Hindus, special vegetables for the New Zealanders, red wine and bread for the French, macaroni for the Maltese.

By allowing each national group to retain its individuality, Wavell has built up magnificent morale. Native officers beg him to allow their troops to lead the next advance. Often in the desert Wavell will look up at the morning sky, test the sand underfoot and say: "Well, boys, this feels to me like Australian sand this morning, and

that sun has a French look; the Australians and French will lead the attack." Wavell's is the first Allied army in this war which has gone into battle singing, with the Australians making *The Wizard of Oz* famous as a battle song.

Wavell's commanders in the field are given wide latitude of action within the general plan, and full credit when they succeed. The Libyan campaign made at least two other heroes besides Wavell in General Sir Henry Maitland ("Jumbo") Wilson, the field commander, and General Richard Nugent O'Connor, commander of the Armored Division. This spirit of individual enterprise extends down to the privates "My ideal infantryman," Wavell once said, "should have the qualities of a successful poacher, a cat burglar and gunman."

Events seem to be shaping towards an even more important role for Britain's most successful general. If Britain is to win the war she must probably strike at Germany by land. For the mighty army she would need for such a drive the likeliest field commander is Wavell. No general could fail to be stirred by the prospect of a campaign which might win him a place beside Marlborough and Wellington. But it has its personal drawback for a literary general. Wavell has been trying for over a year to get on with a second book about Allenby. "I want to finish it," he says unhappily, "but I just can't find the time." *

Bristol to Bristol

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

From the short-wave station WRUL in Boston, a series of weekly broadcasts have been directed to Britain to fill in those evening hours when of necessity BBC is silent. The little town of Bristol, Vermont, was asked to prepare a friendly statement for Bristol, England, and they have said something which comes straight from the hearts of us all.—The Editors

WHEN we here in Bristol, Vermont, U. S. A., were given an opportunity to send a radio greeting to you in Bristol, England, we decided to make the most of it. It was a grand idea, we said, to tell those gritty Britishers how we felt about them. But when the committee — an electrician, an insurance agent, a farmer, a merchant, a professor, and a guy who writes for the newspapers — met in a room around a wood-burning stove to pour our collective thoughts into words that would go ringing 3000 miles across the Atlantic, each word a brilliant verbal meteor, we could think of no high-sounding phrases, no epoch-making thoughts. So we decided to tell you about our town.

Bristol, Vermont, has 1832 people, and an area of 21,710 acres, some 12 acres per person, so we are not crowded. It lies in the foothills of the Green Mountains, 100 miles south of the Canadian border, looking west across the valley of Lake Champlain to the Adirondack Mountains in New York State. In prehistoric times a great river roared through a gap in the mountains

from the glaciers to the eastward, piling up a delta of sand and gravel hundreds of acres in extent. On this delta Bristol now stands, reaching along the foot of the mountain in streets that are shaded by old elms and maples. The river is still here, a peaceful, domestic stream that turns our water wheels and gives us the sport of trout fishing.

In 1762, when Governor Benning Wentworth of the Colony of New Hampshire, acting for George III, granted a charter to the town, then an unbroken wilderness, it was called Pocock, after the famous British admiral. The name was soon changed to Bristol, however, presumably because the first settlers, who were English, had strong ties of friendship with Bristol in the old country. Then the towering forests of pine were felled, the stones were piled in countless miles of gray stone walls that shall forever bound our fields. Those fields were cleared by, and still support, a race of men of whom we are not ashamed.

Today Bristol is a town of agriculture and manufacturing, with herds of dairy cattle and fields of

hay, grain, corn and potatoes. And everywhere, along our village streets and country roads, in our door-yards and fence corners, you will find trees, for we love trees as you Englishmen do. In one way we use them as you do not, for in March, when the sap starts, we manufacture maple sugar and syrup that find their way to all parts of the world. The hills still supply us with timber for our factories, one of which is engaged in helping manufacture airplanes for our own defense, and for yours. Another branch of our military work is our air-field, where we are at the moment training 40 pilots.

And now for you, as we imagine you to be — a great city of 396,000 or more people, lying in a bowl-like valley some four miles in breadth. Here the Frome joins the Avon and after a few miles they enter Bristol Channel. We like the names of some of your streets — Broad, High, Corn, Wine. They have a hearty, robust sound and they leave a good taste in the memory. We may be wrong, but we picture them as smelling of tar and spices and sea air and being lined with ancient gabled houses. We have heard a great deal about your beautiful old cathedral, your churches, your famous schools and colleges. We know you have magnificent public buildings, parks, docks and manufacturing plants. All told, we are very proud to be associated in name with the city of Bristol, England.

Such associations are pleasant, but there is another that touches a deeper note in our friendship and extends not from town to town, but from nation to nation. We are thankful that in your hour of sore trial we sympathize with you, that the poison of barbarism has not entered our veins and distorted our vision. In seeing eye to eye with you we find vindication of our hatred of the hideous forms of force that are battling to destroy what we believe is holy. We are the only democracies left, the only nations on earth where men and women can try with any hope of success to shape their destinies according to their ideals.

These ideals of ours — liberty of speech and action and worship — are shared by millions of other people to whom they are only impossible dreams. But not ultimately impossible if we can crush the powers that oppose us. This is a crusade not to rescue the tombs of dead heroes but to establish new sanctuaries for living men and women and children.

No doubt many of you in England are saying, "Fine words, America, but it takes more than words to kill a dragon." We know it does. The time was when we, like you, thought that laurels won in the past were sufficient to insure the future, but that time is gone. The awful awakening you suffered brought us to our feet. We are still rubbing our eyes, perhaps, but we are roll-

ing up our sleeves. There is not an industry in our land that is not throwing in its every resource to build up our strength and yours. Nor do we depend on machines alone. A short time ago 17,000,000 of our young men registered for military service, willingly, because there is a feeling among them, as there is among you, that liberty is worth any price, even the price of life itself. We are slow to get under motion — we know that as well as you do, — but at last we are moving. A hundred and thirty million people, backed by untold material resources and united by a common will, are pulling in the same direction. You may be sure that that direction parallels the path of your own efforts.

As to your efforts, will you pardon us if we praise you to your face? We in America have a whole-hearted admiration for good sportsmanship. We know that its chief substance is courage, the courage to refrain from fighting when provoked by a bully, and then, when forbearance is at an end, the courage to fight, and keep on fighting when the odds pile up to seemingly irresistible proportions. We have seen you do just that and our admiration goes beyond our powers of expression.

You entered this war so fearlessly, ill-armed though you were. When you were deserted by your allies we stood aghast, believing, yet unable to believe, that your

very gallantry would cause your destruction. Then came Dunkirk. As hour by hour we followed that magnificent and unequalled retreat we realized that, no matter how humdrum life had once seemed, we were living in a heroic age. And we knew that a people who could transmute disaster into glory as you had done could never be conquered.

All that has followed has deepened our faith. The feats of your Air Force and Navy make us tingle with pride because they are carrying on a tradition that is from far back our tradition as well. But what stirs us most is the glorious courage of your people as they face the horrors of air attack, and are carrying on to a victory which shall be the greatest of all victories because of the way in which it is being won.

Over here we are given to hero worship. As a rule the heroes are our own, but we have taken Winston Churchill to our hearts. He is half American by birth, yet he typifies our idea of a Britisher, solid, resolute and wise, and a fighter who fights clean and knows no fear.

And we "fell for" your king and queen, as our slang has it, before the war. Many from this little town went to Canada to see them, and these hard-headed Yankees came back, if not out-and-out Royalists, at least with a deep respect for royalty British style. We can readily understand why you people put

your hearts into it when you sing *God Save the King*, but if we had as beautiful a queen we should insist on adding, "and Elizabeth too."

In this salute from Bristol, New England, to Bristol, Old England, we can sum up our attitude by repeating a story we have recently

heard. Not long ago when King George was walking about London inspecting the damage a cabby recognized him and shouted, "You are a great king, sir!" To which the king answered heartily, "And you are a great people!"

That is the way we feel.



Footnote to It

AFTER the last war that unhumorous race, the Germans, investigating the causes of morale, attributed much of the British soldier's staying power to his sense of humor, and decided to instill this sense in their own soldiers. Included in their manuals was an order to cultivate it, giving as an illustration one of Bairnsfather's pictures of "Old Bill" sitting in a building with an enormous shell hole in the wall. A new arrival asks, "What made that hole?" "Mice," replies Old Bill.

In the German manual a solemn footnote of explanation is added: "It was not mice, it was a shell."

— General Sir Archibald Wavell (Copyright 1941, Times Publishing Company, London)



Anti-British Broadcast from Radio Paris

who wanted to convert a district which hindered her hunting, did not hesitate to set fire to hundreds of houses, despite the inhabitants' complaints. For three days one heard the lowing of cattle and the cries of the people who were being roasted alive. — *The Listener*

ONE may form an idea of how English ladies and gentlemen treat the inferior classes from the following case: A marchioness

“ The dramatic story of the pilot whose plane bore Sir Frederick Banting to his death

Crash in Newfoundland

Condensed from The Toronto Star

Captain Joseph C. Mackey

MILITARY CONTROL makes it impossible to reveal many details of the story leading up to the crash. Suffice it to say that I was flying an airplane to Britain and that I was instructed to take aboard as the only passenger Sir Frederick Banting, famous Canadian scientist and discoverer of insulin.

Shortly after leaving Newfoundland I realized that the plane was not acting right and that we would have to turn back. I jettisoned our main fuel cargo, and asked the others to throw overboard all the baggage and everything else they could find to reduce our weight. When I was certain we were again over land I told Snailham, the radio operator, to go back to the cabin and order Burd, the navigation officer, and Sir Frederick Banting to bail out.

I felt what I thought was a change of balance in the ship and assumed they had gone. I then devoted my attention to making the best possible landing by instrument, as I was unable to see the ground. Within a few feet of a safe landing, my wing struck the only large tree in that

whole desolate area, as I discovered later. I do not recollect anything whatever of the crash.

I woke to consciousness to find my head bleeding profusely. As I started back to the cabin for the first-aid kit, I saw, to my horror, a body lying just outside the radio room. I had been certain I was alone. The body was that of Snailham. He had obviously been killed on impact. In the main cabin I found Flying Officer Burd also dead; Sir Frederick was alive but unconscious, with a severe head wound and his left arm broken.

I roused Sir Frederick to semi-consciousness after about 15 minutes. Somehow I got him from the cabin floor into a bunk, where I covered him with a parachute. I had no knife, but tore another parachute by snagging it on the wreckage and got enough silk to make a sling for his arm.

I asked Sir Frederick why no one had jumped. But he was delirious. At no time was he really aware of his plight. Such was his force and energy, however, that he spoke and acted as though he were a military officer on duty or a professor in a

clinic. He commanded me to take down his dictation. Throughout the night he would rouse himself and in a strong and what seemed a perfectly lucid condition dictate rapidly letters and memoranda, all of which were to me merely streams of unintelligible technical medical phrasology. Because of my own condition, I could not possibly take them down, but at times I went through the motions of writing in order to quiet him.

Thus we spent the night, Sir Frederick lapsing into unconsciousness, then coming to again to resume his weird dictation. This may well have been the struggle of a great mind to fight against death in a race to record his last thoughts. Perhaps medical information of priceless character was lost in those hours.

When morning came I went outside. It was bitter cold. We were in five feet of snow on the edge of a lake where our wreckage might not show up amid the rocks and brush.

Sir Frederick's condition grew worse and about noon it was plain that he could not survive without immediate medical attention. Weak myself from shock and injuries, I set out for help. I could make no headway against the deep snow, so I returned. I broke the ship's map board in half, and with friction tape rigged up a plausible imitation of snowshoes.

My first exploration trip almost ended in disaster. I set off for what

I thought would be the sea. Stumbling and floundering on the makeshift snowshoes, I grew terribly weary after a little while. I began to see mirages. Time after time I thought I saw houses. But when I reached them they were merely snow-covered trees and rocks.

I frequently fell and it would be several minutes before I could summon energy enough to get up. I came to what I believe was a river and had to decide which way to go, to the right or left. A strong wind was blowing. If I went with it, it would be easier. But if I went against the wind, it would be easier to come back.

I chose to go into the wind. If I hadn't I would not be here today, for after following the river bed some way I was too weak to go any farther. Trying to get back to the plane I almost gave up several times. But slowly my energy would creep back and rouse me to one more try. I set myself little tasks; I did not think of the plane. That seemed miles away. I set as my goal merely the next rock, the next bush. When I made that, I fell down and waited to see if my heart would come back. Then I would set a new goal.

The two miles I traveled that first afternoon took me from noon until dusk. When I reached the plane Sir Frederick was dead. By some immense effort he had got himself out of the plane and lay five feet from the wreck. *

I was exhausted. My ankle, sprained in the crash, had swollen almost to the knee. Every stage of my journey had been agony and I had done the last 500 yards on my hands and knees, through deep drifts, to spare my leg.

With a canvas engine cover under me and two overcoats over me I tried to sleep. My spirits were low. The situation seemed hopeless: here in the Newfoundland wastes, far off the path of any normal aid, was the wreckage of my plane, all but hidden by the snow. Here lay a great man. He had been the only other living thing, speaking to me in urgent riddles. Now he was still, dead. A great enterprise lay in ruin in an immeasurable wilderness. I was tempted to surrender hope and join my comrades by simply lying down and going to sleep in the freezing drifts around me. But I didn't.

The second morning it took me nearly an hour to work to my feet. My leg was worse, my back wrenched, and my head and face caked with blood. Nevertheless my mind was clear enough to tell me that I must work out a plan. I dragged myself to a large rock nearby and, taking pencil and paper, made a list of everything that I had and set about studying my map.

Sitting on that rock I had a long talk with myself. I debated the whole situation aloud and reminded myself patiently of the absolute necessity of organizing what resources

I had for their maximum use. This talk helped me wonderfully. I began to see that I had a fighting chance.

Here was my plan: I would stay by the ship two days more, if the weather remained flyable, and I might be sighted from the air. If the weather was not flyable I would set out next day in a westerly direction. To the best of my figuring I could intercept a railway approximately 25 miles due west. I calculated that with a new set of snowshoes and with a toboggan made of the metal cowlings of one of the engines, I could make five miles a day.

I spent most of that day removing one of the plane's compasses. I took shrouds from the parachutes to use as snares for rabbits, whose tracks I saw all about. I did not know how to go about snaring rabbits, but I had the feeling that if I had to learn, doubtless I would.

During this day, many planes passed nearby. I had rigged up a signal fire by dragging together what trees I could of those I had struck down in the crash, pouring gasoline over them. I lit this three times. The gasoline would burn but the trees and twigs were too filled with frost to ignite.

Thirst plagued me terribly. When the plane crashed, one wheel had made a hole through the lake ice. The open water remained unfrozen, but covered with a heavy film of gasoline. I could think of no way of reaching the water under the gaso-

line, and that hole mocked me constantly.

There was food in the ship — sandwiches, oranges, and tins of emergency rations. These were frozen solid but I did succeed in eating some oranges. By taking them to bed with me, placing them against my body during the night, they would be half thawed out by morning.

I ate snow constantly but it did not slake my thirst. On the third day I found a depression on the big rock and in this I poured gasoline, set it on fire and succeeded in heating snow and making my first real drink since the crash.

That day was to be my last before setting out from the wreck. My toboggan was packed. It was a great temptation to start at once. But I held back, to give one more chance to searching aircraft to spot us.

That noon I was sitting beside my rock when I heard a plane coming. Nearer and nearer it approached. Using gasoline, seat cushions, a life preserver and a grease-soaked engine cover, I endeavored to set a signal fire that would create smoke. But to no avail.

I saw the plane fly straight over me, about 600 feet up, without any indication of recognition. Then it vanished in the distance.

I seized the hauling rope of the metal toboggan and started. I gave up, for once and all, any hope of being found by aircraft.

I had gone about 300 yards when

I heard the plane returning. So complete was my feeling of lost hope that I did not even pause in my stride, though the engine grew louder and louder.

Right overhead the plane flew. As I looked up I saw it dip one wing and heel over, to let the pilot look down. I waved madly, I flung my arms and shouted. But it was not I the plane had seen. Round it banked, closer and closer to the wreckage, and then, as I leaped and waved, it did see me. It came very near — near enough for me to recognize the pilot, an old friend named Jim Allison. He dropped a message: "Bringing help." Then he climbed to gain sufficient altitude to send his wireless messages clear.

Jim circled round and round and never left sight of the spot, and in an incredibly short time the air seemed full of planes. They dropped a sleeping bag, provisions, medical kits, tools — a veritable rain of supplies. Despite my almost hysterical condition I realized they didn't know the truth. So I tramped out my name in big 50-foot letters in the snow. "Joe," I wrote. Then "3 dead."

One of the cases of food they dropped burst open. There was a can opener among the goods, and canned pineapple juice. I drank one can without stopping. Then another. I never tasted anything so glorious in all my life.

But now I was exhausted and trembling from the rushing about

in the deep snow. And though the sky was full of planes I knew they could not land. How long would it be before actual help arrived?

I crept into the sleeping bag to wait. I did not know then that less than two miles away a plane had dropped a note to two Newfoundland trappers who, at that moment, were speeding toward me, hauling a sled on which I was to be taken to civilization before another sun had set.

I later discovered that my rescue hinged on one very curious factor, a sea marker. This is a flask of aluminum powder carried by planes crossing water. We drop the flask on the water and the powder spreads

in a bright patch, by which we can calculate the plane's drift.

I had six sea markers in my plane when we crashed. Five of them burst on impact. When I searched the plane for materials to make smoke I found the unbroken marker. I burst this on my rock in the hope that it would make a silver shine on the dark stone. The wind took the powder and flung it out on the snow in a long streak. Aluminum, which looks like silver on the sea, looks black on snow. It was that queer black streak that caught Jim Allison's eye. Had he not seen it our wrecked plane in the wilds of Newfoundland might never have been found.



The Fashions of 1867

Reported by Mark Twain

TAKEN as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly costumes than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. But this time they have been felicitous in invention. The wretched waterfall still remains, but in a modified form; now it sticks straight out behind the head, and looks like a wire muzzle on a greyhound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of head and hair reposes the little battercake of a bonnet, like a jockey saddle on a race horse. You will readily perceive that this looks very unique, and coquettish.

But the glory of the costume is the dress. No furbelows, no biases, no gores, no flutter wheels, no hoops to speak of — nothing but a plain, narrow black dress, terminating just below the knees in long saw teeth (points downward), and under it a flaming red skirt, enough to put your eyes out, that reaches down only to the ankles, exposing the restless little feet. Fascinating, seductive, bewitching! To see a lovely girl of 17, with her saddle on her head, her muzzle on behind and the veil just covering the end of her nose, come tripping along in her hoopless, red-bottomed dress like a churn on fire is enough to set a man wild. I must drop this subject — I can't stand it.

— *Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown*

My Unexpected Harvest

Condensed from "Adventures in Contentment"

David Grayson

THE YEARS before I came to this farm — years spent in cities and among crowds — I like to forget. The chief impression they left upon my memory is of being ceaselessly hurried faster than I could well travel. My senses and nerves were strained to the utmost of attainment. I did not really live at all; feverishly I merely produced. I never rested or reflected, and had no genuine pleasure even though I pursued it fiercely during the brief respite of vacations.

But one day I was stopped suddenly by a fever, and lay close to death for weeks. When I came to myself once more I had no feeling except that I ought to care about going on living, but did not. It was

IN ONE PHASE of his two-sided personality, Ray Stannard Baker has been journalist, special commissioner for the Department of State in 1918 to Great Britain, France and Italy, historian of the World War peace conference, and authorized biographer of Woodrow Wilson (the 8 volumes required 12 years to write). As "David Grayson," he is author of *Adventures in Solitude*, *Great Possessions*, and a half dozen other pastoral idylls which have been translated into many languages and loved by millions. At his home in the country near Amherst, Mass., he leads a David Grayson existence in his orchard, garden and apiary.

as though I had died and escaped all further responsibility. Wearily I questioned what it was that I required for recovery. Then, one morning, there came to me with indescribable poignancy the thought of walking barefoot in cool, fresh plow furrows as I had once done when a boy. I pictured myself sitting in quiet thickets in old fence corners, the woods behind me rising still and mysterious, the fields in front stretching away in illimitable pleasantness. I thought of the good smell of cows at milking and the heat and sweat of the hayfields. I hungered for the earth and for growing things.

And thus I came to this farm and to this new life, and here all summer I labored in a sort of animal content. Autumn came, with coolness in the evening air. I was plowing in my upper field, with the earth turning up moist and fragrant, when my awakening came.

I paused there and looked up. It was as if I had never looked up before, had never really known that the world had height or color or sweet sounds. I was conscious of the cool tang of burning leaves, whose lazy smoke floated down the valley. I heard, as though the

"Adventures in Contentment" is included in the volume "Adventures of David Grayson," copyright 1925, and published at \$2.50 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

sounds were then made for the first time, all the vague murmurs of the countryside — a cowbell somewhere in the distance, the creak of a wagon, the blurred evening hum of birds, insects, frogs. I stood there long, looking about me with a glow and a thrill. . . .

How sweet an emotion is possession! And what a foundation for self-respect lies in a little property! Money we may possess, or goods or chattels, but they give no such impression of *mineness* as the feeling that one's feet rest upon soil that is his. In imagination I extended my farm on all sides, dwelling avariciously upon the prospect of more land. And then I thought how the world stretched away from my fences — all of it made up of such fields as mine, and in each small enclosure a man as hot as I in the longing for more land! How property kept them apart, prevented the close, confident touch of friendship!

Suddenly I was ashamed. How placid and undemanding was the perfect beauty of the world around me. Why should any man fence himself in, or hope to enlarge his world by the creeping acquisition of a few acres?

I glanced across the broad valley to a field of buckwheat which belongs to Horace, my neighbor. It gave the illusion of a hill on fire, for the late sun shone full on the thick ripe buckwheat, giving forth an abundant red glory that blessed

the eye. Horace had been proud of his crop, smacking his lips at the prospect of winter pancakes — and here I was entering his field and taking another crop, a crop not gathered with hands or stored in granaries, but reaped by the eye and garnered by the soul, a wonderful harvest that may long be fed upon and yet ever remain unconsumed!

Across the countryside I looked upon a group of elms here, a tufted hilltop there, the smooth verdure of pastures, the rich brown of new-plowed fields and the odors and sounds of the country. Boundaries do not keep me out; openly I enter and, taking my fill, leave as much as I find. Then and there I made a covenant with myself. I said: "I shall not allow possessions to come between me and my life or my friends."

When I came to this farm, I came empty-handed. I believed that life had nothing more in store for me. I had diligently scrambled for Success — and had reaped defeat.

Here I began to plow and harrow and plant, expecting nothing. In due time I began to reap. And it has been a growing marvel to me what diverse and unexpected crops I have produced within these few acres of earth. With sweat I planted corn, and reaped a crop not only of corn but of happiness and hope.

When I ordered my life I failed. Now that I work from day to day,

undemandingly doing that which I can do best and which most delights me, I am rewarded in ways that I could not have imagined.

I have made friends; they have come to me naturally, as the corn grows in my fields or the wind blows in my trees. I have learned that civilization, if it means anything at all, means the ability to look through material possessions, and through clothing, differences of speech and color of skin, and see the genuine man that abides within each of us.

And I have learned how much we miss in not giving ourselves fully to the senses. The senses are tools by which we may lay hold upon the world. Through sheer indolence we ignore their message and miss half the joy of life. Often as I work I stop to *see* — really to see everything, or to listen. Really to see the buzzard lazily circling overhead; really to hear the frogs booming in the marshes, or the bees at work in the blossoms. Or to smell. To smell the wild crab-

apple blossoms, the fragrance of moist earth, the acrid aroma of the marsh. It is the wonder of wonders how much there is in this old world that we never dreamed of, how many beautiful sounds, sights and odors which ordinarily make no impression upon our pre-occupied minds.

Finally I have learned the peculiar joy of hard physical labor — no brain used, just muscles. It makes one a sort of unthinking machine; yet sometimes when I am at hard work I suddenly have a sense of the world's opening around me, a sense of its beauty and meanings that gives me a deep happiness. Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work.

My years on this farm lead me to this conclusion: of all ways of escape from a life wherein we flounder in possessions, and waste our energies upon *things*, the best is the country. It is the place of places where a man can live fully and freely, in true contentment.



Garden Note

THE world-famous Dutch tulip bulbs are the latest Nazi victims. The German conquerors of Holland are roasting huge quantities of them, mixing them with ground acorns and distributing them throughout Holland as coffee

— Overseas News Agency

¶ In the confusion of the present conflict have Americans lost sight of simple questions of right and wrong?

The Forgotten Moral Issue

Condensed from *The Nation*

Brooks Atkinson

TO BE CONFUSED is to be weak. To be weak is to be lost. Yet many people profess to be confused by the shrieking world erupting around them. "I don't know what to believe," they say, or "I can't make head or tail of anything." But it seems to me that the confusion is superficial. It derives chiefly from politics, which is subtle and mischievous, and economics, which is intricate and open to dispute. Neither is an integral part of the world of God and nature in which we move and have our being. They are only casually related to the fullness of life we have an instinct for living. Although the ordeal of the world is at least in part a clash of opposing economics, that is not the reason our hearts stand still when we read the news from Britain and China.

When evidence appears to be confusing it is wise to make simple decisions that represent the integrity of our characters. Wise decisions harmonize with the fundamental truths of human nature. The basic questions that people are asking themselves today are moral

ones. In the last analysis, we are concerned with what is right and wrong.

In the superficial worlds of politics and economics we can easily confuse each other about nearly all the current issues — whether economic necessity forces Japan to dominate the East, whether Germany should draw boundaries according to racial strength, whether it is shrewd for the United States to give all possible aid to Britain or whether it would be smart to walk softly and appease Hitler's temper.

But the moral test is not open to argument. Even in this headlong world we can find a solid place on which to stand if we ask what is right and wrong in human conduct. In the simplest moral terms — it was wrong for Japan to grab Manchukuo, to spread like a scourge through China; wrong for Italy to ravage Ethiopia, to conspire with Germany against the legitimate government of Spain; wrong for Germany to invade Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and other countries; wrong for Russia to engulf the Baltic states, to crush the inde-

pendence of the Finns. These things are wrong, not because they violate international law, but because they have struck at the spirit of man which is the creative force of the world.

The sequence of evil has constantly increased in horror and contempt: the Japanese defended the larceny of Manchukuo as law-enforcement against bandits in 1931, but Germany did not feel required to defend her conquests of Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium in 1940. For evil feeds on evil and the cunning hand acquires skill in murder. The coming years will follow a like course if thieves, murderers, and despots are not curbed. There are blunt words for these wrongs — pillage, slaughter, treason, savagery.

Some people feel that we Americans can escape moral responsibility by averting our eyes from the ashes of innocent people's homes and by stopping our ears against the roar of battle. But a moral man does not bargain with thugs and murderers for his personal safety. (Incidentally, it does him no good.) The man of moral integrity, when his brothers are starved, tortured and killed, does not consider the personal consequences of what he says and does. Whatever violates the code by which he lives is his business and he dedicates himself to correcting it. For the moral code is not a system of etiquette, but the fundamental truths

of humanity, wrung out of the painful experience of mankind since civilization began, and founded on the faith that men can flourish on love and enlightenment.

If the democratic way of life were not based on a moral concept of human relations it would not be worth preserving. If freedom were not creative, the vital source of the present and future, it would not be worth the staggering price we must pay to retain it. To look on democracy simply as a form of government is to underestimate the fullness of life it nourishes. It is part of the moral wisdom of the ages — men living together with mutual respect and a common destiny. Far from being one stage in the development of civilization, it is a fundamental idea which cannot be regarded as inefficient because it has not yet been achieved.

Although we have not yet achieved full democracy at home we have progressed steadily in that direction. We have, on the whole, achieved political and religious democracy. We still have poverty, unemployment, racial prejudice, but these festers on the body of the country can be cured. Our course is clear. We must strengthen ourselves with more democracy.

If democracy has outlived its usefulness, Christ was the most calamitous of false prophets, Lincoln was an eloquent nit-wit, and we have been a tragically misguided nation. If democracy has

outlived its usefulness, slavery is the highest state to which man can aspire.

For about eight years barbaric violence has been raging with increasing cruelty all over the world, driving millions into exile, sentencing whole populations to slavery at the point of a rifle, murdering men,

women and children in convulsions of terror, crushing the truth that we have labored for centuries to lift out of darkness. Are these things right or wrong? We cannot foresee the result of the steps we take to resist them. But people who are not degenerate know what direction those steps must take.



His Day

Excerpt from Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Anna Roosevelt Boettiger

MY YOUNGEST BROTHER, John, and his wife were getting ready for a vacation and were following the good old custom of leaving the baby with the nearest grandparents — the President of the United States and his wife. Johnny telephoned the White House one evening, asked for Mother, and when informed that she was making a speech in West Virginia, asked for Father. This is their telephone conversation, as Mother wrote it to me:

Johnny: "I can't get Ma, she's never home. Will you take down the arrangements about the baby?"

Pa: "Delighted."

Johnny: "Please call the Dy-dee company in the morning."

Pa: "Who is she?"

Johnny: "Oh, you are old-fashioned — the diaper company. They have to have several days' notice."

Pa: "Hasn't the baby any diapers? We have a stove; they can be boiled here."

Johnny: "Oh, no, Pa. We don't do things that way now."

Pa: "Very well, I'll call. How many do you want?"

Johnny: "One hundred and forty."

Pa (horrified): "One hundred and forty! Is there anything wrong with him?"

Johnny: "Certainly not! He's perfectly normal. He uses 20 a day — 140 a week."

Pa: "I see. I'll call in the morning."

Pa went to bed chuckling over the morning conversation to be. He would pick up the phone and say: "Hackie (head White House operator), please get me the Universal Dy-dee Service." The connection is made — then: "This is the President of the United States. Please deliver to the White House, at nine o'clock Thursday morning, 140 diapers."

Answer from the other end of the line: "Oh, yeah?"

But in the morning a message from the Secretary of State — and diapers sink completely out of the presidential mind!

University of Alabama, found the first clues to this riddle. Many pellagrins died under his care — despite meals that were supposed to be scientifically well balanced. More astounding, McLester watched certain people develop deficiency disease on the very diets designed to cure pellagra.

Meanwhile our chemists were building crystal-pure B vitamins; their new chemicals — thiamin, riboflavin, nicotinic acid — first became medical sensations by soothing the hidden hunger of people in extreme agony of pain, saving them from the verge of blindness, rescuing those daft or about to die. But this was only part of the strange power of these magic chemicals. For then our famine fighters began shooting huge doses of them into human beings unaccountably sick but not suspected of malnutrition. And there followed new vigor, a sudden return to health.

Thus the magic chemicals became more than curative. It was now revealed that they are tools for the diagnosis of a sinister hidden hunger that may gnaw at people for years before they show outright signs of pellagra or beriberi.

Here is the experience of one of the leading medical personages of America. He had both money and intelligence to eat what was good for him. Gradually his eyes became inflamed so that he couldn't stand the light; then they ulcerated. Eye specialists were baffled. Then diag-

nosis by a famine-fighting physician. Two shots of riboflavin. In a week this scientist was back at his duties.

So apparently the well-balanced diet, though good, may yet not be enough. And here's why: you may eat the best balanced diet in the world, and still be unable to absorb your food; or maybe you can absorb it, but the cells of your body can't use it; or even if your body cells can use it, perhaps something in your make-up, or some sickness or unusual condition, makes you need vastly more vitamins than other people.

The power of these new B vitamin chemicals is illustrated by the case of a young engineering student. Working his way through college, he unwittingly sent himself into a deficiency tailspin by living for months on meat, bread, and Coca-Cola. The corners of his mouth became sore, his gums bled, his eyes blurred so he could hardly see. Yet he graduated and got a job, but found he couldn't concentrate on his work. He became shy of his best friends. Convinced that his employers were trying to steal a new chemical process he was developing, he wrote long abusive letters to them, and was fired.

He went home. His mother forced good meals into him. He slowly improved physically, got another job, yet kept thinking the world was down on him. He feared insanity, contemplated suicide. Then one night the Famine Fighters story in

The Reader's Digest caught his eye. He dressed, went out, came back from the drugstore with every kind of vitamin he could buy. He swallowed them in giant doses.

In a couple of days "the gloom began to lift," he could concentrate again and no longer needed the whisky with which he had tried to keep up his morale. He went to Hillman Hospital to report his experience. He said he wondered if thousands of college students, and youngsters working for small pay at their first jobs, weren't malnourishing themselves much as he did.

Does his experience mean that neurotic, tired, worried people should dose themselves with vitamin pills from drugstores? No. This boy was lucky. His looming insanity might have had some other cause. The clerk who suggests vitamin preparations for loss of weight and pep and appetite takes a terrible responsibility. For these ills may also be the warning signals of a hidden cancer, of tuberculosis, of many another fatal malady. *This is basic: if you're not feeling well, go to your doctor for your vitamins.*

But this must be admitted: the famine-fighting science is still new to many physicians. If you're in ill health and your own physician recommends no more than "a well-balanced diet," then you have the right to ask about these new chemicals which may spot and relieve possible chemical starvation.

Here is the kind of discovery

physicians are now making in their practice. A doctor in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., operated recently upon a husky truck driver. The man went back to work but was not what he had been. He was jittery, tired long before the day's work was over. Suspecting that the truck driver had become depleted of vitamins, the doctor injected a giant dose of thiamin, the B-1 vitamin, into his arm vein.

Two days later the trucker came back, asking, "Doc, what have you done to me?" The morning after that injection he'd gone back to his job with vigor. A car had skidded into his truck. The accident didn't faze him. And the doctor felt like Columbus, making the American landfall.

Mind you, family physicians are finding that such brilliant successes don't always happen. But the new chemicals are a challenge to them. With their help our doctors can begin a mass attack on deficiency diseases that do not show up in death rates but keep millions of Americans in misery. They can try nicotinic acid on crackpots now referred to psychiatrists. They can test riboflavin on eye troubles which are the despair of eye specialists. They can follow the effects of this or that B vitamin on baffling digestive jangles. At worst, no harm done. At best, another triumph for vitamins.

But we've been talking only of diagnosis and cure. How about pre-

vention of the hidden chemical hunger from which so many of us suffer? That also is at hand. White flour and bread enriched with three of the B vitamins* are already nationally distributed. And now, as this is written, engineer Theodore Earle has shown our millers an ingenious method to retain in bread *all* the vitamin and mineral virtues of whole wheat. It couldn't be done, previously, because whole wheat flour went rancid and was indigestible to many. Earle's process corrects that by peeling the cause of it — a thin outer layer — from the wheat berry. Before spring is over, a large baking company which pioneered the Earle whole-wheat process will be turning out a million and a quarter pounds of this revolutionary bread daily, at no increase in price.

Can we dare hope to supercharge the American diet still further? To go beyond the restoration of the virtues of whole wheat?

If we are to build a super-strong humanity we must do this, because modern food processing has refined B vitamins out of other calories besides those of wheat. It is unnatural to ask people to swallow daily rations of capsules. It is unfair, too. Because these vitamin preparations, for which America pays \$90,000,000 yearly at drug and department stores, are so ex-

pensive as to be out of reach of the myriads who need them sorely.

Such a B vitamin for everybody now is ready. It can be tested this year nation-wide, our doctors leading, the mothers of America helping.

The tiny yeast cell is a terrific chemical factory for the manufacture of *all* the powerful vitamins of the B complex. Yeast can be grown, dirt cheap, from ammonia, molasses, and certain minerals. But, you protest, yeast is unpalatable. And if this proposed abundance of B vitamins is not tasty, it might as well be as far off as the moon.

For the past five years Dr. William De Kleine, Director of the Medical Division of the American Red Cross, has been trying to jump this hurdle. In his own kitchen, he found that you can mask the obnoxious taste of yeast with peanut butter. Then came H. F. Ziegler and J. D. Véron, of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., to help him with the remarkable Danish brewer's yeast, C-50. Blend it up to 25 percent with peanut butter — itself rich in B vitamins — and you do not know the yeast is there. This B vitamin supercharge is an excellent cheap food as well. Per unit weight, it has more protein than steak, as much carbohydrate as potatoes, half as much fat as butter. One pound of it will not cost more than 20 cents.

And at Hillman Hospital two ounces of it, spread on bread and eaten daily, have been found gradually to cure B vitamin deficiency

* See "Supercharged Flour — An Epochal Advance," The Reader's Digest, January, '41, p. 9.

disease already far enough advanced to be diagnosed. Anheuser-Busch is making the mixture available to American housewives. The American Red Cross is getting ready to test it for cure and prevention of hidden hunger in certain southern regions. The U. S. Army is contemplating its inclusion in the diet of our defense forces.

This palatable supercharge holds out a special promise for the children of America. For the mixed B vitamin deficiency really has its beginning in early childhood. Leading famine fighting physicians suspect that this is what's wrong with an incalculable number of children who are fretful, puny, laggard in school. This year Dr. Tom Spies and his co-workers at Hillman Hospital are preparing a mass experiment with the power of this cheap, simple supercharge to step up the vigor of southern children.

Of course there are other chemical starvations than those caused by lack of the B vitamins. Here again the yeast-peanut butter mixture holds out promise. Because into it can be blended any other

vitamins now known, such as A, E and K, which dissolve in fat, and C, which dissolves in water. Increasing, too, is the power of scientists to step up the B vitamins in the obliging yeast cell. Dr. Charles N. Frey, of the Fleischmann Laboratories, has "educated" a yeast to make ten times more thiamin than the ordinary yeast of brewers.

The science, the inexpensive vitamins, are now in the hands of doctors to test the truth of the prophecy made by Dr. James S. McLester:

"In the past, science has conferred on those people who have availed themselves of the newer knowledge of infectious diseases, better health and a greater average length of life. In the future, it promises to those races who will take advantage of the newer knowledge of nutrition a larger stature, greater vigor, increased longevity, and a higher level of cultural development.

"To a measurable degree, man is now master of his own destiny, where once he was subject only to the grim hand of fate."



Brave Laughter

VALOR that laughs in the teeth of Disaster,
Courage that makes Fate the friend, not the master,
These are of England, her kith and her kin ;
Brave laughter shall win.

Arthur Guiterman



*A Sequel to
"Out of the Night"*

American Dawn

BY *Jan Valtin*

WITH the publication of *Out of the Night*, Jan Valtin became a figure of national interest. Bookshops devoted whole windows to displaying his book. Newspapers, headlining his name, filled columns with conjecture on his character, his motives in writing this book, his future. A flood of letters from all over the United States and Canada poured in, a few of them from people who recognized in his book episodes in which they themselves had played a part.

Many others wrote to ask Mr. Valtin (or to use his real name, Richard J. Krebs) such questions as these: "What was your purpose in laying before Americans the terrible exposures in this book? Where do you yourself, a former communist agent, now stand in regard to Communism and Fascism? What does America mean to you?"

To answer those sincere and important questions Mr. Valtin has written the following article.

DURING the last World War when I was a schoolboy in Germany, my teacher, following the clumsy propaganda methods of that time, did his best to impress his pupils with "the vicious dishonesty of our American enemy." Hung up against the classroom wall was a large trick picture of Woodrow Wilson; at first glance a pious, smugly benevolent mask, it was folded aside by pulling a string and then appeared the face

Latest reports from booksellers indicate that *Out of the Night* — with 360,000 copies sold two months after publication — is being more widely read than any other current best seller, fiction or non-fiction.

of a hyena licking blood from its chops.

"That," Teacher Schlueter said with pompous conviction, "is the face of America."

I did not believe him even then. My father had been a sailor; he had described America to me as "*das Land der unbegrenzten Möglichkeiten*" — the country of unlimited possibilities. Besides, I had avidly read German translations of James Fenimore Cooper and of Mark Twain. It is true that I visualized America as a strange land of hardy pioneers and Mississippi River pirates, of skyscrapers at the edge of virgin forests where the great

grizzly prowled and Indians danced around fires. But at least I thought I knew more about it than Herr Schlueter.

After the war, following my family's tradition, I went to sea. Late in 1921 I first set foot briefly on American shores. It was in Galveston, Texas. The town was crowded and cheerful. After the years of the great hunger in my homeland, I stared incredulously at stores crammed with good clothes, good shoes, meat and fruit. I was astonished to see so many automobiles; and so many Negroes, instead of Indians, scouts and trappers.

Two stormy years passed before I made my second landing in America. Again I landed as a sailor, but by this time the sailor's trade had become for me but a convenient disguise for secret missions in the service of the Communist International. Already my fervent desire to alleviate poverty and social injustice in my homeland had been misdirected into a fanatical belief in the communist cause. Blinded by a fallacious revolutionary faith, I willingly obeyed the commands of my communist chiefs. I need not detail a story already told in my book, the story of my work in America as an enemy of a democracy which I had been taught to regard as the acme of capitalist exploitation.

It was inevitable that, sooner or later, I should come into serious conflict with the law of the country

whose hospitality I abused. Readers of *Out of the Night* will remember that, after my third arrival as a communist in America, I was ordered to commit an act of violence, was captured, and sentenced to jail by a Los Angeles court. So I found myself within the gates of San Quentin prison. America, at last, had struck back at me.

Standing forlornly in the great Main Yard, my head shaved, with hundreds of men in faded blue milling about me, I had no inkling that San Quentin's noisy cellblocks and steaming yards were to give me more freedom than they took away. Without those new interests and hitherto undiscovered abilities which I found there I should be unable today to fashion the cornerstone of a new life.

I entered prison in a rebellious mood. Day and night during the first six months I planned escape. I worked in the jute mill in the noisy turmoil of 200 electric looms. I saw men knife each other in clouds of jute dust or in the man-crammed Yard. Sometimes the glum silence of the cells gave way to eerie howls of rage.

"Buckle down to some constructive task," I told myself, "or you'll become one of these lunatics who seek relief in the smashing of their cell fixtures or the burning of their hated looms. Make yourself better and stronger. These years need not be lost."

It was not easy. It required weeks

of inner combat against my own violently distorted perspective, before I could accept a constructive attitude. Yet the prison food I ate was better than the food I had had on European ships during my years at sea. I slept under clean, warm blankets on a clean mattress. I could discuss with fellow prisoners anything under the sun, short of murder and escape, and no guard would tell me that such talk was forbidden. I saw, at last, that a convict in America enjoys incomparably more intellectual and spiritual freedom than a "free" man under totalitarian rule. To my own amazement I began to like San Quentin.

I discovered the universe of books. The prison library was excellent, and I was allowed to buy books — any books I liked. I read ravenously: in my cell at night, squatting in the hot dust of the Yards, and even during meals when we ate in the huge mess hall to the brassy blare of the "Lifer's Band."

The Educational Director arranged for me to become a prison librarian. Adjoining the library and facing San Quentin's famous flower garden were the prison offices of the Extension Division of the University of California. As a convicted criminal in America, I might have a university education — an education that in Europe is the hallmark of the upper classes! I studied with frenzied persistence. This

was, I felt, the great and only chance of my life to acquire learning.

More and more my interest centered in a craving to master the English language — to write it as well as to read its great literature. I completed practically all the English courses I could find on the curriculum of the University of California, including courses in Journalism and Feature Writing. Mr. Arthur Price, my instructor, encouraged me. Numerous articles which I wrote under his guidance were published in the *Bulletin*, the monthly prison magazine.

When I was paroled, after 39 months in San Quentin, it is the truth that I would gladly have stayed longer. The plan of study I had made for myself was not nearly completed. However, I was put aboard a steamer crammed with other prison deportees and sent away, rejected by the land where I had been happy even in a prison cell.

Eight malevolent and hideous years followed, years spent in the gutters of political conspiracy, years of struggle against the rising tide of Nazi terror in Germany. A high song of happiness penetrated the gloomy turmoil of this period when I met and married Firelei, a courageous, beautiful and sensitive girl, and our son, Jan, was born. But such happiness could not survive in the tumult of our common struggle against Hitler's march to power in Germany. Gone now were the

dreams I had dreamt in San Quentin. Even the fascination which revolutionary activism had once held for me had now melted away; in its place was only a grim determination not to abandon the once chosen faith.

The end was bitterness. Firelei and I, among countless others, paid the price of defeat. We saw the Nazis triumphant in the country which should have been our home. We saw the Gestapo embark on a program of calculated savagery, and we felt its whips. Firelei was thrown into prison; our son was taken away to be made a ward of Hitler's state. Concentration camp and prison, torture, and the fathomless anguish of solitary confinement became my lot. To escape insanity I often forced myself to dream, and the dreams floated around Firelei, and then drifted on, to America.

In countless days of pacing a narrow cell, in countless nights of pain, I realized that no greater antipodes are possible on this earth than life under Nazi tyranny and life in America. My sentence was 13 years, with the prospect of a concentration camp after this sentence was served. Before I could be freed I would be almost 50. And Firelei . . .

"There is no future," I told myself a thousand times. But deep inside me a persistent, hopeful voice refused to be stilled. "No matter how long it may take, there is a future; think of that future,

Firelei's future, Jan's future, think of America."

I made such plans as even the most wretched and hopeless prisoner cannot help making. I planned a future against which the odds were piled as high as the Himalayas. I even pondered on the name under which I would hide in that impossible future, and I decided on the name, Jan Valtin. I chose "Valtin" because it suggested no one definite nationality; "Jan" because that was the name Firelei had given to our son. And then came times when I tore all dreams to shreds, jeered at myself as an incorrigible fool, remembering the things that were real: Hitler's power, the guards, the whips.

I survived. I escaped. Alone, hunted, ill and penniless, in the spring of 1938, I arrived in New York.

HOW CAN I describe, to those who have not felt the jailhouse atmosphere of European tyrannies, what emotions the American air of freedom aroused in me? I glowed with a silent gratitude that warmed every fiber of my being. Of course there was sadness — for Firelei and our child, held as hostages by the Gestapo. But a majestic melody seemed to fill the air between the tall gray buildings. "Nothing is lost," I told myself. "You will find a way to bring Firelei to America, and Jan, too. The first step is to find work, any work, and to save money; the

second is to keep your whereabouts a secret — for should the Gestapo learn that you have escaped to America, Firelei will be lost.”

My confidence in America was immense. America was a land of open doors. Here I could walk among the crowds without fear of secret police, without meeting instant suspicion because of a foreign accent. The freedom of entering a city, of seeking lodgings, of looking for work without the necessity of showing personal papers, of registering with the police, of obtaining a permit to stay or to leave, is a joy hardly noticed by Americans.

The first night I slept in the hallway of an abandoned tenement; the second on a bench in Central Park. During the hours of daylight I roamed the wharves of Manhattan. I boarded coastal steamers to ask for food. The sailors were hospitable. I ate. On my third day in New York I got a job.

A truck driver whom I consulted had advised me to go to Sixth Avenue, where the offices of private labor agents follow one another like portholes in a ship's side. In front of one such office I saw a sign, *Wedding Hall Porter Wanted*.

“What is a wedding hall porter?” I asked the agent.

“Feller who takes charge of a hall that people rent for weddings. Sweeps floors, moves tables, carries drinks and ice. Gotta take charge of the cuspidors, too.”

So I became a wedding hall por-

ter. The employer to whom I was sent asked neither for references, nor for that necessity in European countries — the police permit to work. All he asked was “Can you use a floor-waxing machine?”

“Sure,” I said.

“All right, get to work.”

That was the beginning of my new life in America.

I slept on a collapsible camp bed set up in the middle of a huge ballroom after the last revelers had gone home. To save on food I ate left-overs of the parties I attended as a servant. With the determination of a miser, I saved every tip, every cent that could be spared out of my meager wages. In a few weeks I had accumulated \$100. I would need at least \$300 to send someone who was reliable secretly into Germany to spirit my wife and child across the Nazi frontier.

The wedding hall job gave out and I changed from one manual labor job to another. Steady jobs were scarce, and hard to get. During the whole of 1938 I never treated myself to a steak, never went to a motion picture, never drank a glass of beer, never bought an unnecessary article of clothing. I always carried my money with me in a roll wrapped in oilcloth. Late in lonesome nights I would count it. The sum grew bigger. By September, I thought, I would at last have saved the \$300 I needed.

Frugal, even hungry sometimes as my life was, I felt always the joy

of being in America. Like any other unskilled worker, I scurried from job to job, neither expecting nor finding universal kindness, but deeply conscious of the opportunity for a new life. At times I sent — through a friend in Amsterdam who could forward them secretly — notes of hope and encouragement to Firelei. Only once did an answer from her reach me. It was a message of wild fear, requesting me to stop writing.

I soon learned the reason for that cry of fear. The Gestapo had traced me to America, and were now watching for any effort on my part to communicate with my wife. I felt that I had lost the greatest battle of my life. In a frenzy I penned a letter to Inspector Paul Kraus of the Gestapo's Foreign Division in Hamburg.

"Free my wife at once," I wrote. "I have kept silent until now. If you do not free her immediately, I shall tell the world all I know about your secret international organization."

It was a foolish letter. No answer arrived from Inspector Kraus at the New York Seamen's Institute, which I had given as my address.

Again life seemed fruitless. But I went on working as an itinerant laborer. I got a job as a housepainter in the Rockaways, applying myself grimly to cover my ignorance of this trade. Before many weeks I was holding my own with more experienced fellow-painters. What a difference between Europe and

America! In Europe a man desiring to work as a painter must submit proof of a three years' apprenticeship. In America his willingness to work and his skill were enough.

I painted a hotel in Liberty, New York. I washed dishes in a Greek restaurant. Through two blazing summer months I was a maintenance man in a Hebrew seminary. And in my spare hours after each hard day's work I was attempting again to write. I wrote a small number of travel sketches and stories of the sea.

In the winter of 1938-39 I was once again a painter of bungalows on Rockaway Beach. Here I received through roundabout channels the news that Firelei had perished in Hitler's dungeons.

A night of black anguish followed. I roamed the wintry sands, the clear stars overhead and an icy wind blowing in from the sea, and wept and screamed my sorrow and impotent anger into the impersonal thunder of the surf.

Now my writing turned in another direction. It gathered force and had an aim beyond a simple desire to sell what I wrote. The murder of the girl who had been my wife and comrade impelled me to raise a voice against the forces that regard human rights as trash, trash discarded in their struggles to dominate the world.

I wanted to tell the people of America that neither the National

Socialism of Hitler, nor the Communism of Stalin, nor any other tyranny, could ever succeed in bringing happiness into a single humble dwelling. I wanted to show to Americans what the totalitarian combination of propaganda and terror does to the human soul. I was obsessed by the will to pour into words the record of a past that began with a song of victory, and ended in the death of Firelei.

That was the beginning of the writing of *Out of the Night*. No longer was I alone with men who knew me as John, the painter, from whom it was easy to borrow money because he was not considered very bright. Out of my memory tramped an endless caravan of men and women, heroes and cowards, loyal souls and cheats, hangmen, sailors, policemen, saints, prostitutes. Most of them were dead, some still alive, but as they marched by with lagging feet, each seemed to turn a face to me and say, "Don't forget me; I, too, was living; remember how I did things, the manner in which I used to talk?" Frantically I worked to keep the imprint of their feet upon my pages before they passed and were gone.

And then came the vision of Firelei. She came, as I had seen her first, with a light step along the corridors of the Museum of Art in Antwerp. Next, the cluttered quayside of Siberia Dock, where she drew sketches of sailormen and ships. . . . I heard her scream in child-

birth, and then her voice was ringing with quiet bliss when she heard that she had become the mother of our son. . . . I saw her eyes, burning with anger and compassion when friends were seized and beaten to death; she went to prison herself without bowing her head in defeat. . . . Firelei came into the pages of my book more fully alive than all the others.

Out of the Night was not written in one continual effort. There were many interruptions. It was an agonizing task to write a single page after eight or ten hours of toil. It would be presumptuous of me to insist that not a single error has crept into hundreds of pages written mainly from memory; but my memory, trained as it had been in 15 years of conspirative tasks, was good. After I had written 200 pages in rough notes, at the same time working in a lodging house where I cleaned 30 rooms and made 45 beds a day, I collapsed. A friend carried me to a hospital. Slowly I recovered.

I signed some of the fragments I had written, "Jan Valtin," and sent them out. They were accepted and printed. With the money I received I bought a tent and a campstove and set out to live in the forests of Ramapo Valley while the frost was still on the ground. Still it is marvelous to me that a man in this country is permitted to do that. It is the America of my boyish dreams, this country where a man

can set up a tent in the woods and live there, without police permission, without being questioned. Unmolested, unvisited by any authority, I lived alone in my tent, cooked my frugal meals on the campstove, and wrote all day long. Some hundreds of pages were drafted before my money gave out.

I went to New Hampshire and became a painter in a fashionable summer hotel. After that I painted apartments in Brooklyn and Newark. The winter of 1939-40 saw me down and out, and jobs were hard to find. But in February, 1940, a friend who had seen my published writing, offered me the use of his farmhouse in Connecticut.

When I arrived there, the snow lay foot-high on the ground, and the trees cracked under loads of ice. I hauled my water from a well, and heated a room with a tiny oil stove. When I had no more money for kerosene, I filched wood at night from nearby forests. I still did not guess that the owners would doubtless have allowed me to have the fallen branches for the asking. I worked day and night. At times I felt like a giant. At times I despaired.

But spring came at last, the birds arrived from the south, and the forests broke out overnight in delicious greens. By the end of June another 400 manuscript pages had been completed.

The new friends who had come to me during the darkest hours of that dark winter were staunch friends.

I think that freedom makes human beings friendly. A Dutch dairy farmer, a horny-handed laborer just released from Sing Sing, a young teacher, the novelist Rose Wilder Lane, and Isaac Don Levine — all were kind and helpful. I am grateful, and proud to count them among my friends.

During the summer months of 1940 I lived as a guest in the secluded country place of Don Levine, where I wrote the final 800 pages of *Out of the Night*. On September 1, as I typed the last word, I felt neither exhaustion nor triumph. The old hatreds and fears were gone. Once more the memory of Firelei stood clear and sweet as a tall flower against a background of azure. I had told my story and hers. I was at peace.

It was as if a monstrous weight had been lifted from my brain. I could lie on my back in the rich grass and close my eyes and the shadows of the past would trouble me no more. I felt that now I could turn to America and the future without fear, without unavailing sorrow for the past.

Since then I have often been asked: "What is the political purpose behind this book?"

It has no hidden political purpose. It has a threefold human purpose. I wrote it to raise an insurmountable wall between a monstrously mistaken past and my firm determination now to live a normal and constructive life. I

wrote it as a monument to the betrayed courage and devotion of Firelei. And I wrote it to show free men and free women that the salvation of mankind cannot be the work of tyranny disguised as the way to freedom, but that liberty must be won and defended by free men and women themselves, not once and for all, but tirelessly, endlessly, every day anew.

"Where do you stand now?" I am asked. "What is your political philosophy?"

Within me my answer is clear. I have ceased to believe in any "political program." But I have a conviction that human beings can struggle successfully for a form of life that is decent and just and fair, within the framework of democracy as it has been developed in the United States. I have learned from America that the right of the individual to free enterprise, the right to go and to work where he pleases, the right to rear his children in a society which affords them the chance to develop their abilities to the fullest extent — these rights are not the abstractions of dreamers, but concrete American realities, worth any sacrifice.

Now that *Out of the Night* has found its way into thousands of homes, the cry has been raised: "Jan Valtin is an alien! He entered illegally and must be deported!"

True, I have come to America without observing the formalities

of lawful entry. But I came the way millions had come to these shores before me — in search of freedom and opportunity. I came to America to elude the assassins of Hitler and Stalin, to begin a new life, to prove to myself and to other men that I am not unfit to lend a hand in constructive endeavor. I have not tried to hide from the American authorities, and I have answered their questions without reserve. I am ready to obey the laws of this country at the cost of any personal sacrifice. I speak not only for myself, but also for hundreds of other anti-Nazi fugitives now illegally in this country, when I appeal to America to let the black-coated man with the swastika badge in his lapel — the man who operates the guillotine in the yard of Ploetzensee Prison in Berlin — to let that man wait in vain for victims from overseas. . . .

In the land of my youth, the lowlands along the raging North Sea, the peasants worked together to build dikes to dam the storm floods. The dikes were stronger than the destructive fury of the sea, but they needed tending, each day anew, to preserve their strength. Today I have no other political aim than to be a humble member of the vast crew of dike-builders at work wherever men prize their freedom and are alert to defend it. That is why I am glad and grateful to be in America.

Q A hard-hitting editor, a bellicose Rough Rider,
an old-fashioned American — Frank Knox

The U. S. Navy's Boss

Condensed from Life

Jack Alexander



WHEN Frank Knox's elevation to Secretary of the Navy was announced, Republican Party leaders fumed. The man who four years earlier had been Republican candidate for Vice-President explained his acceptance by saying, "I am an old soldier who fought in two wars. I am an American first, and a Republican after that."

As an American, Knox is a dusty museum piece straight out of the Theodore Roosevelt wing of the gallery of patriotism, the banner of Manifest Destiny in one hand, a Big Stick in the other. Nativity in a log cabin is the only classic element missing in Knox's life. In 1885, when Frank was 11, his father's grocery in Grand Rapids, Michigan, produced a thin income and Frank helped his parents by getting up at 3 a.m. to deliver newspapers.

His mother wanted him to become a minister and he was sent to Alma College, a Presbyterian school, where he worked his way by waiting on table, soliciting trade for an ice company, and painting advertising on barns. When war was de-

clared on Spain, husky young Knox, then a senior, pedaled 60 miles on a bicycle to the Michigan militiamen's camp and applied for enlistment. Taken to Tampa before being sworn in, Knox got acquainted with some Rough Riders waiting to go to Cuba. Entranced by the collection of swaggering cowboys and Harvard men, he joined them instead of the militia.

During one engagement in Cuba a sharpshooter's bullet carried away the chunky, redheaded trooper's hat and a tuft of hair, and scared him half to death. After the charge up San Juan Hill young Knox adopted the Colonel of the Rough Riders as his ideal. The reverential attitude has never worn off.

Letters Knox wrote from Cuba were printed in the Grand Rapids *Herald*. When he was mustered out, a job as reporter at \$10 a week awaited him. He took the job and married Annie Reid, a girl he had known at Alma.

By 1902 he was able to set himself up as a newspaper publisher in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Here

he became an apostle of the Big Stick in his own way. He muck-raked gustily against the frontier conditions grown up around a boom in electric power development. A saloonkeeper, whose license had been revoked because of a Knox editorial, dropped in looking for a fight and the young publisher threw him down a flight of stairs. One hoodlum announced that he would shoot Knox if he turned up at the corner of Ashmun and River Streets at 11 o'clock the next morning. Knox was there on time, unarmed, and nothing happened. With his fists and editorials he cleaned up the Soo. From the first he mixed politics with publishing and by 1910 he was strong enough to elect Chase S. Osborn, a progressive Republican, to the governorship.

In 1912 Knox became co-publisher of the Manchester, N. H., *Leader*. Throughout his New England days he was constantly at work organizing movements, most of them successful ones. He formed leagues against high taxation; he was a leader in the formation of the New England Council, a super-Chamber of Commerce which has done much to benefit that region.*

It was Knox who persuaded his old Colonel to run for President in 1912. When the Bull Moose convention nominated T. R. and the delegates sang *Onward, Christian*

Soldiers, Knox, who is a sentimental man, wept.

Knox, 43 when America entered the World War, could respectably have stayed out of it. Instead, he enlisted as a private and, successfully resisting attempts to put him in a swivel chair, saw action with the 303rd Ammunition Train of the 78th Division. He emerged a major and, through civilian illogic, was ever after known as colonel.

Colonel Knox jumped abruptly from small-town to big-town journalism in 1927 when Hearst put him in charge of his Boston newspapers at a salary of \$52,000. His work was so effective that he was made general manager of all the Hearst properties and his salary raised to more than \$150,000. In December 1930 Knox suddenly resigned. Shortly afterward he became publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*.

In the years of peace Knox never lost the Rough Rider spirit nor gave up his worship of the strenuous life. He added iron and muscle to the eminently conservative *News*. "Have we gone soft?" he asked in a front-page editorial on world affairs. "From where do members of Congress derive the idea that it is popular to be afraid?"

The offer of the cabinet post was first made to Knox at a White House luncheon in December 1939. Knox did not agree that the situation abroad was critical enough to call for a national unity gesture.

* See "New England Comes Back," *The Reader's Digest*, October, '36.

And, besides, he did not want to go in as a lone Republican. Early in 1940 the offer was repeated. A third offer came in mid-May. By this time the Germans had swarmed into Norway and overrun the Low Countries. Knox changed his mind about the existence of a crisis, and his other objection was leveled when Henry L. Stimson accepted the war portfolio.

As a challenge to his physical endurance, the Navy job undoubtedly appealed strongly to Knox, who at 67 looks ten years younger and takes as much pride in his physique as a correspondence-school weight-lifter. One afternoon last summer he bustled happily into a gathering of Washington newspaper friends. "A doctor in New York examined me yesterday and said my arteries were only 42 years old," he announced with pride. For 30 years he has spent the first 15 waking minutes of his day in vigorous "God-it's-good-to-be-alive" calisthenics learned in the Army.

Secretaries of the Navy rarely dig themselves very deeply into the job. Usually they are politicians who make a social asset of the position, and sign whatever papers are put on their desks. When Knox took office the capital closely watched the impact of his kinetic, glandular personality upon the tradition-robed hierarchy of admirals. The expected explosion never came. Knox was enthralled by the Navy, and the admirals fell

hard for him. They liked his enthusiasm, and they were gratified by his close contacts with important Washingtonians, from the President down. Now after seven months, Knox plays golf with the admirals and calls them by their nicknames.

But Knox has not allowed his familiarity with the bureaucrats to obscure the fact that he is boss. An admiral who turns up with an excuse at the weekly conference is told bluntly that results, not alibis, are expected. The admirals do a lot of talking back, a practice Knox encourages, but after the free-for-all argument is over, he makes the decisions. In turn, he himself reports to President Roosevelt, who, as titular Commander in Chief and a lifelong amateur of naval affairs, is the Navy's real Number One man. Roosevelt is depending on Knox's driving power to put speed behind the naval building program.

Promptly after being sworn in the Secretary showed that he meant business, when, with tanks and other modern arms, he increased the striking power of the Marines, the Navy's first punch in landing operations. "This gives the Navy a real left jab," he said.

Calling for "Action, action! Speed, speed!" the Secretary shifted commands right and left, putting more aggressive officers into key Fleet positions. The average age of the flag officers is lower today than it has ever been before. In the

Pacific Fleet, Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, described as an officer more audacious than most, was jumped over the heads of many seniors to his present post which carries with it the title of Commander in Chief of all three fleets, Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic. Kimmel was unquestionably meant as a stop signal to Japanese aspirations southward.

One of Knox's concrete contributions to the speed-up was the perception that the Department itself was the basic bottleneck in naval expansion. During his first week in office Knox delegated an efficiency expert to find out why many bureaus were hopelessly behind in their work. Patiently counting the unanswered letters on every desk at the end of the day, the expert reported the main obstacle was an acute shortage of clerks to handle correspondence. Knox raised his clerical force from 3800 to 6000. Today, at his order, every man's desk must be clear when he goes home at night.

More time was saved by putting in a staff of receptionists to winnow out visitors. Oddly, no one had thought of this before, and tourists and curiosity seekers roamed the building, upsetting routine and asking questions of officials and clerks. Simple touches like these have given the Department the efficient tone of a business office.

To accelerate shipbuilding a greater degree of autonomy has been given to naval officers on supervisory duty in shipyards. A shortage of skilled shipbuilding labor in coastal areas has been overcome by utilizing federal and state employment agency lists of unemployed craftsmen in inland cities. The 40-hour week has given way to a 48-hour week and the yards work three shifts a day.

Yet ships cannot be turned out in assembly-line fashion. Present-day warships are immensely more intricately wrought than their World War prototypes. In building a destroyer, four man-hours per pound of material are required where one sufficed in 1918. One of Knox's knottier tasks has been to work out a compromise between the shipbuilders who bridle at changes in design during construction and the fighting men who insist upon the latest developments in speed, armor and firing power. As a result of the compromising to date, destroyers which took 32 months to build are now built in 18, cruisers have come down from 36 months to 30. Battleships still take from three to four years.

The Secretary is enthusiastic about the Navy's future. "When the day of Hitler's defeat comes," he says, "seapower will again be dominant, and its center will not be in London but in Washington."



Three Men and a Dog

Condensed from "Mark Twain in Eruption"

WILLIAM SWINTON and I were making a precarious living together as reporters in Washington when a financial shortage occurred: we had to have \$3, and we had to have it before the close of the day. Swinton said we should go out and see what we could do. He didn't have any doubt that we would succeed. "The Lord will provide," he said.

After wandering around the streets for an hour trying to think up some way to get that money, I sat down in a hotel lobby. Presently a handsome dog came along, wagged his tail and rested his jaw on my knee. He was as beautiful as a girl and we were a pair of lovers right away. Pretty soon Brigadier-General Miles, the hero of the land, stopped to pat the dog. "He is a wonder. Would you sell him?"

Greatly moved — it seemed a marvelous thing to me, the way Swinton's prediction had come true — I said, "Yes."

"What do you ask for him?"

"Three dollars."

Manifestly surprised, the General said, "Three dollars? Why, if that dog were mine I wouldn't take \$100 for him. Reconsider your price — I don't wish to wrong you."

"No, \$3. That is his price."

"Very well," said the General, and he gave me \$3 and led the dog away.

In a few minutes a sad-faced

gentleman came along and began to look here and there and everywhere. I said to him, "Is it a dog you are looking for?"

His face lit up. "Yes — have you seen him?"

"Yes," I said, "he was here a minute ago, and I saw him follow a gentleman away. I think I could find him for you."

I have seldom seen a person look so grateful; and when I said that as it might take a little time I hoped he would pay me something for my trouble, he said he would most gladly and asked me how much.

"Three dollars."

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "It is nothing. I will pay you \$10."

"No," I said, "\$3 is the price." Swinton had said that was the amount that the Lord would provide and it seemed to me it would be sacrilegious to take a penny more. I went up to the General's room and found him caressing his dog. "I am sorry," I said, "but I have to take the dog again."

He looked very much surprised. "Take him again?" he said. "Why, he is my dog. You sold him to me, at your own price."

"Yes," I said, "it is true. But I have to have him because the man wants him again."

"What man?"

"The man that owns him; he wasn't my dog."

For a moment the General couldn't seem to find his voice; then he said, "Do you mean to tell me you sold another man's dog — and knew it?"

"Yes, I knew it wasn't my dog."

"Then why did you sell him?"

"I sold him because you wanted him. You offered to buy the dog. I was not anxious to sell him — I had not even thought of selling him — but I thought if it would be an accommodation to you . . ."

"*Accommodation* to me?" he interrupted. "It is the most extraordinary spirit of accommodation I ever heard of — selling a dog . . ."

I broke him off there. "There is no relevancy about this kind of argument; you said yourself the dog was probably worth \$100. I only asked you three; was there anything unfair about that?"

"Oh, what in the world has that to do with it! The crux of the matter is that you didn't own the dog — can't you see that? You seem to think there is no impropriety in

selling property that isn't yours provided you sell it cheap. Now then . . ."

I said, "Please don't argue about it any more. I have to have the dog back because the man wants him; don't you see that I haven't any choice in the matter? Suppose you had sold a dog that didn't belong to you; suppose you . . ."

"Oh," he said, "don't muddle my brains with any more of your idiotic reasonings! Take him along, and give me a rest."

So I paid back the \$3 and led the dog downstairs, passed him over to his owner and collected \$3 for my trouble.

I went away with a good conscience because I had acted honorably. I never could have used the \$3 I sold the dog for, because it was not rightly my own; but the \$3 I got for restoring him to his rightful owner was righteously and properly my own, because I had earned it. That man might never have gotten that dog back at all, if it hadn't been for me.



Don't Stop Us

¶ "MY FAMILY thinks there's something wrong with me," a woman complained to the psychoanalyst, "simply because I like buckwheat cakes."

"But there's nothing wrong about liking buckwheat cakes," the doctor murmured, puzzled. "I like them myself."

"Oh, do you?" The woman was delighted. "You must come up some day. I have seven trunks full."

— Contributed by Oscar Schisgall

¶ The author of "The Great Illusion" dispels certain myths about British "Imperialism"

Who Owns the British Empire?

Condensed from *Survey Graphic*

Sir Norman Angell

WHEN Colonel Lindbergh declared that the basic cause of the present war lay in the fact that "Britain owns too much of the world's wealth and Germany too little," he was expressing a view of the British Empire very common in America. "Britain," declared Senator Clark in the recent debate on the Lend-Lease Bill, "is fighting to retain her hold upon the riches of her Empire." He went on to declare that among "German Nazism, Italian Fascism, Russian Communism, and British Imperialism there is little to choose."

And Senator Nye: "The greatest aggressor in all modern history has been the British Empire. That Empire is the despotic, arbitrary and sometimes tyrannical ruler of almost half a billion people." Senator Chandler warned against shedding American blood "in order to allow the British to enslave the people in their [overseas] possessions."

This picture of John Bull as a plutocratic landowner, possessing more property than he can properly use while others lack "living space," is of course the standing theme of

much German advocacy. Hitler insists that it is gross injustice for a small nation of 45 million people to "own a quarter of the earth."

Now, obviously, it is of vital concern to Americans to know whether this picture of Britain is a true picture. For on the verdict depends whether America is aiding justice or injustice, freedom or mere imperialist advantage.

What are the facts?

The facts are that Great Britain does not "own" the empire at all.

Not merely has John Bull no proprietary rights whatever in Canada, or Australia, or South Africa, or New Zealand, or Newfoundland, or Ireland, but the British government draws no tribute at all from them or from any colony whatsoever. On the contrary the British taxpayer is often mulcted for the defense and development of the overseas territories.

Nor is that all, or the most important part.

The British people do not even govern the greater part of their overseas "possessions." For during the last 70 years Britain has carried on a process of de-imperialization,

so that what was originally an Empire has, for the greater part, ceased so to be one; what were originally colonies have become independent states. They have attained without war the independence for which the thirteen American Colonies had to fight.

When the statement is made that Canada and Australia and the other Dominions are independent nations, most readers simply do not believe it. Yet we are not in the region of opinion, but of statutory fact.

To get an idea of how vast is the gap between reality and prevailing opinion, examine this paragraph from a syndicated column in the *New York Journal-American*:

England never abandons anything — never any commercial benefit, never any military advantage, never any valuable territory, never any strategic harbor. . . . Can anybody imagine England's giving up the great gold lands of the Rand? Certainly not.

What comment is to be made upon such a comment, in view of the quite incontrovertible fact of history that Great Britain gave up those gold lands of the Rand about 30 years ago? At that time the authority of the British government over them was completely surrendered to the South African Parliament, so that today Britain has no more power over the mines of the Rand than it has over those of Colorado. If the South African Parliament voted to confiscate the

shares of every American and British shareholder in the Rand mines, the British government would be rather less able than the American government to do anything about it.

And what shall be said of this columnist's statement that England never surrenders a strategic harbor? Just before he wrote that paragraph, the American press had been publishing news that Mr. De Valera was still refusing to permit the British government to use the harbors in southern Ireland, harbors of life-and-death strategic importance for Great Britain. This refusal has cost Britain many a ship and many a life. So also has the refusal of Mr. De Valera until recently to blackout Dublin. From Irish cities Nazi raiders were able to get their bearings and destroy English homes in Liverpool.

Here is a journalist whose column is supposed to be read by ten million people. It is his business to watch public events. Yet the old catchwords — "Empire," "Imperialism" — still maintain their magical power over him in the face of all the facts. And his case is typical of that of hundreds of writers all over the world. With casual unconcern they ignore events as significant as the achievement of the independence of the United States.

For, after all, the Statute of Westminster in 1931 was the declaration of independence of some six nations (with more to come), embracing

nearly ten times as many people as were living in the thirteen Colonies when they got their independence. Its explicit terms have left the Dominions in no way subject to the government of Britain: "No law hereafter made by the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall extend to any of the Dominions as part of the law of that Dominion. . . ."

However, even when plain facts such as those concerned with the South African mines are pointed out, the question still remains, are not the shares in the South African mines held by the British? Certainly. But that does not prevent South Africa being an independent state, with power to tax or confiscate the property of British shareholders just as ruthlessly as independent Eire has confiscated certain properties. British financiers do not own property merely in South Africa; they own mines in Mexico, railways in Argentina, quite a number of factories in the United States. But does this mean that these countries are part of the British "Empire"? For a long time American investments in Canada have been at least double those of Great Britain, and with the sale of British securities in the United States to pay for war material Americans will own still more. Should we then be justified in declaring that Canada is part of the American "Empire"?

So with trade. The United States which does not "own" Canada sells vastly more to Canada than does

Great Britain, the "owner." Canada's exports to British Empire markets have been something like twice her imports from the Empire; and Britain's trade has always been far more with non-Empire than with Empire countries.

Let us set down concretely the facts which reveal most clearly what the British "Empire" has become. We should think, for example, of Australia as a nation, quite as independent as were Belgium and Norway before their subjugation by Germany; having its own parliament, its own army and its own navy controlled by its own parliament, devising its own tariffs (Dominion tariffs often hit British trade very severely), passing its own immigration laws (some of which rigidly exclude certain classes of British subjects), appointing its own foreign representatives (both Canada and Australia have ministers in Washington and other capitals); having, indeed, its own colonies and dependencies (Australia has several in the Pacific); having power to maintain full diplomatic relations with Britain's enemy, if it so chooses (Eire is still neutral — the German minister is even now living peacefully in Dublin, and some 300 Germans are moving freely about Ireland).

In Britain's 60-odd "possessions" there are as many different forms of government. Some — the most important — are independent; some (like the West Indies) possess leg-

islatures or legislative councils, and have gone already a long way toward practical self-government. From none is tribute exacted and to many considerable subsidies from the British taxpayer are paid. Where administration has been mainly from London, it has often been bad. But the evils have been due not to a tendency to exploitation but to the tendency of London to interfere as little as possible. If there had been more of "imperialist exploitation" in, say, the West Indies, there might have been less of poverty, and the British taxpayer would not today be handing out large sums for the relief of colonial budgets.

But what about India? How many are aware that for 20 years India has made her own tariff, and has used that tariff-making power again and again to exclude British goods; and that, even when Britain controlled India's tariff, the Indian market was open to the whole world on equal terms, Britain claiming no advantage for herself?

That the evolution of India toward Dominion status should be slower than in the case of nations like Canada is easily explained. India is not a nation, but a group of many separate peoples, differing in cultures, languages, religions, social habits far more than the nations of continental Europe differ one from another. The degrees of development in India range from that of the Stone Age to that of a

sophisticated culture. Before the British came there was indeed no such unit as "India." The Indians did not know the word.

These indubitable facts bear on Britain's hesitation to grant India Dominion status in existing conditions of the world. There would follow a partition of India between, say, Russia and Japan, just as Russia and Germany have recently partitioned Poland. In other words, Britain would repeat, on a vastly greater scale, the situation which she now confronts as the result of having granted Dominion status to Eire. Her evacuation of the Irish naval bases has immensely increased her defense difficulties at a time when she stands in mortal peril.

Is it realist to expect a great state to commit suicide on behalf of the "independence" of some other state, knowing full well that the suicide, far from serving the purpose of such independence, would quite certainly bring it to an end? Britain's defeat would mean the end of the independence of Ireland, and the prospective independence of India, quite as much as it would mean the end of the independence of Britain herself.

Britain meantime continues to prepare the peoples of India for self-government. How far they have gone that way may be gathered from the fact that in the government of a country of nearly 400 million people there are barely

1000 British officials. In the making of laws, the work of the courts, the management of the cities, of the public utilities, the schools, the hospitals, not one in a thousand employes is British. The rest are Indian.

Under British rule, India has built 36,000 miles of railroad which have enormously diminished famine by quick carriage of grain. If the building of these railroads had depended upon Indian capital, most of them would never have been built at all. India's irrigation system is now the greatest in the world. Over 20,000 miles of canals are operated in the Punjab alone, and over 14 million acres are irrigated in the country as a whole. Under one single project — that of the Bhakra Dam which will be 394 feet high — the area to be irrigated will be four times the whole irrigated area of Egypt.

Could capital for these projects have been found without the guarantee of the British government, or the projects themselves carried

through by a peasant country without the coöperation of British industry? Britain has been guilty of grave offenses in the government of India, just as the British government has been guilty of grave offenses in the government of Britain. But if our final judgment of the net results in India is even to approach fairness, British achievements must be set against the offenses.*

The alternative to imperialism — the government of one country by another — is not for each to be independent: that means in practice chaos. It is, rather, partnership on a basis of equality. Toward an equality of right among partners, the British Commonwealth is on the whole assuredly working. In an anarchic world which above all needs integration, we shall not, if we are wise, destroy such integrations as history has bequeathed to us.

* For an American testimony to the British part in India's development, see Sam Higginbottom, *The Gospel and the Plough*.



Illustrative Anecdotes—45.

ONE of the best prayers I ever heard was that of a little Negro boy who was competing in a race. He kept dropping behind and his chances seemed slim; then suddenly his lips began to move with great regularity, his legs picked up speed, and he won the race. Asked later what he was whispering to himself, he said he was talking to the Lord, saying over and over: "Lawd, You pick 'em up, and I'll put 'em down. You pick 'em up, and I'll put 'em down." — A. D. in *The Sphere*

The Ten Most Powerful People in Washington

Condensed from
Look

Raymond Clapper

Widely syndicated political columnist, of whom it has been said that few Washington politicians "would dare go downtown without reading Clapper's column." Known to newspaper readers for his level-headed comment on public issues, Clapper enjoys unusual confidence among the personages of the capital city.

MUCH has been done to make ours a government of laws, but it still remains a government of men. Strong personalities range over the field of government with little regard to orbits laid down in statutes.

To be a power in Washington it is not necessary to hold high office — or any office at all. Until fairly recently, for example, the backing of Thomas G. Corcoran was second in effect only to the President's. Yet Corcoran was only a minor employe of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Power in these times, when government is fluid and dominated by the executive branch, goes to the men who have the force to win it — the boldness, the resourcefulness and the sure judgment that command confidence and permit them, if they do not hold office, to influence those who do.

(There is no effort to list these names in order of importance.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, of course, comes first among the ten people who seem to me the most powerful in Washington. He has made his office infinitely more powerful than it ever was before, having discovered the secret of using political power to get more. Though he lost in the struggle to enlarge the Supreme Court and in the senatorial purge campaign, these setbacks did not undermine his strength. Nor did his failure to eliminate unemployment shake the support of the unemployed. The mistakes of eight years rolled off his back and left scarcely a trace. In the midst of his campaign for a third term he

obtained conscription — an example of the audacity with which he has played with his growing political power.

JOHN L. LEWIS is on the outside at the White House these days, but he remains the most powerful figure in the labor movement. The mark of his stature is that he could bolt to Willkie in the last election and, instead of being crucified as a traitor to labor, resume his position as mastermind of the C.I.O. He could have had his job as head of the C.I.O. again if he had wanted it. As in England, labor is coming into its political own here and

Lewis thinks he is the man to lead it. And he is. Nobody else in the labor movement has his strength or instinct for popular leadership. John L. Lewis is not through. He has just begun.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, as chief of staff of the U. S. Army,



has the crucial task of building our military force almost from scratch. Unlike the Navy, it needs much more than only to be enlarged. During the last war General Pershing adopted Marshall as his protégé and kept him as his aide after the war. In 1939 President Roosevelt passed over many senior officers to make Marshall chief of staff. For years to come the Army — and in fact the whole country — will bear the stamp given it by this unassuming but brilliant soldier.

If WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN did nothing more than serve as the chief symbol of confidence in the defense effort, he would be of great importance. Actually he does much more. He is the one big businessman who has won President Roosevelt completely; working like a slave, he finds the factories and



people to produce defense materials. By his knowledge of the job at hand, his personal force and his capacity for getting things done, he holds the loose-jointed defense organization together.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., has more to do with deciding what federal taxes you pay than anyone else.

Congress passes the laws, but the Secretary of the Treasury shapes up administration recommendations.



Through the fiscal tempests of the New Deal Morgenthau has been a sturdy, conscientious official, able to stand up against his Hyde Park neighbors. Through his operation of the huge stabilization fund and the purchases of gold and silver from foreign nations, Morgenthau exerts enormous influence upon currencies and economies abroad.

HARRY HOPKINS is out of office now but he is still closer to the throne than anyone else. A New Dealer by lifelong instinct, he lives at the White House most of the time. He knows Roosevelt's moods and never obtrudes official problems when the President wants to relax. They will sit together in the Presi-



dent's study saying scarcely a word, the President working, Hopkins reading. But when Hopkins has something to say he knows how to say it. His greatest feat has been to pry Tommy Corcoran loose from the White House. He has also been the brainworker behind Roosevelt's ideas of defense. As a protégé of Mrs. Roosevelt, Hopkins is now one of the family, an inseparable friend, counselor and spark plug for the President.

CORDELL HULL, Secretary of State, commands more confidence and prestige than anyone else in the administration. An old-fashioned Tennessee Democrat, he has looked askance at much of the New Deal and was so opposed to the third term that he refused Roosevelt's bid to become his running mate. Hull never participates in controversies which do not concern the State Department. But when anyone tampers with his department he rises up with the grim fight of a mountaineer—as Ray Moley learned when he tried to take over the department and ended up on the outside. At present Hull is probably not as close to President Roosevelt as Under-Secretary Sumner Welles is, yet in the showdowns it is quiet, unassuming Cordell Hull who has his way.



THURMAN ARNOLD is the first official really to enforce our anti-trust laws. He doesn't worry about sheer bigness, and has turned the anti-trust laws from a weapon used solely to break up business combinations into a means of removing restraints on prices and bringing consumers the benefits of modern technology. Going after what he calls the toll bridges of business, which exact charges not justified by free competition, he has attacked combinations in lumber, oil, automobile financing, glass, milk, the food industries, medicine and building supplies—and has more suits in prospect.



JESSE JONES sits on top of the biggest heap of financial power in the country. He knows the inside of every important financial situation and has a hand in most of them. The "money trust" of the old days never knew such control as this tough six-foot Texan handles with the confident ease of a country banker. As head of the Federal Loan Agency, Jones controls the RFC, the Export-Import Bank, the Federal Housing Administration, the HOLC and many other



powerful government finance agencies. In addition, he is Secretary of Commerce, a job once considered a full-time occupation by an able executive named Hoover. Jones handles billions, yet his integrity and judgment are so sound that Congress, without a qualm, allows this enormous power to rest in his hands.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT has been a force on public opinion, on the President and on the government. She has had almost the importance of a cabinet minister without portfolio. To her must go the credit for

many humanitarian projects of the administration, for the National Youth Administration, subsistence homestead projects, nursery schools, training centers for housewives, slum clearance, playgrounds, swimming pools, etc. For eight years she has been the traveling ears and eyes of the President, reporting neglect and bad conditions. Now her influence is stronger than ever. In Washington her daily column is read between the lines for tips on policies in the making. Count Mrs. Roosevelt not only the most influential woman of our time but also a most active force in public affairs.



The Women

¶ ONE of New York's leading clergymen was invited to address a luncheon meeting of the Ladies' Group of a Brooklyn church, and to discuss specifically China and Chinese philosophy. A bit puzzled because he knew little about China, but anxious to oblige, he spent two weeks in diligent research.

Just before the luncheon he asked the chairman why he had been requested to talk on China, of all things. "Oh," she explained, "we wanted to preserve the spirit of the occasion. It's to be a chow mein luncheon."

¶ LUCIAN CARY tells us that the secretary of the Ladies' Luncheon Club rose after coffee to present the speaker of the day, the noted author, Mr. Lucian Cary. "Normally," she said with her brightest smile, "this honor would fall to our president, who has never missed hearing any of our speakers. But today she is in Atlantic City — and how we all envy her!"

— Contributed by Oscar Schisgall

Your Waiter Sizes You Up

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Dwight MacDonald

JIMMY NEAROS is a waiter. With his assured manner, and considerable knowledge of human behavior, he has risen to the top of his profession — which means he works in the more expensive New York hotels and night clubs. A bachelor, just turned 30, he lives in a furnished room and likes to eat in cafeterias and Greek restaurants when off duty. He never orders hash, croquettes or hamburger steak.

Most of Jimmy's earnings come from tips. He averages about \$40 or \$50 a week, of which \$12 is paid him by the house. In hotels tips run about 15 percent of the check, and in night clubs from 20 percent up, depending on the condition of the customer. Jimmy's "engagements" seldom last more than a year or two and idle periods cut his income to a long-term average of about \$25 a week.

On the strategy of extracting tips waiters divide into two schools: the dominating and the ingratiating. The latter try to win the good will of the customer by alertly and deferentially carrying out his wishes. Most waitresses belong to this

school. Jimmy thinks this method is incorrect, and he claims it is a fact that waitresses on the same jobs average considerably lower tips than men. This is odd since one would think that, most checks being paid by men and waitresses running well above the average in looks, a pretty waitress would get a bigger tip from a man than another male would. Jimmy's explanation is simply that people tip less from good will than from a sense of inferiority. To confirm this view he points out his experience at the New York World's Fair. Men who showed up at his restaurant there in shirt sleeves were often so abashed when they discovered it was a swanky place that they left an extra large tip to make clear their social standing.

The essential thing, Jimmy believes, is to establish moral dominance over the customer. How this is accomplished depends on the customer's personality, his social and financial status, whether he is with his wife, his girl friend, or other men. The whole art lies in planting in the customer's mind, by keeping one's distance and by subtly re-

sisting his wishes, a half-formed consciousness that he is imposing on one and that he is, altogether, an inferior sort of fellow. This vague feeling is likely to be translated into a large tip to win back the good opinion of the waiter. It is a delicate operation, for if conscious resentment is aroused, the result may be no tip at all or a complaint to the headwaiter. Complaints are serious, a single one often being enough to get a waiter fired.

There are two points at which Jimmy brings his psychological arsenal to bear most heavily: in getting the customer to order an expensive meal and in returning the change at the end of the meal.

It is not hard to bully inexperienced diners into taking drinks by asking at once, "Beer or cocktails?" Men with their girls are in a specially weak position. It is hard for them to resist suggestions for big spending.

Jimmy has noticed that people who ask for advice as to dishes almost never accept his first proposals. He therefore starts off with a moderately priced dish and when this is turned down suggests an expensive one, which the customer finds hard to refuse, having already rejected one suggestion.

An experienced waiter never gives a 50-cent piece in change if he can help it, because people think of this big coin as worth more than its equivalent in small change. Presented with a tray bearing a

50-cent piece and a dime, a customer will usually pocket the dime and leave the half-dollar; presented with two quarters and a dime, he is likely to leave it all. Jimmy always takes care to bring the change divided in such a way that the customer will have to leave a little too much or much too little, a choice usually resolved in favor of a little too much. It is also a good idea to separate the change so that the amount the waiter wants left is in a pile at the end of the tray farthest from the customer. If the tray is then placed so that the customer has to reach a little to get the change, and if the waiter stands close to it, the results are usually satisfactory.

These arts can influence the size of the tip only within strict limits. The decisive factor, after all, is the customer himself. From long experience Jimmy can usually tell at once whether his customer will tip well. The way the order is given is significant. People with little money, to spend always look first at the prices and are likely to say, "Give me the 85-cent special" rather than "Give me the breaded pork chop." A sure omen of a good tip is an order for Scotch and soda before the meal. The best kind of party is made up of two or three New York married couples. The worst is an out-of-town mother with grown children. Jimmy has had the mother snatch from under his fingers a tip left by the children.

Jimmy confirms the common impression that men are better tip-pers than women, though he thinks a lot depends on the state of the lady's love life. Women dining alone tend to be either very sweet or very nasty to the waiter, reflecting, in Jimmy's opinion, their current relationship with the boy friend.

Sometimes out-of-towners leave no tip at all. Simple ignorance rather than stinginess seems to be the usual explanation; some of the out-of-towners at the Fair were so used to the privacy of dining at

home that they dropped their voices to a whisper when he came near the table. Sometimes he informs such customers, in a pleasant way, that it is customary hereabouts to leave something for the waiter.

With people who leave small tips on purpose he is likely, especially if the captain isn't around, to hand back the tip, saying, "Keep it. You need it more than I do." Sometimes this brings forth a better tip, but in any case, says Jimmy, "you feel better if you tell it to them."



When ole Mis' Rabbit say "scat," dey scatted!

—Uncle Remus

ONE DAY I heard a curious grunting down the hill below me, then the quick *thud! thud!* of an angry rabbit. Crouching beside a rabbit's nest was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him. He squatted flat, with ears back, tail swelled, and hair standing up along his back, as the rabbit leaped over him — a feint to try the mettle of her antagonist.

The cat was scared, and before he got himself together, the rabbit with a mighty bound was in the air again and, as she flashed over him, she fetched him a stunning whack on the head that knocked him endwise. He was on his feet in an instant — just in time to receive a stinging blow on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. Back and forth, over and over the cat flew the rabbit, with every bound landing a terrific kick, with her powerful hind feet, that was followed by a puff of yellow fur.

Every particle of breath and fight was knocked out of the cat at about the third kick; the green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He managed to get to a bush, then ran for his life, else I believe the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.

— Dallas Lore Sharp, *A Watcher in the Woods*

Party Chatter

❑ "Must you go?" asked the hostess. "Oh, no," said the departing guest, "it's purely a matter of choice."

— Jack Iams, *The Countess to Boot*

❑ AT A RECENT gathering of Hamilton College alumni, Alexander Woollcott was interrupted in the telling of a story by a former classmate, who said, "Hello, Alex! You remember me, don't you?"

Mr. Woollcott shook his head: "I can't remember your name, but don't tell me . . ." He then went on with his story. — Contributed by Robert Warner

❑ SHORTLY after "Information Please!" started its eventful career on the radio, Dan Golenpaul, originator of the program, took Clifton Fadiman to a party to cheer up the discouraged master of ceremonies. "This party is in your honor," said Golenpaul. "I see big things ahead for you."

"So do I," said the disconsolate Fadiman. "And they all look like insurmountable obstacles."

— Contributed by William Wisston

❑ "SO PLEASED to meet you, Miss Guilder. My husband has told me so little about you!"

— Q. Patrick in *The American Magazine*

❑ ETHEL BARRYMORE was inviting friends to her birthday party. "There'll be a birthday cake, I suppose?" someone asked.

"Yes, there'll be a birthday cake, never fear," Miss Barrymore replied.

"And candles, of course?"

"My friend," said Miss Barrymore,

Man's infinite capacity for inflicting suffering upon himself and his fellows needed an art form through which the emotions attendant to that fact could find amateur expression. Thus the party was invented.

Bernard Shaw

"it's to be a birthday party, not a torchlight procession." — *Youth's Companion*

❑ "YOU LOOK, Mr. Shaw, as though you were enjoying yourself at this party."

"I'm glad I do, because it's the only thing I *am* enjoying."

— Contributed by Kenneth Horan

❑ AT A LARGE PARTY in New York, Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut said good-bye to the British consul, then shook many other hands, and finally found herself shaking his hand again. "But you've already said good-bye to me once," he remonstrated.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Campbell," she replied archly, "but it's always a pleasure to say good-bye to *you*."

— Contributed by Tom Powers

❑ WILL IRWIN came to a club luncheon one day wearing a new suit with a lively pattern. Franklin P. Adams, seeking information, please, asked where he got it. "In London," said Irwin. "And what do you think I paid for it?"

"Too much," said the man with all the answers. — Contributed by Wallace Irwin

❑ A CELEBRITY HOUND approached Groucho Marx at a party. "You remember me, Mr. Marx. We met at the Glynthwaites' some months ago."

"I never forget a face," Groucho replied, "but I'll make an exception in your case." — Contributed by Hugh Pentecost

The Turning Point of My Career

By

A. J. Cronin

I WAS 33 at the time, a doctor in the West End of London. I had been lucky in advancing through several arduous Welsh mining assistantships to my own practice — acquired on the installment plan from a dear old family physician who, at our first interview, gazed at my cracked boots and frayed cuffs, and trusted me.

I think I wasn't a bad doctor. My patients seemed to like me — not only the nice old ladies with nothing wrong with them who lived near the Park and paid handsomely for my cheerful bedside manner, but the cabbies, porters and dead



beats in the mews and back streets of Bayswater who paid nothing and often had a great deal wrong with them.

Yet there was something . . . though I treated everything that came my way, read all the medical journals, attended scientific meetings, and even found time to take complex post-graduate diplomas . . . I wasn't quite sure of myself. I didn't stick at anything for long. I had successive ideas of specializing in dermatology, in aural surgery, in pediatrics, but discarded them all. While I worked all day and half of most nights, I really lacked perseverance, stability.

One day I developed indigestion. After resisting my wife's entreaties for several weeks I went, casually, to consult a friendly colleague. I expected a bottle of bismuth and an invitation to bridge. I received instead the shock of my life: a sentence of six months' complete rest in the country on a milk diet. I had a gastric ulcer.

The place of exile, chosen after excruciating contention, was a small farmhouse near the village of Tar-

ARCHIBALD JOSEPH CRONIN interrupted his medical course at Glasgow University to serve in the Royal Navy during the World War, then returned to graduate with honors. During the next few years he was a ship's surgeon and a medical inspector of mines in South Wales. Settling down in London, he built up a large and lucrative practice. In 1931 his health broke, and while convalescing in Scotland he wrote *Hatter's Castle*, which started Mr. Cronin on the literary career he has pursued ever since. His short stories have appeared in many magazines, and his widely read novels include *The Stars Look Down* and *The Citadel*.

bert in the Scottish Highlands. Imagine a lonely whitewashed stead-ing set on a rain-drenched loch amid ferocious mountains rising into gray mist, with long-horned cattle, like elders of the kirk, sternly munching thistles in the foreground. That was Fyne Farm. Conceive of a harassed stranger in city clothes arriving with a pain in his middle and a box of peptonizing powders in his suitcase. That was I.

Nothing is more agonizing to the active man than enforced idleness. A week of Fyne Farm drove me crazy. Debarred from all physical pursuits, I was reduced to feeding the chickens and learning to greet the disapproving cattle by their Christian names. Casting round desperately for something to do, I had a sudden idea. For years, at the back of my mind, I had nursed the vague illusion that I might write. Often, indeed, in unguarded moments, I had remarked to my wife: "You know, I believe I could write a novel if I had time," at which she would smile kindly across her knitting, murmur, "Do you, dear?" and tactfully lead me back to talk of Johnnie Smith's whooping cough.

Now, as I stood on the shore of that desolate Highland loch I raised my voice in a surge of self-justification: "By Heavens! This is my opportunity. Gastric ulcer or no gastric ulcer, I will write a novel." Before I could change my mind I walked straight to the village and

bought myself two dozen penny exercise books.

Upstairs in my cold, clean bedroom was a scrubbed deal table and a very hard chair. Next morning I found myself in this chair, facing a new exercise book open upon the table, slowly becoming aware that, short of dog Latin prescriptions, I had never composed a significant phrase in all my life. It was a discouraging thought as I picked up my pen and gazed out of the window. Never mind, I would begin. . . . Three hours later Mrs. Angus, the farmer's wife, called me to dinner. The page was still blank.

As I went down to my milk and junket — they call this "curds" in Tarbert — I felt a dreadful fool. I felt like the wretched poet in Daudet's *Jack* whose immortal masterpiece never progressed beyond its stillborn opening phrase: "In a remote valley of the Pyrenees . . ." I recollected, rather grimly, the sharp advice with which my old schoolmaster had goaded me to action. "Get it down!" he had said. "If it stops in your head it will always be nothing. Get it down." And so, after lunch, I went upstairs and began to get it down.

Perhaps the tribulations of the next three months are best omitted. I had in my head, clear enough, the theme I wished to treat — the tragic record of a man's egoism and bitter pride. I even had the title of the book. But beyond these naïve fundamentals I was lamen-

tably unprepared. I had no pretensions to technique, no knowledge of style or form. I had never seen a thesaurus. The difficulty of simple statement staggered me. I spent hours looking for an adjective. I corrected and recorrected until the page looked like a spider's web, then I tore it up and started all over again.

Yet once I had begun, the thing haunted me. My characters took shape, spoke to me, laughed, wept, excited me. When an idea struck me in the middle of the night I would get up, light a candle, and sprawl on the floor until I had translated it to paper. I was possessed by the very novelty of what I did. At first my rate of progress was some 800 labored words a day. By the end of the second month I was readily accomplishing 2000.

Suddenly, when I was halfway through, the inevitable happened. A sudden desolation struck me like an avalanche. I asked myself: "Why am I wearing myself out with this toil for which I am so preposterously ill-equipped? What is the use of it? I ought to be resting . . . conserving, not squandering my energies on this fantastic task." I threw down my pen. Feverishly, I read over the first chapters which had just arrived in typescript from my secretary in London. I was appalled. Never, never had I seen such nonsense in all my life. No one would read it. I saw, finally, that I was a presumptuous lunatic,

that all that I had written, all that I could ever write was wasted effort, sheer futility. I decided to abandon the whole thing. Abruptly, furiously, I bundled up the manuscript, went out and threw it in the ash can.

Drawing a sullen satisfaction from my surrender, or, as I preferred to phrase it, my return to sanity, I went for a walk in the drizzling rain. Halfway down the loch shore I came upon old Angus, the farmer, patiently and laboriously ditching a patch of the bogged and peaty heath which made up the bulk of his hard-won little croft. As I drew near, he gazed up at me in some surprise: he knew of my intention and, with that inborn Scottish reverence for "letters," had tacitly approved it. When I told him what I had just done, and why, his weathered face slowly changed, his keen blue eyes, beneath misted sandy brows, scanned me with disappointment and a queer contempt. He was a silent man and it was long before he spoke. Even then his words were cryptic.

"No doubt you're the one that's right, doctor, and I'm the one that's wrong. . . ." He seemed to look right to the bottom of me. "My father ditched this bog all his days and never made a pasture. I've dug it all *my* days and I've never made a pasture. But pasture or no pasture," he placed his foot dourly on the spade, "I canna help but dig.

For my father knew and I know that if you only dig enough a pasture can be made here."

I understood. I watched his dogged working figure, with rising anger and resentment. I was resentful because he had what I had not: a terrible stubbornness to see the job through at all costs, an unquenchable flame of resolution brought to the simplest, the most arid duties of life. And suddenly my trivial dilemma became magnified, transmuted, until it stood as a touchstone of all human conduct. It became the timeless problem of mortality — the comfortable retreat, or the arduous advance without prospect of reward.

I tramped back to the farm, drenched, shamed, furious, and picked the soggy bundle from the ash can. I dried it in the kitchen oven. Then I flung it on the table and set to work again with a kind of frantic desperation. I lost myself in the ferociousness of my purpose. I would not be beaten, I would not give in. I wrote harder than ever. At last, toward the end of the third month, I wrote *finis*. The relief, the sense of emancipation, was unbelievable. I had kept my word. I had created a book. Whether it was good, bad or indifferent I did not care.

I chose a publisher by the simple expedient of closing my eyes and pricking a catalogue with a pin. I dispatched the completed manuscript and promptly forgot about it.

In the days which followed I gradually regained my health, and I began to chafe at idleness. I wanted to be back in harness.

At last the date of my deliverance drew near. I went round the village saying good-bye to the simple folk who had become my friends. As I entered the post office, the postmaster presented me with a telegram — an urgent invitation to meet the publisher, I took it straight away and showed it, without a word, to John Angus.

The novel I had thrown away was chosen by the Book Society, dramatized and serialized, translated into 19 languages, bought by Hollywood. It has sold, to date, some three million copies. It has altered my life radically, beyond my wildest dreams . . . and all because of a timely lesson in the grace of perseverance.

But that lesson goes deeper still. Today, when the air resounds with shrill defeatist cries, when half our stricken world is waiting in discouragement: "What is the use . . . to work . . . to save . . . to go on living . . . with Armageddon round the corner?" I am glad to recollect it. In this present chaos, with no shining vision to sustain us, the door is wide open to darkness and despair. The way to close that door is to stick to the job that we are doing, no matter how insignificant that job may be, to go on doing it, and to finish it.

Ignatius of Loyola was once play-

ing a game of ball with his fellow students when someone demanded, suddenly and with due solemnity, what each of them would do if he knew he had to die in 20 minutes. All agreed that they would rush frantically to church and pray . . .

all but Ignatius, who answered: "I should finish my game."

The virtue of all achievement, as known to Ignatius and my old Scots farmer, is victory over oneself. Those who know this victory can never know defeat.



¶ The wise, hard-working little mongrels without which our \$68,000,000 wool-growing industry could not function

Run, Sheep Dog, Run!

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Helena Huntington Smith

Author, with E. C. Abbott, of "We Pointed Them North"

IN THE Big Horn mountains, where a tourist highway crosses a summer sheep range, a band of sheep may be grazing close to the unfenced roadway. Little by little some of the ewes edge out toward the passing cars. "Hey, Shep!" shouts the herder. Instantly his dog, a small, collic-ish mongrel, dashes around the ewes and drives them back to safety. A car with an eastern license stops and its occupants lean out.

"What a smart dog! How did

you teach him to do that? What kind is he?"

"Just a dog," says the herder, who has been asked the question often. To him Shep is all in the day's work.

"Just dog" he may be, but in economic importance Shep stands at the top of the dog world, for our \$68,000,000 wool-growing industry couldn't function without him. Two thirds of American wool comes from western plains, deserts and mountain ranges where a herder



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without his dog would be as helpless as a cowboy without his horse.

I asked a sheepman once whether, if there were no dogs, it would not be necessary to hire two herders for each band of sheep instead of one as at present. "Two!" he said. "Why, one man and one dog can hold sheep in a storm when 15 men without dogs couldn't!"

The first sheep dogs and sheepmen to come into the West in the middle of the last century were from Scotland. Many of the dogs were among Scotland's best, winners at the great Scottish dog trials — annual competitions at penning and driving sheep, held since 1876. Those pedigreed dogs, bred to hardy range mongrels, produced smallish, black and white, super-expert sheep dogs known as border collies.

Last summer I watched one of these remarkably intelligent mongrels at work. Sheep were grazing on a mountain pasture at the edge of a spruce forest. The herder sent the dog up to drive strays out of the timber. From the dignified way she went about her duties you would never guess she was only eight months old. But she stopped often and looked back for instructions.

"She's young yet," the herder explained. "She's afraid of making a mistake. She doesn't want to get scolded."

Sure at last of what he wanted, she rounded up the sheep. Then — without a word from him — she disappeared again among the trees.

"Goin' back to see if she lost any," said the herder. "Instinct!"

Wherever sheep are raised you will hear stories of dogs so alert that they know the minute sheep are missing from a band, and so conscientious that if the herder doesn't hunt for them at once, the dog will go get them of his own accord.

In Wyoming's Powder River country a few years ago, a man bought 300 young bucks (rams to Easterners) and started trailing them across country to his ranch, a sheep journey of four days. The first day he missed one of his dogs and five bucks, but he kept on with the rest of the sheep to his destination. Then he went back to look for the missing. Just *one* day's journey behind him he met the dog plodding along with the five strays. Continuing back along the trail, he found that the dog had carefully bedded his charges in the fields each night of the journey.

Perhaps only instinct can account for that feat, or for the old retired dog who, every time the hogs were let out to root around, made a nuisance of himself by putting them back into the pen.

From the Campbell brothers' outfit of Rawlins, Wyoming, comes the story of another dog, Buster, who was aging and so sick they left him behind at the ranch when the annual trip to the mountains started. He moped all summer. They wondered why he didn't run off and

try to follow the sheep, for he had made the journey many times. But it was 65 miles to the summer range, and the dog must have known he couldn't make it.

Then came the date for moving the sheep down again; it was the same every year. When the flock was halfway home Buster turned up one night, when men and sheep were bedded under the stars. The dog had known when the herder was due to start down and had sensed exactly when and where to meet him on the road.

The Red Desert of southern Wyoming is the last stamping ground of the old-time nomad sheep outfit, whose only permanent property is the sheep wagon. Some of these outfits own 100,000 sheep and 200 dogs. They summer in the mountains to the south and winter on the frozen desert, where the white speck of the sheep wagon looks like a lonely sail in a desolate sea of sagebrush. The bitter wind howls over the flats, but it clears off the snow, exposing what feed there is.

The wagon with its stove and bunk is the herder's house. The dog lives underneath. He needs to be hardy, for in winter he often works 15 hours at a stretch with feet bleeding from sharp snow crust. In spring when the new grass shows above ground the sheep run wild with glee, scattering in all directions. Only the dog can check them, and he runs until his tail droops with weariness. When the lambs

start to come, men and dogs work day and night. A dog that is good around lambs knows how to push the babies gently with his nose until they wobble to their feet and trail off after their mothers; he then circles back over the bed ground to make sure he has every one. If he finds a lamb left behind, he stands over it, barking until the herder comes. He acts similarly if a sheep falls and gets on its back, for it will flounder like a turtle and may die unless someone aids it.

The gentleness with which a good sheep dog works is amazing. In Buffalo, Wyoming, an old Scot was leaning against a bar one day, bragging about his dog, when someone noticed a rooster pecking in the dust outside. The Scotsman bet \$50 that the dog could put the rooster into the saloon. Ears and tail alert, nose quivering with amusement at this odd feathered object, the dog maneuvered so delicately that instead of taking to squawking flight the bird passed under the swinging doors almost of his own accord.

Sheep dogs are quick to learn new duties. One outfit used a corral for lambing, and in the morning the ewes that had lambed during the night were let out to graze, each with her offspring following her. Ewes make poor mothers at first, and a young black and white collie named Nell was posted outside the gate to stop those that tried to pass without their lambs. Nell caught

on promptly. The next year Nell needed no instructions. She took her place at the corral gate and, without further orders, went to turning back the lambless ewes.

During the summer in the mountains, the dog has nothing to do except keep the sheep from getting lost in the timber. In mid-September all are moved down and camp by the railroad, where baaing, milling bunches of 3000 are herded into corrals and last spring's lambs are cut out for shipment. Here the good corral dog is in his glory. His specialty is to run over the backs of the sheep standing tightly packed in the loading chute, and by nipping at the foremost ones persuade them to enter the car.

By the time the hubbub of shipping is over, snow is falling, and herders, horses and dogs gather themselves and the ewes together and head back for the range. Winter comes down, and the sheep scatter and drift before the storms. Or they would without the dog.

Even in a storm it is hard to confuse a good dog. A herder who

has tended sheep along the Yellowstone River for 38 years told me he was groping his way back to the wagon with his band through a blinding Montana blizzard, when his favorite dog Queen disobeyed him for the first time in her life, crowding the sheep to the left of where he wanted to go. He swore at her plentifully, but she kept turning the flock to the left. Suddenly he saw the wagon — directly in front of them. Except for Queen's instinct, he would have missed his shelter by a quarter of a mile and perhaps have perished.

In the Texas Panhandle back in the days of range warfare between cattle and sheep raisers, two sheepmen were murdered by an outlaw. The dog attacked the murderer, who shot one of the dog's eyes out but did not kill him. Days later, when cowboys found the dead man's camp, the wounded and starving dog still had the sheep under control. One of the cowboys, though he hated sheep, took charge of the band. The dog showed him what to do.



Vicious Circle

INVITED to play at a meeting of Baltimore's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a lady pianist stopped at their headquarters to try out the piano. She found it in pretty bad shape. With the help of an S.P.C.A. official she got the piano open and discovered that the felts were full of holes.

"Just as I feared — mice," tchked the official. "The building is overrun with them, but of course, *we* can't set traps."

— *The New Yorker*

Food and the Fate of Europe

I. Hunger in Belgium

Condensed from "Under the Iron Heel"

Lars Moën

ON THE first day of the German occupation of Antwerp, huge army trucks started emptying the warehouses of all merchandise. The contents of cases and bales were not even checked; everything went into trucks and took the road to Germany.

While this was going on, a public distribution of bread took place in City Hall Square. A Belgian policeman, who had been on service without relief for two days, leaped forward to catch one of the loaves. At that moment camera shutters clicked — and photographs had been recorded to prove that even

the policemen in Belgium had been starving when the Germans came to the rescue. As soon as that picture had been taken, the distribution of bread was over.

As a matter of fact, when war came Belgium had on hand enough food for two to four years, and if the Germans had not confiscated these supplies there would be no shortage now. The situation is complicated by the fact that all German soldiers must be fed by the country in which they are quartered. The number of German soldiers in Belgium is about one tenth of the total civilian population, but this tenth undoubtedly receives one third as much food as the whole of the Belgian people.

The Germans have purchased large quantities of food directly from the farmers, paying with so-called "occupation money." This money is printed on the spot, as needed. There is apparently no backing whatever for it, and no control over the amount printed. An arbitrary exchange rate has been established at about double

LARS MOËN, American scientist and ex-newspaperman, has worked in most of the major European countries, including six years in Soviet Russia as technical adviser to the Soviet Gramophone Trust and the State Radiological Institute. As research director of a British corporation, he was engaged in experiments with a new color film process in an Antwerp laboratory at the time of the German invasion. Hoping to be able to finish his research, Mr. Moën stayed on in Belgium until late in 1940. Speaking French, Flemish and German, he could easily pass as a Belgian while talking with the invaders.

the value of a real German mark. This has doubled the purchasing power of the German soldiers, who are paid in occupation money, and has doubled the rate at which they have emptied the stores of merchandise. (They may send home 11 pounds per month without charge.)

The most serious food shortage, when I left Belgium, was of fats. Margarine was available, the allowance being about two thirds of a pound per month, but butter, for the Belgians, was only a memory. The German soldiers, on the other hand, received a daily allowance of butter larger than they could eat.

The next most serious shortage was of potatoes, usually the main item in the Belgian diet. By mid-December, according to a report from Antwerp, they had become practically unobtainable. This dearth of potatoes would perhaps not have been so important, had not the ration of bread been reduced to about four slices a day per person. In the opinion of my acquaintances best qualified to know, the continuance of any bread ration at all would depend, by the spring of '41, upon whether or not Hitler chose to send back to Belgium some of the wheat he had taken away — and no Belgian considered that a possibility.

The Belgians do not hesitate to speak their minds on this subject to the German soldiers, whose standardized reply is this:

"Our leader lets no one starve — but you can't expect to gorge yourselves while *we* starve. National Socialism means a fair division of everything. If your food supplies have been taken to Germany, it is only to store them safely and divide them fairly." However, every Belgian knows that the population of the Reich is ten times that of Belgium, so when a Nazi speaks of "a fair division," the Belgian is not impressed.

Owing to the great amount of livestock slaughtered for lack of fodder, there was little difficulty, at the time I left, in obtaining the five pounds of meat allowed per person per month. A similar slaughter of Belgian poultry made it clear that eggs would be virtually unobtainable by the summer of 1941.

More serious, for children, was the milk situation. Nominally, the ration was about a pint a day, but only skimmed milk might be sold, and it was frequently impossible to find one's pint of even this blue and watery fluid.

The foregoing gives a fair idea of the food situation as I knew it last fall. The average person was receiving enough food for one smallish meal a day, though he might spread it over three. If that level could be maintained, everyone would be a bit hungry but there would not be much serious privation. However, the months I saw were the best months, and it was

abundantly clear that each succeeding one would be worse.

This inevitably raises the question: Should we feed the inhabitants of the occupied areas? So much ill-informed discussion has appeared that I should like to present a point of view on the matter as it appeared from Belgium.

On purely humanitarian grounds, nearly everyone would rather feed the Belgians than not. But there are other issues at stake. Some assert that we should not feed the occupied areas because when those people become sufficiently hungry they will overthrow German rule.

That is not a very realistic view of the matter. It is a fallacy to say that starving people revolt. A starving man becomes listless, apathetic, indifferent. A large share of the Belgian population would like to revolt if there were any hope of success. There is no such hope, and failure to recognize that simple fact is wishful thinking of the most harmful sort. The oppressed populations, who have had the German military machine roll over them once, have no illusions on the subject.

A second question is: Could food sent to the occupied countries be prevented from reaching German soldiers and civilians and thus prolonging the war?

I don't think it could. The favorite proposal seems to be to send food in small shipments and to cease sending supplies if a single

shipment fails to reach the starving civilians. But it is not nations that must be fed, but individual families—and their lives are regulated down to the minutest detail by the gray-uniformed soldiers. Since any Nazi promise is worthless, we would not *know* whether the food reached the civilian populations or not, unless it was distributed by reliable American representatives directly to individuals.

This means that enough American relief workers must be stationed in every little town and village to supervise personally the distribution of supplies. But the Nazis, not unnaturally, resent the fact that the rest of the world does not trust them. The mere suggestion that we must ourselves control food distribution so rigidly would only infuriate them. Moreover, the German High Command would never permit several thousand citizens of a country which they consider unfriendly to circulate freely throughout the occupied area. These thousands of Americans would bring to the now isolated peoples news of the outside world which the Germans try to keep from them. More serious, the Nazis would never believe that such an organization was not carrying on espionage.

If the Nazis really wanted the civilians fed, they might accept terms under which we could be sure of the destination of the food we sent. But I strongly suspect the Nazis prefer to keep the conquered

population hungry and submissive. Hence they would reject measures of control. In that case there is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to who would be the ultimate re-

cipient of our well-meant aid. And I never talked to a Belgian who believed seriously that the occupied areas could be fed without the lion's share going to their new masters.

II. Food Control — Newest Nazi Weapon

Condensed from Foreign Affairs

Karl Brandt

Formerly Professor of Agricultural Economics, University of Berlin;
Economist, Food Research Institute, Stanford University

IN THE COURSE of debate in the U. S. A. regarding the European food problem Americans have shown that they are thinking too largely in conventional terms. They speak about the threat of famine to civilians, and about how to transfer enough from our land of plenty to relieve the stricken areas. In such thinking they show that they are not yet aware of what is really going on in connection with Europe's food problems.

FORMERLY one of Germany's leading experts on agriculture, Karl Brandt is now an American citizen, member of the Stanford University faculty. He was born in the Rhineland in 1899, served in the German army during the World War, became professor in the University of Berlin and director of the Institute of Agricultural Market Research. In the course of his duties, he made one trip to the U. S. on a special mission for the German government, and in 1933 he left Germany voluntarily to make his residence here.

From the moment the Nazis seized the reins in Germany they transformed food from an economic end into a political means. In their control of food Nazis saw a beautiful instrument for disciplining the masses. The granting of food became a premium for accomplishment and the withholding of it became a punishment for dissent. They established a class distinction between the various groups of recipients of rationing cards. First comes the "warrior caste," embracing the armed forces, the Gestapo, and to some extent the party militia. Next come the most skilled and essential laborers. Further down the scale come the unemployables, the aged, the incurably sick. At the bottom come those to whom it is an act of grace to give any rations at all: prisoners, inmates of insane asylums and concentration camps, and Jews. Extra rations may be

granted to bolster morale in a difficult moment. After the French collapse, when the German masses remained apathetic, special rations of modest luxuries were distributed to create an atmosphere of cheer and enthusiasm.

It is in the conquered countries, of course, that the totalitarian food strategy is applied in its fullest extent. The hatred which the Germans feel for the Poles has led them deliberately to aim at wiping Poland out as a national entity. The food situation there, as a result, grows worse and worse. Only the large potato crop and American relief activities prevent complete disaster.

Belgium is probably in the worst straits of any of the other occupied territories. But she has an excellent sugar-beet crop and some milk and vegetables. Unoccupied France has been maneuvered into an exceedingly difficult position. Vast numbers of refugees are crowded into a small area which is ill prepared to secure or distribute the supplies necessary. Communications and transport are strained; rationing, so far, had been badly organized. But while the chess game between Pétain and Hitler continues, the Germans have no intention of relieving the food situation in unoccupied France.

Late this spring, probably, will come the critical period in Europe's food problem. Thereafter the food situation will tend to become less tense. Even Belgium expects to be

self-supporting in grain in the new crop year.

So, if the war does not turn into a movement of armies on the Continent this year, and if a general crop failure does not occur, we are probably safe in assuming that the threat of famine will gradually vanish. At present the greatest pressure seems destined to fall on England because of her shipping losses.

The most orderly and satisfactory food situation prevails within the boundaries of "Greater Germany" itself. Germany today has an untouched war reserve of 6.5 million tons of grain, and this alone would permit her to adjust the situation in countries of greatest need without seriously depleting her own stocks.

Indeed, the Nazis consider themselves complete masters of the European food situation. On September 30, 1940, Walter Darré, German Minister of Agriculture, stated that there would be "no special difficulties to overcome" in occupied countries, and that the available food supply was greatly underestimated abroad. On February 11, 1941, the radio brought the news that a joint German-Belgian commission had negotiated food shipments from Soviet Russia to Belgium. In February Russia offered Norway to barter a million tons of Russian grain for Norwegian aluminum. Immediately Germany interfered. The Nazis do not object to relief supplies coming in to

Europe if they have no political implications. But they consider the regulation of Europe, including feeding it, their affair. It is a key factor in their New Order.

The point to remember is that the commanders of the German army of occupation, with the keys to the big granaries in their pockets, will tighten or relax their grip not in accordance with needs but according to the dictates of political strategy.

Industrial unemployment is widespread in Belgium, Holland and occupied France, while in Germany, with German war industries booming and German armies spread out all over the Continent, there is a desperate shortage of skilled labor. Consequently, Germany is eager to import as many mechanical workers as she can. Food is the lure used to secure them. German employment agencies offer jobs in Germany to unemployed Belgian, Dutch and French workers. If these refuse they lose their rationing cards. Sometimes rationing cards are withheld from workmen—who then are informed that plenty of food can be had in such-

and-such a German industrial center.

Thus food has become a complete chest of tools in the workshop of the modern tyrant, and our sympathies must not be allowed to distort our judgment about its role in the tremendous struggle ahead.

The Nazis will think twice before spreading pestilence and starvation in western Europe so long as they can avoid it easily. But if their plans went awry, if starvation did impend, they would and could manage so that famine would proceed in concentric rings from the extremist rim toward the German center of the fortress. In this process they would, without batting an eye, dispose of the lives of the 150 million hostages they now hold. This is their true advantage from the conquest of the Continent.

The blockade impedes the wheels of Hitler's war machine; but that machine is not going to be halted for lack of food. The present Nazi domain contains too large resources for that. The Nazi machine will be defeated only by superior diplomacy, superior steadfastness and superior military strength.



THE DESIRE to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals.

— Sir William Osler

DO YOU WISH to find out a man's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others.

— J. C. and W. A. Hare in *The Pathfinder*

The Body Beautiful

Condensed from The American Mercury

Cornelia Otis Skinner

WHEN a woman goes to try on a dress, she often finds herself before one of those mirrors with hinged side panels which suggest a primitive triptych — that is, if she has sufficient imagination to turn the triple reflection of herself clad in a pink slip into a trio of medieval saints. Such mirrors reflect many seldom-beheld angles and the sudden sight of them is a shock. You find you're staring at yourself rather than at the clothes you're buying. Your profile somehow isn't at all the way you'd remembered it; and your eye is arrested not without horror by that portion of the anatomy of which you catch a good glimpse only on these sartorial occasions. Since the last shopping trip it appears to have taken on distressing prominence, and you reach the grim conclusion that it's almost too late for clothes to matter.

Such a recently beheld pano-

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER has in recent years become almost as well known for her spritely essays on various aspects of the daily scene as for her distinguished dramatic work. Miss Skinner — in private life, Mrs. Alden Blodgett — also writes the monologues and character sketches in which she appears. And she is author of the play *Captain Fury*, in which her father, Otis Skinner, played for more than a year.

rama of myself filled me with panic. I felt I must do something immediately. I consulted one of my better-shaped acquaintances, who sent me with my troubles and my protuberances to a small but impressive "slimming" establishment. The façade was what is known as "moderne." Instead of the usual show window, it had portholes in which terra-cotta dryads danced amid bottles of perfume. In the reception room a marquise disguised as a saleswoman was sitting behind the sort of table at which Madame de Sévigné must have written her letters. The marquise asked if there were anything she could do for me and I said, "Yes, reduce my rear." This shocked her very much, but being of the aristocracy she managed to smile politely and ask, "Have you an appointment for consultation with Mme. Alberta?"

"I don't think I need any consultation," I said. "I just want to reduce my . . ." Her eyebrows flickered ever so slightly and I ended lamely, "I just want to lose a few inches."

"All our clients have a consultation first with Mme. Alberta," she replied; and she directed me up a mauve carpeted stair. I wondered

whether Mme. Alberta would greet me with a stethoscope or would be discovered gazing into a crystal. She proved to be a youngish woman, frighteningly smart, seated at another period table. Her accent was so determined to be English that it broadened every *a*, even in such words as *hand* and *ankle*.

She listened to the story of my proportions as if it were a case history. On a card resembling a hospital chart she wrote my name and address and details of personal history that struck me as singularly irrelevant in the matter of hip reduction.

"Now, we'll see about your weight."

"I know what I weigh," I said, adding recklessly: "And I don't care. All I'm after is to reduce my . . ."

"Weight and measurements must be taken at every treatment," she interrupted with polite asperity. "There's the dressing room. Will you disrobe kindly?"

I went to what seemed to be a daintily furnished sentry box and disrobed kindly. I felt somehow I was up for a woman's branch of the Army. A trim mulatto brought me a sheet and a pair of paper slippers. I tried to drape the sheet so I'd look like a Tanagra figurine but it wouldn't work so I arranged it along the more simple lines of a Navajo blanket. When I emerged Mme. Alberta led me down a corridor. Behind a screen she

whisked off my sheet in the manner of a mayor unveiling a statue and placed me on a scale. When I protested that I already knew my weight, she shed on me the indulgent smile a night nurse might give a psychopathic patient.

"Now for those measurements," she said. "Miss Jones, will you please come here?" Miss Jones proved to be a lovely young thing in a wisp of a sky-blue tunic. She was of such bodily perfection one had the suspicion that "Miss Jones" was incognito for "Miss America." We were formally introduced — Miss Jones in her bright-blue suit, I in my bright-pink skin.

Then, as if she hadn't already sufficiently humiliated me, Mme. Alberta took a tape measure and began calling out my measurements to the world at large. She measured everything. "I hardly think you need go to all that trouble," I interposed. "It's just my . . ."

"We take all measurements," Mme. Alberta said somewhat acidly. She accompanied her work with a flow of exclamations that might be taken any way. "Well, *well!*" she'd murmur, or, "I *thought* so!" At times she shook her pretty head and went "tsk! tsk!"

After completing her survey she turned me over to Miss Jones, who led the way to a room that contained a mat, a gramophone and far too many mirrors. Here Miss Jones put me through twenty min-

utes of hard labor. I stretched and kicked. I jumped and pranced. I stood on my shoulders with my feet in the air; that is, Miss Jones hoisted my feet into the air while I rose up onto a fast-breaking neck and screamed. I tried to take time out by distracting her with harmless chatter. But Miss Jones was very strict. Now and then when total collapse seemed imminent she'd play a lively record on the gramophone and call out "one *and* two *and* three *and* four" as if it were a battle cry.

Miss Jones herself was tireless. She'd do awful things such as picking up her ankle with one hand and holding her foot above her head like a semaphore. And she expected me to do likewise. She tells me I'm seriously hamstrung—a nasty expression that makes me feel they've been keeping me in the smokehouse all these years.

It's hard to feel cozy with Miss Jones. She is not only strict, she's exceptionally refined. What I call "middle" she calls "diaphragm," what I call "stomach" her whimsy turns to "tummy," and what I call something else she, with averted eyes, refers to as *derrière*.

Finally Miss Jones said I was a good girl and might go have my massage. I staggered into the capable arms of a Miss Svenson who looked like Flagstad dressed up as a nurse. She flung me onto a hard table and went to work on me as if I were the material in a taffy-pull-

ing contest. She kneaded me, she rolled me with a hot rolling pin, she did to me what she called "cupping"—a beauty-parlor term for good old orthodox spanking. After she'd gotten me in shape for the oven she took me into a shower room and finished me up with the hose treatment used to subdue rioting prisoners.

Once I'd dressed and recaptured my breath I felt extraordinarily full of radiant health and rugged appetite. It was time for lunch and visions of beefsteak danced in my head. But Mme. Alberta was lying in wait for me outside. "Here is your diet," she said.

It was a tasty little menu consisting of a dab of lean chop-meat, a few fruit juices and some lettuce garnished by a rousing dressing made with mineral oil.

Mme. Alberta's system includes a lot of extracurricular work. Now exercise in the privacy of one's domicile is a splendid idea provided one has a certain amount of domicile and a modicum of privacy. But the only reasonable space in my apartment is the living room, which is exposed to the hall by an open archway. For my exertions I generally gird myself in nothing more confining than a pair of old pink rayon bloomers. My child goes into fits of hysterics at the spectacle, and tries to bring in his buddies to "look at what Mummy's doing." Whenever the doorbell rings I am obliged to leap for

sanctuary behind the sofa — and I don't always hear the bell, which makes it pretty fascinating for whoever comes to the door. Once in all innocence and seminudity I gave a private performance for the window-cleaner — since when, if we have the misfortune to meet on the occasions of his monthly visit, we pass each other with lowered eyes.

Reducing, if one follows the Mme. Alberta school, is a 24-hour job. You are shown contortions that can supposedly be indulged in anywhere, any time. You can straighten out your spine along the edge of the nearest door — which makes the casual observer think you are scratching an itching back. The thumps and double thumps especially recommended for reducing the — well, you know — can be done while leaning against any handy wall — say that of the ele-

vator, thereby bringing a moment of diversion into the operator's monotonous life. Then there are a few less inconspicuous numbers such as standing on tiptoe and stretching up the hands ("Reaching for cherries" is Miss Jones's pretty term for it), and a movement dignified by the name of "abdominal control" which curiously resembles the beginnings of the *danse du ventre*. These you are expected to burst forth with at odd hours of the day and night even at the risk of starting the grim rumor that you're coming down with St. Vitus.

However, the more of a spectacle I make of myself in the eyes of other people, the less embarrassing I am in my own mirror. And Mme. Alberta is pleased with me. The last time she encircled me with her measuring tape she found "signs of considerable shrinkage."



The Difference of Degree

Contributed by
Stephen Leacock

¶ Years ago when I first got my Ph.D. degree, I was inordinately proud of it and used to sign myself "Dr. Leacock" in season and out. On a trip to the Orient I put my name down that way on the passenger list of the liner. I was just getting my things straight in my cabin when a steward knocked and said, "Are you Dr. Leacock?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, the captain's compliments, doctor, and will you please come and have a look at the second stewardess's leg?"

I was off like a shot, realizing the obligations of a medical man. But I had no luck. Another fellow got there ahead of me. He was a Doctor of Divinity.

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

====XIX=====



POP BUTTERMAN was a rough Florida deep-sea fisherman whose neighbors thought he did nothing. Yet in my opinion he rendered his community never-to-be-forgotten services.

I met him many years ago as the climax to the greatest fishing adventure of my life. For three days a great ground swell, the result of some distant storm, had been rolling. I should not have gone out but I did, and just outside the inlet I caught a strange, primitive fish which caused excitement at the dock when I returned. It looked as if it had been daubed at random from some artist's palette. One huge blue eye stared savagely, the pouting mouth was crammed with a wicked set of buck teeth. The thing had a certain devilish beauty, which held us entranced. Weather-beaten faces peered at it, cautious

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By Nina Wilcox Putnam

voices warned that it might be poisonous. Nobody knew what it was and rather frightened by my catch I was about to throw it overboard when a soft voice arrested me.

"I wouldn't never throw away something I don't know nothing about," it said. There, quietly dominating the gathering, stood a tall, well set-up man in his early forties. His clean but wrinkled white cotton clothing hung loosely on a muscle-rippled body. With his hat on he was handsome, and it was a shock when removal of his battered black felt revealed a completely bald head. The shell of the man was palpably lazy but his eyes were the most extraordinary I have ever seen, blue, and shining with that curious sort of intelligence which is rekindled, vigorous and dependable, with each new demand upon it.

Pop was the neighborhood's acknowledged authority on fish, but he could not name this one.

"I believe no one ever seed a fish like that before," he said. "If it was me, I'd have it taxied." I took Pop's advice, had the fish*mounted,

and today, identified, it hangs in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Our friendship ripened. When Pop came and sat with us — usually crouching tirelessly on his haunches, cracker fashion — he gave off a quiet comfort as a stove gives off warmth. Natives are shy with “outsiders,” but so genuine was my liking for Florida and its people that at last Pop began to share his pride in and understanding of both with me.

I learned of the seagirt island where Pop was born and how he had trudged to school through five miles of jungle infested with wild-cat, 'gators, and every sort of snake; a heavy, old-fashioned shotgun over his thin young shoulder, his eyes alert for danger. I heard of his early training in his father's home-made sea-skiff and of their adventures together. I began to understand that look in Pop's eyes after I learned that when anything troubled him he rode the high prow of his sea-skiff across the vast sweep of opalescent waters just as a plainsman needing contemplation rides his horse, looking always beyond the far horizon to where hope and faith blossom again unfailingly. But all his talk was impersonal; of the otter he had tamed, of the lame pelican which lived on his boat, of how porpoises will roll a drowned man ashore.

Pop was well liked in our village, yet people said of him: “Pop is

smart all right, if only he'd *do* something!” When reproached for not fishing, or working at the many other trades he knew, Pop invariably replied that he was too busy.

This was the exact truth, as I found out after my dog died. I had loved that dog dearly and yet through my own careless fault it had met a horrible death. I was in an agony of remorse when Pop appeared, bringing his own dog Jacko, an animal he adored. “I want you to have him,” was all Pop said. But his eyes told me the rest. He was trusting me with something he knew I felt unworthy ever to possess again. It was the sort of faith I needed badly. And I found out later that Pop had rejected a paid fishing trip in order to bring me Jacko without delay. He had been “too busy” to work.

Whenever there was real financial pressure in his household, Pop would go fishing, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest fishermen on the east coast of Florida. He could do other things well, too — plumbing, carpentering, boat building, electrical work. He had a little income from two small cottages, inherited from his father, which he rented to tourists. He lived in a third house, quite a pretty little bungalow which was his wife's dowry, but he had allowed it to fall into disrepair because he was so engrossed in things that seemed to him more vital. His wife, Nettie-

Lu, a tiny dark-haired woman, he adored but never obeyed.

I soon discovered that, though Pop might desert you for weeks when things were going well, you could absolutely count on his showing up if you were in trouble. Some mysterious extra sense told him.

"Reckon you kin see plenty of folks when you ain't in trouble," he'd say. "Thot I'd come over an' set awhile."

Once when I was very ill with tropical dysentery, Pop brought me a moist, not too clean fistful of bark scraped from some tree.

"Chaw it," he commanded. Reluctantly I obeyed. Within 24 hours I was completely cured. The doctor's explanation was simple. "Pop brought you exactly the same turpentine basic I have been prescribing," he told me. "But what Pop brought was fresh. No drug-gist could preserve it in that state."

Pop, it turned out, was medicine man for half the county. His knowledge of herb and root and bark was born of the grim self-reliance of Florida pioneers and handed down through four generations. Within sight and sound of the winter palaces and great hotels there are hundreds of ignorant natives too poor and too superstitious to solicit help from a physician. To them Pop ministered without charge, often making incredible journeys to find the ingredients for his remedies. But for him, legions of the unknow-

ing and the fear-ridden would have had no medical help at all.

Pop was one of the earliest prescribers of citrus juice for "the la grippe," as he called it. This simple remedy, now so widely used, was regarded with the utmost suspicion by many of Pop's cracker patients, who thought that the more nauseous a medicine, the more potent its virtues. When old Eb Glazer, a laborer in a grapefruit orchard, came down with influenza, Pop brought him each day a large bottle of evil-smelling liquid and stayed to see it consumed. Eb recovered, but a few days later he stamped angrily into town and threatened Pop with his fists.

"If I'd a know whut it were I wouldn't of teched it!" he shouted. "I been workin' 20 year among them sissy fruits an' never tasted one yit!"

"If I'd a known thet," said Pop mildly, "I wouldn't of bothered none with putting thet little pinch of asafetida into it."

But many of Pop's remedies were satisfactorily repugnant without disguise — as, for instance, a sore-throat mixture of alum and licorice with a touch of kerosene.

When Pop knew of hungry people, he went fishing. He was never satisfied to bring back some cheap, easily caught fish. That, in his opinion, would have been an insult; he believed that the object of charity must not have any idea that charity was being done. So he brought

only the very best the sea had to offer: pompano, stone-crab, Florida lobster, or the tiny green clams which are so very hard to get. With the treat he always took along a few trimmings: corn meal, bacon and usually, for the greens, the heart of a cabbage palm — which retails at 75c. a pound! When Pop took one of his delicacies to a starving family it was assumed to be a treat, as of course they had plenty of ordinary food. He wanted to save their faces as well as their stomachs.

"You had ought to feel good-minded when you set down to eat," he once told me. "If you don't eat happy, you'd better lay off."

Pop was a justly famous cook and it was part of the game to allow him to prepare the meal he had brought. It was his anxious, "I hope you folks ain't et yet?" when he appeared with his surprise offering, his making each family feel that they were his first choice as companions for a fortunately acquired feast, which made his charities so splendid.

But help for the hungry was not always possible in such a direct manner. Take the case of Tad Wells, a mighty fisherman but a mightier drunkard. Tad worked his sea-skiff alone because he liked to drink unrebuked while he fished. On many occasions he fell asleep and a splendid catch spoiled under a broiling sun. This was a serious loss for Tad's wife and five children. More-

over, Mrs. Tad labored under a proud illusion that only she knew of her husband's weakness. This was the feeble shield she carried against the world's criticisms and it was almost impossible to help her without hurting her. But Pop found a way. More than once he hid the drunkard to sleep it off, and then cheerfully took Tad's wife half of the earnings of his own boat, saying that Tad had sold his fish but had gone out after some new run.

There is an unwritten law among the crackers that the less the Florida Negroes have, the more easily they can be held in leash. Yet Pop contrived to help "worthless black trash" without losing caste. I have known him to leave a large fish on the shore and then casually tell a Negro, whom he knew to be in want, where the fish could be found. I have also known him to do the same thing with clothing and tobacco.

"Hey there, boy! If you was to take a look under the footbridge it wouldn't hurt you none," he'd say and walk on.

Florida crackers call practically every musical instrument except the piano a "fiddle." Like most of them, Pop had a guitar, and when he tuned his "git-fiddle" Spanish style and sat down to sing, every other activity in the neighborhood ceased. As a rule he needed coaxing, but he always sang straight from the heart and presently your own

heart began to warm, quickened by the glow in his voice. You forgot the incongruity of his hairless head, the blackened nails of his strong hands and pretty soon you were singing with him, forgetting worry and fear and rejoicing in the one freedom nothing can stop, the escape of the spirit mounting to the heavens, to the ends of the earth. Few singers have this quality of sharing their divine escape.

When Mom Blake's only son was killed and Mom couldn't cry and was being made sick from it, Pop got her to singing *White Wings They Never Grow Weary* and saved her sanity. Another time Pop had all of Jake Tillerwood's family roaring *The Runaway Train* one terribly rainy night when the doctor couldn't get to them and there was no place the ten children could be sent while Jake himself delivered his wife of their eleventh. Pop had the youngsters singing so hard they never paid attention to what went on in the other room. Then there was the time when Pop abetted an elopement by keeping a suspicious father singing *Home on the Range* while his daughter got away with the young fisherman of her choice.

As a weather prophet Pop was unsurpassed, and before the hurricane warning system was established he once "smelled" the fact that a Gulf-bound storm had changed its course and insisted that the town take precautions. Few people believed him and he had a hard

time getting the school closed, the storm signals flown, and the people in the worst of the shacks into the comparative safety of the Town Hall. He had to knock the sheriff down before he could get the necessary coöperation. But when the storm struck, the community rode it out in safety.

Pop saw me through my first hurricane. He fought his way over to me in the teeth of the storm's advance guard of terror, when the sea seemed to suck all the slime of dead things from its bottom in enormous yellow waves. By the time he had done all he could to make my house secure the wind had risen to a good 50 miles an hour, and I didn't want him to risk going back.

"I'd be purely glad to stay," he said, "but there's a feller out my way ain't boarded up yet."

No persuasion could change his intent and I had a curious feeling that the storm itself must have waited upon his honorable errand, for it was accomplished only just in time.

But for all he was such a good weather prophet there came a day when something failed. We never knew quite what happened: the sea had been rough and any lesser soul would have hesitated to go out. But there was to be a fish fry at our church, and Pop had promised to contribute the fish.

Pop was gone three days and when he came home it was not in any boat and he did not come alone,

according to the story generally accepted in our town. Old Henry Hoberman tells how he was combing the northern beach in the gray loneliness just before the dawn, and noticed a huddled movement in the water far up toward the lighthouse. He ran until he could see what it was and then held back, so that the wise patrolmen of the sea would not be frightened from their task before it was accomplished. Nos-

ing their way carefully (so old Henry said), the creatures brought Pop in until he lay in shallow water, rocking peacefully as if in sleep. Then his pallbearers turned and leaped gracefully out to sea again. Some people claim that old Henry Hoberman imagined it all, but I for one like to believe that, just as Pop had often said they would do, the porpoises had brought a man home.



Drake's Drum

ALONG the shores of England Drake's drum is beating. And this, according to the legend, is as it should be.

When Sir Francis Drake died and was buried at sea off the West Indies in 1596, the drum that he had carried around the world, and used 11 years later to lead his men against the Spanish Armada, sounded the last salute. Now it hangs in Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, and the legend has it that the drum will summon Drake when England is in danger.

Twice since Drake's death has England been threatened with invasion, and on each occasion the drum has been heard beating throughout the land. When Admiral Blake encountered the Dutch fleet in the Thames in 1653 and drove it off to sea, the spirit of Drake was with him. When Lord Nelson fought the Battle of Trafalgar, Drake's spirit helped to win. The drum gave a growl when Napoleon landed at Plymouth after the Battle of Waterloo; and was heard beating on the flagship *Royal Oak*, on Nov. 21, 1918, when it put out to accept the surrender of the German fleet. Englishmen in coastal towns say they heard the rolling of the drum after Dunkirk.

Today the British remember the legend, they hear Drake's drum beating, and they believe, with the late British poet Sir Henry Newbolt, these words from Drake:

Take my drum to England,
Hang it by the shore,
Strike it when your powder's running low;
If the Dons strike Devon,
I'll quit the Port of Heaven
And drum them up the Channel
As we drummed them long ago.

— Reginald Sweetland in *Chicago Daily News*

Hitler's Ersatz Religion

Condensed from 'The Living Age

Stanley High

CYNICALLY convinced that they can pervert to their own uses man's instinctive need to believe in something greater than himself, the Nazis have set up a new religion in Germany whose *ersatz* god sanctifies Nazi ambitions and justifies Nazi blood lust. Its God is Germany. Hitler is its Christ. Its Bible is *Mein Kampf*.

This is not rhetoric. I am being literal.

This purposeful prostitution of the religious instinct has its own creed, prayers, sacraments of confirmation and marriage, and "solemn ceremonies" of christening and burial. The Nazis have established syntheric saints, appointed days for their veneration and set

SON OF a Methodist minister and graduate of the Boston University School of Theology, Stanley High was for four years the unordained minister of the First Congregational Church in Stamford, Conn. He has worked for *The Christian Science Monitor*, edited *Christian Herald* and broadcast "Religion in the News" over the radio. Among his books are *The Church in Politics* and *A Waking World*. Much of the material in this article is drawn from authenticated documents in *The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich*, soon to be published in the United States by Longmans, Green.

up "holy places" for pilgrims to visit.

The whole power of the party is behind the effort to uproot Christianity and substitute for it a heathen tribalism. Instruction in the new faith is part of all teachers' training courses, its literature is required reading in the schools. The daily press and the movies are required to propagate the faith; its hymn book has been bought by more than 1,000,000 German families.

It was essential that Nazism be made a religion, because only by the unscrupulous abuse of the religious impulses of the German people could Hitler arouse that blind, frenzied, blood-letting devotion which was indispensable for adventures so ruthless as his. The Christian God was not exclusively German. Millions of German Christians bowed to One who was above the party. Christianity therefore had to be destroyed and a new faith substituted, for Nazism can allow no divided loyalties.

The first article of the Nazi religion makes the state the Supreme Good. God and Germany are one. Baldur von Schirach, leader of German youth, describes it as "the

Divine Law that is called Germany."

To get an all-out devotion which merely human leaders could not win, Hitler has been deified. Hitler himself defined his relationship to the party leaders with a paraphrase of Jesus' language to His disciples: "I am with you and you are with me." To Nazi officeholders, said Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, those words mean that "every official has to live his life according to the Führer's precepts and ask himself before every action: Would Adolf Hitler approve of this?"

"The German Faith Movement," says one of its spokesmen, "acknowledges only one Lord, Adolf Hitler." Ernst Hauck, a German educator, declared at a Coburg mass meeting that "Christ was great but Hitler is greater." Frequently, Hitler is spoken of as "Our Redeemer." The famous Christian hymn, *Christ, Thou Lord of the New Age*, has been changed for party gatherings to *Hitler, Thou Lord of the New Age*.

Official portraits of the Führer show his head bathed in a mystic light. These photographs are frequently used in party shrines. Underneath such icons prayers to Hitler are inscribed — of which this is a good sample:

To Thee, O My Leader, belongs every-
thing we possess,
Our goods and our lives
Our hearts and our souls.
In many government orphanages

a prayer to Hitler is required of the children before every meal: "To thee I owe, alone, my daily bread; abandon thou me never, with me fore'er abide, Führer, my Führer, my Faith and my Light."

When the party magazine *Schwarze Korps* called on its readers for testimonies on what "Adolf Hitler means to me," it was flooded with fervent replies — such as, "Adolf Hitler is the visible personal expression of what in our youth was represented as God" and "I have never felt the divine power of God as near as in the greatness of our Führer."

Since the Nazis' needs are physical, the party has developed a morality based on the physical. The only good it preaches is "more and better bodies." The practice of this doctrine is what the Nazis mean by the "Biological Revolution."

The "Biological Revolution" helps to explain the relentless Nazi persecution of the Christian Church. For its doctrines run violently counter to the Christian teachings of the sanctity of the home and of marriage; of the importance of the human soul even though in an imperfect body; of premarital chastity. Under a new law, decreed in 1938, matrimony is no more regarded as a divine institution, but as the germ cell of the state. Thus, sexual intercourse between married people is not "an intimately personal and vital relationship essen-

tially based on the consent of husband and wife, but a public act." The Christian marriage ceremony, with its references to God, is frowned upon; the official "German marriage" is preferred.

The aim of marriage is the same as that of any other war industry: production of war material. The interpretation of the new marriage law frankly declares that the object of matrimony is the procreation of children for the state. Whenever this end is not achieved such a marriage is evil and is to be dissolved.

The only moral compulsion laid on German women is that they produce. In an appeal early last year, the *Schwarze Korps* declared: "The number of births of best blood must not be allowed in this war to sink below normal peacetime figures. A girl who here dodges her highest duty is as great a traitor as the soldier who deserts his flag. S.S. men! Show that you are ready not only to give your lives for your country, but to give her far more lives before you die."

Heinrich Himmler, chief of the S.S. and the Gestapo, declares that there is a wartime duty for German girls "of pure blood" which "lies beyond marriage and has nothing to do with it. This is to become mothers of children by soldiers who leave for the front."

Moved by such appeals, young unmarried Germans advertise their availability in the press. Here are two such advertisements which ap-

peared in the *Süddeutsche Sonntagspost* last May.

"I am a soldier, 22 years old, tall, blond, blue-eyed. Before I go to give my life for Führer and Fatherland I want to meet a German woman to whom I can leave a child and heir for the glory of Germany."

The second read: "A German girl wishes to become mother of a child whose father is a German soldier fighting for National Socialism."

No normal, civilized compunctions are allowed to interfere with this breeding program. The *Schwarze Korps* urges that "artificial insemination should be called into play in marriages where, with a healthy potential mother, no children have been produced. If other methods fail, helpers must be called in — if possible a brother of the husband."

The state provides special guardians for children born out of wedlock. Soldiers "who are able to substantiate their claims" as unmarried fathers are promised post-war bonuses. Meanwhile, the unmarried mothers are looked after at the state's expense.

Almost every ceremony and symbol which had significance for the Christian has been taken over and perverted.

"To celebrate festivals," says an official creed, "we need no priestly caste. The Storm Troop leader can hold these celebrations more beautifully than any paid agent of an

alien religion." For these occasions, the S.S. men go through elaborate pagan rituals with songs, drums, torches and great fires.

The Christian sacrament of baptism is replaced with "a solemn conferring of the Name." The Minister of the Interior warns German parents that names taken from the Bible or names of saints or Christian martyrs will no longer be accepted by the state. Among those banned because of their non-Nazi connotation are Anna, Elizabeth, Jacob, John, Mary and Michael.

To take the place of the religious service of confirmation — which is decried because it fails to arouse purely German feelings — the Nazis usher their young people into adulthood by "Consecrations of Youth," in which only Germany is worshiped and only Hitler adored. Nazis cannot attend funeral services while any members of the clergy are present.

Christmas, solemnly affirm the Nazi researchers, did not originate with Christ at all. It originated with Wotan — a 100 percent German god and one of the first and greatest Nazis. So for the Nazi Christmas, neopagan hymns are offered, sung to familiar Christmas tunes.

Good Friday is dedicated to Baldur — another one of Nazism's mythological forebears. "The soldier," says a Nazi educator, "who throws his last hand grenade, the dying seaman who pronounces the

Führer's name as his last word, these are, for us, divine figures much more than the crucified Jew."

To provide a physical setting for the new religion, the Christian churches eventually will be taken over and all Christian symbols removed. Pending that bit of banditry, the Nazis have built many shrines of their own. "*Thingstätten*" (Thing Places) they are called. Recently, a party magazine proposed that "Eagle Trees," to symbolize Germany's resurrection, be planted to replace the wayside crucifixes, which have no Nazi meaning.

Of course, millions of pre-Hitler Germans had a deep-seated regard for the decencies and a solid religious faith which cannot have been wholly uprooted by the neo-paganism. But the Nazis count upon the day when the younger generation, knowing no other gods and practicing no other morality, will have grown to maturity. It is that, doubtless, which Hitler has in mind when he grandiosely boasts that the new faith "is destined to last a thousand years." But for all the ingenuity with which the faith is promoted, it is quite probable that, long before Hitler's millennium has run its course, the German people, young and old, will discover that they have been robbed and will then rise up and restore to His shrines that God to Whom "a thousand years are but, as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night."

❏ A wonderland of new knowledge from the genetic laboratories, giving hopes of a super-race

Heredity and the Hope of Mankind

Condensed from 'The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

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AMAZING STRIDES have been made in the past few years toward solving the most fascinating of all scientific riddles — the origin and development of life. Indeed, recent advances in the field of genetics — the study of heredity and evolution — hold great promise for the future happiness of mankind.

It is easier to understand these achievements and their implications if we review briefly the mechanism of birth and growth — the essential processes of which are similar throughout all living matter. The human organism consists of minute cells, each containing in its nucleus 48 tiny bodies called chromosomes. In each chromosome are microscopic particles called genes, which hold the clue to the riddle of life itself. The only human cells that do not contain 48 chromosomes are the male sperm and female ovum, which have 24 each. When these join to create a new life, half the 48 chromosomes appearing in the cells of the offspring are contributed by the father and half by the mother.

Thus hereditary traits from both parents affect the offspring. For

example, the genes for eye color from the father and mother jointly dictate what color the child's eyes will be. A glimpse of how this happens was discovered more than 75 years ago when the Austrian monk Mendel found that there are "dominant" and "recessive" characters. In Mendel's famous experiment, a true-breeding form of red peas was crossed with white ones. Red is dominant; white is recessive. In the next generation, *all* the plants had red flowers, but they were carrying the white genes nonetheless, so that their descendants would not all breed true to the dominant red.

How does a child grow from an almost invisible, microscopic, fertilized egg into a 200-pound man? He grows, and so does everything else in nature, by cell division. Each chromosome in a cell splits in two, each half going to an opposite end of the cell; the cell then narrows in the middle, into a dumb-bell shape, with 48 chromosomes in each end. Then it breaks apart and we have two cells, each containing all the chromosomes and genes of the original one. This process is re-

peated; the two cells become four, the four become eight, and so on until billions of cells are formed.

The genes not only determine the color of eyes, hair, etc., but acting together they seem to *plan* the growing organism. It staggers the imagination to think of the genes at work through the months and years, creating every organ of the body's complex electrochemical-physical machine. Directly, or indirectly through the endocrine glands, and proceeding according to an intricate time schedule, they bring the organs to full usefulness at the proper time, so that adolescence appears; hair begins to grow on the face of the male; menopause comes in middle age. The genes may even determine, before you are born, how long you will live, barring accidents — for longevity runs in families, and whatever runs in families is almost certainly controlled by the genes.

In nature, once in a great many times, genes are altered or destroyed by extreme heat or cold or old age. This causes a variation in the character of the organism's descendants. A few years ago it was discovered that bombardment with X rays would occasionally alter or destroy the genes. Thus science has enormously speeded up the process of change.

A favorite subject for such experimentation is the banana fly (*Drosophila*) which, thriving in the laboratory and producing hundreds

of young in only 12 days, is amazingly useful for the study of heredity. Scientists have located where in *Drosophila*'s chromosomes lie the genes associated with certain definite characteristics such as the color of the eye, the size of the wings, etc. More than 500 genes in *Drosophila* have been definitely located.

Scientists now know in advance what will happen when *Drosophila* is subjected to X ray. Perhaps half the flies will be killed. Among the survivors some will have descendants, and among the descendants a certain definite percentage will have, as a result of altered genes, dwarfed wings, or white eyes, or other abnormalities. These changes which scientists create in the laboratory will breed true for all time unless affected by additional mutation later on. To illustrate this with a more familiar laboratory animal: you could cut off the tails of 1000 generations of mice and the 1001st would still have tails. But destroy the chief tail-producing genes in a single pair of mice, and their descendants, if inbred and selected for taillessness until they are pure for this characteristic, will be tailless forever more. Thus scientists are perhaps beginning to see the mechanism of evolution in action.

Let me emphasize again that it is wrong to think of a single gene as performing a specified function unaided. It is now believed that every gene influences every other;

and furthermore all the genes occur in every chromosome and there are 48 chromosomes in every cell of the body except sperm and ovum.

Certain groups of "linked" genes are inherited together. In some human families, for instance, a certain color hair is associated with lack of one or more incisor teeth. By studying family strains we can predict that if a child with hair of a given color is born to certain parents it will probably lack one or two incisors.

This fact is likely to prove of great value. Some rare hereditary diseases which are particularly terrible in their effects — such as Huntington's chorea, which causes hopeless insanity at 35 or 40 — do not appear until the individual is old enough to have had children, to whom his taint has unwittingly been transmitted. If the linked genes that are transmitted with the disease could be discovered, this latent malady could be identified in early life and society could say to such a diseased individual that fatherhood is forbidden to him. Thus the knowledge now coming out of the laboratory may enable us to stamp out such incurable diseases in a few generations.

The new revelations from the genetic laboratories have profoundly altered our ideas about many aspects of life. Here are a few:

1. We may now dismiss the old debate as to whether environment is more important than heredity:

scientists now know that both have tremendous significance. They have discovered that living organisms inherit not actual characteristics so much as the tendency to produce these characteristics *provided the environment is favorable*. If a certain species of rabbit whose hair is mostly white is exposed long enough to low temperature, black hair appears. Pink hydrangeas can be changed to blue by adding iron salts to the soil. Tall corn planted too close together will grow only a quarter of its normal size. The offspring of all these, however, if given normal environment, will have white fur, pink flowers or tall stalks.

Yet the changes could not have occurred unless those particular animals and plants possessed genes that made such changes possible. Not all rabbits have fur that will change color; there are bantam breeds of corn that never grow tall no matter how far apart it is planted; some flowers remain the same color when fed iron salts.

In other words, environment can change us — but only on the basis of the tendencies we originally possess. Environment is like the photographer's developing chemical: it creates nothing, but it can bring out what is on the negative. It is a tragedy that we so often discard the negative without ever finding the perhaps rich and beautiful picture concealed upon it.

2. Although all your character-

istics came through your parents, you do not inherit traits and tendencies merely from them. You and your parents inherit from the common store of genes, which have been continuous for countless centuries and come as near to being immortal as anything in this world.

3. Practically nothing is transmitted from one generation to the next except what is passed on in the genes. This does away with many superstitions. It is nonsense to suppose, for example, that if a pregnant woman is frightened by a snake, the child will be marked, or that it will be musical if she goes to concerts.

4. We must discard the theory that entire families are subject to continuous decay. Science nowadays looks with suspicion on conclusions drawn from the famous "degenerate families" such as the Jukes and the Kallikaks, with which sociologists once regaled us. No doubt there were some "morbid genes" among the members of these families; but the sociologists made a bad mistake in ignoring environmental factors. What chance would even a normal child have had, brought up in a household composed largely of drunkards, thieves and prostitutes? The geneticists of today try to balance the evils transmitted by the genes against those that are due to imperfect surroundings.

5. Alcoholism, as such, probably cannot be inherited. It is possible to

inherit an unstable nervous system which predisposes an individual to excessive drinking, drug addiction, or similar weaknesses, but environment is also a powerful factor.

Science has learned that some illnesses formerly supposed to be hereditary are only partly so or not at all. Inheritance is a factor in childhood rheumatic fever, a few rare types of cancer, color blindness, several eye disorders, baldness, and certain sorts of feeble-mindedness and insanity. But there is comfort in the fact that in 10 of the 12 most serious diseases, environment seems to play a more important part than heredity.

These recent scientific revelations have altered our conception of eugenics. We understand now how mutations occur, through destruction or alteration of the genes. Since nearly all changes in the genes consist in taking something away, they produce an organism limited in some respects, and therefore probably somewhat less fitted to cope with its environment.

In a state of nature, this does not matter greatly, for it is offset by natural selection — the survival of the fittest. Mutations that are disadvantageous tend to die out; good ones help the organism to survive and transmit its desirable characters to succeeding generations. But unfortunately modern civilization has been reversing this process by protecting and prolonging the life of the unfit as well as the

fit, and permitting nearly all of the unfit to have children. Many leading geneticists, believing that this would eventually result in degeneration of the race, advocate sterilization in cases of proved hereditary insanity and feeble-mindedness, and recommend that persons having other types of undesirable hereditary characteristics voluntarily refrain from having children.

We have been able to perfect plants and animals by selective breeding, and impatient persons often ask why the same thing isn't possible for mankind. There is little doubt that if genetic principles could be applied to human beings we could, within a few generations, bring the average of our population up to the level of today's highest types. But who is to accept the responsibility of saying what are good traits for a future society and what are bad ones? Who can tell what future society itself will be like? Will it call for large numbers of not-too-bright toilers and goose-stepping troops? Or for people living in universal peace and served by machines?

An even greater obstacle is this: most people today live in environments so unsatisfactory that we cannot tell what their possibilities are. We know by scientific research that there are thousands of geniuses alive who, swamped by poverty and ignorance, never get a chance to demonstrate their abilities.* Our first job is to remove the shackles that prevent full development of our present capabilities; otherwise an effort at improvement is like trying to carve a beautiful statue in the dark.

However, geneticists, on the basis of solid science, hold forth a glorious picture for the future. They tell us that, by improving our environment and our heredity simultaneously, we could in a few generations abolish nearly all human afflictions. It is sober truth to say that it lies within our power to create a race of super-beings — and to do so in perhaps the length of time that has elapsed since George Washington was born. No more exciting prospect was ever offered mankind.

* See "Genius: Its Cause and Care," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '41, p. 88.



WE MUST BE willing to pay a price for freedom, for no price that is ever asked for it is half the cost of doing without it,

— H. L. Mencken, *Prejudices*

ANY MAN can stand up to his opponents: give me the man who can stand up to his friends. — William Gladstone

Ferry Pilots of Britain

Condensed from London Calling

J. Wentworth Day

AT DAWN one morning I drove through narrow, peaceful English country lanes to one of the eight stations of the Air Transport Auxiliary, that little-known group of pilots — men and women — whose job it is to ferry planes of all types from factory to aerodrome, from one part of Great Britain to another, at any time and in almost any weather. All are volunteers — millionaires, farmers, stockbrokers; three of them have only one arm, and one man has one arm and one eye; they wear a private uniform of their own or just civilian clothes. Most are British, but there are also Poles, Canadians, Americans and Spaniards, ranging in age from 20 to 50. Though sometimes in areas thick with the enemy, they carry no arms and fly machines without guns or bombs. They have none of the glory of war, some of the risks, and nothing to hit back with.

As we swung inside the barbed-wire fencing of the enclosure there stood blue-clad sentries with fixed bayonets. Aircraft of all sizes, shapes, colours and designs lined the aerodrome, glimmered dimly in enormous hangars, peeped shyly from belts of woodland. It was a queer sight, for the scene lacked the Serv-

ice trimness of an R.A.F. station, yet transcended in variety the cheerful cosmopolitan mess of machines remembered on a civilian airfield in the jolly days of peace.

We went to a long, low shed and entered an uncarpeted room furnished with chairs and a time-worn piano; a stove burned redly; maps and charts chequered a table. The room was full of men, among them Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, who is not only a hard-working banker and a live wire of commercial aviation, but chief of this mixed bag of airmen and airwomen.

He conceived the idea of the A.T.A. last August, when the shadow of the *Luftwaffe* was bigger than its body proved to be. He sought out Captain F. D. Bradbrooke, the well-known air journalist, and they began to rope in pilots of any age who were unfit for R.A.F. service, to form an emergency communication body of light aircraft. "Plenty of us had flown in the last war," he explained, "but when we offered ourselves they said: 'Oh, try A.R.P.' " Within three weeks, Mr. d'Erlanger had 40 expert pilots, among them Phillips Wills, the sailplane expert; C. S. Napier, the aero-engine designer; Richard Fairey, whose father builds the dive-bombers; Wally Hand-

ley, the racing motorist; and Oliver Moss, huntsman to the Old Berkshire, who takes to the air part of the week and hunts his hounds in the interval.

Since then, A.T.A. has flown over 1,500,000 miles and delivered thousands of machines. There are 220 pilots, of whom seven are Poles and 25 are American. Among the latter are some whose civil vocation is listed as "cotton-dusters": pilots whose job is to fly low — five or six feet up — over the cotton crops, dusting them with an insect powder which kills the boll weevil.

No one day's work is ever like another in the A.T.A. For example, my host at the station, Richard Fairey, who was refused for the R.A.F. because of a spinal injury, has had several thousand hours' flying experience. That day he took a Spitfire to the Midlands; collected a Wellington, which he delivered in Scotland, then came back home in an Anson — "Nice varied day but a bit tricky coming home, what with mist and barrage balloons."

Once he was flying north at 1200 feet when out of the clouds a couple of hundred yards away four Stuka dive-bombers flew straight past him. "Passed me on my starboard bow — so close I could see the chaps sitting in 'em."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"What could I do? Couldn't shoot them as I hadn't a gun. So I waved. They didn't wave back. No sense of humour, these Germans."

Then there was the American pilot who landed at a northern town, and as he stepped out of his plane heard the thump of A.A. fire, saw shells bursting, a Heinkel twisting down.

"Near thing that for you," said the ground staff. "That Jerry fellow was right on your tail and the A.A. was going up all round you. Didn't you notice it?"

"Not a thing. Thought it was backfire. Suppose I was just putting my wheels down. Got a job to do." That phrase might well be taken as the motto of the Air Transport Auxiliary.



A FEW HOURS before his death Marcel Proust asked his servant to bring to his bed a certain page from his manuscript wherein the agony of one of his characters was described — because "I have several retouchings to make here, now that I find myself in the same predicament." He wrote like a maniac to the end.

— Stanley Jasspon Kuhitz, *Authors Today and Yesterday*

¶ A young couple, traveling on a shoestring,
found they could earn a living anywhere

We Work Our Way

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Norma Lee Browning

Who wrote that unusual sketch "We Live in the Slums,"
The Reader's Digest, August, '39

RUSSELL and I always said that any young, healthy person could get a job anywhere — and believed it enough to get married on a pawn ticket and no job. Russell was a photographer; I knew stenography. We soon found work, lived three happy years in New York; then we decided to see America. Florida would be our first goal, friends who owned a boat would take us as far as Newport News.

The week before we were to sail a sudden family emergency took all our savings. Our friends sympathized with us. "It's too bad you can't go," they said. "Never mind, you can get your old jobs back."

But Russell and I asked each other, "Do we really believe we can get work anywhere?" It was like the pause before you take a cold plunge. We held our breath and jumped in.

Our friends didn't have much more money than we did. We ate margarine at 15 cents a pound instead of butter at 36; meals for the four of us averaged 50 cents a day. A month after we started, we were

towed into Chesapeake City, Md., without a propeller. Our friends wired home for enough money to pay for repairs.

Meanwhile, we were all broke and blue. But Russell energetically made doughnuts. We had them for breakfast, lunch, dinner — and still had four dozen left. I said, "Let's sell them."

It was drizzling, and in oilskins we canvassed a row of houses near the dock.

In half an hour we sold our stock at a profit of 62 cents. Next day we all went to work in earnest. Having no doughnut cutter we used a tumbler, and cut out the holes with a thimble. We fried the holes for samples. In three days our boat was repaired and we had cleared \$4.50, enough to buy food until we reached Newport News.

When we docked there, Russell and I set out to find jobs. With a dozen others I stood in line at the Virginia Engineering Company, and after my shorthand and typing were tested I was taken on as a secretary at \$20 a week. Meanwhile

Russell had tackled every store on Washington Street and by 11 o'clock was working at the S. & M. Drugstore's soda fountain.

After three weeks we quit, and bought a 1931 Ford for \$75. It needed paint and upholstery, but we could paint it and make seat covers with dime-store material. Russell and I made a solemn vow that somehow we'd get to Miami, and we would not sell his cameras, my typewriter, or the car.

We had been living on the boat, but now our friends were leaving. We had \$6.18. Christmas was near, and Russell decided to sell photographic Christmas cards. But we had no darkroom and couldn't afford an apartment.

Then we thought of Effie and Christopher, whom we had met on a bus on our way to work. They had made their way from Oregon to Virginia by selling bandages and were living in a trailer. We made a deal to stay with them. Russell would use the back of their trailer for a darkroom. Our bed would be the dinette table with cushions on it.

After Russell bought his materials we had 98 cents left. We drove all over town, stopping wherever we saw baby clothes on a line or small children playing. Mothers always want pictures of their youngsters.

We got more work than we could handle. Far into the night Effie, Chris and I sat in darkness while Russell developed negatives.

Babies' pictures on Christmas

cards brought \$2 a dozen. I helped Russell tint enlargements, for which we got \$1.25 each. In eight days we made \$26.65. Meanwhile, Effie and Chris had convinced us that we should sell bandages, so we sent \$13.45 to a Chicago mail-order firm for a gross of them and headed south.

The first day we couldn't sell a single bandage. The second day was almost as bad and we reached Wilson, N. C., after dark with only a dollar. For an hour we tried to sell bandages — but no one will listen to strange salesmen after dark.

We went back to the car and sat there. We didn't know whether to buy food and sleep in the car or go hungry and sleep in a bed. I was gloomy. Russell knew it and started singing, "Now the moon shines tonight on pretty Redwing." He didn't know all the words so we sang together at the top of our lungs until the words came back to us. Then we felt better. Down the road, our headlights showed a row of houses. "Let's try once more," I said. "You take one side of the street and I'll take the other."

At the last place I called, a sandy-haired man in shirt sleeves urged me to come in. His wife and three little girls appeared. I told them that any home with children shouldn't be without bandages. They agreed, but they had only 35 cents and it was four days to payday. We traded them two rolls of bandages

for a night's lodging. Next morning they sent us off with a good breakfast of bacon and eggs, hominy grits and coffee.

We parted warm friends, and as we drove away Russell said solemnly, "You know, they don't have much money, but they're really enjoying life."

With that to remember and with our dollar still intact we sped south through dismal swampland, past glistening holly and magnolia trees, to the Carolina lumber mills, whose whirring circular saws meant accidents — and bandages.

By five o'clock we had taken in \$11. With this capital, we pushed on through Charleston, where we visited the famous gardens, and to Savannah.

Everything in Savannah was full, due to the national defense program. Not a room for less than \$10 a week. We looked at the classified ads, saw "Trailer for Rent," and drove out to the Hermitage Trailer Park. The trailer rented by the season, \$500; no other terms. In despair we asked the manager, "Isn't there any place to live without paying tourist rates?"

Her forehead wrinkled, then she said, "Well, we might let you stay in the recreation hall for \$5 a week." The dusty hall was cluttered with old furniture, lawn chairs, a bar and a pool table. She lent us some pots, pans and a can opener. We bathed in the trailer camp showers and carried water

from the community pump. That night we cooked a 25-cent round steak and had 15 cents left.

Next morning we set out in different directions to look for jobs. We met at the car an hour later. Russell was a truck driver at \$18 a week; I had a part-time typing job.

In my spare time I was nursemaid at 50 cents an hour, and sold bandages. We painted the roof of our car so it wouldn't leak. As soon as we had \$10 saved we packed our suitcases. On to Miami!

In southern Georgia the rain poured through Spanish-moss roofs overhanging the highway; the car often stalled and Russell had to go to work under the hood. We rattled through Jacksonville, quaint St. Augustine (where we wanted to visit "The Oldest House in America" but didn't have the 25-cent entrance fee), and Daytona Beach. While blasé travelers whizzed by in limousines, we gaped leisurely at our first orange groves.

At last we were on Miami's Biscayne Boulevard; stately royal palms were outlined against the pinkest sunset sky we ever saw; the waters of the Bay were a-glitter with reflections from the city's brilliant skyline. The car stalled again. Russell tinkered with the generator coil. It was no use. A friendly motorist pushed us to Kendricks' Tourist Home. Miss Kendricks, taking us for bride and groom, hadn't the heart to turn us away and cut the

price of her last room from \$2.50 to \$1.50.

"Well, we got here," Russell said. We were in Miami, we had a car — even if it wouldn't go — and \$6. Somehow we'd get jobs and find a place to live.

But hotel rooms were \$25 a day; apartments "at moderate prices" were \$50 a week, tourist cabins the same. We drove all over Miami and finally saw a little house with a "For Rent" sign in the window. It was like a dollhouse and the minute we saw it we knew that was where we wanted to live. Peeking in, we could see that the furniture was brand new and that the house had never been lived in.

We inquired next door. Mrs. Queen told us her husband built the house for them, but had decided to rent it for The Season. She didn't care so much about The Season; she wanted someone who would take good care of the furniture, and she might let us have it for \$30 a month.

Russell and I talked it over. We knew we shouldn't rent that little house; somewhere we could find an old shack, cheaper. But we'd never lived in a real house since we were married. So we pawned the cameras, and took the house.

I began work next day as hostess at the Seven Seas restaurant. Rus-

sell got a \$30-a-week job at the Biscayne Kennel Club dog races. In three days at the restaurant I earned \$6.34, then left to sell advertising for *Rendezvous*, a fashionable Miami Beach magazine. I was transferred to the editorial department where my first assignment was to write up a sight-seeing bus trip. The magazine paid expenses, I saw the highlights of Miami and the Beach, and got \$15 for writing an article about it.

The friendly bus driver gave me tickets to the horse races, dog races, and the jai-alai games. Russell's boss gave us a pass to the world's largest coconut plantation. At the dog races, Russell met a training pilot who wanted some air pictures of his flying field. Russell took the pictures — by this time we had the cameras out of pawn — and we got a free plane ride over the city.

We've been living in our little house for six weeks. Far from being unkindly to peddlers, Miamians have bought us out of bandages. And we've had time to loll on the beach, which is free. We've probably seen more of the city than most visitors. We have learned more about working-as-you-travel than most people will ever know, or perhaps believe. It's a wonderful way to see the country, and we intend to keep going!

How Is Your Bedside Manner?

Condensed from *Your Life*

Jo Chamberlin

THE NURSES in a Cleveland hospital classify visitors as either *jiggers* or *goons*. A jigger makes the patient feel better. A goon leaves him nervous and upset.

Doctors, I find, agree with the nurses: there's a knack to visiting the sick. As visitors we may retard the patient's recovery by doing the wrong things, or speed it by doing the right things.

When a sick person tells you about his illness, are you sure you've never told him about yours? "It's extremely easy for anyone to do," a surgeon told me, "and coming from a close friend, the comparison is doubly depressing."

It's always smart to query the doctor or nurse as to a patient's condition before entering his room, so you'll tune in better on his mood. Find out if he wants to talk, listen, be read to, or rest. If he's acutely ill, don't have a dismayed expression on your face and don't begin your visit with "How are you?" It starts almost any patient off on aches and pains he ought to forget.

Poise on the part of the visitor is bound to be reflected in the patient. Once, before a sinus operation, I fell into a nervous panic. I was

afraid the infection might spread dangerously. The surgeon talked casually of the golf we'd soon be playing and we made a specific golf date. That definite plan for the future restored my equanimity. It's a well-known doctor's trick, and it often works.

The old-time country doctor knew his patient's character, family, job, personality. Modern medicine tends to be less personal, so friends and family must fill the gap.

If you are feeling under par or emotionally upset, it's no time to visit the sick. You'll do more good by staying home. If you feel you ought to call at the hospital, but would rather go to a movie — do both. Doctors say short calls are best. "My nicest visitor," a woman long ill of heart trouble tells me, "is a girl who blows in, tells me two snappy stories, and is gone in five minutes."

One woman's most appreciated visitor was an easygoing chap who dropped in and sat quietly in a corner reading a newspaper. Sometimes he'd chuckle and read a snatch of news to the patient. It was good just to have someone there. Reading aloud is often more

appreciated than small talk. When a silent friend of mine visits another sick friend who doesn't talk much, he takes along a pack of cards, backgammon or set of Chinese checkers.

Because of the important role that visitors can play in speeding recovery, City Hospital in Cleveland conducts a course of instruction for families of tubercular patients, advising them on how to avoid upsetting a nervous patient, what kind of gifts are best and last longest, practical things to do and say. Visitors are asked to come singly or in pairs; a sick mother is better off chatting with one of her family at a time rather than the whole flock. If new visitors come it's their predecessors' cue to leave. Callers are cautioned to sit where the patient can see them without moving his head; and to speak naturally, not in solemn tones or whispers — it's no funeral, yet; also to be careful about jarring the bed — an obvious thing to avoid but many visitors are careless about it.

It's helpful to think of things to talk about *beforehand*. Keep in mind the patient's desire for variety and for good news of his business, family, hobby, friends. "I hate having people ask *me* a lot of questions," one patient complained. "I want to be talked to." Another, badly cut up in an auto accident, disliked being told he "looked fine" when he knew he didn't. He would announce flatly to visitors

that 1) he'd not discuss his accident or hear about the visitor's pet illness; 2) he wanted to hear jokes or humorous experiences; and 3) discuss the news of the day.

The best gifts for the sick person are those which show a little imagination, tend to take his mind off his troubles, and perhaps remind him that he's still an appreciated part of his old familiar world. Try to hit on something like a box of good cigars (to be smoked later) or a dozen golf balls — gifts that will put the patient's thoughts on pleasures in store for him after recovery.

Small gifts are better than large ones. Haven't you seen a huge basket of fruit spoil before the patient could possibly eat it all? One workingman's wife brought him a peeled orange wrapped in wax paper, each day, just like the one she had put in his lunch pail. Small bouquets are easier to handle than big ones, and don't cost as much. You can bring them more often. Nurses speak sadly of patients who receive a roomful of flowers at first, but after a few weeks the flowers don't come any more and the patient frets.

Florists say too many people tell them, "Oh, just send over some roses," when seasonal flowers such as dogwood, apple, peach or cherry blossoms would be a welcome change. So would miniature plants such as cacti. A crystal goblet with a single pretty flower in it, on a table near the patient's head, may be "more

appreciated than a dozen American Beauties in a corner. Give men "masculine" flowers such as tiger lilies, flame sweet peas (in a black vase), red carnations. And if you have an attractive container send it along with the flowers. Few hospitals have enough.

Many convalescents can use writing paper, or postcards — and don't forget stamps. Sending greeting cards means a lot to the sick. Children like picture scrapbooks; all you need to make one is a few old magazines, scissors and paste. Or, give them comics — this is no time to be stuffily "constructive." One woman patient, interested in antiques, received from her maid a scrapbook full of items on antiques from old magazines. It pleased her more than expensive gifts from other friends. Adults as well as children often welcome the simple equipment to make their own scrapbooks on some personal hobby.

If a mother is in the hospital, get out your camera and photograph her children having a good time. Take her the pictures every now and then. You'll amuse her and put her mind at rest. Or use your movie camera. Amateur movies of the patient's family will please the patient greatly, a simple idea that few movie-camera owners think of.

Seed and flower catalogues are fine gifts, as are also travel folders or Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, which many people like to look at by the hour.

The *loan* of a beautiful piece of bric-à-brac, ceramic figure, or a good picture may do more than a gift to uplift a patient's spirits.

I know a minister who makes collections of seashells and sends them every month or so to a hospital. Sick youngsters love the shells, which, unlike many gifts, can be sterilized without harm before going to the next boy or girl.

Bring the outdoors into the sick person's room!

Arrange his bed so he can see out a window. Many people appreciate windowsill or table-top gardens, with miniature plants which can be tended from day to day. Cacti, mosses, the ordinary plants of wood and field will do nicely, or the bright green plants which grow from citrus fruit seeds, or cuttings from a privet hedge.

The gift Theodore Roosevelt liked best when seriously ill in a New York hospital cost a dollar at most. It was a "spring garden" in an old iron pot. Imbedded in ferns were jack-in-the-pulpits, dog-tooth violets, and trillium that T. R. could not get out and see himself.

A girl, ill for many months at home, gained her greatest pleasure from watching three families of birds grow up in two birdhouses which her 13-year-old brother made and attached outside her window.

When a fisherman friend was laid up, I had an enlargement made of a photo of one of our fishing haunts along an Ohio stream, then

arranged for a jigsaw puzzle to be made for him out of that.

Friends helped a woman laid up for months at home with an injured leg by getting her to *do things for them*. She had been a bookkeeper before her marriage, so they brought over her local club's books to be brought up to date. She could knit well, so two mothers had her knit jackets for their children. Helping others is the best way to cure self-centered fretfulness.

At one large hospital it was found that 80 percent of all patients had business or family problems that

were worrying them. So there are jobs for true friends to do outside the sickroom: *see what you can do for the patient's family*. An evening at the movies for the children, or a walk in the woods with them, may do more than anything else for a sick parent when you tell her about it afterward.

In time of illness, the opportunity may be given you, as at no other time in your life, to perform a great service for another human being. So don't be perfunctory about it. Use thought and imagination.



How Much Is a Dozen?

BUYING all fruits and vegetables by the pound instead of by the head, bunch or dozen is a California practice now spreading to other parts of the country. It has definite advantages. For example, a survey made at the recent Consumer Conference in New York City showed that the juice content of oranges was consistently about 6 ounces per pound, regardless of variety. But one *dozen* of oranges weighed 4 pounds, another weighed 7½ pounds; one gave 24 ounces of juice, the other 45 ounces. The "dozen" has no real meaning.

Heads of lettuce varied from 9 to 24 ounces, though they cost the same; one 20-cent cauliflower weighed 28 ounces, another at the same price came to 48

ounces. Two bunches of carrots were bought for seven cents each: one weighed 12 ounces, the other 21½ ounces; and the same variation was found in beets. One bunch of celery cost 12 cents, weighed 9 ounces; the bunch next it at the same price weighed 23 ounces. The "head" and the "bunch" mean no more than the "dozen." Furthermore, in weight-selling, foliage is removed from leafy vegetables to insure payment for edible parts only.

Agricultural experts at Cornell find that as leafy vegetables await sale, moisture is drawn from the root to the leaves, suggesting that vegetables keep better after leaf tops are removed.

— Roger William Ellis

¶ Lewis and Clark didn't know where they were going — but they got there, and clinched America's title to a continental empire

Greatest U. S. Exploration

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Richard L. Neuberger

FROM St. Louis, the edge of American civilization, Sergeant John Ordway of the United States Army wrote to his father and mother in New Hampshire: "Honored parents: I am now on an expedition to the westward with Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark, who are appointed by President Jefferson to go through the interior of North America. We are to ascend the Missouri River and then go by land to the great Western Ocean."

A courier went through the camp collecting such messages from men who were not sure they would ever be heard from again. Then, late on

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the rainy afternoon of May 14, 1804, the 29 members of the party embarked in two long, trim rowboats and a 55-foot bargelike bateau. They were voyaging into the unknown.

At St. Louis geography ended and myth began. The Indians whispered of the Shining or Rocky Mountains that scraped the sky. Was this merely one of their legends? Jefferson when minister to France had heard mariners who sailed with Captain Cook on his Pacific voyages describe evergreen forests as boundless as the oceans and peaks high as the Alps, to be seen on America's western shore. Were their tales true? Jefferson's lively imagination had been fired and thenceforward he dreamed of sending brave men to "explore the great wilderness beyond the Mississippi and form a line of communication from sea to sea."

As soon as his envoys had bought from Napoleon for \$15,000,000 the million square miles of territory that France claimed on the sundown side of the Mississippi, Jefferson asked Congress for

\$2500 to finance its exploration. "And let us search out even that which lies beyond," he urged.

To lead the expedition the President selected his private secretary, 29-year-old Meriwether Lewis, believing that this young Army captain had a determination that nothing could conquer. Such a man was needed; there might be more than dangers of the wilderness to face and temptations to turn back might be many. A race for empire was in prospect, for the British were talking of sending men to hoist the Union Jack at the mouth of the Columbia.

Jefferson suggested that Lewis select an alternative commander and Lewis named his best friend, William Clark, a 34-year-old artillery lieutenant.

They were in strong contrast. Lewis's thin countenance, with defiant jaw and slate-gray eyes, had an eaglelike intensity. He was taciturn, almost gloomy. Clark, red-headed, red-faced, was never stern or silent. His cheerful chatter often had revived the spirits of troops weary on the march. He liked to dodge officers' mess to eat with the men; he hailed colonels and corporals alike by their first names. He got along with Indians better than anyone else in the Army, possibly because he treated them as equals.

Clark went from post to post on the frontier, asking picked men if they wanted to plant their coun-

try's flag on the Western Ocean. Lewis arranged for supplies, which included presents for the Indians — mirrors, red cloth, needles, beads, calico shirts.

Men picked for the journey were enlisted in the Army at \$10 a month for privates, \$15 for the three sergeants, \$80 each for Lewis and Clark, and as a bonus they were promised parcels of land. Whether any of them would survive to enjoy these rewards was doubtful. Their eventual destination was so indefinite that Jefferson gave them papers bespeaking the good offices of "our consuls in Batavia, in Java and at the Cape of Good Hope."

As they rowed up the sluggish Missouri, under the flag with fifteen stars, the party was a cross section of the expanding nation. The oldest was Patrick Gass, 33; the youngest, John Colter, was 16. Alongside Kentuckians chosen for their woodcraft were hunters from Virginia, farmers from Vermont, carpenters from Pennsylvania. There were Irishmen, Scots, Dutchmen and Frenchmen. Near Lieutenant Clark in the first boat crouched his brawny Negro servant, York.

The explorers had not gone far before they realized that the map the President had supplied was useless; it did not even indicate the correct direction of the river. All they could do was to follow the Missouri to its source. From there

dead reckoning might take them to the sea.

For the first few months it was an idyllic journey — comfortable camps at night, days uneventful save for sight-seeing. By firelight the two leaders worked painstakingly on their journals, for the President and Congress wanted complete reports on plants, trees, beasts, birds and Indians. One evening Lewis wrote: "In addition to the common deer, which were in great abundance, we saw goats, elk, buffalo, antelope, blacktailed deer and large wolves." They counted 52 herds of bison in one day.

Three months out of St. Louis, the adventurers had voyaged 850 miles and were not far from what is now Sioux City in Iowa. The going got harder. The clumsy bateau repeatedly lurched aground on sandbars. One man collapsed from sunstroke. Sergeant Charles Floyd died of colic in the choking heat of an August afternoon. They buried him on a high bluff, the first American soldier to die west of the Mississippi. The boats went on, the men silent, Lewis wrapped in thought. A man dead, many sick, the real perils just begun.

That night, instead of appointing a new sergeant, Lewis told the men themselves to elect a successor to Floyd. Amid much oratory three soldiers were nominated. Grizzled Patrick Gass was chosen. Next morning the party took to the boats with renewed zeal; Lewis

had turned the men's minds from brooding over the loss of their companion.

Misadventures multiplied. Nineteen-year-old George Shannon, on scout duty, got lost and almost starved. A riverbank crumbled and nearly destroyed the precious supplies. Lewis, habitually scouting ahead, had several narrow escapes from stampeding buffalo.

Most of the Indians they met were friendly, grunting with pleasure over trinkets and delighted with whisky dealt out in judicious doses. Whenever possible, chiefs of nearby tribes were summoned to powwows under a sailcloth canopy, the flag flying, and told about the Great White Father in Washington to whom they now owed loyalty. Council Bluffs takes its name from one of these powwows.

A lazy half-breed, Toussaint Charbonneau, interpreted. The party had picked him up along the route. With him was his 19-year-old Indian wife, Sacajawea, slender in figure, with long braids and dark eyes. Six years before, she had been stolen from the Shoshones by marauding braves, and Charbonneau had won her in a gambling bout. A woman on the expedition? Lewis and Clark had hesitated, but they desperately needed Charbonneau. Besides, Sacajawea's tribe was said to dwell beyond the high mountains. Maybe this Indian girl would know the way.

Meadows and prairies gave way

to rolling hills, the hills stiffened into plateaus. But the horizons still were land. Where did it end? Where was the Western Ocean?

The first heavy snows fell in November, trapping the party near the site of Bismarck, N.D. In the half year they had made 1600 miles, all up the Missouri. A few traders had been thus far but no white man had ever gone farther. They built a stockade, calling it Fort Mandan for the friendly Mandan Indians, and here during the long dreary winter a baby boy was born to Sacajawea.

April 7, 1805, the last ice having drifted down the river, Fort Mandan was left behind. So was the bateau, too big for the narrowing Missouri and no longer needed for the dwindling supplies. Six canoes made of buffalo hides and willow branches took its place.

The country grew wilder, the landscape less hospitable. Mosquitoes and gnats were a curse. Buffalo were scarce and, without buffalo hide for patching, clothes and moccasins began to shred.

But the ragged frontiersmen now were unlocking the secrets of the continent. They came upon huge, ferocious grizzly bears that it took half a dozen musket balls to kill. They spent weeks of back-breaking toil portaging goods and boats past thundering cataracts which they called the Great Falls of the Missouri. And on May 26, a Sunday, Lewis, who had been

scouting ahead as usual, came back to camp excited. He had glimpsed majestic mountains.

Independence Day, 1805, was celebrated at the foot of the Rockies, 2500 miles and 14 months from St. Louis. Wistfully they drank the last of their brandy. Other supplies, too, were running low. Lewis wrote in his journal: "We all believe that we are about to enter upon the most perilous part of our voyage."

Only the Indian girl, her baby strapped to her back, had the vaguest notion where they were. From out of the memories of her childhood Sacajawea recognized a creek at which her people had collected clay for painting their war parties. When the dwindling Missouri abruptly forked into three branches her memory again helped. She sent them up the swiftest fork, which they named Jefferson River.

The stream twisted through a labyrinth of volcanic walls at which it clawed with white-capped talons. Sometimes the boats upset and their loads were swept downstream. The men waded through the glacier-fed water, pulling their leaky craft on long ropes, for they could not walk on the steep banks. "The men by being constantly wet are becoming more feeble," the Captain noted. Sharp stones cut to pieces what remained of their moccasins and drops of blood flecked the stream. They had journeyed as close to the crest of the continent as water would take them. Wherever

they looked the skyline was a jagged row of pinnacles, "mountains piled on mountains," such peaks as Americans never had seen. Each ridge surmounted brought a glimpse of a ridge higher still. Eventually they reached the region where now Montana joins Idaho, where the Rockies and the Bitter Root mountains run parallel in a vast maze. Lewis sent scouts scattering to find some way across. They came back baffled, four of them nursing injuries from falls.

By now Lewis realized that he must find the Shoshones or give up the expedition. His fatigued men could not drag themselves over those summits, let alone carry burdens; they must have horses. Rations were low and they could not survive a Rocky Mountain winter. Soon the snows would start and it would be too late even to go back. They had not seen an Indian for four months though Sacajawea insisted that she twice had seen the smoke signals of her people.

* Lewis chose three men and pushed on ahead. Every morning when they broke camp they left beads and mirrors as tokens of friendliness to any Indians who might stumble onto the dead fires. At last, ragged and exhausted, they crawled to the top of a high ridge and looked down the Pacific slope of the Rockies. Here, on the Continental Divide, they unfurled the flag. They had two pounds of flour left.

As Chief Cameahwait and 60

mounted Shoshone braves jogged over the crest of Lemhi Pass late in the afternoon of August 13, they saw tottering toward them a tall, ragged stranger with pale skin. In his right hand he carried a cloth of red, white and blue. Half a hundred paces to the rear were three other strangers with long black sticks.

"*Tabba bone* (white man)," the hollow-eyed stranger said.

"*Ah hi el* (I am much pleased!)" the young chief replied gravely. There on the roof of the continent the feathered savage and the Virginia gentleman embraced and slapped each other on the back.

Game had been scarce that year and the Shoshones were hungry, yet they shared with the white men. The Captain's pulse quickened when the chief offered him roast salmon. Salmon from the sea!

Lewis bartered ornaments, coats, blankets and knives for 38 horses, which were sent back to bring up the main party. A dramatic incident marked the reunion of the two parties. Sacajawea, meeting Cameahwait, greeted him with affectionate cries. They were brother and sister! Nevertheless, when the party went on, Sacajawea chose to stick with her husband rather than return to her people.

A withered old Shoshone, whom Clark christened Toby, volunteered to act as guide. He was not much help. They wandered in the Bitter Root range like men in a rockbound fortress, while snow

began to plug the passes. Provisions ran out. They had to kill some of the horses, which were starving, too, with ground bare of fodder. One day there was only a brace of pheasants for 32 mouths to eat. They scraped the bed of Hungry Creek for crawfish; they grubbed for roots. One wretched night they ate a timber wolf Lewis shot. Lewis gave up his mount to one of the men and struggled ahead on foot. A horse loaded with winter coats slipped, screamed in terror, and vanished over a precipice.

Finally they reached open country. They looked like skeletons, and now even the inexorable driver, Lewis, collapsed. While he lay ill beside the Clearwater River, the others trimmed pine logs and burned out the cores to shape rude canoes. The work was hard for exhausted men and it went slowly.

In the canoes they floated down the Clearwater and into the Snake, at the spot where Lewiston, Idaho, stands. They paddled down the Snake and about the middle of October came to a mighty river which surged out of the north and bent westward. This was the Columbia, the "Great River Oregon," which for two generations adventurous souls had dreamed of exploring!

For three weeks more they stroked the bulky canoes between mountains and grassy meadows and fir forests. One quiet night a soldier heard a far-off roar. Soon

long swells rolled up the river from downstream. Gulls flew overhead. The water was full of salmon. There was a tang of salt in the air.

Fog cloaked the Columbia on the morning of November 7, 1805, but around noon it cleared and in the distance a wide expanse of tossing breakers was visible. For a moment the men looked out to sea in silence. Then they cheered. In his qucerly spelt diary Clark scrawled: "Ocian in view! Oh the joy! We are in view of the ocian, that great ocian which we have been so long anxious to see!"

For the first time Americans had spanned the continent they would one day inhabit from coast to coast. On that lonely shore, the flag flapping at his back, Captain Lewis thanked the soldiers in behalf of President Jefferson. They had reached their goal ahead of any nation with rival ambitions, covering 4100 adventurous miles in a year and a half. Just 125 years later one could board a plane at St. Louis after daybreak and be in Portland before dark.

Near present-day Astoria the expedition built a stockade, Fort Clatsop, that sheltered them during the second winter, and in the bark of a tall pine that overlooked the sea Lieutenant Clark carved this record:

WM. CLARK DECEMBER 3D
1805 BY LAND FROM THE U.
STATES IN 1804 & 5th

LATE in March of 1806 the expedition began the long trek homeward. It required only a third of the time consumed in traveling west, for now they had landmarks. Again Sacajawea was invaluable, riding at the head of the column with Lewis, unerringly pointing the way. "She has equal fortitude and resolution with any member of the party," Lewis wrote. They arrived in St. Louis on September 23, 1806, six months to the day after abandoning Fort Clatsop.

The nation had given them up for dead. They had been gone two years and four months. Cheering crowds escorted them through St. Louis. Jefferson wrote his congratulations and triumphantly informed Congress of the expedition's success. They had traveled 8000 miles through wilderness, had reached their objective and returned, had lost only one man. People were amazed by the information brought back: fierce bears which weighed 1000 pounds, mountain ranges three times as lofty as the Alleghenies, buffalo herds measured by horizons, wild sheep with horns shaped like cornucopias, goats that leaped from crag to crag. The *New York Gazette* predicted that the region would probably never be traveled through again, but President Jefferson visioned "a great, free and independent empire on the Columbia River."

The Lewis and Clark Expedition still stands as the most important

ever undertaken by the United States, clinching our title not only to the vast Louisiana territory but later to the Oregon lands as well.

Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana and Clark was named Indian Agent for the region and promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. Lewis, always a lonely man, was unhappy in political office. In the autumn of 1809, on his way to Washington to answer criticism of his administrative methods, he stopped for a night at an inn near Nashville, Tenn. Shortly after midnight a pistol shot waked the household, and the tavern-keeper found the 35-year-old explorer on the floor with a gaping wound in his side. He died at dawn. Jefferson, stunned with grief, always believed the Captain had committed suicide. Tennessee folk maintained that he had been murdered. The mystery has never been satisfactorily solved.

Not far from where Lewis died a granite shaft stands, graven with the words of the President who sent him westward:

HIS COURAGE WAS UN-
DAUNTED. HIS FIRMNESS
AND PERSEVERANCE
YIELDED TO NOTHING
BUT IMPOSSIBILITY.

Trees overhang the grave, and on stormy nights the wind roars through them like breakers crashing on the Pacific's distant shore.

It's a State of Mind

By Eddie Cantor

MEMBERS of the theatrical profession are the worst hypochondriacs in the world — and the most gullible. Of all people they are the last to admit that most of their ailments are purely imaginary. I myself never had a good night's sleep until my doctor ordered nightly doses of what I later found was merely a syrup of sugar and water. But the acknowledged dean of theatrical hypochondriacs was Albert Lewis, producer of many successful plays, including the current hit *Cabin in the Sky*. What I once did to Lewis I haven't had the heart to tell until now.

In the summer of 1928 I was rehearsing for *Whoopee*. After a particularly long run-through one night, the late William Anthony McGuire, who wrote the show, went with me to a restaurant for a refresher. This was during my baby-food period, when I theorized that one could remain healthy as a child by eating as children do; so I ordered cereal and cream. Bill McGuire gave me a frightened look and promptly ordered Scotch and ginger ale.

Then he gazed about the room and spied our mutual friend Al Lewis at a corner table. Weary as we were, we fell to exchanging stories about Lewis's famed "ailments." Seeing him coming over, we decided to do something for good old Al's benefit — in a hurry. Casually I poured half my bottle of cream into the glass brought for Bill's drink, and filled the glass with ginger ale.

Immediately Al asked, "What's that you're drinking?"

"What I drink every night," I answered. "Half cream, half ginger ale."

"What good is that?" he asked.

"It's just the best tonic in the world, that's all."

"Where's that waiter?" chimed in McGuire, who meanwhile had hidden his jigger of Scotch. "Why didn't he bring *my* cream and ginger ale?"

"You, too, Bill?" Lewis gasped.

"Of course!" he replied. "I've been sleeping like a baby since Eddie introduced this drink to me."

"But Eddie said it was a tonic."

"That's the beauty of it, Al," I said. "When you want pep, you drink it; and when you want to relax, you drink it. I guess I really owe my health to that Swiss doctor who first made me try it."

When Lewis bade us good night, he had the appearance of a man who has just struck oil.

It was two years before I saw Albert Lewis again. I hardly recognized him. He walked with a youthful, buoyant step. The familiar lines of worry had vanished from his face. His handclasp made me wince. I was delighted to see him looking so well and told him so.

"Thanks to you," he returned. "You made me what I am today."

I was puzzled, and he laughed at my foggy expression.

"The cream and ginger ale!" he explained. "You know how ill I was. Well, I've been drinking that combination every single night for two years, and I've never felt better in my life. I sleep like a log, I'm full of energy and I accomplish more in one day than I used to in a month. Really, Eddie, it saved my life!"

Q A true — if almost incredible — tale
of Alaska in the days of the Gold Rush

Gold Is Where You Find It

Condensed from "Personal Exposures"

Rex Beach

—Author of "The Spoilers," "Flowing Gold," etc.



BACK in the winter of 1900 when Nome, Alaska, was a high peak on the world's gold-fever chart, the loveliest creature I had ever seen appeared in that frontier town and opened a small hotel. Stirred by romantic stories of the golden North, she had come to Alaska with a party of friends. Most of them promptly returned home but the country fascinated her and she determined to stay and make a fortune.

Slim, blonde and dimpled, she carried her chin with a scornful tilt and had a temper as explosive as gunpowder. Hers was the valor of ignorance: nothing had ever harmed her, hence she put faith in everybody and feared nothing.

When gold had been discovered, Nome mushroomed from a town of three to 20,000 people in the first ten days following the spring break-up. It was an exciting show.

Sidewalks were jammed with men from every part of the world; the single muddy, unpaved street was thick with dogcarts hauling freight from the beach. The saloons and gambling houses were crowded and from open dance-hall doors came blaring music and high-pitched laughter.

Clean rooms were in great demand, and the girl's hotel made money from the start. She ran it herself, but lived in a small cabin nearby, where a ponderous and belligerent Negro woman did her cooking and housework.

That winter Nome was also graced by a gang of eight of the most extraordinary undesirables that ever invaded the North. For some reason these gamblers, thieves and gunmen called themselves the Wag Boys. They outnumbered the agents of justice, and possibly for that reason the law flew a flag of

truce and ignored them as pointedly as possible.

One night the girl heard sounds of distress outside her door. A man greeted her weakly: "Hiya, Beautiful! I'm hurt."

His knees buckled and she had to help him inside; then as she prepared to run for assistance he told her, "No doctor!"

"But you've been shot!"

He grinned feebly. "Let's keep it a secret. What say?"

The wound was in the fellow's shoulder. Under his directions she picked out the shreds of cloth, washed the hole with whisky and packed it with strips from a clean handkerchief.

"Sorry to bother you," he apologized when he was able to stand, "but I couldn't make it a step further."

"Let me help you home," she volunteered.

He shook his head.

"You can't afford to be seen with any of us. At that, I'd like to come back and have you change the bandage, if you don't mind."

"I do mind. You're a lot of no-gooders!"

"Okay! I'll change it myself."

"At least my hands are clean," the girl exclaimed. "Come back if you must."

Thereafter, gifts began to appear at her door mysteriously — delicacies not for sale in any store. When her patient returned for treatment, she protested.

"Forget it," he said. "We've adopted you."

"But I don't want to be adopted by a gang of crooks! These are all stolen goods and I'm likely to get in trouble."

"Listen," he told her. "Oranges don't care who eats 'em. With us for lookouts, trouble is the one thing that can't happen to you."

Thus she became the involuntary ward of these scalawags, who called her "The Wag Lady." That they really took the burdens of guardianship seriously was shortly proven.

One night a patron of her hotel handed her a gold sack of such size and weight that she hesitated to accept responsibility for it. She explained that her safe was not very secure anyhow, and that it had to be opened repeatedly in order to make change. However, the hour was late, no better place of safekeeping was available and the man insisted on leaving the dust with her.

Soon two Wag Boys whom she knew only by sight entered, sat down, and examined their surroundings with interest. Her suspicions were aroused and she asked them to leave. They refused — they were waiting to meet a couple of guys, they said. She leaned back against the safe, thus closing the door, then silently turned the combination. She was breathing easier when the door opened violently and two masked men burst in. With one bound the Wag Boys fell on them, dragged

them out into the night and administered a thorough cleaning. When this was done, one of them poked his head in the door and announced cheerfully, "Let your hair down, sister. It's all over."

"Did you know they —?"

"Sure! They're the guys we were waiting for."

"And I thought *you* were after that poke!"

The Wag Boy grinned, and was gone. Never again did anyone make bold to molest her.

The Wag Boys' most sensational exploit occurred about the time of my return to Nome after chasing a will-o'-the-wisp gold discovery in the back country. An epidemic of typhoid had broken out and the girl was stricken. Her Negro cook was utterly incompetent, there were neither hospital accommodations nor nurses to care for her, so the Wag Boys took charge. Organizing themselves into three eight-hour shifts of two men each, and under the supervision of Hulda, their leader's girl, who ran their house for them, they nursed the Wag Lady through weeks of delirium. No women could have been more patient, gentle, or considerate than were those outlaws. So busy and so concerned were they that the local crime wave flattened into a dead calm.

Perhaps the Wags admired in any girl the virtues they had been taught to respect. On the other hand, crooks sometimes get the same kick out of an adventure in decency that a conservative person derives from an act of daredeviltry. Whatever it was that prompted them, they managed to save the life of their protégé.

But the fever had shrunk her to a pitiful shadow; she was as weak as water and almost blind. The doctor said she would recover normal sight — if she could regain her strength. To do that she needed fresh milk, and plenty of it. But there was only one cow in Nome and the owner would sell neither her nor her milk.

Obviously there was but one thing to do. The Wag Boys stole the cow. That was no great trick for them, but how to provide a safe hide-out in a small, snowbound community was something else. For the time being they put her in their living room.

The next problem, of course, was to get the milk. None of the desperadoes knew how. When one made a fumbling approach from the rear, the animal kicked him into the kitchen. The next volunteer who sidled up to her learned that cows can kick forward as freely as backward. In the midst of

this midnight hilarity, Hulda, returning from a dance, demanded an explanation of the sight of a cow in her living room. When they told her the Wag Lady had to have milk, she wrapped her lace skirt around her shapely legs and, resting her expensive hair-do against the interloper's right flank, rapidly filled the pail.

Incredible as it may sound, the gang kept that animal concealed in their house during all the hue and cry that followed her disappearance. To shush her bawling they kept a muffing crew on constant guard with bed quilts. They fed her stolen hay, prepared cereals and tinned vegetables. When they discovered that she relished canned corn they stole it by the case.

And daily they delivered fresh milk at the Wag Lady's cabin. How they managed to avoid discovery is still a mystery as baffling as the reason for their devotion to the girl. The Wag Lady meant nothing

whatever to any of them; none of them ever became in the least sentimental or spoke an insinuating word to her. They knew she disapproved of them heartily and that their misdeeds shocked her, but they evidently appreciated her loyalty and traded upon it. When she was well over her illness they gleefully told her about the kidnaped cow and took delight in her embarrassment.

The Wag Boys broke up, along with the spring ice; one by one they left Nome and neither the girl nor I ever heard what became of them. Presumably some of them came to no good end; on the other hand, they may have reformed. I sincerely hope so, for their many kindnesses to a sick, helpless girl have always seemed pretty chivalrous and I have long wanted to thank them.

In this I share my wife's feelings. You see, I married the Wag Lady.



The Irish of It

¶ "I DON'T KNOW why they'd call him 'Father,'" said the Irish-woman in reference to the Church of England pastor, "him that's married and has children!"

¶ "Thank God that you're the lucky one that had it to lose," an old Irish friend consoled me, upon the loss of money.

¶ "Oh, they has to preach hell at the boys to conthrol thim at all!" an earnest Irish maid argued with a Christian Scientist mistress. "Sure, if there wasn't a hell my brother'd have been there long ago!"

— Kathleen Norris in *Cosmopolitan*

Every Man His Own Artist

Condensed from *School and Society*

Leigh Mitchell Hodges

ON HIS WAY home one night from a settlement house in Philadelphia's dingy Bainbridge Street, Samuel S. Fleisher noticed three small boys gazing at a cheap chromo in a shopwindow — a too-green landscape topped by a too-black cloud.

"Pretty, ain't it!" one was saying. "Gee, y'could walk right into it an' go for miles an' miles!"

The youngsters' spontaneous response to even this crude bit of art struck a spark in young Fleisher's mind. Scion of a wealthy family, he had been working with boys in that slum district and had seen how untrained minds constantly got their

owners into trouble; especially young hands given to throwing stones, fighting, and defacing property. Could he turn those hands to something creative? On the spur of the impulse he asked the three young connoisseurs if they'd like to meet him at the settlement a few evenings later and paint some pictures themselves.

To his surprise, the three youngsters turned up bringing a dozen more, none over 14. Mr. Fleisher told them they could come as often as they chose, work with crayons and paint as long as they pleased, without cost.

Within a few weeks older boys began to drift in to the class. An art instructor volunteered help. Everything remained wholly informal — just a free chance for a fellow to let himself out in ways that would at least make life pleasanter, even if they never did anything else for him. But the underlying purpose was to teach work for the joy of working.

So, 42 years ago, was born the Graphic Sketch Club, named by the boys themselves. Unique, and a bit beyond belief till you've seen

As EDITORIAL assistant to Edward Bok, Leigh Mitchell Hodges' first assignment was "something that can't be done": an interview with the recluse, Hetty Green, "richest woman in the world." Hodges traced Hetty to her cheap Hoboken waterfront apartment, made friends with her Mexican hairless dog — after the dog had bitten him — and got the interview. In 1907 Hodges inaugurated the first campaign for Christmas seals. His column, "The Optimist," begun in 1902 in the *Philadelphia Times* and now carried by the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, is believed to be the longest-lived newspaper column under one authorship.

it, it is now handsomely housed in the same unattractive neighborhood, with a roster of more than 70,000 former students and a current annual enrollment of some 2500 of both sexes; aged 5 to 70, white and colored, rich and poor, of many nationalities; representing nearly every calling and profession.

Five years after the first meeting, the Graphic Sketch Club outgrew its birthplace. One evening members carried their belongings to larger quarters. While they were fixing up their new home, street gangs showed their contempt for such sissies by stoning the windows. Several nights of pane-smashing brought no reproof; only re-glazing. So the gang leader decided to look into such vexing patience, and the result was a request for enrollment — "if you're sure it won't cramp my style!" Today he teaches sculpture in a local art school.

The boys kept the rooms in order; new members were coming in all the time, and girl friends began asking why they couldn't join. "It's up to the group," said Mr. Fleisher.

The girls came; more instructors were hired and larger space added. Then one day, Mr. Fleisher brought down from his home a vanload of rare paintings, statuary and art objects collected in his world travels, and made a museum of one floor.

"That club of Sam Fleisher's downtown" was being talked about

in local art circles, but outside of that little was known of it save in its own dilapidated neighborhood. Before long street gangs were creating less disorder, largely because the club had depleted their membership. Also, houses were spruced up a bit — cleaner curtains and front stoops, and more flowering plants in the windows. As the boys began taking home drawings or paintings, parents decided they'd like to make a try at such things.

By 1920 still more room was needed. So Mr. Fleisher bought and remodeled two houses — one adjoining an abandoned church. Then when he heard that the church — a choice example of Romanesque architecture, with an interior of unusual beauty — was about to be sold for use as a garage, he bought it, too, and restored it, retaining all the atmosphere of a house of worship. Tapestries, paintings, jeweled vestments are mellowed by the soft glow of many candles. It has become a veritable museum of ecclesiastical art. Its one purpose is to provide a place wherein students may contemplate the kinship of art to things spiritual, or where a tired mother with her children may forget awhile the cares of a dingy dwelling and find new courage in the transcribed music of the masters which comes like a benediction from the great organ.

Neither here nor elsewhere in the club buildings is there a "Silence" or "Please do not handle"

sign. There are no guards or watchmen; no locks or treasure-filled cases or cabinets. Nothing would be easier than to slip under a coat or shawl any one of countless small objects scattered throughout these buildings, and some of them would fetch tidy sums. Yet not one ever has been missed.

To the Graphic Sketch Club people come evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays for expert guidance in drawing; painting with oils, water colors or pastels; etching; sculpture and rhythmic dancing — all free. From the start Mr. Fleisher has met the entire cost, save for professional models.

Upstairs a nude model is posing for the life class. In the circle around her are a high school girl from a distant part of the city; a neat Chinese youth — “I help in my father’s laundry”; a middle-aged house painter; a stocky physician who has been coming to “this wonderful place off and on for years”; a second-year student in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; three commercial artists; an elderly banker who has toyed with oils in spare hours.

In a big room where students are taking turns at 10-minute poses for the sketch class, a woman faces her blank sheet of paper with a perplexed look. Here she yestwinkle, though, as she says, “This is just Mother stepping out a bit. I’ve spent my life bringing up two boys, and now I want a little breath of something

else.” Nearby sits a pretty Menonite girl, white half-bonnet and plain garb. She works in a delicatessen. “Last week,” she explains, “a lady told me she’d never seen such lovely salad designs. She asked why I didn’t go to the Graphic Sketch Club. I’d never heard of it, but she told me about it, and that’s why I’m here.”

There seems to be but one answer as to the meaning of this club, whether from those who’ve found it a free path to scholarships and honors or from the far larger number who consider it “a playground for the soul”: a meaning not easily put in words, but vividly expressed by the eager faces and busy hands of those who make up the average 800-a-week attendance.

There are now 10 instructors, all former students. Mr. Fleisher spends many of his evenings with the students. Ever since leaving college and going to work in his father’s yarn mills, he had spent much time working with people in the poorer sections of the city. Twenty years ago he retired from business to devote all of his time to art and education movements.

Now facing 70, his simplicity of manner and modesty make him seem still youthful. To get from him any idea of what the Graphic Sketch Club has cost these 42 years would be about as easy as to break into Fort Knox. He alone knows, and even he could not tell accurately. But taking it all in all —

buildings, equipment, furnishings, decorations, art treasures, salaries, prizes and maintenance — it must be near the million-dollar mark.

Philadelphia's real awakening to the Graphic Sketch came in 1924, when Mr. Fleisher received the Philadelphia Award, founded by the late Edward Bok — a gold medal and \$10,000 given annually to some citizen for "a service calculated to advance the best and largest interests of the community." Since then he has helped develop the Cape May County Art League in New Jersey, a rural reflection of the Graphic Sketch Club, and a similar movement in Chester County, Pennsylvania.

There's no way of knowing how far the influence of the club has spread. Many educators and art leaders have visited Philadelphia to study it.

In the club's first home in Catharine Street was modeled the group which won the Prix de Rome

for Albin Polásek, long head of the department of sculpture in the Chicago Art Institute. There Aurelius Renzetti, teacher of sculpture in the Philadelphia Art Museum's School of Industrial Art, came as the son of a tailor who was disappointed when his boy declined to follow his trade. In the basement of the present buildings Richard Bishop, then a successful engineer and now pre-eminent among etchers of wild fowl, only 10 years ago needled his first lines on coated copper.

Some 80 European scholarships have been won by former students. Leopold Scyffert, Benton Spruance, Lazar Raditz, and many another successful painter have "come up from Catharine Street." Yet the club's main contribution is something less tangible and of larger import: its emphasis on beauty as a helpful companion in daily living, and its placing of this invaluable asset within free reach of anyone.



French Sentiment

JEAN GABIN, a leading film actor in France, upon his arrival in New York recently was asked what was the French attitude toward the British.

"We are both pro- and anti-British," he said. "Those who are pro-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the gallant British win quickly.' Those who are anti-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the dirty British win right away.'"

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

BOOK SECTION



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

BEN ROBERTSON

*A*MONG the many new and stirring books about England under the bombers, Ben Robertson's has been chosen for condensation because his simple, quiet style and deep sincerity become movingly eloquent. And because in his intimate portrayal of everyday human incidents he conveys something magnificent in human values — a spiritual as well as physical heroism among the plain people of Britain.

Robertson, a veteran American newspaperman, was in England during the most violent phases of last autumn's "blitz" and is now back again at his post.

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I SAW ENGLAND

THE PLANE which flew me to England from Lisbon last summer came down in a green field among camouflaged airplanes and beds of roses. The men about us were airmen, all in the blue uniform of the Royal Air Force, and I was astonished to find them so quiet and undisturbed. The Germans already held the French coast, and England was threatened with invasion; somehow I had expected to find everyone in England in a frenzy. Yet mechanics were calmly hammering on the motors, men were wandering leisurely in and out of the hangars, and one man was hoeing the roses. I said to myself: "What a job for a war!" And when the airmen politely served us tea, I thought "My God, they'll be defeated!"

That evening I reached my London hotel — the Waldorf — and a middle-aged chambermaid with a Scots accent came in to pull heavy curtains over the windows. She asked: "Do you have a gas mask, sir?"

"Not yet," I said.

"Well, the housekeeper will bring you one that you can use until you can get one from the government — gas masks are free."

Then I was left alone in a stuffy breathless room, heavy with war. The black curtains over the win-

dows weighed me down; I had never realized before what light and air meant to a room.

Quickly I washed and hurried down to a basement dining-room — I was to eat in basements from then on until I left England. After eating I looked out into darkness — into the dreadful depth of the black-out. It was an appalling sight, like death itself. It frightened me, even though I had no reason to fear an air raid. London at that time had suffered no severe bombing.

The next morning I was typing at my desk, when in came Maude Hall, the Scottish chambermaid. She was very professional for a few minutes and then she could not hold back any longer — she asked me the questions I was to hear a thousand times in England: "What does America think? How does America think we are doing?" At that time I was not so certain what America thought, but I told her that America was sympathetic. With that she began to pour out her thoughts. Later I was to find scores of Britishers like that; they would bare their hearts to you when they found you came from the United States. Sometimes it would nearly make you cry to see how desperately they hoped for just one word of encouragement.

After registering with the police I

went for a long walk through central London. I found soldiers stretching barbed wire along the streets, barricading buildings, digging trenches in the parks; and on rooftops and in courtyards boys and old men were drilling — the Home Guard of England was forming.

Resistance was in the air — on the streets, in the papers, everywhere and in everything. From my window I could see on a grocer's shop Winston Churchill's: "Come then, let us to the task, to the battle and to the toil, each to our place." And on a printing shop in huge letters was John of Gaunt's great sentence: ". . . This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

That night at dinner the headwaiter said to me: "If we must die, we must die — we know why we will be dying."

Never, after that day, did I doubt that England would fight to the end. Everyone was working feverishly, conscious that at any minute the Germans might be upon them, but the British continued to be themselves. The flowers were still being cared for, and someone called "Nature Lover" wrote observations on bird life to the *London Times*. In Hyde Park the soap-box orators went right on through the war raising hell with the Government and with the Church. I listened to them one afternoon. There were socialists, a communist, an atheist — the usual run of the soap-

box mill — and there was an ex-maid telling what it was like to work for English ladies, and a prohibitionist who stuck to his thesis — whisky was the cause of the world's troubles.

I visited Plymouth, where I stayed with Lord and Lady Astor at their house on the top of a high hill overlooking the sea. Mountbatten Air-drome was on one side and Plymouth Navy Yard on the other, and there had already been several air raids. The butler said to me: "We are very exposed."

The Astors, like most people in England, have become greater with the war, have become simpler and kinder people. Lord Astor has been serving as Plymouth's Lord Mayor, and they have stayed at their posts. Nancy Astor said: "We have four sons in the army and sometimes I wonder who will go first — the boys or their father and I."

That evening at dinner the Astors and their few guests talked about the fall of Paris, about how for an hour they had known the most utter despair in England. Then they had rallied — they told me they had had a feeling of knowing at last where they stood. There was no ally left, no one was left to help them. For some strange reason this knowledge had given the British great courage.

They talked about Dunkirk.

"God made the sea still," said Lady Astor with complete conviction. "It was a miracle."

THOSE WERE perfect summer days and nights during July in England; England was having the most glorious summer it had had in 30 years, and day after day and night after night we continued to expect the invasion. As the moon got full, the tension increased throughout the island.

Meanwhile, everyone did everything. The barbed-wire entanglements grew longer, the drilling continued on housetops and in the London squares, the waiter joined the fire-fighting unit in his street, the elevator boy on his day off dug trenches in a park in Lambeth; every day more ships arrived from overseas with troops and guns and ammunition, but we knew England would still have to fight with but little more than courage. The British had left their best tanks and guns, even their rifles, in France. Sometimes you would see squads of troops go by with only one man in four, with only one in six, armed with a rifle. We heard the Government had asked Canada to send every gun and every round of ammunition.

To encourage the Londoners, the Government deliberately gave a few days' leave to thousands of Canadian, New Zealand and Australian soldiers. They traveled about and were seen everywhere, and people began to talk about the "island fortress that was guarded by the Empire." They called it the island fortress, but what it put me in mind

of was Daniel Boone's stockade in Kentucky — the Indians were coming and the settlers had rushed inside and slammed the gates behind them. London, the greatest city in the world, had now become a frontier town.

At that time Churchill was making those great speeches that were being quoted round the world. The American journalists in London crowded into the gallery at the House of Commons whenever he spoke. The House, very small and dark, was more like a church to us than like Congress. And like a church moderator Churchill, stooped and red of face, would rise, arrange a sheaf of papers before him, and begin his speeches in such a small, still voice that his very tone would command attention. As he proceeded, he would take off and put on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, he would finger a ring on one of his little fingers, then he would raise his voice in a series of roaring sentences that would bring cheers from everyone present. His speeches were marvels of feeling and beauty. There was not the slightest doubt about Churchill — he was England's man, he was equal to the hour.

JULY rolled on. The Germans were bombing Wales and the southern towns, spasmodically and without pattern, but no bombs as yet had been dropped on London.

Tea was rationed; the Chancellor

of the Exchequer presented the emergency budget.

That was terrific news in England — the rationing of tea. Maude burst into my room, the paper in her hands, the morning it was announced. "Oh, dear, it's very little," she said of the two ounces allowed each week. "That's four cups a day, and I've been drinking six." Then as usual Maude adapted herself to this new situation. "I'll let the leaves stay in the pot, and do a little rebrewing."

The emergency budget, you would have thought, would have been terrific news too, but it wasn't. It was the biggest budget in British history, and the taxes it imposed were staggering, but it caused only passing discussion. Money was losing its meaning in England. People were talking more about the Empire's ability to work, to produce, than about its ability to pay in pounds and pence. After the blitz really began, I one day became aware that no one in London was estimating the damage in pounds to the city. The British seemed, at least for the time being, to have lost their sense of property. It was freedom that was dear.

WITH NINE other American correspondents, I was invited to mess with a bomber unit of the Royal Air Force. It was a quiet, exciting place. The fliers who were scheduled to fly over Germany that night came in early and kept to

themselves; they made their way to the far end of the big room and ate together; they were cheerful and subdued, and it was evident that they wanted to be alone. Already they had received the orders giving them their targets. They had discussed weather conditions over the Rhineland with their commanding officer, whom they called "Father." They ate lightly and in silence; then they left the messroom to put on their flying clothes.

When we had eaten, we went out to the hangars. It was time for the raid to start. And out came the crews, looking like bears in heavy fleece-lined coats, warm pants and flying boots.

It was a moving scene. The mechanics shook hands with the pilots, patted them on the shoulders. As the trucks bearing the fliers to their ships moved away, the ground crews shouted good-bye, and held their thumbs up — the salute which the British have adopted for this war.

Soon the flare path was lighted — a dim line of lights began to burn from one end of the airdrome to the other, to outline the runway. Presently the first plane moved into position. Its engines roared and it took off, soaring with its six men and its bombs into the English starlight. The second plane followed; then the third. Finally the entire squadron was in the air, wheeling, flashing their signal lights, waiting to get the go signal; the ground gave them the go-ahead and they

circled higher and higher and started off like birds into the east.

It made my knees feel shaky and my stomach a little qualmy. They were going off to fight as men fought in the Crusades — to single combat in the heart of the enemy country. I thought of the fears I had had just flying from Portugal to England. I had not wanted to be shot down, and I was 10 years older than these boys — they had 10 reasons more than I to wish to keep on living. Duty becomes a living word to you at an airdrome in a war.

The night after my visit to the flying field I went to see *Thunder Rock*, a curious play that had flopped in New York but was a sensation in London. It was an American play, about a lighthouse-keeper on Lake Michigan who got to thinking about the people who had gone down on a ship off his light in 1848. During his lonely vigils the keeper re-created these people in his imagination — they were immigrants fleeing from Europe because they had lost all faith in human progress — they believed the world was faced with disruption. Suddenly the keeper made the passengers a passionate speech, urging them to hold on — he told them at that very moment in Illinois there was a young man named Abraham Lincoln, that Madame Curie had been born and Florence Nightingale was alive, that Pasteur was in Paris. . . . London people went to that show, night after

night, and wept. It was a play for a city that had prepared itself to die.

August brought the battle.

IT WAS in August that the Germans tried to smash England with mass daylight raids, and the British fought them over the Dover cliffs. Nothing happening anywhere else in the world could even approach those battles in importance, so the American correspondents left London for Dover.

Most of us gathered on Shakespeare Cliff, a promontory a mile west of Dover, a superb place from which to watch battles. It was a fine August day and there were flocks of seagulls about and swarms of white butterflies. Red currants were ripening in the gardens along the path that led up the cliffside, and the wheat in the fields was ready for reaping. The day was so quiet you could hear bees buzzing. Then the sirens started, and we heard the droning of German planes and the steady sound of British planes coming out to meet them. The Germans were flying very high, and we could not see them for a dustlike haze. When they seemed exactly over us, we heard the burst of machine guns and the light sound of airplane cannon. We heard planes diving, the increased speed roaring into sound. The fighting veered off, over us again, and off, and through it all we crouched in a ditch and listened.

That fight lasted two hours. Then

the all-clear sounded, that clear, sweet note, echoing over the hillsides and the sea, and we were left as we had been before — listening to bees buzzing, with the sun shining and gulls soaring.

The next day was tremendous. We were on the cliff very early and heard a wave of Germans approaching, very high and in great numbers. Suddenly an enormous barrage went up from the English guns, the cliff shook, and then we heard the sound of a terrible battle taking place perhaps five miles up. Planes roared over 200 square miles, firing bursts of cannon and machine-gun bullets. In the sub-zero stratosphere, every movement of the ships left trailing vapors, a mad skywriting which marked the sky as ice is marked by skaters. Quickly the planes moved almost out of hearing, leaving us again momentarily with the buzzing bees and the crickets. Then the battle moved toward us again, and the whole of England began to quake as the antiaircraft guns put up a heavy barrage. Shrapnel fell about us, sending us into a ditch under a piece of sheet iron. A full squadron of German planes flew low, heading for the balloons suspended over Dover. They got two, the balloons burst into crimson flame; but down with the balloons came a German plane, falling like a leaf and breaking in mid-air into pieces. Soon another German plane fell into the sea, and as it came down, we saw the

pilot bailing out. His parachute did not open.

We lay in the grass among the red currants and the butterflies while the fate of the world was being decided about us. We could see the raids start, see them fought and ended; and we saw the motor torpedo boats rush out after pilots who had come down in the Channel. The cliff was almost a stage-setting, so perfect was it as an observation point, and as a result the press of the whole democratic world gathered on it.

Those were wonderful days in every way — they changed me as an individual. I lost my sense of personal fear because I saw that what happened to me did not matter. We counted as individuals only as we took our place in the procession of history. It was not we who counted, it was what we stood for. And I knew now for what I was standing — I was for freedom. It was as simple as that. I realized the good that often can come from death. We were where we were and we had what we had because a whole line of our people had been willing to die. I understood Valley Forge and Gettysburg at Dover, and I found it lifted a tremendous weight off your spirit to find yourself willing to give up your life if you have to — I discovered Saint Matthew's meaning about losing a life to find it. I don't see now why I ever again should be afraid.

We had wonderful company on the cliff. Art Menken was there with his camera set, always ready to begin grinding away film, always ready to talk about the thread that ran from the China wars to this one. Helen Kirkpatrick and Virginia Cowles, two extraordinary American journalists, were there, and Ed Murrow and sometimes H. R. Knickerbocker, and Vincent Sheean.

History to Jimmy Sheean truly was personal, and he was more bitter than some of the rest of us — he had seen more, had more to forget. He was tormented by the world's troubles. One morning at Dover in the middle of a battle he watched a balloon squad firing at a German plane with a rifle. Bitterly Jimmy said: "Ever since the Riff war my side has been firing at airplanes with rifles."

WE GOT to be very much at home in Dover. We stayed at a little hotel whose phlegmatic manager was unmoved by the battles. I saw him adding accounts when bedlam itself was breaking loose — with guns going and planes flying and the earth quaking, rattling the windowpanes in every room. Day after day the Germans would come over methodically — at 7:30, 9:30, noon, 3:30 and 7:30. Frequently the British would meet them over the English Channel, but toward the end of the month they did not attack the enemy until they were almost on the outskirts of London,

where the British had concentrated their fighting forces. On several occasions we saw three German planes shot down to one British, five German to two British, two German to one British. We began to believe the British communiqués. The British pilots were outnumbered one to 10 and sometimes one to 20, but they were holding their own. Sometimes they went up six and seven times in a single day.

They had little rest and almost no time for anything besides fighting, but occasionally a few of them would come to the Grand Hotel in the evening. They were sober young men, very conscious that England itself was at stake. Some of them estimated that a pilot was lucky, more or less, during his first three fights, but that after three fights a pilot had acquired a world of practical knowledge. They were superstitious about shooting down more than 12 enemy planes — believing that after 12 the law of averages began to operate against them. They did not mind seeing their friends go, they said, so long as they stayed at the station and kept on going up and up. But it was hard on them to go away for a while and then come back. That was why they liked to stick to the squadron.

They were cheerful. They would drink a glass of beer and then head back for the airdrome. "Take care of yourselves," they would jeer at us. "Be careful."

TOWARD the end of August the Germans changed their tactics. London became the battle front, and we hurried back there. The city had done all that it could do with what it could get together — it was ready now and waiting. During those days in London there was faith and there was courage and there was a noble humility I have never known before in any British city. It was as though the people felt themselves in the sight of God. The English would not put a feeling like that into words, the English do not express themselves so emotionally; but just the same there was an atmosphere about us of a church. London had made peace with its inner self; it was composed, everything spiritually was at rest.

Saturday, the 7th of September was a perfect day. That afternoon Jimmy Sheean and Ed Murrow and I decided to drive down the Thames to the east of London. We knew that all conditions were ideal for battle, so we decided to get somewhere outside the city in order to watch. It is impossible to get the full grasp of a gigantic air assault if you keep inside a city. So we drove down through Limehouse and Stepney and crossed over the river. Then coming on a haystack on the edge of a turnip-field, we lay down in the sun.

We had not been there long before the sirens began sounding and antiaircraft firing. A squadron of

British fighters appeared, making toward the coast. Soon we heard fighting over us. Looking up, we saw, very high, a battle formation of German bombers with German and British fighters engaging in a desperate combat. As we took cover in a ditch, we heard shrapnel falling on the pavement.

The British fighters had to return to their base to refuel, and while they were grounded the Germans sent over a second wave of 24 bombers and a third of 36. They flew at a very great height, in perfect formation, and glistened like beautiful steel birds in the afternoon sunshine. Soon we heard the terrific detonation of bombs being dropped on London. We saw immense columns of smoke rise, then we heard the Germans returning home, followed this time by the refueled British fighters.

When night came, we watched the most appalling sight any of us had ever seen. It almost made us physically ill to see the enormity of the flames which lit the entire western sky. London was burning — the London which had taken a thousand years to build. A dark cloud of smoke filled the northern sky all the way from the city to the North Sea. That night was like the Revelation of St. John.

On and on the German planes came, two and three at a time. Gradually the night wind rose and it got cold and we covered ourselves with straw. Finally we drove to a

hotel at Gravesend and slept in our clothes, while guns rattled on, and planes droned on, and bombs fell in our neighbourhood, on both banks of the Thames.

Next morning we drove back to London where we saw huge fires. We saw factories gutted and docks burning and bomb craters, and policemen directed us around time bombs. And amid the great destruction in the East End itself we saw English men and women standing in streets with all they had in suitcases, waiting to be evacuated.

'The Battle of London had started, and on that first Sunday it seemed to all of us like the end of civilization.

SOON after dark the next day, the Germans came over London again in great numbers and bombed the city steadily throughout the night. I decided to take my chances and sleep in bed in my room at the Waldorf. But, like several million others in London, I merely counted the hours until daylight would break. Overhead was the almost constant droning, the vroom, vroom vroom of the desynchronized German motors. Several times the hotel shook violently; several times I found myself stretched flat on the bathroom floor (the bathroom, being small, seemed the safest place to me), with my fingers in my ears and my mouth open to keep my teeth from breaking when the bomb exploded. For the first time

I heard sticks of bombs falling — heard one in the distance, a second coming closer, a third one very near. I heard time bombs and duds — heard them fall, heard them hit — then I would listen for the explosion that did not come. It was like waiting for an unplayed note in a scale.

Gradually the hours passed and, red-eyed and tired, I went down to breakfast. Everyone else that morning was red-eyed and tired, but almost everyone was there as usual — waiters, the cashier, the boy with the morning papers. Everywhere there was the smell of smoke; we were having breakfast with linen and china on a battlefield. Everyone was worried and made no effort to conceal his worry. The headwaiter's house had been demolished during the night — he made a deprecating gesture. "I was in the shelter in the garden and had to come to work in pajamas and an overcoat — it's all I have."

"It's terrible," Maude said when she came in with dust-cloth and broom. "The lift boy was killed last night; he was on sentry duty with the Home Guard in Lambeth."

Ivey, a cleaning maid, had been buried in a basement. "Buried three hours," Maude said, "and she got to work this morning as usual."

I left the hotel early and started out to inspect the damage. London on that Monday morning, the 9th of September, was a shocking sight — the destruction had been ap-

palling. All about London tired men were working, clearing wreckage, digging in the ruins of houses, repairing water mains and gas lines, and plugging broken sewers. Everywhere there was the sound of broken glass being swept off streets, the sound of hammers. The city was dazed, but it was working. The people knew by instinct that no matter what happened they must stay 24 hours ahead of the raiders; they must clean up from last night's wreckage in readiness for tonight's. Thousands of volunteer workers were taking part in this gigantic job. They knew they had to keep the streets open, the lights on, the water flowing, the food coming in. The civilians had become an army, London was depending on the civil defense — on the people.

And with daylight the people took courage. Somehow you felt you could stand anything so long as there was light to see by. During breathing-spells now people began talking, telling the kind of stories they were to continue to tell for weeks and months, personal stories, laughing at themselves in the middle of the battle.

The whole of London laughed when it heard that a bomb, hitting the Natural History Museum, had destroyed the brontosaurus, and all London began to hope the Germans would smash the Albert Memorial.

Everybody you met broke right into the middle of your bomb story

with one of his own. You had difficulty after that second day in getting anyone to listen. Joe Kennedy had found near his house an incendiary bomb initialed JPK. Ray Daniell of the *New York Times* had been evacuated from his house — there was a time bomb outside the door. Ed Murrow had been blasted out of his office; Quentin Reynolds of *Collier's* and Bob Loew of *Liberty* had had their windows blown out at Lansdowne House.

From that second day on, we knew in London that life was chance. The chances were with us, we soon discovered, but we were never free from the feel that death was close — there was always the tension.

Monday night was another terrific night — Monday, the 9th of September; and the following Tuesday was one of the great days in British history, for to London it brought a revelation. Suddenly 6,000,000 people came to realize that human character could stand up to anything if it had to. Screaming and high-explosive and incendiary bombs had fallen for a third night all over the city, and on that Tuesday morning the people realized that Monday night had not been so terrifying as Sunday night, and that Sunday night had not been so terrifying as Saturday night. The principle of horror had been established. From then on London knew — London could take it.

On Tuesday they kept on digging and sweeping and hammering; they

still had their necks above water. So that week passed — the days and the nights, and about that time, the Prime Minister ordered antiaircraft guns into London from everywhere. When darkness settled, there suddenly went up a terrific barrage that continued throughout the city, hour after hour. The guns were said to have shot two million dollars' worth of shells during that night, and shrapnel rained on London roof-tops. It was a wonderful sound — it gave the city new courage.

There had never been such a week in the world as the 7th to the 14th of September in London. At the end of it, however, most of London was still standing — the blitzkrieg had not been so bad as we had expected. At the end of the week the city had come through with its lights still burning, with the sewerage system still functioning, with the buses and the tubes still running. Food was good and abundant and we had water to drink and bathe in, and there were flowers blooming in the park and there was music in Trafalgar Square — the band of the Grenadier Guards made that their gesture of defiance. Barbers went on cutting hair, and laundresses washed clothes.

Everywhere there were craters and ruin, but the city in this crisis had rediscovered itself; it was living as it never had lived. Everywhere there was courage, and

6,000,000 people who had lived humdrum lives now learned what it was like to live for civilization. You came out on the street at daybreak now with the feeling that you personally had been helping to save the world.

GRADUALLY London settled down to a state of siege. Thousands of people began to get to work in any way they could, often hitchhiking to their offices. All over London signs went up: "Business as Usual." Everyone realized that the factories must be kept going, that the stores and restaurants that supplied the factory workers must stay open — it was total war at last, with everyone a member of the civil army. The girl who sold coats at Selfridge's store now could feel she was as important to her country as the soldier behind the gun in Hyde Park — she was working under fire just as he was. There was resolution and determination — London now depended on the people, and the people knew it.

Day after day there were spasmodic, desultory nuisance raids, and night after night down came the bombs, from dusk to daybreak. Life became basic and simple. You went to bed soon after nightfall, you got up after the all-clear at sunup. I saw traffic jams in London at five o'clock in the morning — the city was rousing itself from the shelters and starting out for the

day. In the world's biggest city we lived like milkmen and farmers.

Often when I had decided that I preferred sleep to security on some patch of cement in a subway, I would take my chance with the bombs. I would go to bed in my hotel room and listen to the Germans cruising 30,000 feet above — some German up there either touched an electric button or he didn't touch it, and whether he did or didn't meant I would or would not die. Sometimes when too many bombs fell in the neighborhood, I would go below, to the shelter in the basement, not only for safety, but because, during this common danger, you felt it better not to be alone. The air was bad and about me men and women were snoring and coughing. Somebody near you was sure to have influenza. But you did not hear the guns or the planes or the sickening sound of the bombs. Eventually you slept.

MAUDE was bombed out and lost all she had. She said it did not matter. When the Palace had been hit, she had said of the King: "What that boy has gone through for his country!" The waiter lost his sister, one of the men who worked at the Western Union office was injured in a raid, and Johnny Johnstone at the Commercial Cable office left the dinner table and went out into the garden and gathered parts of a crashed airman in a basket. A bomb being

removed by the bomb-disposal squad exploded as the lorry was passing the Trocadero restaurant, and the leg of a man was hurled through a window into the dining-room.

A bomb came through the ceiling of St. Paul's, piercing the inscription: "For God So Loved the World. . . ." My room was bombed at the Waldorf and I moved to the front of the hotel. And there came the day when the doorman did not show up for work. No trace of him was ever found, so we decided he must have been demolished by a bomb on his way home.

Night after night, bombs followed bombs.

The Britishers' spirit held, their conviction did not budge an iota. I watched them the day St. Paul's was hit. I saw the people standing at the iron railing and silently looking at the hole in the Cathedral ceiling, and I realized then that the people of London had already given up London in their minds as a physical city. I realized then that they meant what they said when they told you it would be better to see London in ruins than to save it as the French had saved Paris. Notre Dame to these Londoners was a dead monument — a dead church in a humiliated city. London was no longer a physical city to its people; it had become a spiritual place, the city of Dr. Johnson, the London of John Wesley, of Shakespeare, of Cardinal

Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." London lived within them.

Often at night I went to the public shelters of which even the best was a sort of hell under earth — and there I began really to realize the toughness of the British character. They complained about conditions in the shelters and started a political campaign demanding improvements; but there was never any thought of their not enduring shelter life. It was something they had to face, so they faced it, with discipline and with order. That quality which made the British soldiers stand in line on the Dunkirk beach and wait their turn to board a ship now cropped up again. Londoners placed pieces of paper with their names on them in certain spaces in subway stations, and the public respected those slips of paper as shelter rights. This spontaneously started system reminded me of Americans, in the West in the early days, staking claims. I never saw nor did I ever hear of Londoners panicking or fighting for bed space in a shelter.

The shelters of London were decent places even if they were savage. Walking into any of them, you would find people laid out in rows with just enough room to stretch — they did not even have the space corpses are given in graveyards. Early in the evening, before sleeping-time, you would see hundreds of men, women and children there — people reading, some playing

cards, babies being fed. Always¹ I was amazed by their stoicism and cheerfulness and by the respect, even here, which they showed for one another. They seemed indifferent to physical comfort; you would have thought they had slept all their lives on cement. There would be a tremendous chatter until suddenly about 11 o'clock quiet fell and you would find yourself in the midst of a vast huddling sleeping multitude. I never got accustomed to such sights — to think that this in my lifetime could happen to the people of London. Here they were, the people who ruled a fourth of the globe, masters of the empire on which the sun never sets. Here they were, forced to live like a primitive savage race beneath the earth, and demonstrating that they could take it.

STEADILY the days grew shorter, the raids longer. It was December now, cold and gray, the air damp with fog, and the northern nights were 14 hours long. The city was hove to, like a ship in a storm. There were lulls in the raids, there were periods of intensity. Everything that can be imagined in the category of human experience happened during these short days and long December nights. A woman was touching her hair with henna one evening when a bomb fell, and by the time she got her mind back on the subject of henna her hair was a fiery shade of

ed. Captain Lyttleton, president of the Board of Trade, ruled that corsets were a luxury commodity and ordered their manufacture curtailed, and British women protested from end to end of the United Kingdom — they could not work without a support. Silk stockings were put on the prohibited list, lipstick and rouge began to disappear, cognac was disappearing. When Diana Cooper heard the British were winning in Libya she celebrated by buying a hat — the first she had bought since the battle began. A nurse in a shelter said to me, in the middle of a battle: "If we win this war by ourselves, the world won't be able to stand us." She laughed.

The Germans were bombing Birmingham now and Manchester and Sheffield and Southampton and Bristol and Cardiff; they were more or less leaving London alone. London worried about each of these cities as one after another of them had to meet the ordeal. "I'd rather they'd keep on after us," Frank, the waiter at the Savoy, said. "We know how to take care of ourselves — I'd rather hear the bombs falling on London than to worry about what other place is getting it." I was nearly always asked in other English cities, "Is London's bombing worse than ours?" And I soon learned never to tell any Englishman that his town had been out-bombed anywhere.

London had already set the stand-

ard — each of these cities was determined to take whatever punishment was coming to it, to stand up to battle in the manner of London. The whole of Britain was thrilled by the messages in Bristol which were posted on the streets addressed simply: "Citizens of Bristol." In the cities of England men and women had almost forgotten the power of that old English noun: "citizens." They had not used it for years, usually calling themselves "townspeople." But on the morning after the Bristol blitz there it was again — "citizens" in its complete and original power.

A city in Britain had once again become a community of people, not just a place. Cities that formerly had competed with one another for factory sites and for commerce were now going to the help of one another with all their resources. People once again had come to count as people; human values were supreme.

England during this emergency had become a single community. Those six months of battle showed that no class and no sex and no city had exclusive possession of any of the qualities which it took to save a nation.

Long hard months were ahead but there was a new kind of confidence now in England. There was hope as well as determination, and as the last days of December came along and the Germans did not fly over in numbers even during the

full moon, we began to realize that this phase of the battle for Britain had finished and England was stronger than ever. There was a lull that seemed likely to last on until the spring, so my employer cabled for me to come home for two months.

I made my preparations and went for my last walk in London — to the Abbey, to St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln in Parliament Square, to the grave of Captain John Smith in St. Sepulchre's church.

I walked in the park, in dark northern shadows, and as the sirens started, I thought of the American aviator in the other war who had written in *War Birds*, his diary: "I haven't lived very well, but I am determined to die well. I don't want to be a hero but I want to die as a man should."

That sort of spirit was living now in London. You felt it.

I probed into the last 20 years — to find what was wrong with peace as a nation's thesis. In peace you are likely to live for yourself alone; in war you stand for your country. In England I had found, time and again, that I was closer to America than I had ever been before. I found myself thinking of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, of Daniel Boone and the pioneers of the West. You do not stand alone in war, you become a figure in time. Sacrifice becomes real, not just a platitude, and you see history as prog-

ress that has been fought for. Peace must be bravely defended. That is the only kind of peace worth having.

The day before Christmas Eve I left England, flying from the field where I had landed on that sunny day so long ago in June. In six hours we were in Portugal — free once again. Christmas Eve we drank egg-nogs at the bar of the Avenida Palace and listened to the Archbishop of York, broadcasting from London: "When we look back over human history, we take no joy in the periods of widespread, uninterrupted comfort. The pleasures of our fathers have no value for us; but their pains and the fortitude with which they bore them are part of the treasure of the race, and an abiding inspiration. To endure pain, of body or of mind, for a great cause or out of love for man has a nobility far surpassing in value any kind of comfort. . . ."

Here in Lisbon we had come out of war, into peace. We had lights and butter and sugar. And we realized how little such things meant to us. As we waited for our ship to America, our thoughts turned back to a country that was fighting in darkness — to a great generation of British people who had learned through suffering. They had learned, and I too had learned, by being with them through those months. In the depth of London's blackout I had seen the stars.



